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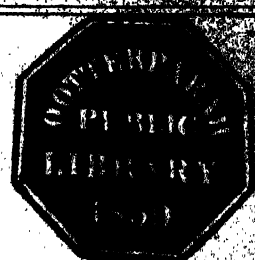
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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

POETIC genius is that power which translates the essential life of humanity into the most graphic and appropriate forms. As the greater includes the less, the faculty which best embodies the life of general man is that also which best embodies the life of nations: hence the fitness, we think, of assigning to a poet the first pages in a National Magazine.

Never did singer more belong to this land than he of whom we now write. Take him first on his most obvious ground of nationality—the power to individualise English scenes. Who that loves our pastoral landscapes will not at once recall from his pages the coming spring, when

"The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea;"

—and the "long gray fields" of June nights,

"When from the dry dark wold the summer-airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bulrush in the pool;"

—or the features of three seasons caught in one verse:

"Summer on the steaming floods,
And spring that swells the narrow brooks;
And autumn with a noise of rooks
That gather in the waning woods;"

—or, summed up in another, the peaceful animation of our rural life:

"The market-boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink;
Thou hear'st the village-hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team."

Nor is Mr. Tennyson English only on the Saxon side of his genius. With the force and simplicity which flow from this source he combines a love of symbol drawn from the mixed Norse and Norman elements of our race. He paints equally facts and truths—the inner and the outer life of man—and discerns their correspondences. He is a master both of epithets which depict what is seen, and of types which convey what is signified. We will not now pause to instance his power of reproducing the actual. It is not the less actual with him because so often suffused by the glow of his own mind. The deep of nature, ever the same in itself, changes with the tints of the heavens above it, takes from them its divinest beauty, and mirrors on its bosom, else cold and dim,

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

This faculty at once to portray and to ennoble reality, is one, however, which the present poet shares with all poets. A gift more special to himself is that of presenting the truths of our spiritual life in types. As an illustration, we may cite the "Morte d'Arthur," wherein, as in a parable, the vanishing of old legendary romance, with all its poetic train, is set forth; while the bells of the Christmas-morn, to which the sleeper wakes, intimate that Christian civilisation which is indeed the re-appearance of the romance in a fuller and holier development. "Ulysses" is another example. In the restless desire of the Ithacan king

"To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars"

are unfolded the aspirations of the soul which the things of sense cannot content, and which still yearns for a world beyond.

Whether, then, we regard, on the one hand, that love for reality, or, on the other, that love for type, which mark our complex race, we find Alfred Tennyson admirably fitted to represent it. A sense equally keen of material things, and of their inner suggestions, enables him with uncommon felicity to blend fact with imagination. He never shuns what is plain or familiar, but raises it either by its direct connection with the heart and mind, or by the pervading spirit of his design. Sometimes an object, prosaic in itself, gains value from its mere position, as a stunted tree becomes weird and significant when backed by a lurid sunset. He fears not to break ground on the homeliest surface of life, knowing that every atom of it coheres by virtue of a Divine law beneath. A few bars of the simplest and most familiar music often prelude and flow into his noblest strains: Take, for example, the introductory lines of "Godiva:"

"I waited for the train at Ceventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this."

The poem, thus ushered in by a literal description of the life of to-day, is one of the writer's most heroic pictures; yet so skilfully is the transition managed from the actual to the ideal that each enhances the other. We live all the more in the remote because we behold it from the present. The effect is like that of looking upon the sea from a window. Now and then in a line the legendary past is brought strikingly home to us by an epithet or allusion which applies equally to our own times. How fine is the line in "Ulysses!"

"Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy."

Windy Troy, swept by the same gusts that drive to-day over an English wold! Again, in the same poem—

"It may be we shall touch the happy isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

If in many of these ideal pieces we thus find realising touches of homely fact, their author gives us, on the other hand, a few genial sketches which, having a matter-of-fact basis, are nevertheless touched with the warm lights of ima-

gination. "Wall Waterproof's Monologue" is exactly a case in point, but it must be read as a whole. Meanwhile, what strikes the reader of that glorious pasty commemorated in "Audley Court,"—

A pasty costly made,
With quail and pigeon, lark and leveret lay,
Like meals of the rock, with golden yolks
Embodied and innellied."

The dish should by all means be served up at a picnic of the Muses. Seriously, this interplay of fact and fancy is one of the poet's most wholesome attributes. It makes poetry practical, and subtracts nothing from its dignity. The brightest planets are not those that need the telescope. Men will all the more accord genius its place on high when they find its rays streaming through the chinks of their dwellings, and gilding the habitual circumstances of their lives.

We might multiply instances of Tennyson's power to harmonise the romantic with the familiar. His usual art in this respect has, however, scarcely been true to him in the "Princess." In spite of its delicious lyrics, its noble passages of description, and its fine lesson, we have never been able to forget how thoroughly the poem merits its author's definition, "A Medley." That he avows it to be one is a proof of his design, not a justification of it. Ancient battlefields and modern lecture-rooms, the war-cry of the mailed warrior and the pretty chatter of the blue-stocking, are not congruous. Touches of even poetic comedy will not blend with epic narrative. The exquisite skill which enables the writer to rise from the common to the ideal will not avail him also for his descent: the elevation once won must be maintained. Transition from the familiar to the heroic is possible; but not alternation between them.

Another national characteristic of Mr. Tennyson,—one which springs, too, from our passion for the real,—is that precise and illustrative style which in his most metaphysical or impassioned moods preserves him from vagueness and rhapsody. No one better than he understands the distinction between the poet and the philosopher. His reasonings, however close, seldom involve abstract propositions, but are drawn from emotions common to all men, and conveyed in examples that appeal to the senses. Thus, in the "Two Voices," when he records the argument of the sceptic, he trusts to no mere statement, however eloquent, of the transitoriness of human hopes and feelings, but embodies it in images profoundly pathetic and solemn:

"Consider well," the voice replied,
'His face that two hours since hath died;
Wilt thou find passion, pain, or pride?

* * * * *

His little daughter, whose sweet face
He kiss'd, taking a last embrace,
Becomes dishonour to her race:

His sons grow up that bear his name;
Some grow to honour, some to shame,—
But he is still to praise or blame.

He will not hear the north-wind rave,
Nor, moaning, household-shelter crave
From winter rains that beat his grave.

High up the vapours fold and swim;
Around him broods the twilight dim;
The place he knew forgetteth him."

In the same way, when the better will returns (and the poet at the close makes us fully understand that the argument, either for good or for evil, derives its force from the will), he takes care to depict reviving faith in forms that go straight to the eye and heart. We have pictures of the Sabbath-morn, of worship, of family groups; a line or two of naked thought is quickly illustrated by a page of example. One more instance of emotion rendered into circumstance tempts us by its very winning pathos:

"Tears of the widow when he sees
A long lost form that sleep reveals,
And lifts his waking arms, and feels
Her place is empty—fall like those."

Such a poem as the "Two Voices" at once reveals the kind of moral influence exerted by the writer. He rarely preaches, rarely draws direct lessons from objects or events, in the manner of Wordsworth. He seldom writes a poem for the sake even of developing a simple truth in action, as in the grand instance of the latter poet's "Laodamia." The mode of Tennyson is rather to surround you with all the associations of a feeling, to steep you in its atmosphere, and to let it suggest its own morals. He knows well that to stir the dormant life of the heart, to make us conscious of our inmost sympathies and yearnings, is so surely a moral work, that all kinds of particular morals must flow out of it. Even in the "In Memoriam" we do not trace any ethical design in particular. It is the general influence of love superior to change and death, rather than any special lesson, of which we are conscious. We stand in the presence of a grief, and suffer; the intensity of that suffering makes us aware of the grandeur of our being, and awakens in us the instinct of immortality—an instinct never absent when emotion is most vital. Thus from what we can endure we learn to what we may aspire.

Throughout Mr. Tennyson's poems the same law is evinced. His moral power consists in his sway over the emotions. The sweet sad retrospect of youthful love, as in the "Gardener's Daughter;" the pathos of an early death, as in the "May Queen;" the resuscitation of old-world forms, ranged in the hall of memory like statues,—their grief, their pride, their passion still there, but softened into monumental calm;—these are the spells by which, rather than by express appeals to conscience, this poet teaches and purifies. Sometimes he clothes a moral in allegory, as in "The Palace of Art;" sometimes, as in "Locksley Hall" and in "Maud," social wrongs and conventions rouse him to invective; but these are exceptions to his general method.

Of all the poems now touched upon, "Maud" is perhaps the one most open to objection. The heartlessness which often underlies the smooth forms of civilisation is no doubt a fit theme for poetic anathema; and the stern ministry of war may have its uses in rousing the dormant humanities of a nation. But it must ever be deplored that such a ministry should be needful. War, whether viewed physically or morally, can only rightly exist for ends of peace and brotherhood; and it is because the poet of "Maud" fails to insist upon this truth, that, whatever the beauty of his lay in parts, its general tone wins no hearty and lasting echoes.

Reverting from the moral to the imaginative qualities of Mr. Tennyson, we must not omit to notice a power of characterisation almost dramatic, except that it deals with classes rather than with individuals. His "Ænone" is as truly Greek as his "Gardener's Daughter" is English. Take, again, from the "Vision of Fair Women," Cleopatra, the crowned "Egypt," exclaiming of herself and Mark Antony,

"We rode sublime
On Fortune's neck: we sat as god by god;
The Nilus would have risen before his time,
And flooded, at our nod."

and contrast her with "The Daughter of the Warrior Gileadite," who in her filial sacrifice

"Went emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,
Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of her bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower."

How perfect a transition from the prodigal outpouring of voluptuous life, the quick tide of African blood, to the scriptural lament and Judean imagery of the Hebrew maid!

The last of the lines just quoted upbraids us. We ought before to have noticed a charm in Tennyson so special as this. Perhaps no poet has equalled him in his sense of rhythm and the fitness of verbal sounds to ideas and emotions. In the following lines who does not *hear* as well as see

"Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees,"

or catch the boom of artillery in such a repetition as this:

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them—volley'd and thunder'd!"

But enough; to his power of conveying feeling and sensation by rhythm every page of the writer bears witness.

We must now take leave of a poet than whom we have had none more thoroughly English; few with a wider range of power, abler to seize the traits of outward life, or to clothe human truths with material beauty. Our universal impulses, our subtlest intuitions alike acknowledge him. He can rivet by images of the heroic and enduring, or surprise to tears by a remembered odour. He knocks at the secret chambers of the emotions, and they come forth at his signal. In his verse, as in a procession, the most varied forms of heart-experience pass before us,—feelings made palpable to sight—real, but refined from the accidents of reality—no toil in their aspects, no dust on their garments. On they come—bright, eager, mournful, or august, but all immortal—all born of the soul, and bearing her amaranth. Thus they march by,—and they march to music.

Of a writer so endowed it is no accusation to say that he seldom reaches the sublime. Grandeur and solemnity he has; but not often combined with them that suddenness which electrifies, and of which his *Balaclava* lyric is an example. A taste perhaps too exquisite restrains him for the most part from that abandonment to impulse which is the condition of pure sublimity. Under this head he has little that can be ranked with the colossal forms of Keats' "Hyperion," with terrible glimpses of the soul in Shelley's tragedy, with the anthem of Coleridge in the Vale of Chamouni, or with the trance in which Wordsworth described the intimations of immortality. With Tennyson we walk as over a table-land of poetry, with hamlets in the vale, and spacious stretches of view across a varied country to the ocean-line beyond. He rarely scales the heights revealed only by lightnings, or gazes down upon the boiling surges.

Already the poet's fame stands serene on its column: we lay our garland at its base.

BIARRITZ.

Some two or three hundred whitewashed houses,—houses which are offensively white, and whose arrogant affectation of cleanliness is almost felt as a personal affront,—with outer wooden shutters, painted green or yellow, standing irregularly on the cliffs and higher ground, and crowded together in a most disorderly manner in the low part of the town, so as to form one long irregular street; such is the seaside-village of Biarritz, or, as it is called by its inhabitants, Biarrits, the favourite resort of Spanish grandees, and of the Empress Eugénie. Just now the little village teems with life; for the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Impérial are there. After them throngs half Paris; Spain, as we have said, is largely represented; and there are English, Russians, and Germans in such large numbers, that every possible accommodation Biarrits can offer seems insufficient even for them. Only walk from the "Place" down to the "Vieux Port," from thence up the cliff to the *Atalaja*, then down the cliff and along the sands to the "Château de l'Empereur," and you will no longer wonder to hear that fabulous sums are paid for a bed, even in a stable, and that food is at famine price. "Biarrits is full," "Biarrits is crowded," "Biarrits is overflowing," give you no idea of the numbers it can in some mysterious manner be made to contain. Under ordinary circumstances it would be almost an explanation to say that sitting-rooms are unknown or unappreciated at Biarrits, that every room is a bedroom, and nearly every bedroom has two beds in it; but even that fact

does not account for the numbers one sees now. Even supposing it possible to imagine all the humanity stowed safely away for the night, who shall say what becomes of the ladies' apparel? Where vanish those marvellous fabrics of whale-bone, crinoline, silk, lace, gauze, muslin, and all the other mysteries of female dress which encircle and amplify some diminutive form? It is sheer nonsense to talk of folding and putting away. Why, the "blanchisseuse" cannot do that to the petticoats even! She ties them, two together, to the end of a long pole, and carries them through the streets like a banner; and they not only *will* but *must* "stand alone." One can fancy the whole vast fabric, with the superincumbent lighter draperies, set up at night like a warrior's tent, under which the owner is stretched in graceful repose.

Indeed, from the middle of July to the end of September Biarrits is a mystery, a marvel—almost an impossibility. All the fashionable world of the courts of France and Spain crowded into small comfortless lodgings, and eaten up by fleas! some of the wealthiest people in Europe having their dinners sent in from a "restaurant" or "traiteur," and consuming it in their bedrooms, or having the use of a dining-room conjointly with eight or ten other families; the most lavish expenditure with the smallest possible return in any thing and every thing: such is the rule of existence during those two months.

Before or after them you must go, if you wish really to enjoy Biarrits, which has, indeed, a quite peculiar fascination; one that arises more from what it has not than from what it has. It has no trees, no shade, no hill and dale, no grassy slopes; there is one glare of sunshine on a sandy shore, and nothing more inland. But the one beauty, the one charm of Biarrits, is the sea, the vast expanse of the Bay of Biscay; a beauty to be felt and not described, and for the due appreciation of which the reader had better go and see it.

Closely connected with this is a pleasure of a more material nature, namely, the bathing. Come with me, dear reader, to the "Vieux Port," and we will see it. We follow the narrow irregular street, already spoken of, which leads down to the favourite bathing-place. A neck of land, a high cliff, stretches into the sea on each side of us, and between these two promontories is the "Vieux Port,"—the small bay whose water is nearly always smooth.

We pass the twenty cabins for bathers, which form a semicircle at the head of the bay, and take our seat on the white sands which lie between these cabins—"baragues," as they are called—and the sea. And now, I do assure you, that if all you know of sea-bathing is, that you have been rattled into a few feet of salt-water in some crazy old machine, and have there plunged solemnly into a dark hole, to be soled during your stay by the affrighted screams of children, and the shrieks of women undergoing the same dread ordeal, but with less fortitude and less forbearance than yourself,—if this is all you know, you will be astonished at the scene in the midst of which you find yourself. From one of the "baragues" behind you comes a lady in what might have been the model Bloomer costume: long trousers of black woollen serge and a frock of the same, full and short, reaching the knees, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, and fitting close to the throat.

This is the costume "de rigueur," without which no creature of woman-kind may go into the sea. Of course it is open to additions and improvements. Of the former class are list shoes, almost essential in walking over the sands to and from the "baraque" to the sea; and there is the little oilskin cap, trimmed with quillings of scarlet or blue worsted-braid, and of very bewitching effect; and the large oilskin cape, reaching to the knees, which is taken off at the water's edge, and put on as soon as the bather leaves the sea.

Among the improvements we may class the trimming of dress, &c., with some bright-coloured worsted-braid. But what excuse can be offered for the adoption of lace sleeves and collars and coral bracelets in the sea, and the like pretty imbecilities?

Lest fathers, brothers, and husbands should here unduly exult, let me give notice that the man's costume is more susceptible of ornament than that of the woman; a fact which has not been lost sight of by the "lords of the creation," as we shall see. At present we will accompany our young lady to the bath. As soon as she leaves the "baraque," she is joined by a "baigneur" or "baigneuse," holding in his or her hand a pair of gourds; they walk over the sands together, and if she does not know how to swim, the gourds are tied round her waist before she steps into the sea. Be sure, that if she dips her head or takes three or four plunges, she is an Englishwoman; the French do not think this at all essential; and a Frenchwoman walks into the water, lies down on her back, and floats out to the rope stretched across the mouth of the bay, or strikes out to swim, taking the greatest possible care to keep her head out of the water. The number of good swimmers—men, women, and children—whom you will see in one day will astonish you; and all those who cannot swim and float are learning to do so: very easy with the help of gourds, and very pleasant in this deliciously warm water.

The costume for mankind—also a "de rigueur"—is a pair of loose cotton or woollen trousers and a tunic fastened round the waist by a band, and mostly with very short sleeves. But whereas the woman's dress is invariably black, that of the man may be chosen of any colour or shade of colour. Light blue, pink, lilac, red, &c. are in great vogue, and being in cotton, are worn without ornament. But the "great swells" have costumes of dark woollen stuff, purple or crimson; and these are trimmed with large pearl buttons, each as big as a half-crown, placed in a row down the outside of the trousers, and the tunic in a like manner elaborately ornamented. It is, however, less amusing to watch these people than to take your seat on the cliff or the sand some fine morning in June, and watch some of the Biarrots, as the inhabitants of Biarritz call themselves, take their first bath in the season. There are men and women bathing, quite a troop of them; each one stops at the water's edge, wets his or her finger, and makes the sign of the cross, and then splash, splash, splash—they are all in, diving, floating, swimming, moving with as much ease and freedom in the water as on land. Their first bath is always what they call a "bain Anglais," or "bain de santé;" for the two are synonyms, and mean a good vigorous swim straight out and straight home again. Or go, if you will, to the beach, after the diligence from Bayonne has come in on a Sunday morning, and watch those nine or ten youths who raced together from the "bureau" to the "Vieux Port," and who, after a few minutes in the "baragues," have re-appeared in pink, sky-blue, and lilac. Ten chances to one they have a preliminary game at leap-frog on the hot sand; after which, shouting and laughing like so many schoolboys, they throw themselves into the water, and swim to that bit of rock that stands up alone in the bay, and is never quite covered at high water. They stand and sit there, a picturesque group, with their bright-coloured dress and rapid vehement gesticulations. At a given signal they are all off; some, with outstretched arms and stiff body, have dropped into the water like a stone—will dive and re-appear at any distance, where you least expect to see them; others have turned a summerset, sometimes two, in the air, disappear for an instant, and then rise with a spring, and throw another summerset; whilst the remainder, who have simply plunged in, swim one after another, and continue the game of leap-frog begun on the shore.

One thing worthy of note is, that they enjoy themselves and annoy no others. Girls, women, and children are bathing near them; but no one will have reason to resent any word or action of theirs.

Here come a husband and wife, also from Bayonne, which is five or six miles distant. The Bayonnaises are famed for beauty, and justly;—is she not pretty, with those black eyes, the clear brown skin, and folds of glossy hair? Husband and wife swim out together; then she returns,

and a maid appears at the edge of the water with a small child wrapped in a shawl. They have two children, one about four, the other some two years old; and no one but papa must give them their first bath. We will watch the youngest, who springs into its father's wet arms, and, being in mortal dread of the water, seizes his black beard with both tiny hands, and presses its small soft face against that hairy shrine. And here I must say, that whatever opinion we may hold of the French as a nation or as individuals, there is no man or woman, more especially the latter, who can see a Frenchman and his child without admiration.

Our bearded friend, with many caresses, strokes the small arms, loosens their hold, and, considerably to his comfort, succeeds in placing one round his neck and holds the other. You can see, as he stands there, that he is pointing out those boys swimming so fearlessly, the men jumping from the rock, the ladies floating with their gourds. Then he calls one of the boys, who comes leaping towards him to make baby laugh,—for any French boy seems at any time ready to play with any baby; and soon we have baby stretching out its arms to the boy in the water. Meanwhile papa himself will wash the wee face, rub the little limbs as he walks slowly on: baby is soon in the water, and the first bath is taken in the most satisfactory manner. This gentleman came with carriage and servants to give his children their first bath; but Jean Baptiste and Léontine—"baigneur" and "baigneuse"—are every whit as tender and as careful that their boy Arthur shall not contract any dread of the water, and that his first bath at three years old shall not frighten him. Ask them how it is that they can swim and float and dive and progress in that very extraordinary manner, coming towards you like the ghost in the *Corsican Brothers*,—treading the water I think they call it,—they will say that the key to the whole affair is, "ne pas avoir peur,"—have faith, and you are buoyant.

The children of the bathers have never known what it is to be afraid of the water, as you will agree when you see what must be called "a shoal" of them, from five to ten or twelve years old, disporting themselves. The younger ones have on small gourds: little tadpoles, how they get on! They have reached that boat anchored in the bay, and are crawling in and seated all round the edge of it. Soon they jump in again; and now they have past the mouth of the bay, and are in the open sea; but the guard of the "Société de Sauvetage"—the Humane Society—stationed on the rock projecting into the sea, has seen them, and with an "Allons! allons! hu-up!" by way of warning, recalls them. They come back, and find sport in the bay; for there is an Englishman swimming out slowly and laboriously. Two or three of them are acquaintances of his; so they form themselves into a body-guard of the most tantalising description, and swim against him, and before him, and round him, and dive under him; whilst he, progressing slowly and surely, looks about him with a broad good-natured smile.

How do we English figure in this strange scene? We are, as usual, distinct, and often peculiar; a certain directness of purpose distinguishes us any where and every where, in the water as on land. An Englishman intends to take a bath, and he takes it; swims a certain distance and returns, dresses himself, puts his hat firmly on his head, and retires conscious of having done the business, and of course deriving a certain gratification from that fact. He takes a "bain Anglais," which, as every body knows, is a bath for the sake of his health; he has some object in view, and cannot bathe three or four times a-day in an aimless, purposeless way as the French and Spaniards do, merely to enjoy themselves, luxuriate in the water, and pass away the time. Of course wherever there are English people there are queer people,—people who consciously or unconsciously offer themselves as objects of ridicule to every one about them. See, here is a lady in bathing costume who has on a large straw hat. The hats are commonly worn in the morning and afternoon, when the sun is hot; but why has she a long white veil tied round it which reaches her waist? and why does

she carry her dog with gourds round its neck, and keep the poor struggling animal in her arms while she floats about the bay? It is afternoon; there are many bathers, and numerous are the inquiries made about this lady in the white veil. The invariable answer is, "An Englishwoman, of course,"—"bion sûr elle est Anglaise." Indignant remonstrances on the part of some Englishmen, who will hear of no such libel on their countrywomen, produces in a doubtful and apologetic tone, "O!—then she must be a Pole." Be sure, too, that you gentleman, who has walked down with a woman's waterproof cape over his shoulders, and, having ventured in almost knee-deep, sits wrapped in the cloak and waiting for a wave, is an Englishman. Here comes another in a scarlet cloak,—the cloaks seem to take their fancy,—gigantic in size when compared to these Spaniards and Frenchmen of the south. He is accompanied by the bather Million, who carries a small tub in his hand; and he sits down on the sands while Million fills the tub, and, returning with it, pours a little salt-water over our friend's bald head, which he rubs vigorously; then a little more water, then another rub, and so on till the tub is empty; after which the gentleman walks deliberately into about three feet of water, where he remains and disports himself awkwardly. We must excuse him that rubbing of the bald head, though I fear it is useless; for at his age the hair will never grow again. But he is just married to a very young and very pretty Spanish girl, and will not neglect a last chance of making the difference in their ages less apparent.

And now we will leave the "Vieux Port," first telling the reader that it was the favourite bathing-place of the Empress when she used to be Mademoiselle Eugénie, and the best swimmer in Biarritz.

Ascending the cliff to the left of the "Vieux Port," we find four or five houses—favourite resort of the English—to whom, especially to residents or visitors of Pau, Biarritz has long been well known. Here you escape the noise and heat of the crowded little village, feel the pure breeze, and watch the sun sink down into the sea. On this cliff is a house with the ambitious name of California. It was built by a gentleman of Bayonne, who is reported not only to have found gold, but to have brought it away from the gold-country. On his return he constructed this house on the model of those in California; but the Biarrots look at it with contempt: "Nothing but a ground-floor and attics," they say. On the other side of this cliff is the "Côte des Basques," with its bathing-cabins, supposed to be only used, as the houses of that quarter are only inhabited, by the "petit monde." Instead of the calm bay in which to float and swim without fear, you have here a long line of high cliff, a fine expanse of level yellow sands, exquisitely smooth and firm, and the waves breaking in long lines of foam. The bathers stand where their feet are only just covered with water, and wait for the great waves to wash over them, and none except strong swimmers venture out of their depth. The sands here are finer than at any part of Biarritz, and one might walk many miles along the coast were it not for the difficulty of getting down the cliff in the first place.

On this side, namely, south of Biarritz, lies Spain. We see the outline of the Pyrenees, and look towards the ground trodden by our armies under Wellington.

Once more we will return to the "Vieux Port," this time to ascend the cliff on the right of it. Here is the fashionable promenade—the Atalaja. This, they say, is a Moorish word, meaning a place of look-out. The Atalaja is a broad sandy walk, which might be made clean and agreeable to the walkers, but is in itself neither one nor the other. But then there is the wide expanse of water stretching out before you, changing its hues with every cloud that fleets over it; the fantastic forms of masses of rock, which from time to time have been undermined by the waves, separated from the cliff, and left at some distance from the shore; high-arched bridges leading no-whither; huge caverns and mimic towers, against which the waves thunder with a great hol-

low booming, and there being broken, rise in fountains of white glittering spray.

From the Atalaja you descend to the "Roche-Percée," a wall of rock in which there is a square aperture like a window; and this is a fine place from which to view the adjacent rocks when the sea is rough and the waves dash over them.

Beyond this is the "Côte du Moulin," to which you descend by a winding path on the face of the cliff. Then again we see the white sands and a long row of "baraquas"—upwards of thirty. The waves break here as they do on the "Côte des Basques," the only difference being that this side is used by the "grand monde," and the other, as we have said, by the "petit monde."

There is always a possibility of danger, as the sea here is somewhat treacherous in its advances; but it is very seldom that any accident occurs.

A little further on, and so close to the sea that the wall of the garden is washed by the high tide, stands a square building of red brick,—the "Villa Eugénie," or "Château de l'Empereur," as it is more commonly called. Neither shrubs nor trees will grow on the barren and sandy soil which surrounds it; not even the tamarisk, which almost flourishes in some parts of Biarritz. Nevertheless one part of the sands possesses the ambitious title of "Jardin de l'Impératrice," and here some few inches of good soil had been spread over the surface, and a coarse reedy kind of grass and a few rushes did last year almost give promise of growing. But during the winter months the high tide and the rain washed all bare again.

And now, dear reader, we have seen all that is most worthy of note in Biarritz. Let us make our way, if possible, to the diligence. What a crowded street! what a confusion of tongues! what picturesque peasant costumes—Basque, Béarnais, and Spanish! Only look at those baskets of black grapes! what profusion, and what magnificent bunches! They are from Spain; and for a few sous you may have almost any quantity you please. These delicious green ones are Anglet grapes, and grow in the sandy soil of Anglet, near Bayonne. Better still are the Malaga, each grape as large as a plum. Those birds are turtle-doves? Yes, they will be eaten, roasted in vine-leaves, and are very good.

The National Magazine.

[As many of our readers may not have seen the Prospectus of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, we here republish its principal portions.]

THE Conductors seek to establish, with the aid of the best minds, and at the cheapest rate, a Journal devoted to Literature and Art, and equally an organ of both,—an Art-Paper, but not one to which Literature is merely incidental; a Literary Paper, but not one to which Art is a mere adjunct.

Making no claim to the peculiarities of a professed review, they purpose to examine systematically the chief current events in these two great departments of intellectual endeavour, with a view to point out in them whatever may be most worthy and characteristic. Within the bounds allotted, they will strive to emulate their most generous contemporaries; to recognise excellence at once, though unheralded by a name; and to shun that critical commonplace which affects to deliberate because it cannot decide—cold to genius while it needs encouragement, blind to its faults when it has achieved success.

The tone of the Paper, it is hoped, will be at once liberal and reverential. While leaving to more appropriate spheres of discussion all doctrinal differences in theology, while avoiding all party and class aims in politics, it will by no means exclude the religious spirit that lies at the root of all

noble action and life, nor ignore those broad questions of policy which vitally affect social well-being.

Attractiveness of subject and of treatment will be studied in every department. Tales will occupy considerable space, as the names in the published list of Contributors will readily suggest. Essays, varieties of Travel and Adventure, humorous Sketches, and occasional reports of Public Amusements, will find due place. In a word, the Conductors hold that through amusement to instruction is the law of success, and that Wisdom and Mirth are not necessarily unmarriageable personages.

The features thus indicated will show that great variety is aimed at. But this variety, the Conductors trust, will be pervaded by oneness of design, giving to each detail its appropriate place, and its due bearing upon a general result. They would have their mental edifice resemble a spacious, well-built, and richly-furnished Palace, where one passes from the grave council-chamber to the social banquetting-hall, not by a step, but by gradual approaches; where even the pleasant chat of the ante-room touches at times upon august themes; where terrace and balcony not only adorn but dignify; and where from some grand commanding site the horizon lies open like a noble future.

THE SALUTATION.

BY SIR C. EASTLAKE, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"THE SALUTATION" is one of the most characteristic works which we could have selected to exemplify the qualities of Sir Charles Eastlake's style. As, however, we purpose hereafter to present our readers with a Portrait of Sir Charles, accompanied by a full account and estimate of his works, we shall say little in the way of criticism here.

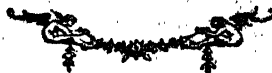
The scene of "The Salutation" is just such as might be witnessed in any rural spot near the great towns of Italy, where the humbler class of the priesthood—accomplished, devoted, content to be the pastors of a simple peasantry—are regarded with a filial affection nearly unknown to our colder manners. It is, as usual, the young and the women who are the chief depositaries of the simple piety of their race, and the artist has rightly chosen them as its fittest representatives. None but a man familiar with Italy could have so accurately portrayed the people of a land where, as Alfieri says, "the plant man" grows in its most perfect proportions. The group is one that the photograph itself might bring from the neighbourhood of Florence or Rome. The action of the boy, his simple advance, the loving pout of his lips, exactly typify the relations of the people to their pastors,—and these too the photograph might give us; but it could not catch all the passing traits of animation and feeling which grace this picture of Catholic Italy in its best aspect.

WELLINGTON'S MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S.

So the proposed monument to Wellington in St. Paul's is to be thrown open to the competition of artists of all countries. This is a sort of liberality against which we must enter our protest. If the principle of encouragement to national art is to be acted upon at all, a monument to Wellington is precisely the case that demands such fosterage. It is well, indeed, to be cosmopolitan in our sympathies; but it is a still more urgent duty to be patriotic. But genius is of no country. True, and the recognition of its various developments is the necessary result of a cultivated and liberal taste. Nevertheless, in an appreciation of foreign art, we must not forget that we have schools of art at home which invite a reciprocal interest. These schools can only be cherished by home patronage.

We grant that where a selection depends upon local partiality errors will sometimes be committed. But, in a

matter of national magnitude, care may surely be taken to select umpires so qualified as to guard against the chance of mistake. It is a libel upon British sculptors, some of whom have a European fame, to suppose that foreign succours are required, in the case before us, to avert an art-defeat. With respect to Wellington, his birth was British, his history is British, his tomb is in the mausoleum of our empire. Let his monument be the work of British hands.



THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c.

1. History.

The name *Stereoscope*, from the Greek words *stereos* solid, and *skopeiv* to see, has been given to an instrument of recent invention, for exhibiting in true relief and apparent solidity all objects, or groups of objects, by combining into one picture two representations of these objects on a plane, as seen separately by each eye.

If we hold up a thin book between our two eyes, with its back towards us, and at the distance of about a foot, we shall see the back and the two sides of the book when both eyes are open; but if we shut the *right* eye, we shall see with the *left* eye only the back and the *left* side of the book; and if we shut the *left* eye, we shall see only the back and the *right* side of it. Or, to use a more homely illustration, when we shut the *left* eye, we see only the *right* side of our nose with the *right* eye; and when we shut the *right* eye, we see only the *left* side of our nose with the *left* eye. And, in general, when we look at any solid object whatever, the *right* eye sees parts of it towards the right hand not seen by the left eye, and the *left* eye sees parts of it towards the left hand not seen by the right eye. Hence we arrive at the first and fundamental truth on which the theory and construction of the Stereoscope depend, viz.: 1, When we look with two eyes upon any solid body or object whose parts are at different distances from us, the picture of it which we see with the right eye, or the image of it which is formed on the retina of the right eye, is different from the picture of it which we see with the left eye, or from the image of it which is formed on the retina of the left eye.

This important fact was known to Euclid more than 2000 years ago, and was illustrated by him in the case of a sphere, the pictures of which as seen by each eye he proved to be dissimilar. Upwards of 1500 years ago, Galen described the different pictures formed on each eye in the vision of a column. Baptista Porta, in 1593, repeats the proposition of Euclid on the vision of a sphere with one and both eyes; and he quotes the experiments of Galen on the vision of a column with both eyes, and with each eye alternately. Leonardo da Vinci was well acquainted with the same facts; and Aguilonius,* in 1613, wrote a whole book on the vision of solids (*de corpore, de stereis*) with one and both eyes, and explained the dissimilarity of the pictures thus seen by the observer.

Optical writers of more recent times, such as Dr. Smith of Cambridge, Mr. Harris, and Dr. Porterfield, were all acquainted with the dissimilarity of the pictures of solids as seen by each eye separately; and hence we see the extreme injustice of the claim made by Mr. Wheatstone to be the discoverer of this truth. In quoting the experiments of Leonardo da Vinci, Mr. Wheatstone maintains that he was not aware "that the object (a sphere) presented a different appearance to each eye;" and he adds, "he failed to observe

* *Opticorum libri sex, Philosophiæ juxta ac Mathematicæ utiles*. Folio. Antverpiæ, 1613.



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THE SALUTATION.

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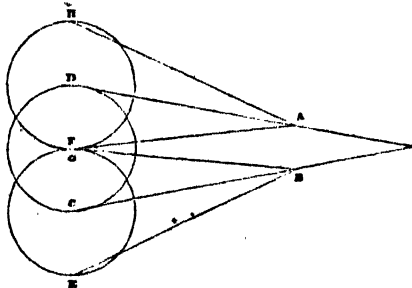
SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. 1.

this; and no subsequent writer, to my knowledge, has supplied the omission. The projection of two obviously dissimilar pictures on the two retinae, when a single object is viewed, while the optic axes converge, must therefore be regarded as a new fact in the theory of vision." This claim to a discovery made 2000 years ago by Euclid, and explained and illustrated by so many of his distinguished successors, is the more remarkable, as Mr. Wheatstone, though he may have never seen the writings of Euclid or Galen, makes repeated reference to the observations of Porta and Aguilonius, in which the discovery is distinctly described.

The second fundamental truth on which the theory and construction of the Stereoscope depend is: 2. When the two dissimilar pictures of any solid body, as seen by each eye separately, are superimposed, or laid the one above the other by the convergency of the axes of the two eyes, the object which these pictures represent is seen in relief, or as a solid body, with its different parts at different distances from the observer.

Although this truth is not distinctly stated either by Euclid or Galen, we can hardly suppose that they were ignorant of it, as it is a necessary result of their observations. Since we do see an object in true relief by both eyes, and since the picture of the object which we see is formed by the superposition of the one dissimilar picture above the other, the vision in relief is the necessary result of the combination of the pictures. They must have known it simply as a fact, though they did not know its cause.

Baptista Porta and Aguilonius, however, were well acquainted with this second truth. In explaining the experiments of Galen on the dissimilarity of the pictures of an object as seen by each eye and by both, Porta employs the annexed diagram, which is much more distinct than that



which is given by the Greek physician. "Let A," he says, "be the pupil of the right eye, B that of the left, and D C the body to be seen. When we look at the body with both eyes, we see D C, while with the left eye we see E F, and with the right eye G H. But if it is seen with one eye, it will be seen otherwise; for when the left eye A is shut, the body C D, on the left side, will be seen in H E; but when the right eye A is shut, the body C D will be seen in F E; whereas when both eyes are opened at the same time it will be seen in D C." Porta then proceeds to explain these results by quoting the passage from Galen in which he supposes the observer to repeat these experiments when he is looking at a solid column. In the preceding diagram we see not only the principle but the construction of the Ocular Stereoscope, or the method by which we combine the two pictures by looking at a point between them and the observer, or beyond the pictures. The two dissimilar pictures are represented by H E; the picture as seen by one eye by H E; the picture as seen by the other by F E; and the picture of the solid column in full relief by D C, as produced midway between the two dissimilar pictures H E and F E by their union, precisely as in the Stereoscope.

The important subject of which we are treating has been discussed by Aguilonius with singular ingenuity; and his observations are so interesting, that we shall give them in his own words. "When one object," he says, "is seen with

two eyes, the angles at the vertices of the optical pyramids (viz. H A F, G H E) are not always equal;* for beside the direct view, in which the pyramids ought to be equal, into whatever directions both eyes are turned they receive pictures of the objects under unequal angles, the greater of which is that which is terminated at the nearer eye, and the lesser that which regards the remoter eye. This, I think, is perfectly evident; but I consider it as worthy of admiration, how it happens that bodies seen by both eyes are not all confused and shapeless, though we view them by the optical axes fixed on the bodies themselves. For greater bodies seen under greater angles appear lesser bodies under lesser angles. If, therefore, one and the same body which is in reality greater with one eye, is seen less on account of the inequality of the angles in which the pyramids are terminated, the body itself must assuredly be seen greater or less at the same time, and to the same person that views it; and therefore, since the images in each eye are dissimilar (*minime sibi congruunt*), the representation of the object must appear confused and disturbed (*confusa ac perturbata*) to the primary sense." In order to understand this passage, we may state, as a well-known fact, that in binocular portraits the distance between the tip of the nose and the tip of the ear is greater in the one picture than in the other, and consequently the line joining these points subtends a greater angle in the one than in the other. When these two lines, therefore, are combined, Aguilonius concludes that the vision of the tip of the nose and the tip of the ear must be confused, as the ends of the lines cannot be united.

"This view of the subject," he continues, "is certainly consistent with reason; but what is truly wonderful is, that it is not correct, for bodies are seen clearly and distinctly with both eyes when the optic axes are converged upon them. The reason of this, I think, is, that the bodies do not appear to be single because the apparent images which are formed from each of them in separate eyes exactly coalesce (*sibi mutuo exacte congruunt*), but because the common sense imparts its aid equally to each eye, exerting its own power equally in the same manner as the eyes are converged by means of their optical axes. Whatever body, therefore, each eye sees with the eyes conjoined, the common sense makes a single notion, not composed of the two which belong to each eye, but belonging and accommodated to the imaginative faculty to which it (the common sense) assigns it."

Now though the explanation here given of the distinct appearance of the solid composed of two dissimilar pictures is not correct, yet Aguilonius clearly asserts the second truth, that though the unequal lines and angles do not coalesce, yet the body is seen distinctly and in its true solidity, in consequence of the combination of the two pictures of it as seen by each eye.

From these details it is manifest that the two fundamental truths on which the Stereoscope depends were well known to Aguilonius and others; and that nothing more was wanted than a method of forming two dissimilar pictures of objects, and a method of uniting them when formed.

Upwards of thirty years ago, Mr. Elliot, now a teacher of mathematics in Edinburgh, was led to study the subject of binocular vision, in consequence of having written an essay in 1823, for the Logic Class, "On the means by which we obtain our knowledge of distances by the eye." From that time he was familiar with the idea that the relief of solid bodies when seen with both eyes was produced by the union of the two dissimilar pictures of them as seen by each eye, which he believed was known to every student of vision. During the year 1834, or previous to it, he had resolved to make an instrument for uniting two dissimilar pictures, or of constructing a stereoscope. But though he had invented the instrument, he delayed its construction till 1839, when he was asked to write a paper for the Polytechnic Society in Liverpool. The instrument was exhibited to Mr. Richard Adie, optician, and Mr. G. Hamilton,

* They are equal in the vision of a sphere and a cylinder.

lectures on chemistry; but owing to the difficulty of obtaining binocular pictures for it, he proceeded no further with his invention.

In order, however, to show the effect of the instrument to his friends, he constructed a rude picture of a landscape, as seen by each eye separately; and when these two pictures were placed in his instrument, the parts of the landscape appeared at different distances from the eye, or, in their true relief. As this was undoubtedly the first landscape constructed for, and seen in relief through, the Stereoscope, it possesses much interest; and we have given an accurate copy of the dissimilar pictures in the annexed diagram, as they



were placed by Mr. Elliot, at the farther end of a box 18 inches long, 7 broad, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ deep. In their present position they will appear in relief when united by the Stereoscope, or by converging the optic axes to a point at a proper distance beyond them. Had photography been in existence, to enable Mr. Elliot to obtain binocular pictures of landscapes and other objects, the application of the Stereoscope to natural scenery and to portraiture would not have been so long delayed.

In the month of August 1838 Mr. Wheatstone exhibited an instrument, under the name of the Reflecting Stereoscope, to the British Association which met at Newcastle; and an account of it was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year. The merit of this invention belongs exclusively to Mr. Wheatstone, and nobody has either directly or indirectly laid claim to it. Although it answers the purpose for which it was contrived, it is a clumsy and bulky apparatus, unnecessarily expensive, and now seldom seen. The binocular representations which it raised into relief were chiefly those of geometrical solids; but the idea of applying it to landscapes or portraits is never once mentioned in his paper. The theory of the instrument, as given by Mr. Wheatstone, was shown to be incorrect by the writer of this article, who first gave the true theory in the *Edinburgh Transactions* for 1843; and in the experiments which he made on the subject, he was led to the construction of several new stereoscopes, but particularly to the *Lenticular Stereoscope*, now in universal use.

"The Reflecting Stereoscope of Mr. Wheatstone was" at this time, as the Abbé Moigno remarks,* "almost completely forgotten." Its merits had never been sufficiently understood; and even the Lenticular Stereoscope, after photography had supplied it with binocular portraits, excited a very limited interest. I offered it gratuitously to opticians in London and Birmingham; but it was not till the year 1850, when I took one to Paris, and showed it to the Abbé Moigno and M. Duboscq, that it was appreciated and brought into notice. Having executed a number of binocular pictures of statues and bas-reliefs, and portraits of celebrated individuals, M. Duboscq, to use the words of the Abbé Moigno, "showed the wonderful effects of the instrument to natural philosophers and amateurs, who flocked to him in crowds, and from whom they elicited a spontaneous and unanimous cry of admiration."

In the noble collection of philosophical instruments displayed by M. Duboscq in the Great Exhibition of 1851, he

placed a Lenticular Stereoscope, with a set of binocular pictures in daguerreotype. The instrument attracted the particular attention of the Queen, and in a short time M. Duboscq received many orders for stereoscopes from England.

Such is a brief history of the Lenticular Stereoscope, and of its introduction into Paris and London. It is now in general use over the whole world, and it has been estimated that more than half a million of the Lenticular Stereoscopes have been sold. A company, under the name of "The London Stereoscopic Company," has been established for the manufacture and sale of the instrument, and for the



production of binocular pictures for educational and other purposes; and the stranger in London will find a visit to their establishment at 54 Cheapside, or 313 Oxford Street, one of the most interesting sights in the metropolis. Photographers are employed in every part of the globe in taking binocular pictures for the instrument,—among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum—on the glaciers and in the valleys of Switzerland—among the public monuments in the Old and New World—in the museums of ancient and modern life—and in the sacred precincts of the domestic circle. A list of upwards of two thousand binocular pictures, embracing every variety of subject, has been issued by the Stereoscope Company, and will be found in my treatise on the Stereoscope, just published, entitled, *The Stereoscope: its History, Theory, and Construction; with its application to the Fine and Useful Arts, and to Education.*

UNCLE GEORGE; OR, THE FAMILY MYSTERY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "AFTER DARK," "DARIL," &c.

Was it an Englishman or a Frenchman who first remarked that every family had a skeleton in its cupboard? I am not learned enough to know; but I reverence the observation, whoever made it. It speaks a startling truth through an appropriately grim metaphor—a truth which I have discovered by practical experience. Our family had a skeleton in the cupboard; and the name of it was Uncle George.

I arrived at the knowledge that this skeleton existed, and I traced it to the particular cupboard in which it was hidden, by slow degrees. I was a child when I first began to suspect that there was such a thing, and a grown man when I at last discovered that my suspicions were true.

My father was a doctor, having an excellent practice in a large country-town. I have heard that he married against the wishes of his family. They could not object to my mother on the score of birth, breeding, or character—they only disliked her heartily. My grandfather, grandmother, uncles, and aunts, all declared that she was a heartless deceitful woman; all disliked her manners, her opinions, and even the expression of her face—all, with the one exception of my father's youngest brother, George.

George was the unlucky member of our family: the rest were all clever; he was slow in capacity. The rest were all remarkably handsome; he was the sort of man that no woman ever looks twice at. The rest succeeded in life;

* *Cosmos*, 1852, vol. i. p. 4.

he failed. His profession was the same as my father's. He had, like my father, the best medical education that London and Paris could afford; and he profited by it, by dint of dogged industry, so as to be quoted among his medical brethren as one of the promising surgeons of his time. But he never got on when he started in practice for himself; for he never succeeded in forcing the conviction of his knowledge and experience on the wealthier class of patients. His coarse ugly face, his hesitating awkward manners, his habit of stammering when he spoke, and his incurable slovenliness in dress, repelled people. The sick poor, who could not choose, employed him, and liked him. The sick rich, who could—especially the ladies—declined to call him in when they could get any body else. In experience he gained greatly by his profession; in money and reputation he gained nothing.

There are very few of us, however dull and unattractive we may be to outward appearance, who have not some strong passion, some germ of what is called romance, hidden more or less deeply in our natures. All the passion and romance in the nature of my Uncle George lay in his love and admiration for my father. He sincerely worshipped his eldest brother as one of the noblest of human beings. When my father was engaged to be married, and when the rest of the family, as I have already mentioned, did not hesitate to express their unfavourable opinion of the disposition of his chosen wife, Uncle George, who had never ventured on differing with any one before, to the amazement of every body, undertook the defence of his future sister-in-law in the most vehement and positive manner. In his estimation, his brother's choice was something sacred and indisputable. The lady might, and did, treat him with unconcealed contempt, laugh at his awkwardness, grow impatient at his stammering—all that made no difference to Uncle George. She was to be his brother's wife; and, in virtue of that one great fact, she became, in the estimation of the poor surgeon, a very queen, who, by the laws of the domestic constitution, could do no wrong.

When my father had been married a little while, he took his youngest brother to live with him as his assistant. If Uncle George had been made president of the College of Surgeons, he could not have been prouder and happier than he was in his new position. I am afraid my father never understood the depth of his brother's affection for him. All the hard work left to George's share: the long journeys at night, the physicking of wearisome poor people, the drunken cases, the revolting cases—all the drudging, dirty business of the surgery, in short, was turned over to him; and day after day, month after month, he struggled through it without a murmur. When his brother and sister-in-law went out to dine with the county gentry, it never entered his head to feel disappointed at being left unnoticed at home. When the return dinners were given, and he was asked to come in at tea-time, and left to sit unregarded in a corner, it never occurred to him to imagine that he was treated with any want of consideration or respect. He was part of the furniture of the house, and it was the business as well as the pleasure of his life to turn himself to any use to which his brother or his sister-in-law might please to put him.

So much for what I have heard from others on the subject of my Uncle George. My own personal experience of him is limited to what I remember as a mere child. Let me say something, however, first about my parents, my sister, and myself.

My sister was the oldest born and the best loved. I did not come into the world till four years after her birth; and no other child followed me. Caroline, from earliest days, was the perfection of beauty and health. I was small, weakly, and, if the truth must be told, almost as plain-featured as Uncle George himself. It would be ungracious and undutiful in me to presume to decide whether there was any foundation or not for the dislike that my father's family always felt for my mother. All I can venture to say is, that her children never had any cause to complain of her. Her pas-

sionate affection for my sister, her pride in the child's beauty, I remember well, as also her uniform kindness and indulgence towards me. My personal defects must have been a sore trial to her in secret, but neither she nor my father ever showed me that they perceived any difference between Caroline and myself. When presents were made to my sister, presents were made to me. When my father and mother caught my sister up in their arms and kissed her, they scrupulously gave me my turn afterwards. My childish instinct told me that there was a difference in their smiles when they looked at me and looked at her, that the kisses given to Caroline were warmer than the kisses given to me, that the hands which dried her tears in our childish griefs touched her more gently than the hands which dried mine. But these and other small signs of preference like them, were such as no parents could be expected to control. I noticed them at the time rather with wonder than with repining. I recall them now without a harsh thought either towards my father or my mother. Both loved me, and both did their duty by me. If I seem to speak constrainedly of them here, it is not on my own account. I can honestly say that with all my heart and soul.

Even Uncle George, fond as he was of me, was fonder of my beautiful child-sister. When I used mischievously to pull at his lank scanty hair, he would gently and laughingly take it out of my hands; but he would let Caroline tug at it till his dim wandering gray eyes winked and watered again with pain. He used to plunge perilously about the garden, in awkward imitation of the cantering of a horse, while I sat on his shoulders; but he would never proceed at any pace beyond a slow and safe walk when Caroline had a ride in her turn. When he took us out walking, Caroline was always on the side next the wall. When we interrupted him over his dirty work in the surgery, he used to tell me to go and play until he was ready for me; but he would put down his bottles, and clean his clumsy fingers on his coarse apron, and lead Caroline out again, as if she had been the greatest lady in the land. Ah, how he loved her!—and, let me be honest and grateful, and add, how he loved me too!

When I was eight years old and Caroline was twelve, I was separated from home for some time. I had been ailing for many months previously; had got benefit from being taken to the seaside; and had shown symptoms of relapsing on being brought home again to the midland county in which we resided. After much consultation it was at last resolved that I should be sent to live, until my constitution got stronger, with a maiden-sister of my mother's, who had a house at a watering-place on the south coast.

I left home, I remember, loaded with presents, rejoicing over the prospect of looking at the sea again, as careless of the future and as happy in the present as any boy could be. Uncle George petitioned for a holiday to take me to the seaside, but he could not be spared from the surgery. He consoled himself and me by promising to make me a magnificent model of a ship. I have that model before my eyes now, while I write. It is dusty with age; the paint on it is cracked, the ropes are tangled, the sails are moth-eaten and yellow. The hull is all out of proportion, and the rig has been smiled at by every nautical friend of mine who has ever looked at it. Yet, worn out and faulty as it is—inferior to the cheapest miniature vessel now-a-days in any toy-shop window—I hardly know a possession of mine in this world that I would not sooner part with than Uncle George's ship.

My life at the seaside was a very happy one. I remained with my aunt more than a year. My mother often came to see how I was going on, and, at first, always brought my sister with her. But, during the last eight months of my stay, Caroline never once appeared. I noticed also at the same period a change in my mother's manner. She looked paler and more anxious at each succeeding visit, and always had long conferences in private with my aunt. At last she ceased to come and see us altogether, and only wrote to know how my health was getting on. My father, too, who had at the earlier periods of my absence from home

travelled to the seaside to watch the progress of my recovery as often as his professional engagements would permit; now kept away like my mother. Even Uncle George, who had never been allowed a holiday to come and see me, but who had hitherto often written and begged me to write to him, broke off our correspondence. I was naturally perplexed and amazed by these changes, and persecuted my aunt to tell me the reason of them. At first she tried to put me off with excuses; then she admitted that there was trouble in our house; and finally she confessed that the trouble was caused by the illness of my sister. When I inquired what that illness was, my aunt said it was useless to attempt to explain it to me. I next applied to the servants. One of them was less cautious than my aunt, and answered my question, but in terms that I could not comprehend. After much explanation, I was made to understand that "something was growing on my sister's neck that would spoil her beauty for ever, and perhaps kill her, if it could not be got rid of." How well I remember the shudder of horror that ran through me at the vague idea of this deadly "something!" A fearful awe-struck curiosity to see what Caroline's illness was with my own eyes, troubled my inmost heart; and I begged to be allowed to go home and help to nurse her. The request was, it is almost needless to say, refused.

Weeks passed away, and still I heard nothing except that my sister continued to be ill. One day I privately wrote a letter to Uncle George, asking him in my childish way to come and tell me about Caroline's illness. I knew where the post-office was, and slipped out in the morning unobserved, and dropped my letter into the box. I stole home again by the garden, and climbed in at the open window of a back parlour on the ground-floor. The room above was my aunt's bed-chamber, and the moment I was inside the house I heard moans and loud convulsive sobs proceeding from it. My aunt was a singularly quiet composed woman; I could not imagine that the loud sobbing and moaning came from her; and I ran down terrified into the kitchen to ask the servants who was crying so violently in my aunt's room.

I found the housemaid and the cook talking together in whispers, with serious faces. They started when they saw me, as if I had been a grown-up master who had caught them neglecting their work. "He's too young to feel it much," I heard one say to the other. "So far as he's concerned, it seems like a mercy that it's happened no later."

In a few minutes they had told me the worst. It was indeed my aunt whom I had heard crying in the bedroom. Caroline was dead.

I felt the blow more severely than the servants or any one else about me supposed. Still, I was a child in years, and I had the blessed elasticity of a child's nature. If I had been older, I might have been too much absorbed in grief to observe my aunt so closely as I did, when she was composed enough to see me, later in the day.

I was not surprised by the swollen state of her eyes, the paleness of her cheeks, or the fresh burst of tears that came from her when she took me in her arms at meeting. But I was both amazed and perplexed by the look of terror that I detected in her face. It was natural enough that she should grieve and weep over my sister's death; but why should she have that frightened look also, as if some other catastrophe had happened? I asked if there was any more dreadful news from home besides the news of Caroline's death. My aunt said, No, in a strange stifled voice, and suddenly turned her face from me. Was my father dead? No. My mother? No. Uncle George? My aunt trembled all over as she said No to that also, and bade me cease asking any more questions. She was not fit to bear them yet, she said; and signed to the servant to lead me out of the room.

The next day I was told that I was to go home after the funeral, and was taken out towards evening by the housemaid, partly for a walk, partly to be measured for my mourning clothes. After we had left the tailor's I persuaded

the girl to extend our walk for some distance along the seabeach, telling her as we went every little anecdote connected with my lost sister that came tenderly back to my memory in those first days of sorrow. She was so interested in hearing, and I in speaking, that we let the sun go down before we thought of turning back.

The evening was cloudy, and it got on from dusk to dark by the time we approached the town again. The housemaid was rather nervous at finding herself alone with me on the beach; and once or twice looked behind her distrustfully as we went on. Suddenly she squeezed my hand hard, and said, "Let's get up on the cliff as fast as we can." The words were hardly out of her mouth before I heard footsteps behind me: a man came round quickly to my side, snatched me away from the girl, and catching me up in his arms without a word, covered my face with kisses. I knew that he was crying, because my cheeks were instantly wetted with his tears; but it was too dark for me to see who he was, or even how he was dressed. He did not, I should think, hold me half a minute in his arms. The housemaid screamed for help, I was put down gently on the sand, and the strange man instantly disappeared in the darkness.

When this extraordinary adventure was related to my aunt, she seemed at first merely bewildered at hearing of it; but in a moment more there came a change over her face, as if she had suddenly recollected or thought of something. She turned deadly pale, and said in a hurried way very unusual with her, "Never mind; don't talk about it any more. It was only a mischievous trick to frighten you, I dare say. Forget all about it, my dear—forget all about it."

It was easier to give me this advice than to make me follow it. For many nights after, I thought of nothing but the strange man who had kissed me and cried over me. Who could he be? Somebody who loved me very much, and who was very sorry. My childish logic carried me to that length. But when I tried to think over all the grown-up gentlemen who loved me very much, I could never get on, to my own satisfaction, beyond my father and my Uncle George.

I was taken home on the appointed day to suffer the trial—a hard one, even at my tender years—of witnessing my mother's passionate grief and my father's mute despair. I remember that the scene of our first meeting after Caroline's death was wisely and considerably shortened by my aunt, who took me out of the room. She seemed to have a confused desire to keep me from leaving her after the door had closed behind us, but I broke away, and ran down stairs to the surgery, to go and cry for my lost playmate with the sharer of all our games, Uncle George.

I opened the surgery-door, and could see nobody. I dried my tears, and looked all round the room: it was empty. I ran up stairs again to Uncle George's garret-bedroom—he was not there; his cheap hair-brush and old cast-off razor-case that had belonged to my grandfather, were not on the dressing-table. Had he got some other bedroom? I went out on the landing, and called softly, with an unaccountable terror and sinking at my heart, "Uncle George!"

Nobody answered; but my aunt came hastily up the garret-stairs.

"Hush!" she said. "You must never call that name out here again! Never."—She stopped suddenly, and looked as if her own words had frightened her.

"Is Uncle George dead?" I asked.

My aunt turned red and pale, and stammered. I did not wait to hear what she said: I brushed past her, down the stairs—my heart was bursting—my flesh felt cold. I ran breathlessly and recklessly into the room where my father and mother had received me. They were both sitting there still. I ran up to them, wringing my hands, and crying out in a passion of tears—"Is Uncle George dead?"

My mother gave a scream that terrified me into instant silence and stillness. My father looked at her for a moment, rang the bell that summoned her maid, then seized me roughly by the arm, and dragged me out of the room.

He took me down into his study, seated himself in his accustomed chair, and put me before him, between his knees. His lips were awfully white, and I felt his two hands, as they grasped my shoulders, shaking violently.

"You are never to mention the name of Uncle George again," he said in a quick, angry, trembling whisper. "Never to me, never to your mother, never to your aunt, never to the servants, never to any body in this world! Never, never, never!"

The repetition of the word terrified me even more than the suppressed vehemence with which he spoke. He saw that I was frightened, and softened his manner a little before he went on.

"You will never see Uncle George again," he said. "Your mother and I love you dearly; but if you forget what I have told you, you will be sent away from home. Never speak that name again—mind, never! Now kiss me, and go away."

How his lips trembled—and, oh, how cold they felt on mine! I shrunk out of the room the moment he had kissed me, and went and hid myself in the garden. "Uncle George is gone—I am never to see him any more—I am never to speak of him again"—those were the words I repeated to myself, with indescribable terror and confusion, the moment I was alone. There was something unspeakably horrible to my young mind in this mystery which I was commanded always to respect, and which, so far as I then knew, I could never hope to see revealed. My father, my mother, my aunt—all appeared to be separated from me now by some impassable barrier. Home seemed home no longer with Caroline dead, Uncle George gone, and a forbidden subject of talk perpetually and mysteriously interposing between my parents and me.

Though I never infringed the command my father had given me in his study (his words and looks, and that dreadful scream of my mother's, which seemed to be always ringing in my ears, were more than enough to insure my obedience), I also never lost the secret desire to penetrate the darkness which clouded over the fate of Uncle George. For two years I remained at home, and discovered nothing. If I asked the servants about my uncle, they could only tell me that one morning he disappeared from the house. Of the members of my father's family, I could make no inquiries. They lived far away, and never came to see us—and the idea of writing to them, at my age and in my position, was out of the question. My aunt was as unapproachably silent as my father and mother; but I never forgot how her face had altered, when she had reflected for a moment, after hearing of my extraordinary adventure while going home with the servant over the sands at night. The more I thought of that change of countenance, in connection with what had occurred on my return to my father's house, the more certain I felt that the stranger who had kissed me and wept over me must have been no other than Uncle George.

At the end of my two years at home, I was sent to sea in the merchant navy by my own earnest desire. I had always determined to be a sailor from the time when I first went to stay with my aunt at the seaside—and I persisted long enough in my resolution to make my parents recognise the necessity of acceding to my wishes. My new life delighted me; and I remained away on foreign stations more than four years. When I at length returned home, it was to find a new affliction darkening our fireside. My father had died on the very day when I sailed for my return voyage to England.

Absence and change of scene had in no respect weakened my desire to penetrate the mystery of Uncle George's disappearance. My mother's health was so delicate that I hesitated for some time to approach the forbidden subject in her presence. When I at last ventured to refer to it, suggesting to her that any prudent reserve which might have been necessary while I was a child need no longer be persisted in, now that I was growing to be a young man, she fell into a violent fit of trembling, and commanded me to

say no more. It had been my father's will, she said, that the reserve to which I referred should be always adopted towards me; he had not authorised her, before he died, to speak more openly; and, now that he was gone, she would not so much as think of acting on her own unaided judgment. My aunt said the same thing, in effect, when I appealed to her. Determined not to be discouraged even yet, I undertook a journey, ostensibly to pay my respects to my father's family, but with the secret intention of trying what I could learn in that quarter on the subject of Uncle George. My investigations led to some results, though they were by no means satisfactory. George had always been looked on with something like contempt by his handsome sisters and his prosperous brothers; and he had not improved his position in the family by his warm advocacy of his brother's cause at the time of my father's marriage. I found that my uncle's surviving relatives now spoke of him slightly and carelessly. They assured me that they had never heard from him, and that they knew nothing about him, except that he had gone away to settle, as they supposed, in some foreign place, after having behaved very basely and badly to my father. He had been traced to London, where he had sold out of the funds the small share of money which he had inherited after his father's death, and he had been seen on the deck of a packet bound for France, later on the same day. Beyond this nothing was known about him. In what the alleged baseness of his behaviour had consisted, none of his brothers and sisters could tell me. My father had refused to pain them by going into particulars, not only at the time of his brother's disappearance, but afterwards whenever the subject was mentioned. George had always been the black sheep of the flock, and he must have been conscious of his own baseness or he would certainly have written to explain and to justify himself. Such were the particulars which I gleaned during my visit to my father's family. To my mind, they tended rather to deepen than to reveal the mystery. That such a gentle, docile, affectionate creature as Uncle George should have injured the brother he loved by word or deed, at any period of their intercourse, seemed incredible; but that he should have been guilty of an act of baseness at the very time when my sister was dying, was simply and plainly impossible. And yet, there was the incomprehensible fact staring me in the face, that the death of Caroline and the disappearance of Uncle George had taken place in the same week! Never did I feel more daunted and bewildered by the family mystery than after I had heard all the particulars in connection with it that my father's relatives had to tell me.

I may pass over the events of the next few years of my life briefly enough. My nautical pursuits filled up all my time, and took me far away from my country and my friends. But, whatever I did, and wherever I went, the memory of Uncle George, and the desire to penetrate the mystery of his disappearance, haunted me like familiar spirits. Often, in the lonely watches of the night at sea, did I recall the dark evening on the beach, the strange man's hurried embrace, the startling sensation of feeling his tears on my cheeks, the disappearance of him before I had breath or self-possession enough to say a word. Often did I think over the inexplicable events that followed, when I had returned, after my sister's funeral, to my father's house; and oftener still did I puzzle my brains vainly in the attempt to form some plan for inducing my mother or my aunt to disclose the secret which they had hitherto kept from me so perseveringly. My only chance of knowing what had really happened to Uncle George, my only hope of seeing him again, rested with those two near and dear relatives. I despaired of ever getting my mother to speak on the forbidden subject after what had passed between us; but I felt more sanguine about my prospects of ultimately inducing my aunt to relax in her discretion. My anticipations, however, in this direction were not destined to be fulfilled. On my next visit to England I found my aunt prostrated by a paralytic attack, which deprived her of the

power of speech. She died soon afterwards in my arms, leaving me her sole heir. I searched anxiously among her papers for some reference to the family mystery, but found no clue to guide me. All my mother's letters to her sister at the time of Caroline's illness and death had been destroyed.

More years passed; my mother followed my aunt to the grave; and still I was as far as ever from making any discoveries in relation to Uncle George. Shortly after the period of this last affliction my health gave way, and I departed, by my doctor's advice, to try some baths in the south of France. I travelled slowly to my destination, turning aside from the direct road, and stopping wherever I pleased. One evening, when I was not more than two or three days' journey from the baths to which I was bound, I was struck by the picturesque situation of a little town placed on the brow of a hill at some distance from the main road, and resolved to have a nearer look at the place, with a view to stopping there for the night, if it pleased me. I found the principal inn clean and quiet—ordered my bed there—and after dinner strolled out to look at the church. No thought of Uncle George was in my mind when I entered the building; and yet, at that very moment chance was leading me to the discovery, which, for so many years past, I had vainly endeavoured to make—the discovery which I had given up as hopeless since the day of my mother's death.

I found nothing worth notice in the church, and was about to leave it again, when I caught a glimpse of a pretty view through a side door, and stopped to admire it. The churchyard formed the foreground, and below it the hill-side sloped away gently into the plain, over which the sun was setting in full glory. The *cure* of the church was reading his breviary, walking up and down a gravel-path that parted the rows of graves. In the course of my wanderings I had learnt to speak French as fluently as most Englishmen; and when the priest came near me I said a few words in praise of the view, and complimented him on the neatness and prettiness of the churchyard. He answered with great politeness, and we got into conversation together immediately.

As we strolled along the gravel-walk, my attention was attracted by one of the graves standing apart from the rest. The cross at the head of it differed remarkably, in some points of appearance, from the crosses on the other graves. While all the rest had garlands hung on them, this one cross was quite bare; and, more extraordinary still, no name was inscribed on it. The priest, observing that I stopped to look at the grave, shook his head and sighed.

"A countryman of yours is buried there," he said. "I was present at his death; he had borne the burden of a great sorrow among us, in this town, for many weary years, and his conduct had taught us to respect and pity him with all our hearts."

"How is it that his name is not inscribed over his grave?" I inquired.

"It was suppressed by his own desire," answered the priest, with some little hesitation. "He confessed to me in his last moments that he had lived here under an assumed name. I asked his real name, and he told it to me, with the particulars of his sad story. He had reasons for desiring to be forgotten after his death. Almost the last words he spoke were, 'Let my name die with me.' Almost the last request he made was, that I would keep that name a secret from all the world excepting only one person."

"Some relative, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes—a nephew," said the priest.

The moment the last word was out of his mouth, my heart gave a strange answering bound. I suppose I must have changed colour also, for the *cure* looked at me with sudden attention and interest.

"A nephew," the priest went on, "whom he had loved like his own child. He told me that if this nephew ever traced me to his burial-place, and asked about him, I was

free in that case to disclose all I knew. 'I should like my little Charley to know the truth,' he said. 'In spite of the difference in our ages, Charley and I were playmates years ago.'"

My heart beat faster, and I felt a choking sensation at the throat, the moment I heard the priest unconsciously mention my Christian name in reporting the dying man's last words. As soon as I could steady my voice and feel certain of my self-possession, I communicated my family name to the *cure*, and asked him if that was not part of the secret that he had been requested to preserve.

He started back several steps, and clasped his hands amazedly.

"Can it be!" he said in low tones, gazing at me earnestly, with something like dread in his face. I gave him my passport, and looked away towards the grave. The tears came into my eyes, as the recollections of past days crowded back on me. Hardly knowing what I did, I knelt down by the grave, and smoothed the grass over it with my hand. O Uncle George, why not have told your secret to your old playmate! Why leave him to find you here!

The priest raised me gently, and begged me to go with him into his own house. On our way there, I mentioned persons and places that I thought my uncle might have spoken of, in order to satisfy my companion that I was really the person I represented myself to be. By the time we had entered his little parlour, and had sat down alone in it, we were almost like old friends together.

I thought it best that I should begin by telling all that I have related here on the subject of Uncle George, and his disappearance from home. My host listened with a very sad face, and said, when I had done:

"I can understand your anxiety to know all that I am authorised to tell you—but pardon me if I say first that there are circumstances in your uncle's story which it may pain you to hear"—he stopped suddenly.

"Which it may pain me to hear, as a nephew?" I asked.

"No," said the priest, looking away from me;—"as a son."

I gratefully expressed my sense of the delicacy and kindness which had prompted my companion's warning, but I begged him at the same time to keep me no longer in suspense, and to tell me the stern truth, no matter how painfully it might affect me as a listener.

"In telling me all you knew about, what you term, the Family Mystery," said the priest, "you have mentioned as a strange coincidence that your sister's death and your uncle's disappearance took place at the same time. Did you ever suspect what cause it was that occasioned your sister's death?"

"I only knew what my father told me, and what all our friends believed—that she died of a tumour in the neck, or, as I sometimes heard it stated, from the effect on her constitution of a tumour in the neck."

"She died under an operation for the removal of that tumour," said the priest in low tones. "And the operator was your Uncle George."

In those few words all the truth burst upon me.

"Console yourself with the thought that the long martyrdom of his life is over," the priest went on, after allowing me a few moments to control the violent agitation which his disclosure had caused in me. "He rests; he is at peace. He and his little darling understand each other, and are happy now. That thought bore him up to the last, on his death-bed. He always spoke of your sister as his 'little darling.' He firmly believed that she was waiting to forgive and console him in the other world—and who shall say he was deceived in that belief?"

Not I! Not any one who has ever loved and suffered, surely!

"It was out of the depths of his self-sacrificing love for the child that he drew the fatal courage to undertake the operation," continued the priest. "Your father naturally shrank from attempting it. His medical brethren, whom he

consulted, all doubted the propriety of taking any measures for the removal of the tumour, in the particular condition and situation of it, when they were called in. Your uncle alone differed with them. He was too modest a man to say so, but your mother found it out. The deformity of her beautiful child horrified her; she was desperate enough to catch at the faintest hope of remedying it that any one might hold out to her, and she persuaded your uncle to put his opinion to the proof. Her horror at the deformity of the child, and her despair at the prospect of its lasting for life, seem to have utterly blinded her to all natural sense of the danger of the operation. It is hard to know how to say it to you, her son, but it must be told, nevertheless, that, one day, when your father was out, she untruly informed your uncle that his brother had consented to the performance of the operation, and that he had gone purposely out of the house because he had not nerve enough to stay and witness it. After that, your uncle no longer hesitated. He had no fear of results, provided he could be certain of his own courage. All he dreaded was the effect on him of his love for the child, when he first found himself face to face with the dreadful necessity of touching her skin with the knife. It is useless to shock you by going into particulars. Let it be enough if I say, that your uncle's fortitude failed to support him when he wanted it most. His love for the child shook the firm hand which had never trembled before. In a word, the operation failed. Your father returned, and found his child dying. The frenzy of his despair when the truth was told him, carried him to excesses which it shocks me to mention—excesses which began in his degrading his brother by a blow, which ended in his binding himself by an oath to make that brother suffer public punishment for his fatal rashness in a court of law. Your uncle was too heart-broken by what had happened to feel those outrages as some men might have felt them. He looked for one moment at his sister-in-law (I do not like to say your mother, considering what I have now to tell you), to see if she would acknowledge that she had encouraged him to attempt the operation, and that she had deceived him in saying that he had his brother's permission to try it. She was silent; and when she spoke, it was to join her husband in denouncing him as the murderer of their child. Whether fear of your father's anger, or revengeful indignation against your uncle most actuated her, I cannot presume to inquire, especially in your presence. I can only state facts. Meanwhile, your uncle turned to your father, and spoke the last words he was ever to address to his eldest brother in this world. He said: 'I have deserved the worst your anger can inflict on me, but I will spare you the scandal of bringing me to justice in open court. The law, if it found me guilty, could at the worst but banish me from my country and my friends. I will go of my own accord. God is my witness that I honestly believed I could save the child from deformity and suffering. I have risked all, and lost all. My heart and spirit are broken. I am fit for nothing but to go and hide myself and my shame and misery from all eyes that have ever looked on me. I shall never come back, never expect your pity or forgiveness. If you think less harshly of me when I am gone, keep secret what has happened; let no other lips say of me what yours and your wife's have said. I shall think that forbearance atonement enough—atonement greater than I have deserved. Forget me in this world. May we meet in another, where the secrets of all hearts are opened, and where the child who is gone before may make peace between us!' He said those words, and went out. Your father never saw him or heard from him again."

I knew the reason now why my father had never confided the truth to any one, his own family included. My mother had evidently told the worst to her sister, under the seal of secrecy. And there the dreadful disclosure had been arrested.

"Your uncle told me," the priest continued, "that before he left England, he took leave of you by stealth, in a place you were staying at by the seaside. He had not the heart

to quit his country and his friends for ever, without kissing you for the last time. He followed you in the dark, and caught you up in his arms, and left you again before you had a chance of discovering him. The next day he departed from England. He had spent a week here once with a student-friend, at the time when he was a pupil in the Hôtel Dieu. And to this place he returned to hide, to suffer, and to die. We all saw that he was a man crushed and broken by some great sorrow, and we respected him and his affliction. He lived alone, and only came out of doors towards evening, when he used to sit on the brow of the hill yonder, with his head on his hand, looking towards England. That place seemed a favourite with him, and he is buried close by it. He revealed the story of his past life to no living soul here but me; and to me he only spoke when his last hour was approaching. What he had suffered during his long exile no man can presume to say. I, who saw more of him than any one, never heard a word of complaint fall from his lips. He had the courage of the martyrs while he lived, and the resignation of the saints when he died. Just at the last, his mind wandered. He said he saw his little darling waiting by the bedside to lead him away; and he died with a smile on his face—the first I had ever seen there."

The priest ceased, and we went out together in the mournful twilight, and stood for a little while on the brow of the hill where Uncle George used to sit, with his face turned towards England. How my heart ached for him, as I thought of what he must have suffered in the silence and solitude of his long exile! Was it well for me that I had discovered the Family Mystery at last? I have sometimes thought not. I have sometimes wished that the darkness had never been cleared away which once hid from me the fate of Uncle George.



INTRODUCTORY.

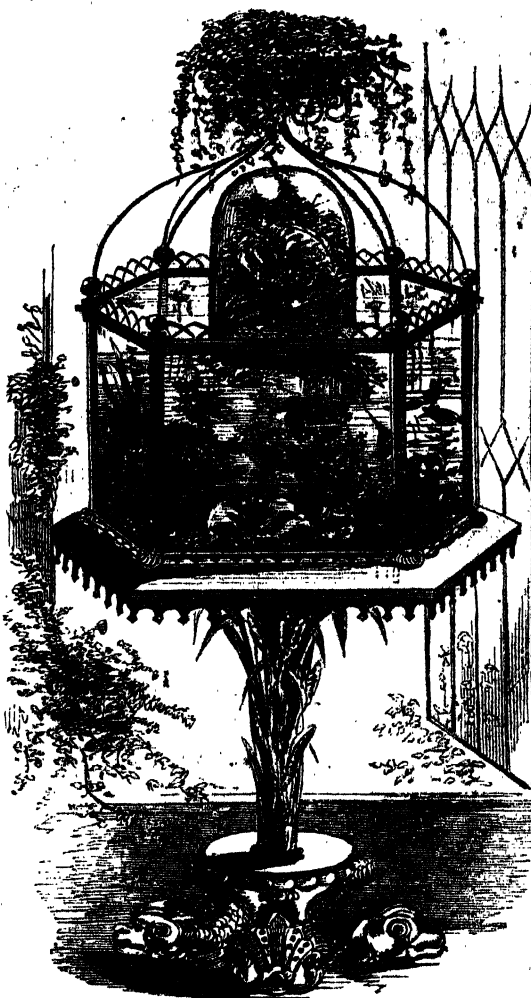
We propose to ourselves, not without diffidence, to be in some sort the historians of the inner world of Home,—that beating heart of the great framework of existence, whose more or less healthiness of action most surely, if not always immediately, influences the head that plans and the hands that execute the great things of life; a wide subject, whether viewed practically or ethically,—whether we regard the dwelling itself, or consider the characters, the habits, the shortcomings, or the excellencies of the in-dwellers. It will be our province to touch upon both, with their underlying philosophy and their subtle connection.

Such a many-sided topic can only be worthily approached by a many-sided experience; and to the end that we may attain this, we cordially invite co-operation from earnest-hearted women in many nooks and corners of our land, who feel deep interest in the question of Home, have thought much, seen much of its trials and triumphs, and who have borne their part in either; but whose influence has perhaps as yet been confessed only by the comparatively limited circle which immediately surrounds them. In their several relations of mother, wife, sister, and daughter, it is women who are regnant over this world we write of; and it is they who can best speak, because they best know, of its physical and moral history. The narrative of its progress, its failings and falterings, its strivings and its aspirations, is one that can only be told by them,—by women collectively, not by a woman. For it is from varieties of experience that we gather instruction, rather than from a repetition of one in-

sulated instance. More is learned from difference than from similarity of temperament and character, both in the way of warning and example; and this, which is so true of personal histories, is equally applicable to the one of which we treat. Thus, it would be of little service to point out one system of Home-management which worked ill, and another that worked well; but it is from setting down the varieties and gradations of good and ill resulting from different "ways"—different internal economies and theories of life—that we hope to deduce widely useful lessons, both practical and moral. And it is to secure this, in the only available manner, that we offer a glad welcome to communications from all those who have a novel fact to impart, or an individual experience to record.*

From more public quarters we shall also seek to gather information and suggestions. "The ministrations of science to the Home," all new inventions, and discoveries tending to increase the comfort, the completeness, or yet more important, the healthfulness of our habitations, will be duly dwelt upon. "Art in the dwelling," on the other hand, will lead us to the consideration of that most comprehensive subject, the uses of the beautiful, the beneficial influence of beauty, both of form and colour, upon common life, and the intangible but inevitable sympathy that exists by nature between the eye and the mind, but which we are only beginning to see the necessity of cultivating and educating. This department we shall endeavour to make rich in instances and illustrations of those things wherein art has already been so worthily busied in decorating and adorning, not only the Home itself, but the appointments of the household. We shall try to bring home to every comprehension the fact, daily making itself more evident, that it could be only a barbarous and ignorant tyranny which, while it made common and useful things cheap, made them also ugly. We do not fear being called unreasonable or quixotic in announcing our persuasion that the fair proportions, the harmonious tints which we see and love in nature, need not necessarily be exiled from the interior even of the poorest homes. A cup of delf may be as finely formed as one of porcelain, a wall may be as cheaply and as serviceably stained with a colour grateful to the eye as with one offensive and revolting to it, and a dress but of cotton or of velvet costs no more if of tasteful and becoming pattern or colour than when it is gaudy, glaring, and most unsuited in all respects to the wearer.

Those truths, theoretically insisted on though they have



DESIGN FOR AN AQUARIUM.

been at intervals during many years past, are even yet only partially acknowledged, and to a still more limited extent acted upon by those who acknowledge. In this, as in other cases, example effects more by its units than precept with its thousands. It will be our object to aid in the onward march as much as may be by a copious use of the one means, not forgetting a more sparing recurrence to the other.

These, and many other "Home" subjects, not necessary to recapitulate in this place, will form our stores of material, to increase, no doubt, in scope as well as quantity, as we go on. And in order to bring them all successively before the reader, with as much pleasant variety and as little didactic dullness as possible, we propose by no means to confine ourselves to one arbitrary form of communication between writer and reader, but to avail ourselves of many differing ones: as occasion may require and opportunity serve, the several styles of narrative, essay, epistle, and dialogue may be employed. Books bearing on the question of Home, either directly or indirectly, will be occasionally discussed and quoted. Correspondence, as we have already intimated, will have its own due share of attention. Brief notices will be given of novelties in the construction or manufacture of all articles essential or conducive to household com-

fort. In fine, our aim will be to make this equally a chronicle of Home progress, aims, and duties, Home chit-chat, and Home interests of all kinds; and likewise an impartial meeting-place for thoughtful and earnest opinion on the same points.

In conclusion, shall we try to say what is the goal towards which it is our ambition to progress?

Briefly, then, we would desire to have about this Home something of the atmosphere, fresh, loving, and cheerful, of a Home that is happy in the best sense of the word;—where the mirth is not utterly unmingled with seriousness, nor the "common sense" quite unchastened by guilety; where, even when inevitable sorrow enters, it is met with sympathy, and sweetened by gentleness and patience; where, when Earnest comes in with a grave face, he is made to smile, perforce, and look pleasant; and where Jest, in deference to the same sway, doffs his cap and bells, and listens to reason.

In such a Home debate never becomes disputatious; but is always gentle when most full of conviction, and each opponent cares more for truth than for individual triumph. Its laws are those of love, mutual forbearance, and mutual assistance; its aspirations are towards truth, goodness, beauty,—the forms several, yet the same, of the one Divine Presence which is among all, and around all, and above all. Such should surely be the characteristics of a worthy Home.

Can we desire higher or better things for ours?

* All such communications to be addressed (free) to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE Office, 25 Essex Street, Strand, London, and marked on the envelope "The Home." They must be authenticated by the writer's name and address, which, however, will be received in strict confidence.



THE JEALOUS EYE.

THE JEALOUS EYE.

THIS scene of Mr. Horsley's, like all good pictures of character, tells its story at once. If we add a line or two of comment, it is by no means to explain the artist's design, but rather for the pleasure of telling him how thoroughly we perceive it. We are quite in his secret. We have read off his telegraph. We like to give him back in words the meanings that he has given to us in forms.

In the female figure we see youthful beauty conscious of her power and willing to take out her full rights in the receipt of admiration. She sits full in the sun; and beside her in the shadow stands the jealous cavalier,—perhaps the suitor to whom some "flinty-hearted" father, for considerations of family or fortune, has assigned her. The sense of property over the reluctant damsel, rather than *in* her, is capably given in the dogged attitude and apprehensive look of the aged lover. He guards her like a sentinel; nor can any nearness of position bring him one whit closer to her fancy. See how it strives, through her downcast shrouded glance, to evade the consciousness of his presence. The half-averted head, the suspended action of the hand, well convey the feeling that the suspicious knight, so far from being the companion of her ordinary moods, is but the interruption to them. Let him but pass from her side, and in her first sense of relief she may even welcome the magnificent lady-killer who advances from the terrace. See with what easy assurance he lounges forward,—the head jauntily thrown back, the hand dallying with his frill! He may have some slight tribute of admiration to offer; but it is evidently a mere nothing compared with that which he expects to receive. His nonchalance is effectively contrasted with the vigilance of the anxious custodian,—ready as the latter is to detect, to resent, to do whatever is dignified and desperate. The costume and the accessories of the picture mark its date,—that of Charles II. The whole tone of the work is that of comedy,—of the comedy which suggests without obtruding a moral. How interest can warp the natural tendencies of life, and how those thwarted tendencies are prone to waste themselves upon emptiness and vanity, may be plainly read in this piquant delineation. As we have said, it depicts the life of a past period. We should be glad to think its lesson was no longer applicable.

THE LONDON OF THE FUTURE.

BY W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

WHAT is nationality? Something belonging to a nation. What is a nation? In the common acceptation of the word, all the people or peoples gathered together under one government, and tolerably content with that government. In this sense England and all her colonies and dependencies form a nation; the United States is a nation; and so is Russia. But there are stronger nationalities than these, not in mere force, but in national instinct. France is one great example, and this island of Great Britain is another. Spain is not properly a nation, but an agglomeration of disunited provinces; and America bids fair to lose her nationality in mere aggregated increase of size.

A nation, in the best sense of the word, means a mass of people of the same race, possessing the same qualities and instincts, and developing faculties and institutions by virtue of the peculiarities of soil and climate on and in which they are born and bred; and to which certain aggregated immigrants assimilate themselves, and others do not, but die off if retained by circumstances in an unnatural state. Thus Englishmen, whoever may have been their ancestors, have a national character, and so, too, have the inhabitants of the northern states of America; yet so distinct, though both from the same stock, that few mistake them, though the Englishman takes up American characteristics, and the American English characteristics, by residing long in each other's

countries. Thus the Greeks of old and of modern times were and are a nation, and so also the Persians and Hindoos. Greeks might grow into Persians by long residence, and *vice versa*; but the soil of Greece could only grow Greeks spontaneously, and assimilate what other blood might be current from the stranger into Greek likeness.

But more than mere soil and climate, more than mere instincts, go to the building up of a really great nation. As enclosures are necessary in agriculture to get good crops by division of the soil, so political divisions are essential to induce wholesome competitive manhood with its many shades of difference. The United States would be far inferior to what they are, were they not divided into states; and it was the rivalry of the states—cities—of elder Greece that brought forth in full lustre the especial qualities of their people, that generated patriotism with all its concomitant good and evil, and amidst much rivalry of an unworthy kind could yet unite the chief municipalities in a national resistance to a foreign despot.

Patriotism is a virtue chiefly of small communities. Where those communities have no intercourse with others, they degenerate into mere instinctive tribes; when they have free and frequent intercourse with others, they may grow morally great, if they possess a natural aptitude for greatness.

It has become a fashion of late to cry down municipalities, and advocate the reference of all things to a central body. It is very true that many of our municipalities are foci of evil and absurd practices; but, on the other hand, we have the reverse in some instances. And although it is possible that at the outset we might obtain a great central perfection, its infallible tendency would be to become effete; and it might become a great central nuisance, with no power of remedy, and no example of any other kind to hold up to it. But in the number of municipalities all would not be bad. Pride, ambition, and better qualities would stir the denizens up to be doing; and, as in the example of Manchester, a healthy rivalry would stir others to excel. A system of despotic central farming would be about as natural as a system of central governing for all localities. When we have arrived at that point in socialism that we cut up all our enclosures and throw our farms into common stock, we may begin to centralise in all processes of governing. Meanwhile the field is open for wholesome competition; and it is a high and praiseworthy object of ambition to centre our patriotism in our immediate towns, and hold them forth as examples of excellence in all things appertaining to human progress,—true progress, never satisfied with what it gains so long as the powers and the means of improvement may exist.

We are proud of the name of Englishmen, as embodying certain qualities which all the world agrees to respect. Why should not a section amongst us be proud of the name of Londoners, striving, like the Athenians of old, to embody in their city all that is beautiful in physics and in more than the moral health of old, now that steam has proclaimed the extinction of human slavery, direct and indirect,—now that no women or slaves are needed to grind at the mill? For London is growing fast to be a nation in itself, a nation-city numerically larger than many countries—a nation-city whose race of men is drawn from the best blood of all the earth. Wherever human intellect has arisen and been persecuted, the best of the people, when hopeless of success, have become denizens of London. Look at the names in commerce which proclaim the fact.

Let us understand the truth, that London does not belong to the imperial government any more than Manchester. The imperial government takes up its quarters, has its *habitat* amongst us as a convenient spot wherein to transact its business; but London belongs to its own people, and not to the Parliament. The people of London, did they only possess expounders of their true interests to unite them into a patriotic body, would become an aristocracy in the best sense of the word,—an aristocracy of the international city,

the metropolis of the universe, setting forth an example of laws, customs, habits, morals, health, art, and beauty, that would exercise its influence over the whole earth's surface, —a city that, casting off its plague-spots and deformities, moral and physical, would shame other cities into doing likewise.

Too long have great cities been the haunts of vice—of luxurious sense and squalid poverty; too long the abodes of perennial disease. From the aggregation of men in cities civilisation has arisen, but still an imperfect civilisation. In the pursuit of wealth health has been neglected, cultivation of the poor has been forgotten. We have palaces; but we have also hovels. Having hovels, as a consequence we have the diseases of hovels,—humanity stunted of its full growth, in body and mind. This is not a necessity, but a result of wilfulness and neglect.

Fairer site for city never existed than this of our London. Margins of hills and rising grounds, with a magnificent river rolling through them; Middlesex on the one side, Surrey on the other; and around the river-bottom belts of meadow land, once gardens and orchards and pastures, as the fragmentary remnants still show, but now desecrated with thousands of unwholesome dwellings, where water rises within a foot of the surface. The true sites of southern London are the rising slopes of the Surrey hills; and no city could well be imagined more beautiful than a north and south London, with the clear bright river, and orchards, gardens, and meadows between, nourished by the organic detritus that now pollutes the stream. The time will come, when the denizens of London fitly govern themselves, that owners of land will not be permitted to do as they will with their own, by erecting inefficient buildings on unwholesome soil, to produce a deterioration of humanity; and when we better understand the possibilities of transit, and all people shall understand the conditions of health, the unwholesome dwellings on the low ground will be abandoned for better erections on the higher sites. The thoughts of the philosopher will become the text-books of the legislator when London shall possess a legislature of its own; prescriptions will exist conformable to reason; and the standard of humanity being prohibited from sinking below the condition of the climate and soil, and with all the aids of art to boot, we may hope to rear up a race of men with unmistakable attributes, God's images upon earth, of whom it shall be said as they pass, "There goes a Londoner," as of old the Greeks said, "There goes a Spartan or an Athenian;" a race of men upon whose type others shall model themselves. To be a citizen of London then, when London ceases to be hedged in by a narrow ancient boundary, will be a prouder boast than that of ancient Rome. It is our national boast that the sun never sets on our bounds, and beholds no slave therein. Let it be our London boast that within our boundary there exists no dwelling in which the highest and richest might not exist in comfort, and no human being who could degrade the proudest dwelling by his presence therein. It is the boast of England that she has quelled all human foes by the valour of her sons; let it be our London boast that we have chased disease and premature death beyond our boundaries, and that the standard of human life has grown with us to its highest pitch; that, leaving to others the improvement of the races of the lower animals, we have devoted ourselves to show what humanity may become in its highest phase; that those privileged to be born and bred in improved London can preserve and transmit health of body and mind of a more vigorous kind—a health more full of life—than the vaunted country races who it has been held supply the waste of life which in indigent Londoners at present is said not to exceed three generations.

Narrow streets, ignorant dealing with detritus, insufficient light, imperfect ventilation, dirty dwellings, smoky atmosphere, impure foods, and stimulants to quicken jaded life, are all artificial causes of disease, and all within the scope of human remedy. Naturally, supposing the marshes removed—the marshes which disgrace us in our boundaries

—there is no healthier climate existing; and London may become in time one long city, crowning the rising grounds on either side the Thames valley, from Richmond to the sea, with the meadows for a garden and pleasure.

Not in our time! No, perhaps not; but at least we may sow the seeds in our time, and our born children may reap the fruit. And, after all, our enjoyment may be as great, though of a different kind. The magnitude of a grand exploit has a chivalrous beauty of aspect in it which the achievement does not always excel. The thought of heroism gives also heroic pleasure. And we stand on a magnificent vantage-ground to contemplate the "to come." All nations are our tributaries. They toil and spin, and grow corn and rear beasts and catch game; and the spoils of art and nature and industry come to London. Food and clothing are provided for us in return for the use of our capital and our brains. Let us use these brains fairly, understanding that there are uses for our wealth higher than mere luxury and ostentation, and we shall at no distant period reform all that is faulty in clothing, food, fuel, and shelter. Within the reach of art are many things desirable, easily to be procured, but not yet accomplished. We have our river and our atmosphere to purify, and our transit to improve. But we are thwarted at every step; we are at the mercy of irresponsible people in the government, and other irresponsible people in what is called the City, who squabble together in the imperial parliament, ignoring altogether the fact that London of right belongs to Londoners, just as much as Manchester belongs to her own citizens.

Some half-dozen people, drinking tea together, once determined that we ought to have free trade; and they then and there, in Manchester, organised a league, which grew into such proportions, that soon the whole empire recognised the truth of their doctrines. Are there six good men and true to be found in London, who would meet together to expound the telling truth, that London should be governed by Londoners in all matters not concerning imperial government, and that London shall be considered as a city of growth, taking in its suburbs as fast as they join it? That London shall be governed by a legislative parliament of its own, elected by the suffrages of all qualified citizens who have attained the age of thirty years, an age at which few people do wild things, and few are become bigoted? That this parliament shall make its own laws, appoint its own police, determine its own municipal regulations, collect its own taxes for its own public purposes, make its own building-act, settle the question of its own sewers and paving, and the railroad and other roads and streets in its domain? Surely a league and an agitation might be brought to bear to win the local management of London wholly from the imperial parliament, leaving to the parliament only its own imperial business and precincts and public offices. The imperial parliament has quite enough to do without interfering with municipal business, and a city parliament would certainly not make worse mishaps with the bridges than government officers have done. There is no reason why the provinces should be taxed for the embellishment of the capital city, and such a course would produce the effect of preventing emulation. If a city parliament were established, one of the most useful things it could do would be to call for reports from all able men as to systematic plans, embracing every thing connected with laying out streets, building, draining, paving, open spaces, gardens, public edifices, covered spaces, planting, river-management, water supplies, supply and quality of food, baths, gymnastics, and sites for educational purposes. There is existing knowledge enough on all these subjects—knowledge which only needs collecting. The result would be the first blue-book of the parliament of the international city; and a very valuable one it would be, forming a basis for municipal laws of national character, and of probable imitation by many other cities. The heart leaps at the human possibilities embodied in these matters; and earnestly is it to be wished that the six men may be found with hearts to conceive and heads to

contrive and hands to execute the inaugurating act that shall win London entirely and for ever as an arena for international regeneration.

Food, clothing, fuel, shelter, warmth, light, exercise, pure air, material beauty of form and colour, avoidance of mere drudgery, and a wholesome amount of leisure and recreation,—give us these, and the artificial will grow out of the natural in books, painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, and all the sciences and elegances of life. As yet we possess these things as samples only, for the masses to look up to in the possession of the few. Palaces have we for the few—for the wealthy—but for the many we simply mock them by a glimpse of a Palace of Crystal to gaze on, but not to inhabit. Yet, if we went rightly about it, we might cover acres of land with better shelter than the Crystal Palace at small cost; winter-gardens for the multitude, wherein they might learn gentleness and elegance away from the loathsome dens to which rough weather now condemns them. We cannot gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles; and if we condemn men to abodes fit only for vermin, we must expect that they will become imbued with some of the attributes of vermin, and be governed by the love of prey.

And so we wait for the men who shall begin the movement of "London for the Londoners"—meaning by Londoners all they who dwell therein, come they from whence they may. London for the Londoners, and not for a mere section of Londoners; neither as a mere *appanage* of the imperial government with the title of the capital. Not an empire city, but emphatically the international city, the normal school and type for all the cities of the universe, showing how Nature, working through Art, may best be made to subserve the processes of man's progress in the rising scale of humanity.

At a future time I will endeavour to indicate the specific paths in which progress may be made as connected with the arts of life.

A VALLEY IN THE PYRENEES.

WELL, I am sure we have had enough of the diligence for one day! From Biarritz to Bayonne, from Bayonne to Oleron, and from Oleron to Bédous. We have made good progress, and are in the heart of the mountains, and on the high-road to Spain. Look at those Spaniards, stretched out on the sweet new hay that is piled up on the road. They are mountaineers, and have just come in with twenty or thirty mules in light trappings carrying wine. And those peasant-women, with the enormous bundles on their heads. They are carrying the hay; it is tied up in great coarse homespun sheets, and they have brought it thus on their heads any number of miles. They add the contents of their sheets to the heap on which the Spaniards are sitting; while other women carry it by armfuls into the lower part of the opposite house, half of which serves as a stable, and the other half as a barn, the family living in the upper rooms.

One glance shows us this as the diligence stops at the dirty inn with the ambitious title of Hôtel de France. We are received by Madame Bonza, the hostess,—the two demoiselles Bonza modestly shrinking behind their mother, whose large form is a sufficient screen even for their ample development,—and M. Bonza, madame's son, who comes forward with many bows to welcome us to the Vallée d'Aspe. Did you ever see such a family? M. Bonza—*fil*s—is about as high as your walking-stick, and as round as an apple. His mother falls considerably short of his height, but so far exceeds him in bulk, that, unattractive as she is, you are in a manner fascinated by her, and cannot help calculating the number of yards required in any girdle to encompass her, and in any dress to cover her. The daughters have not yet got beyond the stage "enormously fat," and therefore, by the side of their mother, attract little attention.

The Hôtel de France is decidedly not attractive; very dirty, with bare floors unwashed (that is a matter of course), but also unswept, unpolished, and thick with dirt and dust; food insufficient in quantity, indifferent as to quality, and very dear. And then the beds! Of course one becomes resigned to fleas in the south of France and the close vicinity of Spain; they are a necessary and inevitable evil, which no one thinks of grumbling about much—after the first. But there are other unnamable, nauseous vermin, from which English hearts revolt, and it is, you will agree, impossible to stay another night at the Hôtel de France; better look about us a little, and try to find lodgings in the village.

It is not very easy to look; for a dull heavy mist hangs like a fog just over our heads, and until the sun is high we shall see nothing. We are, however, as you know, in the Vallée d'Aspe, one of those numerous valleys of the Pyrenees which lie at right angles to the great dorsal ridge, and descend on the French side into the plain in a series of basins and gorges all more or less beautiful. The average length of these valleys is thirty-six miles, the actual length of the Vallée d'Aspe about twenty-six. The stream or "gave," as all the mountain-torrents are called, which flows through it takes its rise in the lofty Pic d'Aspe, and is therefore named the Gave d'Aspe; while the vallée again, taking its name from the "gave," is called the Vallée d'Aspe.

Bédous is the first village in the "véritable vallon," the largest basin of the valley, from the entrance to which it is distant about eight miles. On all sides this "véritable vallon," of which the Aspeis—inhabitants of Aspe—are so proud, is surrounded by lofty hills; and beyond them, to the east, west, and south, appear the snow-covered mountains. The bottom of the basin is a level plain some six miles in length and three or four in breadth, and is mapped out in fields of highly-cultivated and very fertile land. Seven villages dot this plain, through the centre of which flows the "gave;" and on the right bank, and at some little distance from the noisy rushing stream, is the good straight French road, with the never-failing poplars on each side of it, leading on towards the fort of Urdes and the Spanish frontier.

We proceed to look for "country lodgings" in the Pyrenees. Any one and every one is willing to let rooms, on the principle universally recognised in this part of the French dominions,—get as much and give as little as you can. But there is nothing but dirt and vermin, noisy inquisitive men and women, and half the parish at our heels wherever we go. It will never do; besides the mist does not rise, and the place is emphatically "stuffy." We wander along a road that leads to the "gave," pass the fine wooden bridge that crosses it, and soon find ourselves in sight of another village, which proves to be Osse. In this village there is a small Protestant community—from three to four hundred men, women, and children—who have kept their faith since the Reformation in France, and now live in peace with more than the same number of Roman Catholics. M. Gerber, the worthy Protestant pastor, and madame his wife, are very glad to see any strangers, more especially English; and there is no fear of intrusion if we pay them a visit even without a letter of introduction.

The house of the pastor is no whit better than that of his flock. Yes it is, for there is no stable on the ground-floor; apparently, therefore, M. Gerber keeps neither a pig, nor a mule, nor a donkey, nor fowls. We enter, mount the stairs before us, and stand at the door of the sitting-room—a rough unpainted door, of which an "Entrez" from within bids us lift the latch—and we find ourselves in a low dark room, with bare wooden walls innocent alike of paint, paper, carpet, and plaster (ceilings also are unknown in the vallée, with one or two exceptions); and overhead there are the rough rafters that support the flooring of the room above you. M. Gerber, Madame, Mademoiselle Lydie, and the little Rachel are there, and give you such a warm greeting, and are so full of interest in you and anxiety to serve you, that the bare little room, with its coarse chairs and tables, seems to have changed into a snug and comfortable home. And then

M. Gerber, glowing with pride and emotion, leads you to the window, which opens on a small wooden balcony, and stretching out his arm, says, "This we have to compensate for all that we want within." And as you look over the beautiful valley, flourishing as a garden, and on to the grassy slopes and the grand outline of the mountains beyond, you feel that it is a compensation. Afterwards M. Gerber points out the lane by the side of his garden: there in the dead of winter-nights you may hear the wolves howling as they hurry by; and little Rachel warns "papa," that when he gets up so early to study, and goes out to the cave for wood, the wolves will eat him. Now the possibility of some great catastrophe happening to any of us—supposing it not to be too imminent—is mostly received with a kind of satisfaction, and the pastor turns to his little daughter with a look that says, "I have courage to face a greater danger than that, my child."

What a picture he is, this worthy pastor! a man so short, that you would measure him by inches and not by feet; not fat, but square-looking, like a robust child. He wears sabots,—they keep the feet so warm, he tells you,—and a long coat that reaches his heels and is buttoned up to the throat, above which a very yellow—originally white—cambric neckerchief makes its appearance. Then on his head a gray felt-hat, broad-brimmed, and tied under the chin with strings of narrow ribbon. You cannot help thinking of the child as you see him, and watch the blue eyes, eager intelligent look, and slight quiver of the upper lip, as he tells you marvellous tales of the valley and its inhabitants.

Good M. Gerber, we certainly hope to meet you again; but if it is possible, (as madame has been telling us, all the while you were explaining how Julius Cæsar and his lieutenant P. Crassus burned their way through the valley, then a forest, to make their way into Spain,)—if, as she says, we may find habitable rooms at the Maison Tourré in this same village, we had better go at once to seek them. M. Tourré's house stands alone, neither in one of the irregular streets nor out of it, and is close to a brawling streamlet that rushes down impetuously to join the "gave."

We find Michelle, the only child, at home; she is a lame girl, not strong enough for field-work, and has a small fair face that would be pretty were it not rather pinched and sharp-looking. She informs us that "papa" is a mule-dealer, and that he has gone to a fair at Zacca—in Spain—with his mules; "maman" is at work in the fields, and will not be home until quite dark, for they are very busy. The spring has been so wet, that they have only just got in the hay, and the ground has to be ploughed and manured for the maize and haricot beans: these are planted together, three grains of maize and two haricots in every hole; and from this time, early in July, until they are gathered in the beginning of October, will receive constant care.

Michello shows us the house; it belonged formerly to M. le curé, but was taken from him during the first revolution. On the right as you enter is the kitchen,—dirty enough, you may be sure,—a small fire of box-wood burning on the hearth, and the onion-soup simmering in an earthen pot; the cat very intently watching the fire and the soup, and a hen and her chickens at roost in the corner.

That door on the left as you enter is the door of the *salle à manger*. Michelle is proud of it, and tells you that no doubt M. le curé preferred it so, and liked his stable under the bedrooms at the back; and theirs is the only house in the village which has a kitchen and *salle à manger* on that floor. The two best bedrooms above are large and airy, with a recess in each, in which the bed stands; and one has actually a whitewashed ceiling and paper on the walls. How is this, Michelle? surely *messieurs les curés* did not do this? No; it was "mon oncle," the brother of "maman." He is "médecin,"—one of our family has always been the doctor of the valley; and "mon oncle," as he had been educated in Paris, would not marry a "paysanne," but took a charming lady from a great town; and as she did not find herself comfortable at Osse, so "mon oncle," after he had in vain orna-

mented this room, took a house at Bédous, which "ma tante" finds more gay; and "maman" came to live here.

Michelle is leaning against the wall to rest her lame foot, the toes of which only just reach the ground. She has neither shoes nor stockings, and her stuff gown is old and very dirty; so is the cotton handkerchief which, in Béarnais fashion, is wound round her head.

She sighs, and goes on to say how "mon oncle" had no boys, and so it was for her brother to go to Paris and be educated to succeed him; and how he went, and worked so hard there because he would not return until he was "médecin," and yet he longed very much to see the "vallée," and his father and mother and Michelle. And then he had a long illness in Paris, and set out for home, travelling very slowly, and ten days after he had reached home he died. "We have had a sad loss in him!" is all that Michelle says; and afterwards, when you see M. and Madame Tourré, they will tell you the mournful tale, always ending with the same words, "a sad loss, a sad loss to us." The rooms at the back are occupied by Michelle and her mother; through them you pass to the wooden balcony, and down steps to the garden beneath. In making arrangements with Michello for our stay, we shall find that there is no fear of her losing sight of the interest of the family; and "maman" and "papa" may leave her at home with the certainty that if any thing is to be got out of any body Michelle will get it.

As we sit in the kitchen talking a Spanish girl enters; she has walked over the mountains from Campfranc. M. Tourré, in passing, told her how busy madame was with the maize; so, as they are friends, she has come over to help for a few days. She is only sixteen, though she looks much older; tall and straight, with bare feet and legs; her long black hair hanging down her back in two plaits, and large gold earrings in her small prettily-shaped ears. She rests an hour or two, has a plate of soup, which she eats on her knee, and then walks briskly off to the fields to meet madame, who will be returning.

Now it is not to be expected that strangers, above all, foreigners, can take up their abode in the village without exciting a considerable degree of curiosity. We are decidedly the lions of the place; and as such, the children come to see us feed, climbing the lime-trees that grow in front of the house,—a commanding position both for upper and lower rooms,—and standing thickly along the low wall between us and the road.

The appearance of plates and dishes is hailed with a shout, and loud and noisy are the exclamations when we begin to eat. The sympathies of Michelle are entirely enlisted on the side of the rising generation, and an appeal to her is useless; "they are the children of the neighbours, and must amuse themselves somewhere." We rise and close the outer shutters, and are greeted by the children with a howl of indignation. After a long whispered consultation, one boy bolder than the rest seizes the shutters, and throws them wide open again, to the great satisfaction of his companions. From first to last the children take the liveliest interest in our doings, and will follow and watch us for hours that they may return and tell the neighbours every thing they have seen. The interest excited is not always, unfortunately, favourable to strangers, and reminds one of *Punch's* dialogue in the mining districts: "Who's 'im, Bill?" "A stranger." "Eave 'arf a brick at 'im!" for three or four children will race down a hill-side to the road for the chance of pelting you with stones.

The grown people are inquisitive to a degree that is at first very amusing; but after the first week one begins to think it troublesome. They will not only stop you in the streets and lanes and on the high-road, but a man or woman working on the opposite side of a field near which you may be passing; or on the top of a hill, will shout for you to stop, and come hurrying to ask you who you are, and where you are lodging; how many rooms you have, and what you pay for them; whose horse you are riding, and what it costs you; and wouldn't you like a nice strong donkey, which

the person in question would let you have for the same price. The questioner always doubts the truth of the answers given, and cross-examines you with the greatest cunning.

Our first visit the next morning will naturally be to the churches, Catholic and Protestant, of Osse. We enter the Catholic, and are conducted to the sacristy. A young monk with much bustle opens drawers and wardrobes; and M. le curé arrays himself, one after the other, in the dresses appointed for the different festivals of the Church, explaining how and when and why they are to be worn, and the symbolic meaning of the different parts; pointing with pride to the beauty of the material and the richness of the embroidery in gold and silver, interspersed with numerous questions about the English Church, chiefly as to the dress of the ministers and the manner of performing the different ceremonies. At every point of resemblance to those in his own Church he turns triumphantly to the young monk: "I told you so; we are all brothers. We are brothers," he continues to us. "Formerly we used to worship together in this church; we had two services in the day, and the Protestants had two; and our mass was no sooner ended than their psalms began." This was actually the case for more than a hundred years, as persecutions and excesses committed by either party have always originated from without, never from the inhabitants of Osse themselves. They would have lived, as they tell you, like brothers. "We know no difference of Catholic and Protestant," they say: "when my neighbour wants help in his fields, or with the flax, I help him. We each worship God in our own way; but we can be good neighbours and good friends all the same."

It is difficult to imagine greater harmony than that which exists between all the members of this community, and yet they are most entirely distinct one from the other.

Conversion, changes of religion, are almost unknown among them. The Protestant families have been Protestant for long generations, through all the persecutions, dangers, and difficulties they have encountered; and the bones of their forefathers, which rest under the same roof that shelters these more favoured descendants, are a proof of their steadfast faith. For whilst the Protestant religion was forbidden by the state these men had no church, no pastor, no burying-place even; and as they dared not assemble to worship together, each head of a family taught and prayed with his own children in the large common room, which, as we have said, serves as stable and storehouse. In this same place too, when he died, his grave was dug; and the children who had knelt round him as he prayed for them now knelt over this grave, which was not only his, but that of many who had preceded him, and which they knew would be their own.

M. Gerber will tell us, that among the alterations which were to change the stable of his house to a study and a small kitchen was the putting down of a boarded floor. Some of the old earth-floor was removed for this purpose; and very close to the surface they found the skeleton of one of the early Protestants who had been buried there.

M. Gerber would keep us for hours to tell of their endurance and faith, and would speak in the most glowing terms of their noble republican virtues; for all these valleys of the Pyrenees were republics, and governed themselves wisely and well. But let us go with M. Gerber to the "temple," as they call their church, a simple square building without ornament of any kind. Facing us as we enter is the pulpit, just a plain wooden box against the wall; in front of it a small circular space is enclosed with rails, and there the elders of the church sit. There are, as you see, neither pews nor benches, but chairs, each with a name or initials painted on it. A space up the middle divides the chairs on the right from those on the left; on the right sit the men and boys, and on the left the women. When the Sacrament is administered, all the men receive it first, and after them their wives and daughters. You would imagine that to be a low bench all round the walls of the temple; but

it is in reality the remains of the ancient "temple," the first erected by the Protestants, and which was destroyed during the dragonnades by the intervention of a Catholic curé of Oleron.

The "dragons" galloped through the valley to Osse, putting to the sword men, women, and children whom they could ascertain to be Huguenots, and demolishing the temple. But they left about two feet of the walls standing; and a hundred and thirty years later, and some forty years ago, the Protestants rebuilt their temple on the same foundation with the ruins and material, which had never been touched; and as the new walls are not one half the thickness of the old ones, that which remains of the latter forms a bench, looked at and spoken of with veneration by the small band of worshippers.

M. Gerber tells us that twice the roof has fallen in: it was built of pine, which abounds in the district, to save expense; but this wood is generally so much eaten by the worm that the use of it is not without danger. So, after two very narrow escapes of the congregation, they have put up oak rafters.

With what pride these villagers look at their temple! and well they may; for here are no wealthy people to build and endow and beautify, but a simple peasantry, the richest of whom have no wealth, at the same time that the poorest never know want. "We help each other," they say, "as the 'bon Dieu' helps us all."

The National Magazine.

HOW TO SEE PICTURES.

WHAT is meant by the phrase, "A sound taste in matters of art?" How may the faculty so designated be acquired? The solution of these questions might well occupy volumes, and our space is meted out by lines. We disclaim, then, the attempt to compress the inquiry into a nutshell, and only offer hints which may be useful for guidance.

We assume it to be a self-evident truth that every man of healthy constitution, physical and mental, possesses a capacity for studying and enjoying works of art. What, then, if any, are the natural, what the artificial impediments which obstruct his perception and enjoyment when he first confronts art, even in its best and simplest works?

There is a little instrument called the pseudoscope, which, by a peculiar arrangement of lenses, so alters the aspect of any object viewed through it, that the convex appears concave and *vice versa*. Yet the instrument has this further peculiarity, that its ordinary effect fails when you first look through it; the cup into which you are peering still seems concave, and so it will do until you have persevered for a few moments. Then by a flash of light, as though you had grown wiser under a miracle, you see the object convex, the hollow of the cup bulging outwards. It has been necessary for the eye to accustom itself to the instrument before it can perceive the peculiar effect to be produced. After that is accomplished the sight is entirely deceived, and it requires a strong effort of reasoning to persuade yourself that the spherical object before you is in fact a hollow cup.

An effect very similar is produced on first entering a panorama. You find yourself surrounded by a wall of an opaque surface at no great distance from you. When you have been in the place a few moments,—when your eyesight has become subdued to the character of the light,—when you have looked for the buildings, the mountains, the receding plains, the distant clouds,—you find them gradually expanding before you; and the same picture that a few seconds earlier was nothing but a dim opaque, hanging almost within reach of the hand, is now a scene of boundless expanse, filled with light and animation. Two changes appear to

have taken place in the spectator. In the first place, the eye, which naturally converged upon the close object, has altered its focus to look for the more distant and scattered objects; and then it perceives the painting, which has been constructed to meet the sight under that action of the eye. The mind has at the same time undergone a corresponding change. It has forgotten the object which was thrust upon it at the first encounter, and is now roving over the wide and varied scene, discovering objects which were in the artist's mind, and which he has placed there in characters intended to fit the eyesight when duly enlarged.

The change which takes place in the eye of the spectator on first looking through the pseudoscope, the change both in eye and mind during the first few moments of becoming accustomed to a panorama, are exactly analogous to the change which takes place in the perception of a man in the interval after he has made some acquaintance with objects of art, and before he has become familiarised with any new school. It is scarcely possible for the visitor unfamiliar with art, on entering a gallery of painting, of sculpture, or of architecture, to perceive at the first encounter more than something which is strange—something which impresses him as outlandish, strained, unnatural, because in real life he never sees objects separate from the many circumstances of daily use, or from incidents which appeal to other senses besides sight. Action without sound perplexes the beholder unconsciously to himself. He cannot at first reconcile the repose to the commotion, and a feeling of the unnatural takes possession of his mind even when he has endeavoured to school himself into perceiving nature and beauty. With many, especially those who have not had the advantages of education, other difficulties present themselves on the first visit to a gallery of art. In all our experience of the actions and emotions of life we have become accustomed to see persons in one particular style of dress, one arrangement of the hair, and so forth. Action and expression, when clothed in that fashion, become familiar to us; but when we see men in coats or wigs unfamiliar, or without any coats at all, there is not the same ready translation of the action or the countenance. A story has more than once been told of persons escaping in the disguise of simple nakedness; the man who has been seen always in clothing having so different an aspect when he is entirely stripped.

The difficulty presented by the diversity of costume is increased by a diversity of nationality. For example, the English visitor of a picture-gallery, who has been taught that Raphael is the finest of all painters, and who is anxious to find that his own sense of what is admirable is up to the average, feels a natural disappointment when he cannot perfectly reconcile himself to the naturalness or the grace of Raphael. He has been accustomed to associate grace with a certain lightness of figure; and here he sees massive forms, features the reverse of sharp, and a certain weight throughout the whole grouping,—characteristics of the Florentine school, and generally of the central Italian race. It is impossible not to perceive the animation, the distinct expression, for example, in the Europeans and the negroes in one of Biard's slave-ships. The English spectator is sufficiently familiar with the negro countenance and complexion to make allowance for the grotesque in that form; but he does not perfectly perceive the necessity for a certain sallow tone which he discerns in the skin of all the Europeans, and which extends itself even to the inanimate objects and to the atmosphere. It is part and parcel of the same national characteristic which makes the Frenchman sallow, and which inclines him to paint every thing of his own colour; just as John Bull is also disposed, in the eyes of foreign countries, to impart to all objects he paints something of the colour of an English girl's complexion, or of similar combinations of red and white.

Personal feeling increases the number of these specialities. Every artist views objects according to his own genius. Titian, a nobleman fond of magnificence of colour, living under a bright sun, becomes the master of colouring

in picture. Michael Angelo, a robust wiry man of violent temper, places his figures, even when they should be in repose, in positions implying strong action, or the capacity for strong action. Caravaggio, a headlong ruffian, paints pictures with little sentiment, but animated with brilliant lights and dark shadows. Fra Angelico can scarcely reach any expression but that of unalloyed dulcet piety. Hogarth, the satirist, brings out the grotesque of a character, and by the help of character can mould the features and limbs of all his persons; although he is incapable of drawing a beautiful or a correct figure when he attempts to do so apart from the purposes of satirical painting. Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose ambition haunted the drawing-room, perfectly succeeds in painting men and women in their drawing-room aspect. It is so through the whole catalogue of painters in all countries; and any man must have seen the works of several painters before he can in any degree account for the influence of personal style upon the ultimate appearance of the work.

In the present day a further difficulty impedes the development of even the strongest natural taste; and consists in a certain artificial ignorance that is thrown upon us by the state of society. Generally speaking, the world is so quiet that we witness few of the scenes which art most delights to paint. Our passions are subdued; and until we inquire somewhat further into the real working of the natural emotions, we inevitably imagine that there is something overstrained and exaggerated in their most natural delineations. Yet there are few who cannot soon free themselves from such restraints of habit. It is much quicker work to learn a familiarity with nature than with the artificial manners and customs of a strange country. When Solomon was told to judge between the real flowers and the artificial, he contrived that a bee should be let into the room, and the wise man was content to let his judgment follow the instinct of the little insect. We too have our instincts by which, if we do them justice, we may discriminate between natural passions and artificial manners. It is some evidence of this unextinguished instinct, that the very greatest of all actors, and those who are most popular with the largest number, are also those who give us in their strongest and least adulterated form just the natural passions that away the least artificial of our race. At the present day, in spite of declining powers, in spite of addressing the public through a foreign tongue, there is no artist more esteemed, as there is none more natural, than Grisi. The same rule holds good with Ristori, with Rachel, with all great actors who are followed by multitudes.

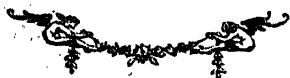
Perhaps the greatest of all obstacles to the natural development of taste, is a certain timidity of judgment which besets us all on entering any new region of experience. It is not only that we find the elements of a correct judgment to be wanting, but that we suppose ourselves to be called upon to deliver a judgment offhand, when, in fact, in most cases there is no such necessity. In art particularly we need receive no oracular dogma, and we need not be in a hurry to form one for ourselves. The man who desires to begin forming for himself a correct taste may lay down this fundamental maxim, that in art all rules which are of any validity, whether for the artist or spectator, are resolvable into matters of fact. Painting, sculpture, or architecture, is not to be estimated on the Dr. Fell principle, that it is liked or disliked you cannot tell why. There is not an action of the face or the frame which is beautiful, expressive, or powerful, that cannot be explained on the strictest principles of anatomy and physiology. If an expression in a certain situation is beautiful or striking, it is because in that situation a well-shaped countenance or frame would arrange itself in such forms and would assume such colours. If you find that painters have through a long series of years been admired for the grace or the expression of their works, you will on inquiry find out the hard matter-of-fact reasons why, which are to be tested by the matter-of-fact sciences—*anatomy, physiology, mathematics, optics, perspective,*



DIANA AND ENDYMION. BAS-RELIEVO, BY E. DAVIS.

the science of colour. Some of these sciences can be tested in their application by photography; but all questions about the technicalities of art, all questions about the physical means through which art works out its spiritual ends, can be reduced to *fact*; and the student who will be patient, who will not be hurried, and who will wait to consider what facts prove, will soon teach himself to observe and to enjoy.

But a habit of observation and of conscious enjoyment in art has important effects on the student's mind in other matters. It develops insight into evidences of character, gives him new and matter-of-fact standards by which to judge of healthiness in form, and even healthiness in mind. It increases the perception of nature, and enlarges for him the language of expression,—that unspoken tongue in which man holds so much intercourse with his kind. A living poet once pointed to the different conditions of the animals and of men during an eclipse of the sun: the human beings were all intent upon the phenomenon with uplifted countenances; the beasts were prone, intent only on the mouthful of the moment. To man it is given to share a consciousness of the creation beyond the narrow range of his own immediate wants and their satisfaction; and as a child is suffered to hold the driver's reins, man is allowed to enlarge and direct the working of the natural laws on his own little spot of earth. But science could never have conquered its domain if uninspired by the joyful pride arising from a conscious insight into the powers and beauties of the creation; and it is art which directly brings the simplest nature and the highest culture into complete union. For the function of art is higher than that claimed for it by the Committees of Taste, or other police authorities of Parnassus.



A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MRS. ROCHDALE stood a good while talking at the school-gate this morning—Mrs. Rochdale, my mistress once, my friend now. My cousin, the village schoolmistress, was bemoaning over her lad George, now fighting in the Crimea, saying, poor body, "that no one could understand her feelings but a mother—a mother with an only son."

Mrs. Rochdale smiled—that peculiar smile of one who has bought peace through the "constant anguish of patience"—a look which I can still trace in her face at times, and which I suppose will never wholly vanish thence. We changed the conversation, and she shortly afterwards departed.

—A mother with an only son. All the neighbourhood knew the story of our Mrs. Rochdale and *her* son. But it had long ceased to be discussed, at least openly; though still it was told under the seal of confidence to every new-comer in our village. And still every summer I used to see any strangers who occupied my cousin's lodgings staring with all their eyes when the manor-house carriage passed by, or peeping from over the blinds to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Rochdale.

No wonder. She is, both to look at and to know, a woman among a thousand.

It can do no possible harm—it may do good—if I here write down her history.

First let me describe her, who even yet seems to me the fairest woman I ever knew. And why should not a woman be fair at sixty? Because the beauty that lasts till then,—and it can last, for I have seen it,—must be of the noblest and most satisfying kind, wholly independent of form or colouring;—a beauty such as a young woman can by no art attain, but which, once attained, no woman need ever fear

to lose, till the coffin-lid, closing over its last and loveliest smile, makes of it "a joy for ever."

Mrs. Rochdale was tall—too tall in youth; but your well-statured women have decidedly the advantage after forty. Her features, more soft than strong-looking—~~after~~ still under the smooth-banded gray hair—might have been good: I am no artist: I do not know. But it was not that; it was the intangible nameless grace which surrounded her as with an atmosphere, making her presence in a room like light, and her absence like its loss; her soft but stately courtesy of mien, in word and motion alike harmonious. Silent, her gentle ease of manner made every one else at ease. Speaking, though she was by no means a great talker, she always seemed instinctively to say just the right thing, to the right person, at the right moment, in the right way. She stood out distinct from all your "charming creatures," "most lady-like persons," "very talented women," as that rarest species of the whole race—a gentlewoman.

At twenty-three she became Mr. Rochdale's wife; at twenty-five his widow. From that time her whole life was devoted to the son who, at a twelvemonth old, was already Lemuel Rochdale, Esquire, lord of the manor of Thorpe and Stretton-Magna, owner of one of the largest estates in the county. Poor little baby!

He was the puniest, sickliest baby she ever saw, I have heard my mother say; but he grew up into a fine boy and a handsome youth; not unlike Mrs. Rochdale, except that a certain hereditary pride of manner, which in her was almost beautiful,—if any pride can be beautiful,—was in him exaggerated to self-assurance and haughtiness. He was the principal person in the establishment while he yet trundled hoops; and long before he discarded jackets had assumed his position as sole master of the manor-house—allowing, however, his mother to remain as sole mistress.

He loved her very much, I think—better than horses, dogs, or guns; swore she was the kindest and dearest mother in England, and handsomer ten times over than any girl he knew.

At which the smiling mother would shake her head in credulous incredulosity. She rarely burdened him with caresses; perhaps she had found out early that boys dislike them—at least he did: to others she always spoke of him as "my son," or "Mr. Rochdale," and her pride in him, or praise of him, was always more by implication than by open word. Yet all the house, all the village, knew quite well how things were. And though they were not often seen together, except on Sundays, when, year after year, she walked up the church-aisle, holding her little son by the hand; then, followed by the sturdy schoolboy; finally, leaning proudly on the youth's proud arm,—every body said emphatically that the young squire was "his mother's own son;" passionately beloved, after the fashion of women ever since young Eve smiled down on Cain, saying, "I have gotten a man from the Lord."

So he grew up to be twenty-one years old.

On that day Mrs. Rochdale, for the first time since her widowhood, opened her house, and invited all the country round. The morning was devoted to the poorer guests; in the evening there was a dinner-party and ball.

I dressed her, having since my girlhood been to her a sort of amateur milliner and lady's-maid. I may use the word "amateur" in its strictest sense, since it was out of the great love and reverence I had for her that I had got into this habit of haunting the manor-house. And since love begets love, and we always feel kindly to those we have been kind to, Mrs. Rochdale was fond of me. Through her means, and still more through herself, I gained a better education than I should have done as only her bailiff's daughter. But that is neither here nor there.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing before the glass in her black velvet dress, she never wore any thing but black; with sometimes a ray or lilac ribbon. She had taken out from that casket, and was clasping on her arms and neck, white and round even at five-and-forty, some long-unworn family-jewels.

I admired them very much.

"Yes, they are pretty. But I scarcely like to see myself in diamonds, Martha. I shall only wear them a few times, and then resign them to my daughter-in-law."

"Your daughter-in-law? Has Mr. Rochdale—"

"No," (smiling) "Mr. Rochdale has not made his choice yet; but I hope he will ere long. A young man should marry early, especially a young man of family and fortune. I shall be very glad when my son has chosen his wife."

She spoke as if she thought he had nothing to do but to choose, after the fashion of kings and sultans.

I smiled. She misinterpreted my thought, saying with some little severity:

"Martha, you mistake. I repeat, I shall be altogether glad, even if such a chance were to happen to-day."

Ah, Mrs. Rochdale, was ever any widowed mother of an only son "altogether glad" when first startled into the knowledge that she herself was not his all in the world? that some strange woman had risen up, for whose sake he was bound to "leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?" A righteous saying, but hard to be understood at first by the mothers.

It afterwards struck me as an odd coincidence, that what Mrs. Rochdale had wished might happen did actually happen that same night.

The prettiest, and beyond all question the "sweetest," girl in all our county families,—among which alone it was probable or permissible that our young squire should "throw the handkerchief,"—was Miss Celandine Childe, niece and heiress of Sir John Childe. I was caught by her somewhat fanciful name,—after Wordsworth's flower,—which, as I overheard Mrs. Rochdale say, admirably expressed her.

I thought so too, when, peeping through the curtained ballroom-door, I caught sight of her, distinct among all the young ladies, as one's eye lights upon a celandine in a spring meadow. She was smaller than any lady in the room—very fair, with yellow hair—the only real gold hair I ever saw. Her head drooped like a flower-cup; and her motions, always soft and quiet, reminded one of the stirrings of a flower in the grass. Her dress—as if to humour the fancy, or else Nature herself did so by making that colour most suitable to the girl's complexion—was some gauzy stuff, of a soft pale-green. Bright, delicate, innocent, and fair, you could hardly look at her without wishing to take her up in your bosom like a flower.

The ball was a great success. Mrs. Rochdale came up to her dressing-room long after midnight, but with the bright glow of maternal pride still burning on her cheeks. She looked quite young again, forcing one to acknowledge the fact constantly avouched by the elder generation, that our mothers and grandmothers were a great deal handsomer than we. Certainly, not a belle in the ballroom could compare with Mrs. Rochdale in my eyes. I should have liked to have told her so. In a vague manner I said something which slightly approximated to my thought.

Mrs. Rochdale answered, innocent of the compliment, "Yes, I have seen very lovely women in my youth. But to-night my son pointed out several whom he admired—one in particular."

"Was it Miss Childe, madam?"

"How acute you are, little Martha! How could you see that?"

I answered, rather deprecatingly, that, from the corner where I was serving ices, I had heard several people remark Mr. Rochdale's great attention to Miss Childe.

"Indeed!" with a slight sharpness of accent. A moment or two after she added, with some hauteur, "You mistake, my dear; Mr. Rochdale could never be so uncourtous as to pay exclusive attention to any one of his guests; but Miss Childe is a stranger in the neighbourhood." After a pause: "She is a most sweet-looking girl. My son said so to me, and—I perfectly agreed with him."

I let the subject drop—nor did Mrs. Rochdale resume it.

A month after I wondered if she knew what all the

servants at the manor-house and all the villagers at Thorpe soon knew quite well, and discussed incessantly in butler's pantries and kitchens, over pots of ale and by cottage-doors—that our young squire from that day forward gave up his shooting, his otter-hunting, and even his courting, and “went a-courting” sedulously for a whole month to Ashen Dale.

Meanwhile Sir John and Miss Childe came twice to luncheon. I saw her, pretty creature! walking by Mrs. Rochdale's side to feed the swans, and looking more like a flower than ever. And once, stately in the family-coach, which tumbled over the rough roads, two hours there and two hours back, shaking the old coachman almost to pieces, did Mrs. and Mr. Rochdale drive over to a formal dinner at Ashen Dale.

Finally, in the Christmas-week, after an interval of twenty lonely Christmases past and gone, did our lady of the manor prepare to pay to the same place a three-days' visit—such as is usual among county families—the “rest-day, the pressed-day,” and the day of departure.

I was at the door when she came home. Her usually bright and healthy cheeks were somewhat pale, and her eyes glittered; but her eyelids were heavy, as with long pressing back of tears. Mr. Rochdale did not drive, but sat beside her; he too seemed rather grave. He handed her out of the carriage carefully and tenderly. She responded with a fond smile. Mother and son went up the broad staircase arm-in-arm.

That night the servants who had gone to Ashen Dale talked “it” all over with the servants who had stayed at home; and every point was satisfactorily settled, down to the bride's fortune and pin-money, and whether she would be married in Brussels or Honiton lace.

Yet still Mrs. Rochdale said nothing. She looked happy, but pale, constantly pale. The squire was in the gayest spirits imaginable. He was, as I have said, a very handsome and winning young fellow; rather variable in his tastes, and easily guided, some people said—but then it was always the old who said it, and nobody minded them. We thought Miss Celandine Childe was the happiest and luckiest girl imaginable.

She looked so when, after due time, the three-days' visit was returned; after which Sir John departed, and Miss Childe stayed behind.

That evening—it was just the time of year when “evenings” begin to be perceptible, and in passing the drawing-room door I had heard the young master say something to Miss Childe about “primroses in the woods”—that evening I was waiting upon Mrs. Rochdale's toilet. She herself stood at the oriel window. It was after dinner—she had come up to her room to rest.

“Look here, Martha.”

She pointed to the terrace-walk leading to the pool. There were the two young people sauntering slowly past—he gazing down on her, she with her eyes drooped low, low, to the very ground. But her arm rested in his, in a safe, happy, clinging way, as knowing it had a right there to rest for ever.

“Is it so, Mrs. Rochdale?”

“Ay, Martha. What do you think of my—my children?”

A few tears came to her eyes—a few quivers fluttered over and about her mouth; but she gazed still—she smiled still.

“Are you satisfied, madam?”

“Quite. It is the happiest thing in the world—for him. They will be married at Christmas.”

“And you—?”

She put her hand softly on my lips, and said, smiling, “Plenty of time to think of that—plenty of time.”

After this day she gradually grew less pale, and recovered entirely her healthy, cheerful tone of mind. It was evident that she soon began to love her daughter-elect very much—as, indeed, who could help it?—and that by no means as a mere matter of form had she called them both “my children.”

For Celandine, who had never known a mother, it seemed as if Mrs. Rochdale were almost as dear to her as her betrothed. The two ladies were constantly together; and in them the proverbially formidable and all but impossible possibility bade fair to be realised, of a mother and daughter-in-law as united as if they were of the same flesh and blood.

The gossips shook their heads and said, “It wouldn't last.” I think it would. Why should it not? They were two noble, tender, unselfish women. Either was ready to love any thing he loved—to renounce any thing to make him happy. In him, the lover and son, was their meeting-point, in him they learned to love one another.

Strange that women cannot always see this. Strange that a girl should not, above all but her own mother, cling to the mother of him she loves—the woman who has borne him, nursed him, cherished him, suffered for him more than any living creature can suffer, excepting—ay, sometimes not even excepting—his wife. Most strange, that a mother, who would be fond and kind to any thing her boy cared for,—his horse or his dog,—should not, above all, love the creature he loves best in the world, on whom his happiness, honour, and peace, are staked for a lifetime. Alas, that a bond so simple, natural, holy, should be found so hard as to be almost impossible—even among the good women of this world! Mothers, wives,—whose fault is it? Is it because each exacts too much for herself, and too little for the other,—one forgetting that she was ever young, the other that she will one day be old? Or that in the tenderest women's devotion lurks a something of jealousy, which blinds them to the truth—as true in love as in charity—that “it is more blessed to give than to receive”? Perhaps I, Martha Stretton, spinster, have no right to discuss this question. But one thing I will say: that I can forgive much to an unloved daughter-in-law,—to an unloving one, nothing.

And now, from this long digression,—which is not so irrelevant as it at first may seem,—let me return to my story.

The year grew and waned. Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when it was near its closing, that it had been one of the happiest years she had ever known.

I believe it was. The more so as, like many a season of great happiness, it began with a conquered pang. But of this no one ever dared to hint; and perhaps the mother now would hardly have acknowledged, even to herself, that it had temporarily existed.

They were to have been married at Christmas; but early in December the long-invalided Lady Childe died. This deferred the wedding. The young lover said, loudly and often, that it was “very hard.” The bride-elect said nothing at all. Consequently every lady's-maid and woman-servant at the manor-house, and every damsel down the village, talked over Miss Childe's hard-heartedness; especially as, soon after, she went travelling with poor broken-hearted Sir John Childe, thereby parting with her betrothed for three whole months.

But I myself watched her about the manor-house the last few days before she went away. O Lemuel Rochdale, what had you deserved, that heaven should bless you with the love of two such women—mother and bride!

Celandine went away. The manor-house was very dull after she was gone. Mrs. Rochdale said she did not wonder that her son was absent a good deal—it was natural. But this she only said to me. To others she never took any notice of his absence at all.

These absences continued,—lengthened. In most young men they would have been unremarked; but Lemuel was so fondly attached to his mother, that he rarely in his life had spent his evenings away from home and her. Now, in the wild March nights, in the soft April twilights, in the May moonlights, Mrs. Rochdale sat alone in the great drawing-room, where they had sat so happily last year—all three of them.

She sat, grave and quiet, over her book or her knitting,

still saying—if she ever said any thing—that it was quite "natural" her son should amuse himself abroad.

Once I heard her ask him, "Where he had been to-night?"

He hesitated; then said, "Up the village, mother."

"What, again? How fond you are of moonlight-walks up the village!"

"Am I?" whipping his boots with his cane. "Why, mother, moonlight is—very pretty, you know; and the evenings here are—so long."

"True." His mother half sighed. "But soon, you know, Celandine will be back."

It might have been my mistake, but I thought the young man turned scarlet, as, whistling his dog, he hastily quitted the room.

"How sensitive these lovers are!" said Mrs. Rochdale, smiling. "He can hardly bear to hear her name. I do wish they were married."

But that wish was still further deferred. Sir John Childe, fretful, ailing, begged another six months before he lost his niece. They were young; and he was old, and had not long to live. Besides, thus safely and happily betrothed, why should they not wait? A year more or less was of little moment to those who were bound together firm and sure, in good and ill, for a life-time. Nay, did she not from the very day of betrothal feel herself Lemuel's faithful wife?

Thus, Mrs. Rochdale told me, did Celandine urge—out of the love which in its completeness hardly recognised such a thing as separation. Her mother that was to be, reading the passage out of her letter, paused, silenced by starting tears.

The lover consented to this further delay. He did not once say that it was "very hard." Again Mrs. Rochdale began to talk, but with a tone of fainter certainty, about their being married next Christmas.

Meanwhile the young squire appeared quite satisfied: shot, fished, lounged about his property as usual, and kept up his spirits amazingly.

He likewise took his moonlight-walks up the village with creditable persistency. Once or twice I heard it whispered about that he did not take them alone.

But every one in the neighbourhood so liked the young squire, and so tenderly honoured his mother, that it was some time before the faintest of these ill whispers reached the ear of Mrs. Rochdale.

I never shall forget the day she heard it.

She had sent for me to help her in gathering her grapes; a thing she often liked to do herself, giving the choicest bunches to her own friends, and to the sick poor of her neighbours. She was standing in the viney when I came. One moment's glance showed me something was amiss, but she stopped the question ere it was well out of my lips.

"No, nothing, Martha. This bunch—cut it while I hold."

But her hand shook so that the grapes fell and were crushed, dyeing purple the stone-floor. I picked them up, —she took no notice.

Suddenly she put her hand to her head. "I am tired. We will do this another day."

I followed her across the garden to the hall-door. Entering, she gave orders to have the carriage ready immediately.

"I will take you home, Martha. I am going to the village."

Now the village was about two miles distant from the manor-house,—a mere cluster of cottages; among which were only three decent dwellings—the butcher's, the baker's, and the schoolhouse. Mrs. Rochdale rarely drove through Thorpe,—still more rarely did she stop there.

She stopped now—it was some message at the school-house. Then, addressing the coachman,—

"Drive on—to the baker's shop."

Old John started—touched his hat hurriedly. I saw him and the footman whispering on the box. Well I could guess why!

"The baker's, Mrs. Rochdale?—Cannot I call?—Indeed, it is a pity you should take that trouble."

She looked me full in the face;—I felt myself turn crimson.

"Thank you, Martha; but I wish to go myself."

I ceased. But I was now quite certain she knew, and guessed I knew also, that which all the village were now talking about. What could be her motive for acting thus? Was it to show her own ignorance of the report? No, that would have been to imply a falsehood; and Mrs. Rochdale was staunchly, absolutely true in deed as in word. Or was it to prove them all liars and scandal-mongers, that the lady of the manor drove up openly to the very door where—

Mrs. Rochdale startled me from my thoughts with her sudden voice, sharp and clear.

"He is a decent man, I believe,—Hine the baker?"

"Yes, madam."

"He has—a daughter, who—waits in the shop?"

"Yes, madam."

She pulled the check-string with a quick jerk, and got out. Two small burning spots were on either cheek; otherwise she looked herself—her tall, calm, stately self.

I wondered what Nancy thought of her—handsome Nancy Hine, who was laughing in her free loud way behind the counter, but who, perceiving the manor-house carriage, stopped, startled.

I could see them quite plainly through the shop-window—the baker's daughter and the mother of the young squire. I could see the very glitter in Mrs. Rochdale's eyes, as, giving in her ordinary tone some domestic order, she took the opportunity of gazing steadily at the large, well-featured girl, who stood awkward and painfully abashed, nay, blushing scarlet; though people did say that Nancy Hine was too clever a girl to have blushed since she was out of her teens.

I think they belied her—I think many people belied her, both then and afterward. She was "clever"—much cleverer than most girls of her station; she looked bold and determined enough, but neither unscrupulous nor insincere.

During the interview, which did not last two minutes, I thought it best to stay outside the door. Of course, when Mrs. Rochdale re-entered the carriage, I made no remark. Nor did she.

She gave me the cake for the school-children. From the wicket I watched her drive off, just catching through the carriage-window her profile, so proudly cut, so delicate and refined.

That a young man, born and reared of such a mother, with a lovely fairy creature like Celandine for his own, his very own, could ever lower his tastes, habits, perceptions, to court—people said even to win—unlawfully, a common village-girl, handsome; indeed, but with the coarse blousy beauty which at thirty might be positive ugliness—surely—surely it was impossible! It could not be true what they said about young Mr. Rochdale and Nancy Hine.

I did not think his mother believed it either; if she had, could she have driven away with that quiet smile on her mouth, left by her last kind words to the school-children and to me?

The young squire had gone to Scotland the day before this incident occurred. He did not seem in any hurry to return; not even when, of some whim of the old baronet's, Sir John Childe and his niece suddenly returned to Ashen Dale.

Mrs. Rochdale drove over there immediately, and brought Celandine back with her. The two ladies, elder and younger, were gladly seen by us all, going about together in their old happy ways, lingering in the greenhouse, driving and walking, laughing their well-known merry laugh when they fed the swans of an evening in the pool.

There might have been no such things in the world as tale-bearers, slanderers, or—baker's daughters.

Alas! this was only for four bright days—the last days when I ever saw Mrs. Rochdale looking happy and young, or Celandine Childe light-hearted and bewitchingly fair.

On the fifth, Sir John Childe's coach drove up to the manor-house, not lazily, as it generally did, but with omi-

nously thundering wheels. He and Mrs. Rochdale were shut up in the library for two full hours. Then she came out, walking heavily, with a kind of mechanical strength, but never once drooping her head or her eyes, and desired me to go and look for Miss Childe, who was reading in the summer-house. She waited at the hall-door till the young lady came in.

"Mamma!" Already she had begun, by Mrs. Rochdale's wish, to give her that fond name. But it seemed to strike painfully now.

"Mamma, is any thing the matter?" and, turning pale, the girl clung to her arm.

"Nothing to alarm you, my pet; nothing that I care for—not I. I know it is false—wholly false; it could not but be." Her tone, warm with excitement, had nevertheless more anger in it than fear. Celandine's colour returned.

"If it be false, mamma, never mind it," she said in her fondling way. "But what is this news?"

"Something that your uncle has heard. Something he insists upon telling you. Let him. It cannot matter either to you or to me. Come, my child."

What passed in the library of course never transpired; but about an hour after I was sent for to Mrs. Rochdale's dressing-room.

She sat at her writing-table. There was a firm, hard, almost fierce expression in her eyes, very painful to see. Yet when Celandine glided in, with that soft step and white face, Mrs. Rochdale looked up with a quick smile.

"Has he read it? Is he satisfied with it?" and she took, with painfully assumed carelessness, a letter newly written, which Miss Childe brought to her.

The girl assented; then, kneeling by the table, pressed her cheek upon Mrs. Rochdale's shoulder.

"Let me write, mamma, just one little line, to tell him that I—that I don't believe—"

"Hush!" and the trembling lips were shut with a kiss tender as firm. "No; not a line, my little girl. I, his mother, may speak of such things to him. Not you."

It did at the moment seem to me almost sickening that this pure fragile flower of a girl should ever have been told there existed such wickedness as that of which not only Sir John Childe, but the whole neighbourhood, now accused her lover: and which, as I afterwards learned, the baronet insisted should be at once openly and explicitly denied by Mr. Rochdale, or the engagement must be held dissolved.

This question his mother claimed her own sole right to put to her son; and she had put it in the letter, which now, with a steady hand and a fixed smile—half-contemptuous as it were—she was sealing and directing.

"Martha, put this into the post-bag yourself; and tell Miss Childe's maid her mistress will remain another week at the manor-house. Yes, my love, best so."

Then, sitting down wearily in the large arm-chair, Mrs. Rochdale drew Celandine to her; and I saw her take the soft small figure on her lap, like a child, and fold her up close, in the grave, comforting silence of inexpressible love.

It was a four-days' post to and from the moors where Mr. Rochdale was staying. Heavily the time must have passed with those two poor women, whose all was staked upon him—upon his one little "yes" or "no."

Sunday intervened, when they both appeared at church—evening as well as morning. With this exception, they did not go out; and were seen but rarely about the house, except at dinner-time. Then, with her companion on her arm, Mrs. Rochdale would walk down, and take her seat at the foot of the long dreary dining-table, placing Miss Childe on her right hand.

The old butler said it made his heart ache to see how sometimes they both looked towards the head of the board—at the empty chair there.

The fifth day came and passed. No letters. The sixth likewise. In the evening, his mother ordered Mr. Rochdale's

chamber to be got ready, as it was "not improbable" he might unexpectedly come home. But he did not come.

They sat up half that night, I believe, both Mrs. Rochdale and Miss Childe.

Next morning they breakfasted together as usual in the dressing-room. As I crossed the plantation—for in my anxiety I made business at the manor-house every day now—I saw them both sitting at the window, waiting for the post.

Waiting for the post! Many a one has known that heart-sickening intolerable time; but few waitings have been like to theirs.

The stable-boy came lazily up, swinging the letter-bag to and fro in his hands. They saw it from the window.

The butler unlocked the bag as usual, and distributed the contents.

"Here's one from the young master. Lord bless us, what a big un!"

"Let me take it upstairs, William." For I saw it was addressed to Miss Childe.

Mechanically, as I went up stairs, my eye rested on the direction, in Mr. Rochdale's large careless hand; and on the seal, firm and clear, bearing not the sentimental devices he had once been fond of using, but his business-seal—his coat-of-arms. With a heavy weight on my heart, I knocked at the dressing-room door.

Miss Childe opened it.

"Ah, mamma, for me, for me!" And with a sob of joy she caught and tore open the large envelope.

Out of it fell a heap of letters—her own pretty dainty letters, addressed "Lemuel Rochdale, Esq."

She stood looking down at them with a bewildered air; then searched through the envelope. It was blank—quite blank.

"What does he mean, mamma? I—don't—understand."

But Mrs. Rochdale did. "Go away, Martha," she said hoarsely, shutting me out at the door. And then I heard a smothered cry, and something falling to the floor like a stone.

ENGLISH QUEENS OF FRANCE.

BY DR. DOKAN.

WHEN Stanislaus Leckzinski was consoling himself for the loss of his throne in Poland, by inventing pleasant little dishes in Lorraine, he one day, after perusing a letter which he had just received, took off his apron, entered the room of his daughter, and exclaimed joyfully, "My child, you are queen of France!" Marie Leckzinski listened to the announcement with pleasure; and in a note which she soon after despatched to her dear friend the "grande maréchale," she registered the sentiment that "it was mercy in kings to render justice, and that it was justice in queens to exercise mercy." The sentiment was better than the spelling by which it was expressed; and the sentiment was a plagiarism. It belonged to Bathilde.

Who, then, was Bathilde?

She was the English housekeeper of a French noble, and consort of Clovis II., king of France.

Bathilde, when a child, was picking up shells on the southern coast of England. She was descried by a French pirate, who, knowing her market value, landed, seized her, and with his prize set sail for St. Valery. As he carried her ashore, he tried to comfort the weeping captive by telling her that she should serve none but a noble. The girl looked up smilingly through her tears, and remarked:

"I have had a dream. The ever-fasting St. Gildas has told me that I shall live in a house where nobles shall serve me."

"Why, little Saxon," said the free-trader, "you would then be a queen——"

"Whose justice it is to execute mercy, while it is the mercy of kings to render justice."

The mayor of the palace of Clovis II., an official whose name is written in such various ways that it is easier to give him none than pause to make a choice, heard the words of the little maiden, and purchased her of her owner, for a couple of handfuls of gold and a front-tooth of St. Apollonia.

The pirate sold the tooth at Bonn for as much gold as he had already received. It was purchased by a wicked lord of Kreuzberg, who presented it to the church there, and became easy in his mind for ever after.

To this day it is resorted to by Rhinelanders suffering from anguish of any sort in the jaws. It cures all who do not go away unrelieved.

Clovis II. saw the youthful Bathilde grow up in the house of his great officer. He admired the prudence with which so young a manager presided over the servile household; and the self-denial with which the beautiful Saxon slave would sometimes wait on her companions in bondage. He thought of her when she was absent till he grew perplexed. To relieve him from his perplexity he summoned a council, announced to the members his determination to marry the beautiful girl from England, and finally asked their advice.

That they agreed readily to all he proposed is clear, from the fact that Clovis espoused her within a week. The first act of the young English queen of the Franks was to manumit all Christian slaves in France, and to enact that none but infidels should ever again be in bonds to another within her and her husband's land.

"Within my land," suggested Clovis; "and, moreover, queens are incapable of enacting."

What the laughing Saxon answered is not known. That she did not yield, yet may have compromised, is most certain. From that day forth, down to the last of the Valois (and possibly old Marolles may carry down the fashion even later), it was the established custom for each married king in France to commence business with the royal council by assuring them that he had previously "thought it over" with the queen. "Il s'était avisé avec la reine."

Nothing could possibly be more gallant, nor, generally speaking, more untrue.

If Clovis II. had a fault to find with his Saxon consort, it was, perhaps, that she was too regardless of expense in founding monasteries and endowing churches; too prodigal of attendance at religious revivals in old convents; and a little too much addicted to follow the advice of Bishop Eligius rather than his own.

If these were faults, Bathilde would *not* be cured of them. She continued to lavish her revenue upon pious purposes, and erected almost as many magnificent abbeys and cathedrals in France, as under Stephen there were subsequently erected castles in England. The name of this English queen in France was connected with the grandest ecclesiastical edifices in the country. She impoverished her husband, but she served the Church. There is very logical proof, for those who will receive it, to show that she was right. The English Bathilde had three sons. They all reigned in succession; and they are the only three brothers who ascended the French throne without a change of dynasty immediately following.

Capet, Valois, and Bourbon,—each of these lines came to an end with three brothers, kings in their turn.

When Bathilde became a widow she exhibited a little inconsistency by wearing superb dresses, decorated with costly gems. Like Queen Charlotte, when the regency was established, and George III. was politically dead, she broke out into a flutter of enjoyment. It did not last long. St. Eligius, then *defunct*, appeared to her in a vision, and placed before her *mind's* eye so startling a picture, representing how frivolous widows in this world were condemned, undraped, to ride ungovernable steeds with red-hot saddles on their backs in the next, that Bathilde sold all her finery, raised a magnificent monument with the proceeds to the

memory of the defunct prelate, and retired for ever into a convent, where the discipline was strict, and the table excruciable.

Bathilde died towards the end of the seventh century; was canonised, and permitted to share the honours of the 30th of January, with two other ladies, St. Martina and St. Aldegenda. The somewhat noble name by which *we* call her was, probably, not her own; for, according to old French authors, the true appellation of the first English queen of France was—*BUTTER*!

After all, the name is not ignoble. The Butters have been landowners in Scotland from the days of Kenneth M'Alpine.

It is unnecessary to do more than record the fact that the English princess Ogino shared the throne of the French king, Charles the Simple. This marriage, however, led to the first Anglo-French alliance which ever existed. Louis d'Outre-Mer was the son of Ogine; and her brother Athelstan, king of England, sent a fleet to aid his nephew against his powerful enemies.

The most remarkable of our English princesses who have worn a crown-matrimonial in France was, without doubt, "Madame Marie," as our neighbours called our Mary Tudor, who married a French king and loved an English noble.

This sister of Henry VIII. was sought by four lovers; Albert of Austria, Charles of Spain, Louis XII., and Charles Brandon, who won his dukedom of Suffolk on the field of Flodden. Of these, she married the French king and the English subject. When her imperious brother "sold" her to Louis XII.,—that Louis who wins our sympathy, as the Duke of Orleans, in *Quentin Durward*, and who was already twice a widower,—Mary appealed to that mercy which in sovereigns is justice; but she appealed in vain. She was placed on board the least lively-looking tub of the royal fleet at Dover; and prayers were piled up to St. Wulphran to carry her safely into his own harbour of Boulogne.

Never was bridal party so tempest-tost as this. The authorities at Boulogne fired away half their ammunition, with the double purpose of signalling and greeting. No power of helm, nor skill of pilot, could persuade any one of the royal tubs to roll into the port where crowds of the French aristocracy were in waiting to welcome the English bride. The whole fleet, bride's own especial tub-yacht and the tubs of convoy, rolled obstinately ashore, three leagues to the east of the harbour they could not make. As long as land was made, the marriage-party cared little how it was effected. In a brief time they were all afoot on the sandy beach. The spot was wild, and the travellers, knights, and ladies looked in woful plight, in dragged silks and well-frenched plumes, dull, dismal, and disgusted;—all save one, a certain Anne Boleyn, who was in attendance on Madame Marie, and whose spirits not even the rough ocean could daunt.

Then came the fishing population, crying *Noël!* and *Dieu Gard!* and then some tents were pitched and pennons displayed; and the dreary locality began to wear an air of gaiety, when in rode the Duke de Longueville and a brilliant train from Boulogne, inquiring for the bride, who was weeping or sleeping within a hut fresh hung with tapestry, and surrounded by a score of tents and chilly knights in damp and rusted armour.

All the accounts of the *upholstery* of the scene and its cost may be found in the French state-paper office. With respect to the actors, the gallant knights of Picardy, when they saw the fair and youthful "Madame Marie"—she was but sixteen—protested that her royal brother was well justified in calling her the "Pearl of England." The dresses of the bride excited as great admiration on the part of the French ladies, who unanimously allowed that the 1,000,000 crowns promised by the king of France to his cousin of England could not be considered an exorbitant price for such a "pearl"—even supposing that his majesty ever paid the money.

Louis was awaiting his bride with impatience at Abbeville. Hearing at length that the princess was fairly on her

way, the infirm king climbed into his saddle, and trotted with as much vigour as his debility would bear, to meet her. They met a mile or two from the abbatical city. Louis rode close up to her side, and swore an unsavoury oath that she was even more beautiful than report had made or artist limned her. The ill-assorted pair were received at the gates of the city with a world of medieval pomp, and a dreadful amount of ponderous compliment. The cathedral had never seen such splendour as on the occasion of the dazzling marriage-ceremony, which had not long been concluded when all the young bride's English attendants were dismissed by order of the royal husband. Exception was made of Anne Boleyn and two other ladies, who witnessed with more delight than the bride the never-ending festival which celebrated the event. That event took place on the 9th of October 1514. Three months later Louis was in his tomb at St. Denis; and within another quarter of a year the happy young queen-dowager of France was publicly married at Greenwich to the man of her heart, Brandon duke of Suffolk.

Of the two daughters who survived this union, one, Frances, married Grey marquis of Dorset, and subsequently Duke of Suffolk. Lady Jane Grey was one of three daughters, issue of this marriage, and heiress, as her foolish partisans thought, to the crown, by right of her grandmother and her Protestantism.

Finally, the English queen-dowager of France and Duchess of Suffolk was at the head of a happy household in the ducal mansion in the Borough. The dust of the last English princess who sat on the French throne lies beneath the altar in the old abbey-church of Bury St. Edmund's,—fitting place of rest for queen and duchess.



VILLA AND COTTAGE DESIGNS.

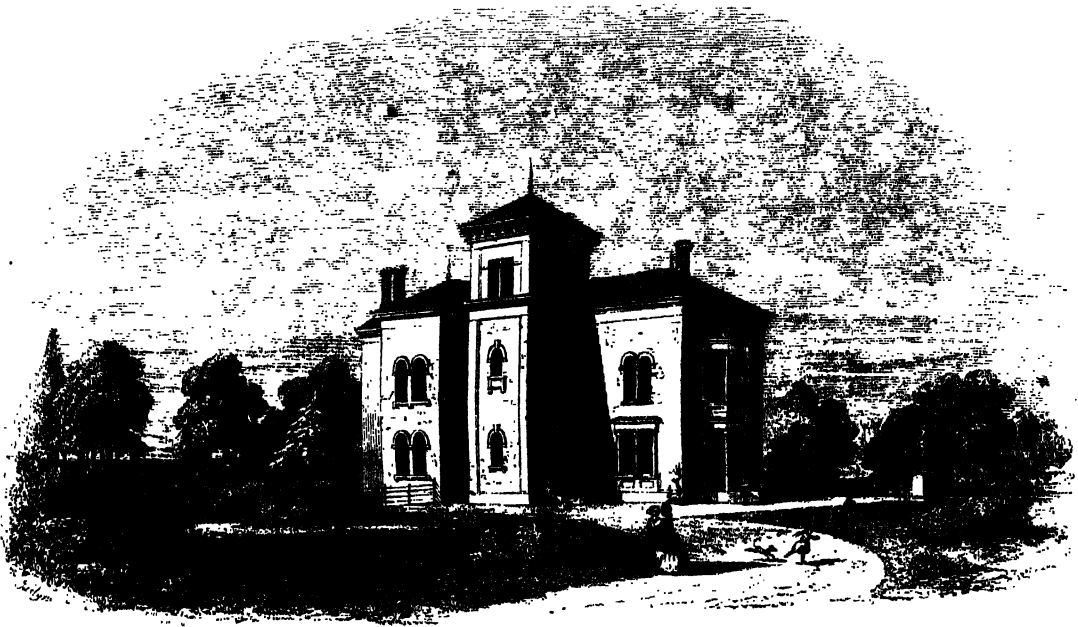
BY E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHITECT.

Of all the Fine Arts, Architecture is especially that which most closely entwines with home comforts and social joys. The conductors of this periodical have therefore deemed the introduction of designs of the accompanying description peculiarly appropriate to a magazine whose object is to reach many homes, and be thus incidentally suggestive of much that will be found of practical value in enhancing their comfort and attractiveness. It is somewhat remarkable that in the multiplicity of our periodical literature there is to be found no journal which includes the regular introduction of illustrations fulfilling requirements so universally felt as those of convenient and truly habitable dwellings. The importance of the subject hardly admits of exaggeration. Regarding it only with respect to the preservation of health, although it may be urged that happiness is not the invariable consequence of a healthy home, still it can never long continue in one which is positively unhealthy. Great as is the influence on a man's daily comfort, and also on the healthiness and refinement of his *mind*, of the house in which he lives and its appurtenances, and important as it is that he should possess a certain amount of general information respecting its erection and fittings, the subject is scarcely touched upon in other than professional periodicals, more immediately addressed to those whose business is in some degree connected with building operations. This is the more surprising when we reflect that such matters are really of very considerable *interest* as well as importance. As Sir Henry Wotton observes,—“Architecture can want no

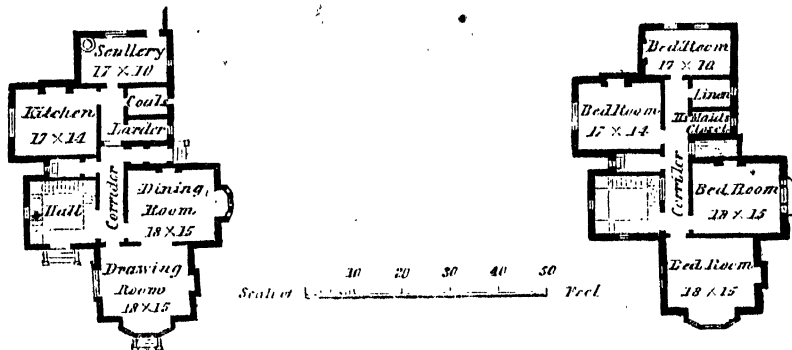
commendation where there are noble men and noble minds;” and its successful cultivation, and the general understanding of it, will be observed always to mark a period of high civilisation and great material comfort.

The rise of freehold land and building societies is indicative of the fact that people are beginning to apply the same principle to architecture which regulates their investments in other objects,—that principle which teaches that the ready-made article, however low-priced and readily obtained, is far less suited to individual requirements than one which is ordered, and made exactly fitted to the purpose. Cheapness and rapidity of possession may be placed in one scale, and durability, appropriateness, and true economy in the other. This is well evidenced in the difficulty in the choice of a dwelling. Multitudinous as are the houses to be let or sold, how rarely is it possible for an adventurer to procure one precisely suited to his requirements! Residences are now built rather for speculative purposes and to make money, than for habitation, durability, and convenience. We do not pretend that the societies mentioned have remedied the evil; but they indicate the existence of a desire in many to live in houses designed expressly for themselves, rather than reside in others in which the aim to meet all tastes often results in a manifest deficiency of real adaptation to any person in particular. It is obvious that no series of designs can meet exactly a universality of requirements. Those about to be submitted are intended to be *suggestive* of internal arrangements and decorative effects, easily admitting of modification, and which may even indicate to those not versed in architecture their actual wants, vague and undefined prior to looking over a number of examples. So far it will be our effort to suit many tastes and many purses, by ranging from model cottages for labourers and mechanics to country villas and town residences for the middle and higher classes. We shall endeavour to combine structural economy, considering it also with especial reference to health and comfort, with fairness of aspect and picturesque effect. Deformity, indeed, is never cheap, and ugly forms are often far more expensive than those dictated by a truthful and correct taste. To make the exterior of a house in some degree pleasing is a duty which the builder owes to the public at large; for he has no right to put up that which will continue a permanent eyesore in the neighbourhood, and an offence to the passengers in the street. We will take the liberty with Lord Bacon's observation to say that “houses are built to live in *and* to look on;” and “every man's proper mansion, house, and home, being the theater of his hospitality, the seat of self-fruition, the comfortablest part of his own life, the noblest of his sonne's inheritance, a kind of private princedome, nay, to the possessors thereof, an epitome of the whole world, may well deserve, by these attributes, according to the degree of the master, to be decently and delightfully adorned.”

The accompanying design is for a small villa, in which the forms of Italian architecture have suggested the production of an economical amount of external effect. The irregularity of the plan assists the attainment of that variety of outline, freedom from formality, and play of light and shade, which are peculiarly appropriate to country residences, surrounded by the scenery of nature. The accommodation comprises, on the ground-floor, hall, drawing, and dining-rooms, kitchen, scullery, and offices; on the chamber-floor are four bedrooms, together with closets; at the upper part of the tower is a smoking or prospect-room. A door effectually separates the kitchen offices from the other part of the house, thus cutting off disagreeable noises and odours. The staircase is a prominent feature, visible, as it should always be, on entering a house, and conveying the idea of space and airiness. Altogether, the arrangements will be found to be compact and convenient; and the villa may be erected of brickwork, with a few stone dressings, zinc roofs, and good internal fittings, for an average sum of 1300*l*., taking different country districts.



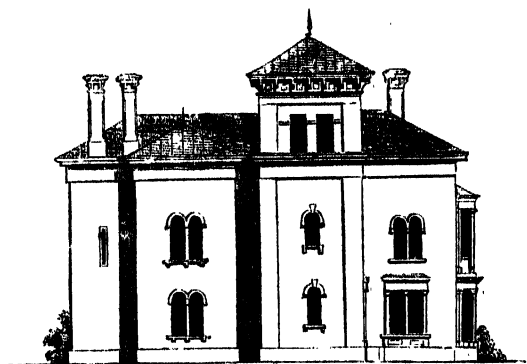
DESIGN FOR A SMALL ITALIAN VILLA.



GROUND PLAN.



FRONT ELEVATION.



SIDE ELEVATION.



PAINTED BY HENRY WALLER.

CHATTERTON.

Out is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned its Apollo's laurel-bough.

—REPRODUCED FROM MUSEUM EXHIBITIONS, 2000.

WALLIS'S CHATTERTON.

ONE of the eminent merits of Hogarth is, that he can tell a story as perfectly by means of pictorial as of written signs. Once give the key-word, and the whole is before us. Mr. Wallis's picture of Chatterton shows the same power; the single word "Chatterton" is a key to the entire tale. The youthful figure of beauty, the tasteful dress, its soiled condition, the beggarly furniture of the attic, the wretched pallet-bed, bring before us the aspirations and the disappointments of the youthful poet. The box of torn papers carries us back to his labours and his letters. The bottle on the ground is evidence as to the mode of death; the candle going out in its socket is a type of the life expired, while at the same time it shows that some hours have elapsed since the act of death. The sickly plant with its leaves turning to the window is another type of the poet's hopes and despairs. The window with its dim glass half-open, and the cheerful sunlight bursting over the roofs of a great city and entering the chamber of death, present another emblem of those contrasts which the short story of the poet comprises. There is not a trait in the most inanimate part of the picture that does not bear upon the story and enforce its moral.

The design complies with other canons of art. When the attention is firmly fixed upon any striking event, the mind naturally becomes so abstracted from other circumstances, that the eye neglects to see them, and the event upon which the mind concentrates itself forms distinctly the centre of a picture. Art is nature taken *e converso*, and when the event has to be presented to the mind in the same forcible manner, it must take the centre of the frame. Nature herself, in the exercise of organic force, tends to the symmetrical; and symmetry is the very vitality of design. The grouping and arrangement of a picture should be perfectly natural; they should be just such as might happen spontaneously, and yet they should also accord with the special requirements of artistic symmetry. We need only point to the woodcut of Mr. Wallis's fine picture for the reader to note how completely this rule is observed. The body forms a curve like an arch of low convexity, above the crown of which the open lattice shows the morning sunshine. The plant is balanced by the curtain, the bed-head and pillow by the table and candlestick, the box by the coat; the poison, lying as the sting of death at the bottom of the picture in the centre, balances the living sunlight above: yet accident could not have arranged all these accessories in a distribution more perfectly natural. Every one of them helps the effect of the story, whilst none of them distract the attention, and their arrangement necessarily leads up the eye to the centre.

THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c.

2. Theory.

In order to explain how solid bodies are seen in relief by combining two plane pictures in the Stereoscope, we must first explain how the same bodies are seen in relief when we view them with one or with two eyes,—that is, in *monocular* and in *binocular* vision.

When we look at objects with one eye, we feel that some change takes place in the organ in directing it to very near and to very distant objects, just as in using a telescope or opera-glass we pull out the eye-glass when we view near objects, and push it in when we look at distant ones. Philosophers have not determined the exact process by which this is effected in the human eye; but, whatever it is, we feel that in examining near objects we draw down the eyebrows and eyelids,—an action which is accompanied by the contraction of the pupil; whereas in looking at distant objects we open the eye and raise the eyebrows,—an action

which is accompanied by the dilatation of the pupil. In this way we know whether the object is near us or distant from us. In viewing objects of known magnitude, such as men, animals, trees, houses, and the doors and windows of buildings, we estimate their distance by their apparent magnitude. If one man appears to be twice as large as another, we conclude that the smallest is at twice the distance; although if the nearest were a dwarf and the remotest a giant, we should err in our estimate. We judge of distance also from the distinctness or indistinctness of the outline of minute parts of objects, and also from the vivacity of their tints; distinctness and brightness indicating objects that are comparatively near us. We also judge of the distance of any object by the number of objects between ourselves and any other object. A distance at sea, for example, appears always less than the same distance on land; and the sun and moon seem more distant when in the horizon of a flat country covered with a variety of objects than when they are at great altitudes, though in theory they are nearer us. But with all these means of judgment, we err greatly in the estimation of short distances with one eye. Even in a good light, we cannot with one eye snuff a candle or pour wine into a small glass at arm's length. The moment, however, that we open the other eye, we can easily snuff the candle and pour the wine into the glass. For the same reasons the relief of bodies is seen less perfectly with one than with two eyes.

In binocular vision we see two pictures of every object we examine, one being formed by each eye; but the one picture lies above the other, so that they appear to be one—just as two shillings, the one placed above the other, appear to be one. This will be evident if with the finger we push one eyeball a little on one side; the one image will separate from the other, and upon withdrawing the finger the images will return to coincidence and appear single.

In order to see any object single we must direct both eyes to it, so as to lay the image of it given by the left upon the image given by the right eye; but it is only a part of an object that is thus seen single. When we look at the nose of a statue by directing the axes of each eye to it, the ear is seen double; and when we look at the ear and see it single, the nose will appear double. If we place two candles at different distances from the eyes, and nearly in the same line, the nearest will appear double when we see the remotest distinct and single; and when we see the nearest distinct and single, the remotest will appear double. In looking, therefore, at the human face we see no parts of it double, because the two eyes, with inconceivable rapidity, look at every point of it in succession, uniting the optical axes at each point, and seeing it singly and distinctly. When we see the nose distinctly, the optical axes of the eyes are converged upon it, and the distance of the point of convergence from the observer is a measure of its distance. In order to see the ear distinctly, the two axes are converged to a point at a greater distance, and the distance of this point of convergence from the observer is the measure of its distance. When the object is very near, it is a great strain upon the eyes to see it singly and distinctly; whereas, in viewing distant objects, the axes are directed to them without any effort.

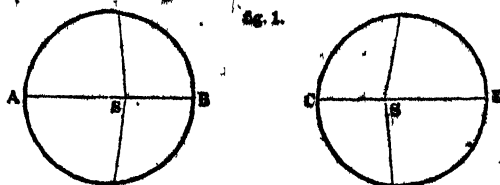
With the aid of these facts we may now understand how, with two eyes, we see the difference between a statue and the most accurate picture of it, and between a scene in nature and the most perfect representation of it. In a picture every part of it is nearly at the same distance from the eye, so that when we look at it we feel that it is upon canvas or paper, because there is no change in the convergency of the optical axes; whereas, in a statue or real landscape, we feel the optical axes converging in rapid succession on the nose, eyes, and ears, or on the objects in the foreground, middle-ground, and background of the landscape, and thus giving us the relative distances of all these points. The relief, therefore, thus obtained by two eyes, which may be called *binocular relief*, is greatly superior to that produced by one eye, which may be called *monocular relief*. If we

place a candlestick or any object upon a table, and look at it with one eye as seen against the opposite wall, without seeing the table between ourselves and the candlestick, it will cover a part of the wall, and it will be difficult to estimate its distance from the wall; but the moment we open the other eye no part of the wall will be hid by the candlestick: its distance will be seen; the two eyes see as it were round it; and this gives us a correct notion of the superiority of binocular to monocular relief.

It is a curious fact, however, that though the relieve of statues and solid bodies is more perfect with two eyes than with one, yet the virtual relieve of a plane picture is much better brought out in monocular than in binocular vision. The two eyes tell us that the picture is on a plane surface, because there is no change in the convergency of their axes; but when we use only one eye we lose this power of ascertaining that there is no relief, and consequently the skill of the artist in giving relief by light and shade is allowed to have its full effect. This fact is finely seen in good photographs, which appear in such excellent relief when seen with one eye that the effect is quite stereoscopic.

In employing these observations to explain the operation of the Stereoscope we must recollect what was stated in the first number, that the pictures of any solid object, as seen by each eye, are dissimilar; and therefore, in order to see objects in relief by combining pictures of them on a plane surface, we must obtain such pictures from the bodies which they represent. Mr. Elliot does not seem to have troubled himself with making dissimilar drawings of geometrical solids, such as cones, pyramids, cubes, &c., which as a mathematician he could have easily executed with his own hand. He attacked at once the difficult point of the question, by executing the rude landscape to which we have already referred, and was, beyond all doubt, the first person who united with an instrument two dissimilar landscapes as seen by two eyes. He invented, in short, a landscape in order to put his invention of the Stereoscope to the proof; and he completely succeeded. But as landscapes thus drawn could have neither truth nor beauty, and as photography was not then known, so as to afford him truthful representations of nature as seen with each eye, he prosecuted his invention no further. Mr. Wheatstone, on the other hand, never thought of landscape or portraits, but used dissimilar drawings of geometrical solids, which, however striking when raised or sunk into relief, had no permanent interest, and ceased to excite any. After the invention of photography, the first person who proposed to employ it in taking binocular pictures for the Stereoscope was the writer of this paper; and at his suggestion, Dr. Adamson, of St. Andrew's, executed

elliptical) base $A B$, with its summit s on the right-hand side of the centre of the circle, so that more of the left-hand side of the cone is seen than of the right-hand side. *Fig. 1.*



we now look at the cone with the right eye, we shall see the summit s on the left-hand side of the base $C D$, so that we now see more of the right-hand side of the cone than of the left-hand side. Now since these two pictures $A B$ and $C D$ of the cone are those which we see by each eye on looking at it, and since, when we combine these pictures by looking at the cone with both eyes, we see it in its own perfect relief, we may reasonably hope, what the experiment confirms, that we shall see a cone in perfect relief when we combine the two pictures $A B$ and $C D$. We must therefore invent some method, either with our own eyes or with an instrument, of uniting the two pictures.

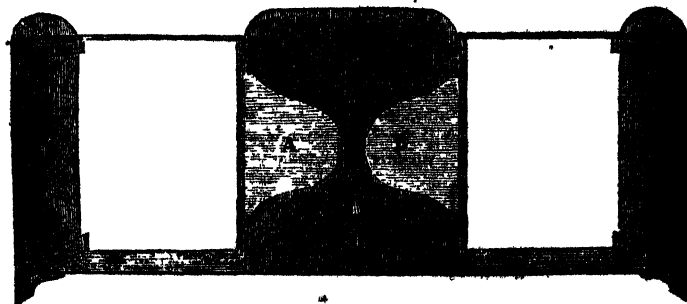
Now there are two methods of doing this with our own eyes. The first is, to place the two dissimilar pictures before the eye, or at the bottom of a box, as Mr. Elliot did, and look at an object farther off than the pictures. Each picture will thus be doubled; and when the right-hand picture of $A B$ comes above the left-hand picture of $C D$, the united pictures will start into perfect relief, and we shall see a raised cone before us like the extinguisher of a candle. But if we double $A B$ and $C D$ by looking at a point between us and the pictures, and combine the two innermost pictures as before, they will form by their union a hollow cone like the inside of the extinguisher. The reverse of this will take place if we place $A B$ where $C D$ is and $C D$ where $A B$ is, the united pictures forming a hollow cone when we converge the axes of our eyes beyond them, and a raised cone when we converge them to a point nearer than the pictures.

This method of uniting the pictures is possessed by very few persons. The first is the most difficult, but the second may be easily acquired. It is therefore of great importance to have an instrument to assist the eyes, and enable them, by looking directly at the pictures themselves, to combine them without any muscular effort.

The Reflecting Stereoscope.

With this view, Mr. Wheatstone proposed the Reflecting

Fig. 2.



various portraits, some of which were circulated in England, and sent to Paris.

The method of drawing binocular pictures of solids is very simple, and many curious combinations of cones, pyramids, spheres, &c., may be readily invented and executed. To take the simplest case, let it be required to make dissimilar drawings of a cone as seen by each eye.

Place the solid cone on the table, and looking down upon it, we shall see with the left eye its circular (or slightly

Stereoscope, which is shown in the annexed diagram, where A and B are two pieces of looking-glass about four inches square, so placed as to be inclined 90° to each other.

The binocular pictures are placed at C and D upon upright boards parallel to each other, and inclined 45° to the mirrors or plates of looking-glass $A B$. When the observer stands in front of $A B$, and looks with the left eye into the mirror A , and with the right eye into the mirror B , placing his nose in the hollow X , he will see the two pictures $C D$

erited in front of him by reflection from the mirrors. The instrument shown above was made by Mr. Ross, and is 16 inches long, 6 broad, and 8 high. Besides being a clumsy, expensive, and unmanageable apparatus, it has numerous optical defects. The loss of light by reflection is very great; and indistinctness is produced, as in all glass-mirrors, by the confounding of the image from the quicksilver with the fainter image from the glass. It is also wholly inapplicable to the beautiful bigocular pictures now in universal use.

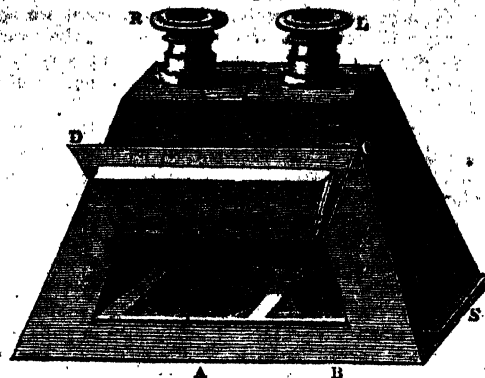
Finding that the Reflecting Stereoscope possessed these and other defects, and was besides ill fitted for general use, the writer contrived the Lenticular Stereoscope,—an instrument which, while it united the two pictures, magnified them at the same time.

The two pictures were placed at the distance of 2½ inches, as shown in the annexed figure, at *a* and *b*; *a* being the portrait of James Watt as seen by the left eye, and *b* the portrait as seen by the right eye.

The method by which these portraits are united in the Lenticular Stereoscope may be thus explained to those who are not acquainted with optics. If we look at fig. 1 with either eye through the centre of a convex glass, with which we see it distinctly at any distance, which is called its focal distance, or focal length, it will be seen in its place and magnified. If we now move the lens from *right* to *left* over *a*, keeping the eye fixed, the portrait *a* will appear to move towards *a*; and when we are looking through the right-hand edge of it, it will have reached the position *c*, half-way between *a* and *b*. If we next place the lens above the portrait *a*, and move it from *left* to *right*, the portrait will appear to move towards *a*; and when we are looking through the left-

duced by *quarter-lenses* *x* and *y*, which, like semi-lenses, may be cut into a round form and placed in tubes, as shown at *x* and *y* in the next figure, representing the Lenticular Stereoscope.

fig. 2.



The Lenticular Stereoscope.

This instrument, shown in fig. 3, consists of a pyramidal box of wood or metal, or any other opaque material, blackened on the inside, and having a lid *c* *d* for the admission of light when the pictures are opaque. The box is open below, *a* *a*, in order to let the light pass through the pictures *a* and *b* when they are transparent, in which case the lid *c* *d* must be shut. Another lid is sometimes added, so as to open externally on the edge opposite to *a* *a*, for the purpose of exhibiting dissolving views in the Stereoscope. The

fig. 3.



C



B

hand edge of the lens, the portrait *a* will have reached the position *c*. In these two experiments we have obviously transferred the portrait *a* to *c* by means of the *right-hand* half of the lens, and the portrait *b* to *c* by means of the *left-hand* half of the lens. Hence, if we cut the lens in two, and place the half-lenses, one in front of the portrait *a*, and the other in front of the portrait *b*, at the distance of 2½ inches, the distance between the eyes, which will be the same position in which they were when *a* was transferred

fig. 4.



to *c* and *a* to *c*, they will stand as in the annexed figure, and we shall see the portraits *a* and *b* united into one at *c*, and standing out in perfect relief. The same effect will be pro-

fig. 5.



bottom of the box is generally covered with ground-glass, the surface of which ought to be very fine, or very fine-grained paper may be used. The top of the box consists of two portions, in one of which is the right-eye tube *x*, containing the semi-lens or quarter-lens *e*, fig. 4, and in the other the left-eye tube *y*, containing the semi-lens or quarter-lens *h*. These two portions may be advantageously made to approach or recede, in order to suit eyes at different distances from one another; and the tubes containing the lenses should draw out, in order to suit long and short sighted eyes; but they should always be prevented from turning round by means of a fixed brass pin running in a groove cut in the movable tube.

If we now put the binocular picture *a* *b*, fig. 3, into the aperture at *s*, and place ourselves behind *x* and *y*, we shall, by looking through *x* with the right eye and *y* with the left eye, see the two images *a* and *b* united into one, and in the same perfect relief as the living person whom they represent; surpassing the finest portrait ever painted, and equalling the finest statue ever carved. If we shut either eye, we see only one portrait; but it has now sunk into a flat picture with only *monocular relief*, but still a relief greater than the best painted pictures can possibly have. Upon opening both eyes, the two portraits will instantly combine and start into the roundness and solidity of life.

THE OPINIONS OF MISS MARTHA TRIMMINS ON FASHIONS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

COMMUNICATED BY HOLME LEE,

AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

ARE there museums in China?—my reading has not yet certified to me the fact,—are there museums in China? Circumstances have led me to make my abode of late with my uncle, Simon Trimmings, of Crowfleet,—a yeoman-farmer, but an educated man, who is endeavouring to retrieve his losses in recent scientific speculations by the assiduous cultivation of a little farm in the north-west of Yorkshire. His success is very doubtful, for he has private agricultural theories to which this rugged soil does not take kindly; and though his land is worked on the best and newest principles, it yields him but scanty crops, and is not remunerative even to the extent of the labour bestowed upon it.

But what has this to do with museums in China? Much. The question is not mine, but Uncle Simon's. He says it would be a good speculation to take one out, if the opening is not already filled up; and that should his farm answer no better this season than it has done the two last, he shall lay out the wreck of his fortune in the purchase of curiosities for the instruction and delectation of the celestials.

And what, it may be asked, are these curiosities to be?

A judiciously selected series of the raiment of both sexes that has been fashionable during the last half-century. I advise Uncle Simon to go further back, and make a sort of historical thing of it; but men ever dislike a suggestion from a woman, so that my remark, though prompted by none but kind and sagacious motives, has but fixed him in his first design.

His allusion to the antics of fashion has led me to consider the subject,—a fertile and delightful one surely; and causes me to inquire why that arrogant power is suffered to be so imperative as to force upon us garments equally unbecoming and uncomfortable, and which in our souls we loathe while we wear them. Let it be understood, that in using the plural pronoun *we*, I allude to my sex generally: Martha Trimmings *individually* would scorn to be tyrannised over by a bonnet in the nape of her neck, or a gown a foot in the mud.

Not being imaginative, but simply observant, I will describe three rustic belles—our squire's daughters—who visited my uncle's farm in search of silver-pheasants for their poultry-yard soon after I came to Crowfleet. It was in February. I was airing myself in the garden after our midday repast, when I descried the trio in question coming up the road through the cow-pasture. At first I took them for Dutch broom-girls, but they had no organ; then for Newhaven fishwives; but as they approached nearer I perceived they were only ladies in masquerade,—no, not masquerade,—in what they considered an appropriate rural costume. They passed me with a manly majesty of step and gait which confounded all the feminine punctilios that my dear mother had ever instilled into my mind. A second observation, however, somewhat modified the severity of my first opinion; for I saw three bonnie bewitching girlish faces laughing under their ugly head-gear, and ankles, which, if too liberally exposed, were at least well turned and neatly dressed. But there was a Cochin-China-fowliness about the petticoats that I could not admire; the gowns being looped in festoons nearly to the knee, displayed below—not very far below—a margin of skirt striped in black and scarlet, prettily contrasted with a gaiter of brown cloth, which fitted over high-heeled leather-boots, laced up the front through little brass-holes. Short loose shag-jackets, with a pocket at either side for the reception of the hands, the trio wore; and the independent taste they seemed to have exercised was manifest in their hats. The eldest, a sparkling arch-eyed beauty, wore a wide-awake, ornamented with a little hoarhound's red feathers; the next, a rosy-cheeked blue-eyed beauty, was almost eclipsed under a huge

brown straw-mushroom; and the youngest and prettiest of the three rejoiced in a pert, turned-up, consequential little hat, like an archdeacon's, with a fierce velvet-cockade at one side and a big bow under the chin.

They all walked clear away over the ground, stepping high and dry, like women who have their liberty and know how to use it; but I could not help thinking how much sweeter and how much more fascinating they would have looked, if, in the general and striking effect of their appearance, there had been rather less imitation of the—*the other sex* (I cannot write the *bolder*, the *nobler*, or the *stranger sex* in this enlightened age). This style of attire was the winter's fashion at Crowfleet, and Uncle Simon intends to have exact copies of these three figures for his oriental museum. Even the representatives of the late Madame Tussaud,—that ingenious and public-spirited woman,—might exhibit them as a novel attraction to sight-seeing Londoners.

Behold this pretty trio of sisters on Sundays and fêtedays; they then wear the most ultra-fashionable of bonnets, depending from the backs of their heads upon their necks: in vain they have little curly feathers of blushing rose twirling over the edge, and the most delicate of flowers beneath: the whole face projects out from them, and the eyes, whistled at by rude and inconsiderate Yorkshire breezes, look weeping and uncomfortable; and the accurate little Greek noses sympathise with the tint of the tiny plumes aforementioned, while the general hue of the countenance is pale-bluish lilac. When I see them thus my soul hankers for the cottage-bonnet of my youth, when a pretty face was doubly charming half-hidden under the neat and modest shelter. Who will restore the cottage-bonnet, or, better still, the picturesque gipsy-hat, with blue ribbons or pink? The gipsy-hat, in simple Leghorn or chip, is the most becoming head-tire that can be worn by young maidens: it was some enemy to the sex that introduced the bare-faced wide-awake.

Hear these fair damsels combine with their Abigail for the composition and construction of new dresses. They will have braces! Braces? Frightfully suggestive word to those three young gentlemen who are about to unite their fates to the squire's lovely daughters! Braces!—for what *can* they be a preparation? have they a mysterious significance of that garment which British prejudice forbids her maidens to wear visibly, but which their ambitious little hearts ever desire to assume when they are transferred to the connubial hearth? Martha Trimmings hopes and trusts not; her soul revolts at the suspicion. Much better revert to the days of hoops, powder, and patches, than descend to an ungraceful imitation of the ruder sex. By the by, as we are reverting to those days, what is the name of that unmanageable trellis-work petticoat, hoop above hoop, which never will sit down with propriety? What an absurd invention! O, for the time of short waists and limp robes, when every soft and beautiful undulation of the form was veiled, but not disguised! I saw a lady a day or two ago whom I can compare to nothing but a water-butt in tarlatan.

Uncle Simon has another model in view for his projected museum, namely, the young gentlemen of the genus "fast," whose dress is "loud." (Allow me to mention parenthetically the necessity that has arisen of late years for a popular dictionary. New meanings have been arbitrarily affixed to the most respectable of old words; and notwithstanding my natural acuteness, I am perpetually at fault in conversation with young people. Nephew John told me yesterday, in a complimentary manner, that I was a "jolly old soul," and a "regular brick;" *jolly* and *brick* were not complimentary in my youth. But I say no more.) This male figure—we have seen the original many times,—will wear a shirt-front ornamented with a steeple-chase in red, and further garnished with studs of oxydised silver representing impish faces; trousers of the cross-gartered banded or intersected-ladder pattern; a coat with wide sleeves approaching the Turkish style; a tie with crimson ends; and

one of those shiny cylindrical hats which are the chief outward and visible sign of the integrity and respectability of the British gentleman. For how bravely, how self-sacrificingly, how constantly do they adhere to them! enduring the discomfort stoically on all public occasions, though in privacy they yield their brows to a less rigid and more seemly head-gear.

Who would see a physician in a wide-awake? Who would put faith in the doctrine of an archbishop in a Scotch bonnet? What criminal would tremble before a policeman in a straw-bengie? I touch the subject delicately, decorously. I know how valuable in the sight of every well-conditioned Englishman is that venerable institution—The Hat. I have a lurking approval of it myself quite unaccountable, because I have laboured to divest myself of prejudice; yet if Uncle Simon Trimmins were to offer me his arm to church in his every-day straw-hat, I would not take it. No; I hope I know what is due to me better than to allow such disrespect. When the present hat is abolished, and not till then, shall I feel that the British constitution is in danger; for it will show that the nation is becoming forgetful of itself, and declining into Capuan luxury. But enough of hats. When the Orientals see those which Uncle Simon will take out, I expect that one will be immediately added to their *répertoire* of instruments of torture, and that rows of criminals in hats will be exposed every sunshiny day as a terror to evil-doers. Should the case prove as I predict, we shall hear of it through the illustrated papers.

When does a girl cease to be a girl?—I ask the question advisedly, for it is immediately connected with the theme of dress,—when does a girl cease to be a girl? A few days since a lady, aged sixty-eight, alluded to her sister, aged sixty-six, in my presence, as a "poor dear girl." They are both unmarried, therefore that might perhaps be the reason; but such loose ways of speaking give rise to mistakes as regards suitable periods of attire: not to any other mistakes—O no!—let a lady of mature years be dressed in the very tenderest lamb-fashion, and nine out of ten in the company will overrate her age.

Than "a certain age" no age is more uncertain; and it has ever been my ambition to fix dates to the various turning-points of life, that this vagueness may be done away with. Coming from one of the sex, herself an independent spinster of forty-six, no offence to the tender susceptibilities of the sisterhood can be intended; and Martha Trimmins, who is above the foolish weakness of trying to appear what she is not, hopes that none will be taken.

The following, then, are my dates: open to correction and discussion certainly; but I think the arrangement perfect. Childhood reaches to the delicious age of sixteen, and then begins the reign of girlish beauty, hope, fancy, and innocent gaiety; a girl, being unmarried at twenty, becomes a woman; at twenty-five she is a woman of experience; at thirty she is an old maid; at thirty-five every symptom of juvenility ought to have given place to a staid useful solidity, which marks the woman of a recognised vocation, who has got into her solitary niche and found plenty to do there; at forty, if she has developed her amiability at every opportunity, she ought to be a "dear old thing," with the warmest interest in the love-affairs of the "young things," a fund of patience, stories, and bonbons for children, sensible talk for her elders, and a well-stored mind for herself. And beyond this women need not count. To the end of their lives they must be "clever old things," "good old things," "dear darling old things," kind and helpful to every body, as if they were universal maiden-aunts. But let them not indulge in balloon-petticoats, in gossamer raiment, in pointed elbows, in denuded shoulders, in artificial garlands amongst hair that time has touched with silver. O my sisters, grow old gracefully; and let the name of Old Maid cease to be a reproach in the land, and the cause of mocking to irreverent youth. I call upon the fashion-books henceforward to publish designs of attire suitable to the seven ages of women; and if the proprietors are at a loss, let them apply

to Martha Trimmins, and she will be proud and happy to help them out of their dilemma.

Uncle Simon is going to have two figures, similarly arrayed, for his Celestial Museum. The one is to be a blooming girl of eighteen, the other an elderly young lady of forty-three. The best artist in wax in Europe will be engaged to model them from nature; and when the time comes, I shall propose that, previous to their being sent out of the country, they make the tour of all the county-halls, and stand in the vestibules, in conspicuous lights, for the inspection of their originals.

Perhaps the idea might be carried out with the other sex; but as their deceptions go no further than wigs and dye for the hair, which deceive nobody but the wearers, the expense would be useless; besides I will leave them to the reformers among themselves, of whom there is generally more than a sufficiency on hand, either of the Trimmins or Cleverboots family.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted, must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed and stamped.]

EMERSON ON ENGLAND.

THE test of genius is success; England is the most successful of nations, therefore the nation possessing the greatest genius; but she has reached the culminating point, and henceforth only decline is to be expected. Such is the opinion pronounced by the American sage on our country; and this is the theory of Mr. Emerson's book, entitled *English Traits*,* at present the theme of English criticism and the study of English readers.

This same notion of England's decline is due rather to a phase of the American mind than to any pressing fact demanding general recognition. Mr. Emerson's may be readily accepted as the highest type of that mind. The national intellect itself, however, should not be taken as a simple individuality, representing nothing but its own inner life and character. Such a proposition American literature will not permit us to affirm, indebted as it is to foreign sources for thoughts and images, and hitherto presenting too little that is properly American in its poetry, philosophy, and romance. Mr. Emerson's own mind owes much confessedly to Cousin, Swedenborg, and Carlyle; and the general American himself, as our author is careful to acknowledge, "is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions, more or less propitious;" nay, Mr. Emerson gives it as his opinion that the American must continue to be such so long as he refuses to grant copyright to the English author,—for even so long must the Englishman be the teacher of the American. In some sort, however, he contends that the mind of every other country is similarly circumstanced: French, Turk, Chinese, even "the Russian in his snows, is aiming to be English." In a word, "the culture of the day, the thoughts and aims of men, are English thoughts and aims."

The phase of the American mind to which we have alluded, accordingly, may be that of other countries also; and we think that we have heard of this theory of decline from other quarters: wherefore it behoves us to heed well what truth or error it may contain.

The notion we have cited will, we believe, be generally found coexistent with the writer's ignorance of what is or is not English, and may, indeed, be accepted as a gauge of his want of information. And thus it will happen, that where a foreigner appreciates England, he will in general be found to be tolerably accurate in his detail; where he depreciates, to be largely inaccurate. This is, at any rate,

* Published by G. Routledge and Co., Farringdon Street.

the case with Mr. Emerson: nor is it any depreciation of his merit to state so much. The knowledge of a foreigner regarding another land and people is necessarily imperfect. Added to this, Mr. Emerson has a peculiar source of error. Habitually an idealist, in undertaking to portray our country and manners he has passed out of that inner and individual life in which he has hitherto consented to be (in his own phrase) "imprisoned," and suddenly made acquaintance with unaccustomed objects, relative to some of which his first impressions are necessarily incorrect.

Mr. Emerson may find an excuse in the composite character of the English people, which, as he states, betrays a mixed origin, and which, being contradictory in itself, justifies contradictory opinions in reference to it:

"Every thing English," says our philosopher, "is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements. The language is mixed; the names of men are of different nations,—three languages, three or four nations; the currents of thought are counter: contemplation and practical skill; active intellect and dead conservatism; world-wide enterprise and devoted use and wont; aggressive freedom and hospitable law, with bitter class-legislation; a people scattered by their wars and affairs over the face of the whole earth, and homesick to a man; a country of extremes,—dukes and chartists, Bishops of Durham and naked heathen colliers;—nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salves of cordial praise."

There is a difference, according to Mr. Emerson, between "the World's Englishman" and the Englishman of different districts. The world's Englishman, he tells us, is a Londoner; but then London itself, he likewise informs us, is not only an "immense city they have builded," but a "London extended into every man's mind, though he live in Van Diemen's Land or Cape Town." We may, then, accept it rather as a state than a place. Such a Londoner has Mr. Emerson's good word. He is, indeed, a sort of model man, decidedly a gentleman, and thoroughly trustworthy. Englishmen of the type intended insure the "faithful performance of what is undertaken to be performed; they honour it in themselves, and exact it in others as certificate of equality with themselves. The modern world is theirs; they have made and make it day by day. The commercial relations of the world are so intimately drawn to London, that every dollar on earth contributes to the strength of the English government. And if all the wealth in the planet should perish by war or deluge, they know themselves competent to replace it."

Of our national decline, Mr. Emerson detects the chief symptom in our national literature. Our neglect of the ideal philosophy is his chief complaint; and a grave complaint enough it were, should we be compelled to register the charge. "Coleridge, a catholic mind, with a hunger for ideas, with eyes looking before and after to the highest bards and sages, and who wrote and spoke the only high criticism in his time, is (he says) one of those who save England from the reproach of no longer possessing the capacity to appreciate what rarest wit the island has yielded. Yet even in him the traditional Englishman was too strong for the philosopher, and he fell into accommodations."

Whatever was true in this censure of Mr. Emerson's in 1838, when he first visited England, has long since outgrown its applicability. For several years now has Transcendentalism been well known in England: it has its students at the universities, such as Dr. Whewell; and in our great reviews its principles and terminologies are habitually used as recognised data in all philosophical, or even scientific investigations. The English mind has assimilated the truths contained in the system without parading the system itself; and this, too, is the English manner of acting in such cases. Idealism is quite as vital as ever it was amongst us; and of idealists we have not a few, perhaps one or two too many.

Mr. Emerson is not always consistent. The tendency of our institutions, he thinks, is to republicanism; and that of the United States to a condition of no-government, in which each man's moral nature will be a sufficient safe-

guard. One should have thought that, on his own principles, Mr. Emerson would not have described such a tendency as a symptom of decline; and, for America, if ever she arrive at the predicated theocratic perfection, and anticipate in it all other nations, her enthusiastic philosopher might well predict that the final "elasticity and hope of the world must remain on the Alleghany ranges;" for a people that had attained to such self-government would easily govern the rest of the race. The only political accusation, however, made by Mr. Emerson in regard to England's decline, is our complicity, contrary to all former wont, with Louis Napoleon. But he forgets that our alliance is in reality with the French people, and that it took its rise in a principle of political justice quite consonant with the genius of this country. England compromised no national idea even for a gain so costly as the French alliance: France recognised English doctrines.

On the whole, Mr. Emerson gives a highly-coloured picture of English excellence, under the various aspects of "race," "ability," "manners," "truth," "character," "wealth," "aristocracy," "religion," "literature," and our education at the universities, which last perhaps he even overrates. The traits he most admires in us are those that reflect similar points in American character. But even should the United States, or any of the European nations, win the goal of national perfectibility, and leave England any where behind, still England, according to Mr. Emerson's own showing, might claim the triumph. The result would be only that her Soul had transmigrated, and asserted its immortality in the form of the successful country, since, according to him, it is with her spirit, and hers alone, that every people is at present seeking to be inspired. The Englishman, it should seem, is not confined to a place, but is, *par excellence*, the Citizen of the World.

A SONNET. BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

DIED on the 20th of September 1856, at Morningside, near Edinburgh, Dr. Samuel Brown, well known and dear to the fit and few throughout England and Scotland.

He was struck with mortal illness when on the eve of completing the scientific labours to which his splendid talents had been devoted; and after eight years of patient pain and unconquered hope, was obliged to leave the demonstration of his discoveries to the good fortune of future times.

He came with us to thy great gates, O Thou
Unopened Age. Our noise was like the wind
Chafing the wordy Deep: but broad and blind
They stood unmoved. Then He—we knew not how—
Laid forth his hand upon them. Lo, they grind
Revolving thunders! Lo, on his dark brow
The unknown light! Lo, Azrael came behind,
And touched him! They clanged back, and all was Now.
We wondered and forgot. But he, unbent,
With eye still strained to the forbidden day,
Towered in the likeness of his great intent,
As if his act should be his monument,
Till Azrael pitied such sublime dismay,
And led him onward by another way.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.
IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE ladies did not appear at lunch. Word was sent down stairs that Miss Childe was "indisposed." I could not by any means get to see Mrs. Rochdale, though I hung about the house all day. Near dark, I received a message that the mistress wanted me.



REPOSE. STUDY OF A BABE IN MARBLE, BY A MUNRO.

She was sitting in the dining-room, without lights. She sat as quiet, as motionless, as a carved figure. I dared not speak to her; I trembled to catch the first sound of her voice—my friend, my mistress, my dear Mrs. Rochdale!

"Martha!"

"Yes, madam."

"I wish, Martha"—and there the voice stopped.

I hardly know what prevented my saying or doing, on the impulse, things that the commonest instinct told me, the moment afterwards, ought to be said and done by no one—certainly not by me—at this crisis, to Mrs. Rochdale. So, with an effort, I stood silent in the dim light—as silent and motionless as herself.

"I wish, Martha"—and her voice was steady now—"I wish to send you on a message, which requires some one whom I can implicitly trust."

My heart was at my lips; but of course I only said, "Yes, madam."

"I want you to go down to the village, to the—the young person at the baker's shop."

"Nancy Hine."

"Is that her name? Yes, I remember: Nancy Hine. Bring her here—to the manor-house; without observation, if you can."

"To-night, madam?"

"To-night. Make any excuse you choose; or rather, make no excuse at all. Say Mrs. Rochdale wishes to speak to her."

"Any thing more?" I asked softly, after a considerable pause.

"Nothing more. Go at once, Martha."

I obeyed implicitly. Much as this my mission had surprised, nay, startled me, I knew Mrs. Rochdale always

did what was wisest, best to do, under the circumstances. Also, that her combined directness of purpose and strength of character often led her to do things utterly unthought of by a weaker or less single-hearted woman.

Though a misty September moonlight, I walked blindly on in search of Nancy Hine.

She was having a lively gossip at the bakehouse-door. The fire showed her figure plainly. Her large rosy arms, whitened with flour, were crossed over her decent working-gown. People allowed—even the most censorious—that Nancy was, in her own home, an active industrious lass, though too much given to dress of Sundays, and holding herself rather above her station every day.

"Nancy Hine, I want to speak with you a minute"

"O, do you, Martha Stretton? Speak out, then. No secrets here."

Her careless, not to say rude, manner irritated me. I just turned away and walked down the village. I had not gone many yards when Nancy's hand was on my shoulder; and with a loud laugh at my sudden start, she pulled me by a back door into the shop.

"Now then?"

The baker's daughter folded her arms in a rather defiant way. Her eyes were bright and open. There was in her manner some excitement, coarseness, and boldness; but nothing unvirtuous—nothing to mark the fallen girl whom her neighbours were pointing the finger at. I could not loathe her quite as much as I had intended.

"Now then?" she repeated.

I delivered Mrs. Rochdale's message, word for word.

Nancy seemed a good deal surprised—not shocked, or alarmed, or ashamed—merely surprised.

"Wants me, does she? Why?"

"She did not say."

"But you guess, of course. Well, who cares? Not I."

Yet her brown handsome face changed colour. Her hands nervously fidgeted about—taking off her apron, "making herself decent," as she called it. Suddenly she stopped.

"Has there been any letter—any news—from young Mr. Rochdale?"

"I believe there has; but that is no business of—"

"Mine, you mean, oh? Come, don't be so sharp, Martha Stretton. I'll go with you, only let me put on my best bonnet first."

"Nancy Hine," I burst out, "do you think it can matter to Mrs. Rochdale whether you go in a queen's gown or a beggar's rags, except that the rags might suit you best? Come just as you are."

"I will," cried Nancy, glaring in my face; "and you, Martha, keep a civil tongue, will you? My father's daughter is as good as yours, or your mistress's either. Get out of the shop. I'll follow 'ee. I hean't afeard."

That broad accent—broadening as she got angry—those abrupt awkward gestures!—what could the young squire, his mother's son, who had lived with that dear mother all his days, have seen attractive in Nancy Hine?

But similar anomalies of taste have puzzled, and will puzzle, every body—especially women, who in their attachments generally see clearer and deeper than men—to the end of time.

Nancy Hine walked in sullen taciturnity to the manor-house. It was already late—nearly all the household were gone to bed. I left the young woman in the hall, and went up to Mrs. Rochdale.

She was sitting before her dressing-room fire absorbed in thought. In the chamber close by—in the large state-bed which Mrs. Rochdale always occupied, where generations of Rochdales had been born and died—slept the gentle girl whose happiness had been so cruelly betrayed. For that the engagement was broken, and for sufficient cause, Mr. Rochdale's answer, or rather non-answer, to his mother's plain letter made now certain, almost beyond a doubt.

"Hush, don't wake her," whispered Mrs. Rochdale, hurriedly. "Well, Martha?"

"The young woman—shall I bring her, madam?"

"What, here?" Words cannot describe the look of repulsion, hatred, horror, which for a moment darkened Mrs. Rochdale's face. Perhaps the noblest human being, either man or woman, is born, not passionless, but with strong passions to be subjected to firm will. If at that moment—one passing moment—she could have crushed out of existence the girl who had led away her son—(for Nancy was older than he, and "no fool")—I think Mrs. Rochdale would have done it.

The next instant she would have done nothing of the kind; nothing that a generous Christian woman might not do.

She rose up, saying quietly, "The young person cannot come here, Martha. Bring her into—let me see—into the drawing-room."

There, entering a few minutes after, we found Mrs. Rochdale seated on one of the velvet couches, just in the light of the chandelier.

I do not suppose Nancy Hine had ever been in such a brilliant, beautiful room before. She was apparently quite stunned and dazzled by it; curtsied humbly, and stood with her arms wrapped up in her shawl, vacantly gazing about her.

Mrs. Rochdale spoke. "Nancy Hine, I believe, is your name?"

"Yes, my lady. That is—am—yes, ma'am, my name is Nanby."

She came a little forwarder now, and lifted up her eyes more boldly at the sofa. In fact, they both regarded each other keenly and long—the lady of the manor and the village girl.

I observed that Mrs. Rochdale had resumed her usual evening-dress, and that no trace of mental disorder was visible in her aspect—scarcely even in her countenance.

"I sent for you, Nancy Hine—(Martha, do not go away, I wish that there should be a witness of all that passes between this young woman and myself)—I sent for you on account of certain reports, more injurious to your character, if possible, than even to that of—the other person. Are you aware what reports I mean?"

"Yes, my lady, I be."

"That is an honest answer, and I like honesty," said Mrs. Rochdale, after a prolonged gaze at the face, now scarlet with wholesome blushes, of the baker's daughter. With a half-sigh of relief, she went on.

"You must be also aware that I, as the mother of—that other person, can have but one motive in sending for you here,—namely, to ask a question which I more than any one else have a right to ask, and to have answered. Do you understand me?"

"Some'at."

"Nancy," she resumed, after another long gaze, as if struck by something in the young woman different from what she had expected, and led thereby to address her differently from what she had at first intended,—“Nancy, I will be plain with you. It is not every lady—every mother, who would have spoken with you as I speak now, without anger or blame—only wishing to get from you the truth. If I believed the worst—if you were a poor girl whom my son had—had wronged, I would still have pitied you. Knowing him and now looking at you, I do not believe it. I believe you may have been foolish, light of conduct; but not guilty. Tell me—do tell me!”—and the mother's agony broke through the lady's calm and dignified demeanour—"one word to assure me it is so!"

But Nancy Hine did not utter that word. She gave a little faint sob, and then dropped her head with a troubled awkward air, as if the presence of Lemuel's mother—speaking so kindly, and looking her through and through—was more than she could bear.

That poor mother, whom this last hope had failed, to whom her only son now appeared not only as a promise-breaker, but the systematic seducer of a girl beneath his own rank—between whom and himself could exist no mental union, no false gloss of sentiment to cover the foulness of mere sensual passion—that poor mother sank back, and put her hand over her eyes, as if she would fain henceforth shut out from her sight the whole world.

After a while, she forced herself to look at the girl once more,—who, now recovering from her momentary remorse, was busy casting admiring glances, accompanied with one or two curious smiles, around the drawing-room.

"From your silence, young woman, I must conclude that I was mistaken; that—but I will spare you. You will have enough to suffer. There now remains only one question which I desire—which I am compelled—to ask: How long has this—this"—she seemed to choke over the unuttered word—"lasted?"

"Dunnot know what you mean."

"I must speak plainer, then. How long, Nancy Hine, have you been my son's—Mr. Rochdale's—mistress?"

"Not a day—not an hour," cried Nancy, violently, coming close to the sofa. "Mind what you say, Mrs. Rochdale. I'm an honest girl. I'm as good as you. I'm Mr. Rochdale's wife!"

Mr. Rochdale's mother sat mute, and watched the girl take from a ribbon round her neck a ring—an unmistakable wedding-ring, and slip it with a determined push on her large working-woman's finger. This done, she thrust it right in the lady's sight.

"Look'ee, what do 'ee say to that? He put it there. All your anger cannot take it off. I am Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, your son's wife."

"Ah!" shrinking from her. But the next minute the true womanly feeling came into the virtuous mother's heart.

"Better this—than—what they said. Better a thousand times. Thank God!"

With a sigh, long and deep, she sat down, and again covered her eyes, as if trying to realise the amazing—impossible truth. Then she said slowly, "Martha, I think this"—she hesitated what name to give Nancy; finally gave no name at all—"I think she had better go away."

Nancy, quite awed and moved—all her boldness gone, was creeping out of the room after me, when Mrs. Rochdale called us back.

"Stay; at this hour of the night it is not fitting that—my son's wife—should be out alone. Martha, ask your father to see her safe home."

The baker's daughter turned at the door, and said, "Thank'ee, my lady;" but omitted her curtsy this time. And Mrs. Rochdale had found her daughter-in-law!

Ere we well knew what had happened, the whole dynasty at the manor-house was changed. Mrs. Rochdale was gone; she left before her son returned from Scotland, and did not once see him. Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale, late Nancy Hine, was installed as lady of the manor.

Such a theme for gossip had not been vouchsafed our county for a hundred years. Of a surety they canvassed it over—talked it literally threadbare.

Mrs. Rochdale escaped it fortunately. She went abroad with Sir John and Miss Childs. All the popular voice was with her and against her son. They said he had killed that pretty gentle creature—who, however, did not die, but lived to suffer—perhaps better still, to overcome suffering; that he had broken his noble mother's heart. Few of his old friends visited him; not one of their wives visited his wife. He had done that which many "respectable" people are more shocked at than at any species of profligacy—he had made a low marriage.

Society was hard upon him, harder than he deserved. At least they despised him and his marriage for the wrong cause. Not because his wife was, when he chose her, a woman thoroughly beneath him in education, tastes, and feelings,—because from this inferiority it was impossible he could have felt for her any save the lowest and most degrading kind of love,—but simply because she was a village girl—a baker's daughter!

Sir John Childs said to Lemuel's mother, in a lofty compassion, the only time he was ever known to refer to the humiliating and miserable occurrence, "Madam, whatever herself might have been, the disgrace would have been lightened had your son not married a person of such low origin. Shocking!—a baker's daughter!"

"Sir John," said Mrs. Rochdale with dignity, "if my son had chosen a woman suitable and worthy of being his wife, I would not have minded had she been the daughter of the meanest labourer in the land."

"Miss Martha!" called out our rector's wife to me one day, "is it true, that talk I hear of Mrs. Rochdale's coming home?"

"Quite true, I believe."

"And where will she come to? Not to the manor-house?"

"Certainly not." I fear there was a bitterness in my tone, for the good old lady looked at me reprovingly.

"My dear, the right thing for us in this world is to make the very best of that which, having happened, was consequently ordained by Providence to happen. And we often find the worst things not so bad, after all. I was truly glad to-day to hear that Mrs. Rochdale was coming home."

"But not home to *them*,—not to the manor-house. She will take a house in the village. She will never meet them, any more than when she was abroad."

"But she will hear of them. That does great good sometimes."

"When there is any good to be heard."

"I have told you, Martha, and I hope you have told

Mrs. Rochdale, that there is good. When first I called on Mrs. Lemuel, it was simply in my character as the clergyman's wife, doing what I believed my duty. I found that duty easier than I had expected."

"Because she remembered her position"—("Her former position, my dear," corrected Mrs. Wood)—"because she showed off no airs and graces, but was quiet, humble, and thankful, as became her, for the kindness you thus showed."

"Because of that, and something more. Because the more I have seen of her the more I feel, that though not exactly to be liked, she is to be respected. She has sustained tolerably well a most difficult part,—that of an ignorant person suddenly raised to wealth; envied and abused by her former class, utterly scouted and despised by her present one. She has had to learn to comport herself as mistress where she was once an equal, and as an equal where she used to be an inferior. I can hardly imagine a greater trial, as regards social position."

"Position? She has none. No ladies except yourself will visit her. Why should they?"

"My dear, why should they not? A woman who since her marriage has conducted herself with perfect propriety, befitting the sphere to which she was raised; has lived retired, and forced herself into no one's notice; who is, whatever be her shortcomings in education and refinement of character, a good wife, a kind mistress—"

"How do you know that?"

"Simply because her husband is rarely absent a day from home; because all her servants have remained with her, and spoken well of her, these five years."

I could not deny these facts. They were known to the whole neighbourhood. The proudest of our gentry were not wicked enough to shut their eyes to them, even when they contemptuously stared at Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale driving drearily about in long summer-afternoons in her lonely carriage, with not a single female friend to pay a morning-visit to, or suffer the like infliction from;—not even at church, when quizzing her large-figure and heavy gait,—for she had not become more sylph-like with added years,—they said she was growing "crumbie," like her father's loaves, and wondered she would persist in wearing the finest bonnets of all the congregation.

Nay, even I, bitter as I was, really pitied her, one sacrament-day, when she unwittingly advanced to the first "rail" of communicants; upon which all the other "respectable" Christians hung back till the second. After that the Rochdales were not seen again at the communion. Who could marvel?

It was noticed, by some to his credit, by others as a point for ridicule, that her husband always treated her abroad and at home with respect and consideration. Several times a few hunting neighbours, lunching at the manor-house, brought word how Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale had taken the mistress's place at table; in a grave taciturn way, so that perforce every one had to forget entirely that he had ever joked and laughed over her father's counter with the *ci-devant* Nancy Hine.

For that honest old father, he had soon ceased to give any trouble to his aristocratic son-in-law, having died quietly,—in a comfortable and honourable bedroom at the manor-house top,—and been buried underneath an equally comfortable and honourable head-stone to the memory of "Mr. Daniel Hine;" "baker" was omitted, to the great indignation of our village, who thought that if a tradesman could "carry nothing" else, he ought at least to carry the stigma of his trade out with him into the next world.

Mrs. Rochdale came home,—to the only house in the neighbourhood which could be found suitable. It was a little distance from the village, and three miles from the manor-house. Many, I believe, wished her to settle in some other part of the county; but she briefly said that she "preferred" living here.

Her jointure, and an additional allowance from the estate, which was fully and regularly paid by my father,—still Mr.

Rochdale's steward,—was, I believe, the only link of association between her and her former home. Nor did she apparently seek for more. The only possible or probable chance of her meeting the inhabitants of the manor-house was at Thorpe church; and she attended a chapel-of-ease in the next parish, which was, as she said, "nearer." She fell into her old habits of charity,—her old simple life; and though her means were much reduced, every one, far and near, vied in showing her attention and respect.

But Mrs. Rochdale did not look happy. She had grown much older,—was decidedly "an elderly lady" now. Instead of her fair calm aspect, was a certain unquiet air, a perpetual looking and longing for something she did not find. For weeks after she came to her new house she would start at strange knocks, and gaze eagerly after strange horsemen passing the window, as if she thought, "he may come to see his mother." But he did not; and after a time she settled down into the patient dignity of hopeless pain.

Many people said, because Lemuel's name was never heard on her lips, that she cherished an implacable resentment towards him. That, I thought, was not true. She might have found it hard to forgive him,—most mothers would; but did any mother ever find any pardon impossible?

She had still his boyish portrait hanging beside his father's in her bedroom; and once, opening by chance a drawer usually kept locked, I found it contained—what? Lemuel's childish muslin-frocks, his boyish cloth-cap, his fishing-rod, and an old book of flies.

After that, who could believe his mother "implacable"?

Yet she certainly was a great deal harder than she used to be; harsher and quicker in her judgments; more unforgiving of little faults in those about her. With regard to her son, her mind was absolutely impenetrable. She seemed to have fortified and intrenched herself behind a strong endurance; it would take a heavy stroke to reach the citadel—the poor desolate citadel of the forlorn mother's heart.

The stroke fell. None can doubt Who sent it, nor why it came.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing at the schoolhouse-door, when my cousin's lad George, who had been to see the hunt pass, ran hastily in.

"O mother, the squire's thrown, and killed."

"Killed!" O, that shriek! May I never live to hear such another!

The tale, we soon found, was incorrect: Mr. Rochdale had only been stunned, and seriously injured, though not mortally. But—his poor mother!

THE LEGEND OF THE SANGREAL.

By R. ALFRED VAUGHAN, B.A.

NEXT to the old laws and the old ballads, we are most indebted to the old stories for our knowledge of the past. There are satirical and comic tales to give us pictures of the medieval manners. Chaucer and Boccaccio are our Aristophanes and Plautus. There are the legends of miracle and sainthood to represent to us the faith of the middle age. Between the laughter-loving freedom of the former class of tale and the solemn supernaturalism of the latter lies a third species,—the story of chivalrous adventure and marvellous enchantment. In these romances the remains of Gothic superstition and fragments of oriental fable play a conspicuous part beside the prowess of "Sir Knight" and the piety of "Sir Priest." Hence the trolls and elvenwomen, the giants and the dwarfs, the magic rings and flying-horses, the far-working spells of the wizard and the glamour of the fay. Among those traditions, which were the common property of so many minstrels and story-tellers, there is not one which is more remarkable than the legend of the Sangreal. It combines in itself nearly all the constituent elements to which we have adverted. It is a story of wonders as the story of

Aladdin in the *Arabian Nights*, or the legends of Solomon and Aschmedai in the *Talmud*. It is as full of knightly combats and adventures as Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. It is as full of reverence for holy men and holy things as the *Lives of the Saints* or the story of *Count Robert*. It unites (as did the military orders of Christendom) the spiritual and the secular interest, and belongs alike to the chivalrous world and the ecclesiastical. It might be selected from all the rest as the representative fiction of the middle ages.

The origin of the tradition concerning the Sangreal is enveloped in obscurity. Into the learned inquiries of Büsching, Lachmann, Simrock, or Göschel, it is not our purpose to enter. Thus much is certain, that *San* means *holy*, and that *Greal*, *Graal*, or *Grâl* is the Provençal for *vessel*. The legend, then, of the Holy Vessel appears in various shapes in our *King Arthur*, in the *Mabinogion*, and in the *Parsival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach. In the *Parsival*,—the great German poem of the thirteenth century,—it assumes its most poetical form, and has been invested by the somewhat fanciful antiquarianism of Germany with the most profound significance.

The early history of the Grâl carries us back to the expulsion of the rebel-angels. It is said, that when the thrones and princedom of the fallen were driven over the bounds of heaven,

"With hideous ruin and combustion down,"

the falchion of the archangel Michael, descending full upon the crest of Satan, dashed into a thousand fragments his resplendent crown,—that coronal, fashioned of heaven's pearl and diamond and sardonyx and chrysolite, which had once bound the serene brows of the Son of the Morning, and shone afterwards as the standard followed by revolted myriads in the celestial war. One jewel of this crown struck off like a spark, leaped out into space, and there hovered long, drifting through limbo and the interlunar realms, till at last it dropped upon our earth. There it was found by some of those angels who render guardian-offices upon this planet. On what summit of snows above all flight of birds, or in what woodland solitude, or down in the heart of what sleeping sea, the angelic eyes discovered the treasure, no chronicler hath told us. The precious stone, itself of marvellous virtue, was fashioned into a vessel, and endowed with yet more blessed potency by the uses to which it was applied. It was said to have held the bread at the Last Supper. In the hands of Joseph of Arimathea, it received the water and the blood which flowed from the pierced side of Christ. It was destined to become the symbol of salvation: but for a long time men remained unprofitable by its benignant powers; for a worthy guardian could not be found. The Grâl remained suspended in the heights of air, far above earth's clouds and tempests,—a wandering star, beyond the ken of man or the search of the astrologer.

At length Titurêl, a prince of Anjou, was made the first Grâl-king. For such an honour wealth gave no fitness, nor learning, nor knightly prowess: only to the pure in heart could the Grâl become visible; only to one who had in him the spirit of the little child, whose unfeigned lowliness was proof against all the pomps and the ambitions of this mortal life, could a gift so priceless be intrusted. We read in *King Arthur* how Sir Launcelot was cast into a deep sleep in a lonesome chapel, where he saw the Grâl brought in, and a wounded knight healed thereby, but was not able himself to arise and draw near because of his guilty love for Queen Guinevere. When the brave and simple-hearted Titurêl was appointed guardian, he erected a sumptuous temple to contain the relic, built a castle, and founded an order of knights called the *Templeisen*.

The temple of the Grâl was invisible to every profane eye. Godly knights and true, to whom it was given to behold it, came upon it unawares, as they rode about redressing wrongs and delivering the oppressed. You, reader, are a hater of wrong-doing, a lowly-minded lover of mercy and

truth; and you will be able, therefore, even from our poor description, to behold this temple with the eye of imagination.

See it stand, gorgeous in the light of the setting sun, near the summit of Montsalvage. Around it are black rocks, holding here and there unmelted snows; and beneath, on the shoulders and spreading sides of the mountain, grows an impenetrable forest of cypress. The topmost tree-points are touched ruddily by the sunset; the rest stand dark and stately, like a host of banners of green velvet, close-ranked, hanging heavily in a great calm. In the centre of the temple rises a dome covered with a golden mail, fantastically overrun by branching veins of blue enamel; and on the summit flames a giant carbuncle, the beacon of every Templar homeward-bound. Around the great central cupola stand six-and-thirty towers, each with a spiral staircase winding round its outer wall. Above each tower there seems to hover motionless, poised on its outspread wings, an eagle made of gold. The slanting sun-rays are flashed back from the burnished breasts of this wondrous circle of birds. Each eagle is in truth supported by a cross of crystal, planted on the summit of every tower, too transparent to be visible from where we stand; a symbol this, to the pious fancy of the soldier-monks, of that invisible support the Cross affords to man. At the base of every one of the six-and-thirty towers are two octagonal chapels,—the minor shrines which girdle the precincts of the central sanctuary.

Within the dome the knights see above them a blue vault of sapphire, on which are represented sun and moon in diamonds and topaz; while a circle of brazen columns supports this heaven of precious stones. The crystal pavement reflects the azure of the roof; so that the armed heel appears to stand on air, and every shining pillar is imaged by a line of light that seems to pierce unfathomable depths, like that column of glory which descends from an evening sun into the calmness of the sea. In this crystalline floor the art of the mosaic-worker has inserted fishes of every form, carved in onyx, that glance and seem to glide as lights and shadows pass or fall upon them. The deep-browed windows are rich with many-coloured marble and many-coloured glass. The hues on one blend together in a ruddy autumn brown; those of another flame with gold and crimson, like the illuminated capitals of a missal; while a third is crossed with blue over interstices of red, like a trellis-work of amethyst filled with roses. Here the quaint design multiplies a pale flower, like a faint azure flame shooting up between two plume-like leaves of emerald. There lustrous arrow-heads, or *fleur-de-lis*, seem to chase each other round the border. The graceful fantasies of oriental arabesque overrun the snowy marble of the screen. Dragons and gryphons on the groinings of the roof plant their claws on mystic scrolls. In circlets of opal are traced lambs with banners, or castle-gateways with pillars of malachite and purple portcullises, in colours borrowed from the thunder-clouds of summer and the foliage of spring.

Enshrined in the holiest place, bowered deep in exquisite enclosures of sandal-wood and gold, of lapis lazuli and marble, lies the Holy Grál. The virtues of this stone of stones prolong the life and sustain the vigour of the gallant company of guardian-knights. Were a wounded man at the very point of death, one look thereon would give him six days' life. He who sees it daily, holds the secret of perpetual youth, and need fear no decay or any sickness. By its life-giving power the phoenix springs out of his funeral flame and lives anew—the type of resurrection. On Good Friday a dove, descending from the skies, lays a consecrated wafer on the Grál; and thus its miraculous potency is every year renewed. It has power, continues the legend, to change a crust into a banquet; and has been thus permitted to repeat the miracle which fed the five thousand among the Galilean hills.

Let us now take a scene from the poem already mentioned, and see how its author, Wolfram, has handled the tradition.

Parzival, weary and belated, was riding onward one dark night, whither he knew not, when he heard the distant fall of surf upon a beach. Making his way toward the shore, he discerns the twinkling light of a fisherman's hut. There he is directed to a neighbouring castle. Arrived under a gloomy mass of wall, he winds his horn; answers questioning by pronouncing the name of the fisherman; rides across the echoing drawbridge, and is received in the courtyard by attendants with torches. He sees with surprise that the tiltyard is overgrown with rank grass, as though many a year had passed since any knight had broken lance there for love of fair lady. They usher him into a vast hall, dazzling with the blaze of a hundred torches. He passes up between couches of costliest workmanship, whereon lie four hundred knights. On the dais stand three marble vases filled with burning aloë-wood, raising clouds of fragrant incense. In the centre he sees a sick man reclining on a couch. It is Anfortas, the Grál-king. He beckons Parzival to approach him. At this moment a page brings in a lance from which blood is dropping; he carries it round among the knights, who gaze upon it with looks of sorrow, some uttering lamentations, others sighing and groaning sorely at the sight. Parzival looks on in silence. The preceptor of his youth, the sage Sir Gurnemans, had once warned him against asking questions. The wise advice is, in this instance, unwisely followed. Then, through a door of shining steel, enter four princesses bearing golden candlesticks; and these, with their robes of scarlet, are followed by eight maidens in grass-green samite, carrying a slab of polished garnet. Then, amidst her ladies, the beautiful Repanse de Schoie comes in, the queen of the Grál castle, and lays before Anfortas a vessel of precious stone.

Now the feast is about to begin; the hall is thronged with attendants, bearing golden ewers, setting out the tables, and presenting bread before the Grál. The bread thus offered is placed upon the tables, and is, in the very act, transformed and multiplied into the various viands of a royal banquet. There are peacocks, the knightly birds, garnished with their plumes, boars' heads, and venison; and in the beakers glance and mantle the hippocras and malvoisie and foaming mead; while fruits worthy of paradise blush among their leaves in baskets of fretted silver. Parzival at last retires to rest, still without having asked a question; passes the night troubled by mysterious dreams; and in the morning, surprised at the universal quietness and silence, goes out through the now deserted hall, and quits the castle as he came. As he departs a page cries after him, asking tauntingly why he had put no question to his entertainers.

As it is possible that some of our readers may not be so utterly destitute as Parzival of curiosity, we may add for their benefit that the silent knight lamented long and bitterly his lost opportunity. The shadow of his great disappointment followed him every where, darkened hope and faith, filled his soul with impious murmuring, and drove him out on lonesome wanderings, far from all Christian folk and sound of holy bells. At last this pride dissolves in penitence; his faith returns; his purification is accomplished. A messenger is sent to summon him to the Grál temple; he himself is to be king. Entering the castle a second time, he finds Anfortas still a sufferer from the wound of the poisoned spear, sick almost unto death, but unable to die by reason of the life-sustaining virtue inherent in the Grál. Parzival releases him in an instant from his pain by asking the long-desired question, "What ails thee?"

It is pleasant to recognise the existence of such an ideal of Christian knighthood as that which animates the legend of the Sangreal in its more elevated forms. In an age when physical prowess was so highly valued, this tradition gave the highest place to that moral greatness which conquers pride and abandons self. At the same time, this self-conquest is no "cloistered virtue," ascetic, pharisaical, and useless. The champions of the Grál did not hide themselves from the world, though their relic and their residence

were to the world so great a mystery. The brave four hundred were imagined riding through all the lands of Christendom, the hope of oppressed innocence, the terror of lawless strength.

Men call this nineteenth-century prosaic. But are there not with us also realities more wondrous than the phantom-temple of the Grail, which only the lowly-hearted can discern?

A BATH IN THE PYRENEES.

"On their way to Suberlaché; the big one is to take baths there," screams a boy after us, in the Béarnais patois, all through the village of Osse. It is five o'clock in the morning, and our unexpected appearance at that hour attracts general attention. This boy happened to be passing the Maison Tourré as preparations were made for our starting; and having ascertained our destination from Michelle, he thinks it worth while to turn back from his work and follow us through Osse. When we have passed the last house in the village, he stops, then hesitates, and finally follows us on to Bédous; apparently he does not like to relinquish the office which has made him of so much importance in the eyes of society. So the cry of "On their way to Suberlaché" pursues us until we have left behind us the last house in Bédous, and passed the custom-house officers, chatting together on the bales of wool which have come in from Spain this morning, and the "gens d'armes" and "gens de ville" taking their accustomed rounds. We follow the high-road to Spain, parallel to that of Osse, but on the other side of the river. On our way we have numerous interrogatories to answer from peasants at their work and wayfarers, and good cause to wonder at, but not admire, their pertinacity. A woman on horseback,—a great gaunt figure, riding not sideways, but other ways,—overtakes us. She has on a large hooded cloak, and carries before and behind her enough merchandise to fill a cart. The heads of three or four lambs and kids, stretching out of the mouth of the wallet in which they are slung across the saddle, watch us, bleating piteously; and the smell of those half-dozen goat-milk cheeses make the close vicinity of our friend undesirable. But close by our side she will ride; for she is determined to take back to some distant village a full account of us and our doings, and does not know one word of French in which to ask her questions. She is of course a Béarnaise, and her Béarnais patois is gibberish to us. Even if we knew something of the Béarnais patois of the plains, this would be unintelligible; it is so much corrupted by the close vicinity to Spain, and constant intercourse between the Spaniards, Aspois, and Basques. Every Béarnais, however, professes ignorance of the Basque language, and abhorrence of the Basque population. The language, they say, is like English; ask for the point of resemblance, and they will tell you that no one can learn either of them, but Basques and English understand each other perfectly well. All this time our friend has hold of us; and as every expletive in the English language sounds mild in comparison to her guttural, we can only submit until we reach the path leading off the highway to Suberlaché. When she finds she is about to lose us, she holds out her hand and begs vociferously. This is the almost invariable ending to every conversation. M. Gerber says these people believe they exercise charity in begging of the English; they think that all the gold in California, all the gold in Australia, and all the gold from every gold-mine in Europe, Africa, and Asia, goes to England; and that Englishmen travel solemnly and wearily all over the known world, up every high mountain, and to every distant place difficult of access, in order to get rid, if possible, of some of this superabundance of wealth.

A little to the left of the highway stands the establishment of Suberlaché, with a roof only just above the surface of the ground. We enter, and find ourselves in a kind of barn; a storehouse for wood, hay, and maize-straw, on heaps of which figures wrapped in the brown woollen hooded

cloak of the country lie sleeping, or waiting their turn for the bath. We descend the wooden stairs, and find ourselves in a long narrow corridor looking out on an excavated courtyard; there, by means of a wooden pipe, the water is conveyed from the spring, which is covered with a kind of barrel, into a well provided for it.

Round this pipe and the well stand the drinkers, with small glasses in their hands. They have each sat an hour, and as much over as the attendant would let them, in a warm bath; and they will wind up with drinking about two quarts of water. There are men, women, and children, all with brown cloaks, a handkerchief bound tightly round their heads, and the hood of the cloak pulled over this. Their black eyes and pallid faces look quite ghastly; which is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that many of them have been here since three or four o'clock in the morning, and have already undergone a pretty severe discipline.

The Suberlaché water is slightly sulphurous and not quite cold, and its qualities are so negative compared to the many valuable springs in the Pyrenees, that it is not at all frequented by strangers. The Aspois, however, make good use of it, and hold it a sovereign remedy for every disease which flesh is heir to.

We are in the corridor. On one side, as we have said, are the windows through which we have watched the drinkers; turn round, and we can, if you please, watch the bathers, for all the doors of the bath-rooms facing us are half open. That elfish little old woman with black and gray locks streaming down her back, which seem so wiry that the black handkerchief round her head cannot confine them, is the attendant. She has on a blue linen-petticoat which reaches not far below her knees, a brown and yellow handkerchief over her shoulders, and apparently nothing more.

You try in vain to attract her attention; it is only by catching at the vessel of water she carries,—which is not a pail, but a copper caldron with two holes in the bottom bunged up with a bit of flax,—that we can stop her. She then intimates, partly in patois and partly by signs, that she will attend to us presently, that all the baths are engaged, and that if we don't believe it we can look in and see; and she storms out a volley of abuse at a patient in a distant bath who keeps on shouting for hot water. Apparently when she reaches him she administers it injudiciously; for he screams out, and she yells at him like a wild animal.

With or without her permission we can look into any bath-room. A long wooden trough, very suggestive of a coffin, stands on the bare mud-floor; a wooden lid covers the trough, or bath, closely, a hole being cut in it through which the patient puts his head. A chair, which stands by the side of the bath, constitutes the furniture of the room. There are pipes for hot and cold water; but neither is ever turned on by the attendant, because a Béarnais when he pays six sous for a bath likes to have his money's worth, and will take as much both of one and the other as ever he can get. For this reason the doors are made *not* to shut. The proprietor, we are told, considers that an hour is quite enough for a bath, and Cadete—the old woman—has orders at the expiration of that time to get the patient out as she best can.

If when our turn comes you are inclined, dear reader, to enter the bath, you will greatly oblige all these worthy peasants, who are waiting to know your decision, and who will with the most intense interest watch your proceedings from the time you enter the bath until you leave it. Of course you don't mind the strong smell of garlic which pervades this place, as it does every other.

Subject to these slight drawbacks, you will have a tolerably comfortable bath; and you can sit and watch that tall gipsy-looking woman who walks up and down before the door, determined to keep order, and show the strangers that she knows all about the decencies and proprieties of life. She swears the oath of the great Béarnais king, and bids the chil-

dren "ventre-Saint-Gris," to keep out of the way; and if you are ignorant of it, she will be proud to tell you that it was so "y nouste Enrico"—our own Henri IV.—used to speak. Then she sings the songs of Despourrins, the Burns of Bearn, high pitched, in a minor key,—long melancholy sounds, and a tune that seems like a wail. That is "La haât sous las mountagnas," the most popular of all his songs. You will hear it pealing up among the hills, where an echo answers like a voice; and the blind daughter of Madélon in the village sings it all the day long in the room where she sits alone to spin.



AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN.

AUTUMN is now a very evident presence with us. There is a pretty Portuguese proverb concerning this season,—“The painter is among the vines.” And truly, he has been busy also among our chestnuts and beeches, and they are glowing in his beloved colours. The transition from late summer to autumn is at least as beautiful, if we do not love it so well, as that from winter to spring. For two or three weeks before it can actually be said that one period has passed and the other arrived, there is a subtle yet manifest preparation going on. All the trees of the wood, the shrubs of the garden, appear to hold themselves in that attitude of still expectancy which characterises the approach of change. They wait, visibly, till the “fiery finger” laid upon them shall claim their adherence to the new king; and in all the pomp of his coloured glory, and to the music of the raised voices of winds and waves, Autumn enters, and is regnant over the land.

He has entered; and the prevailing influence is as apparent in the flower-garden as in meadow and copse and hill-side. The more showy flowers of the warmer mid-season,—dahlia and aster, marigold, coreopsis, and scabious,—have already passed by. This is the season, indeed, when flower-beds look most desolate. It is the time for busy operations on the part of the gardener, who is fully employed in his energetic preparations for future spring radiance and summer glory. But to the more numerous race of “amateurs,” lady-gardeners, or the mere lover of looking at the results of other people’s labours, this is a period of dullness and torpidity. It is provoking, in the clear sunshine of an October day, to glance at the sometime flower-beds, where one can almost still detect the reflection of geranium-red, or many-hued verbenas, and the spicy perfume of heliotrope and carnation. It is far more satisfactory when the last breath of warm air has passed by, when no lingering spiko of scentless mignonette peeps out from the entanglement of the borders to taunt us with recollections of the bygone floral festival. It is better when the ground is left—brown, orderly, and bare—with no sign on the surface of the underlying wealth that is there,—snowdrops that will come to light on pale winter mornings, crocuses that are to glow in the treacherous brightness of March sunlight, and tulips—most painted and sophisticated and self-conscious of flowers, which always look as if they knew that “members of their family” are of the highest aristocracy, purchased at fabulous prices, and petted and prized by Dutch and other connoisseurs in the marvellous manner we hear and read of.

The variety of spring bulbs is indeed so rich, that our gardens may easily be made as prodigal of bloom in April as in July. No flower is lovelier, either for purity of hue and form, or fragrance, than the pheasant’s-eye, or true “poets’ Narcissus.” Hyacinths, again, are beautiful, various, and

easily cultivated. Only one primary caution should be observed by the amateur cultivator. Purchase the bulbs of some well-established and extensive dealer, as soon after their arrival as possible, so that they may not have been too much exposed to the air. Select those bulbs that are large, well-shaped, and firm. (Experienced gardeners say that if the base of the bulb is sound and ripe, the other portion may be depended on.) It will be found that there are some varieties more suitable to outdoor growth, some adapted for glasses, others that will flourish best in pots. The finest flowers are generally obtained by this latter method; but in all cases where special beauty or rarity is coveted, the mode of cultivation becomes a matter which it is not in our province to trench upon: we address those who have humbler ambitions, and are contented with simpler results.

Besides these, we need only to mention the names of those hardy flowering bulbous roots, which are to be planted now that the garden may be gay in early spring. Ranunculus, gladiolus, the iris in its three varieties—the *Iris pumila* being that which flowers in April and May, anemones, with their brilliant colourings, looking best when disposed by themselves in large masses. A bed of anemones of all colours, to our thinking, far surpasses a similar quantity of tulips in delicacy of texture and harmony of tint. But we have already confessed an heretical prejudice against the last-named flower, and prejudice ought to be prepared to defer to contradiction.

Apropos of our gardening chat, and especially appropriate to this season, is the curious calculation in M. de Candolle’s *Géographie Botanique*, by which it appears that, “from the middle of autumn to the end of winter, the temperature of the soil is warmer than that of the air at the mean depth attained by roots; and on the contrary, at the season when the plant is at its greatest vigour it is colder than the air. In the one case the maximum difference between the air and soil occurs in January; and in the other case, during one of the summer months. In no case does it exceed $6\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. At the end of winter, and at the beginning of autumn, periods occur when there is no difference between the temperature of the air and soil. This fact, combined with that of the resuscitation of vegetable life in spring, and its withdrawal in autumn, seems to indicate some direct adaptation of the cooler soil to the wants of plants at that season of the year.”

Noticing some changes in the arrangement of the Chiswick Gardens, *The Gardeners’ Chronicle* comments on the prevailing taste for exquisitely beautiful foliage, which is rapidly replacing merely gaudy flowers in the public favour. No one can doubt this, who has remarked, in the flower-shows of the past summer, the preponderance of those plants without blossom, exhibited and admired solely for their exquisite foliage. We trust the conclusion to be drawn therefrom may be equally correct. There is little fear of our running into the opposite evil of slighting the attractions of colour, which is probably the most generally appreciated of all kinds of beauty. The national taste has long needed chastening and harmonising;—a result which may be reasonably expected to follow an awakened regard for symmetry and grace of form. It is, perhaps, no ill sign, that the growing predilection should begin so simply at the beginning, at Nature’s own exquisite curves and tracery, harmony of outline and perfection of detail, of which she is often as lavish in the commonest as in the rarest plants.

THE WASHING-MACHINE.

THE pressure of hard work has borne as heavily on women as on men, even in this civilised country and age. If men have laboured in the field, so have women; women have shared the toils of the mine as of the harvest-field. The slavery of the shirt-maker has not been exceeded by many masculine hardships of modern times; and the toil of the black-

smith is probably not so proportionately fatiguing as that of the hardest-worked of our women-labourers, the washerwoman. We mean, of course, not the "laundress," with her establishment, her cart, her large connection, independent manners, and high prices; but the working-women, the "hands," the strong-limbed drudges who stand bending over the tub, from six o'clock in the morning till eight or ten at night, rubbing, rinsing, and wringing, with intervals of gossip and drink.

Of course, in this, as in every class, there are exceptions. Some have seen "better days," and received enough education to know how decency and poverty can go together. But too many, however, of these poor hard-working women are mentally debased, socially degraded.

For reasons moral as well as scientific, then, do we heartily welcome the ingenious invention of the Indiana farmer, Christopher Hollingsworth, which we are about to describe.

Washing by machinery has been attempted and practised even with success long ago; but none hitherto has been so effectual as to entirely prevent the necessity for manual labour, or so simple as to be adapted for general use. The new American Washing-machine appears to meet both these difficulties. The whole operation of washing is performed by floating balls, some two or three hundred of which, made of elm-wood, and about the size of a Seville

orange, are put into a trough two or three feet long by fifteen inches deep, containing water or soapsuds. At the back of the trough is placed a fulcrum, with a cross-beam attached to it, like a common pump-handle. "On one side of the fulcrum," says the *Times*, "an apparatus like a small window-sash, to which the clothes to be washed are fastened, is suspended from the cross-beam immediately over the mouth of the trough; and at the extreme end of the beam, on the opposite side of the fulcrum, is a box, into which weight may be put until it slightly weighs the sash up in the air. This done, the person performing the operation moves the beam-handle up and down as if she were pumping water; the effect of which is to immerse the sash laden with clothes among the balls and suds, and move it about among them. The balls produce a gentle friction upon the linen,



TIME-PIECE, WITH FIGURE OF SAPPHO, BY THE FRENCH SCULPTOR PRADIER.
[From Jackson and Graham.]

which, without in the slightest degree injuring its fabric, or breaking or tearing off buttons, effectually removes every trace of dirt in an incredibly few minutes, and the operation is complete. The labour required is so slight that a child from twelve to fourteen years of age may perform it with ease. In some of the machines of larger size and greater cost the requisite motion, produced by turning a wheel, is even done at less trouble. The action made on the linen is equivalent to the ordinary threefold process of pounding, rubbing, and squeezing; and as it can never exceed the resistance offered by the floating balls, it is thereby kept within bounds, which are perfectly safe for the most delicate fabrics, the wear and tear being, indeed, less than in ordinary washing by hand. The machine was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, where it attracted considerable interest, and numbers were sold. Several of the Parisian laundresses adopted it; and others of them, who were not able to pay for it at once, did so by instalments, rather than remain without it. The consumption of soap and fuel is much less than in washing by hand; and the fingers of the operator are never wet during the process, except to the extent necessary in putting the clothes into the sash, and taking out and wringing them when washed. In the saving of labour, time, and material, its advantages can scarcely be exaggerated; while the price is not such as to prevent its general use."

Time and experience must be allowed to test every new invention before its absolute and permanent value can be assured. But about this there is certainly apparent that simplicity which is almost an invariable characteristic of effectual completeness in all inventions, great and small. We trust the result may be widely successful; and that by means of this machine, in the next generation, one race at least of over-worked women may have approached something nearer to the standard of feminine humanity. We have hopes that this improvement in machinery, while tending to exclude women from harsh and degrading occupation, will remit them to a field of labour now gradually opening to them,—labour suitable to their physical strength, and not incompatible with intervals of rest and culture.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. 1.

PAINTED BY EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

DANTE AND VIRGIL ENTERING THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

It will not soon be forgotten, that wondrous exhibition of the Avenue Montaigne in the bright and busy summer of 1855.

The reader who was a visitor there will remember the *Grand Salon*: second in importance, as to space, but containing works of art of a higher order than even the *Salon d'Honneur*.

Around the walls of the former were suspended the best pictures of Henri Lehmann, of Hyppolite Flandrin, of François, and of other distinguished artists; but the attraction of that *salon* for the *élite* of artists and amateurs consisted in the thirty-five pictures by Eugène Delacroix. On a gloomy day—and there are always some gloomy days in the brightest summer—and on a chilly one (for the exhibition closed very late in the season), groups gathered round the walls which were illumined by the works of Delacroix, as if they threw forth rays of warmth as well as of brightness. There was "The Taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders," with its effulgent harmony of colour thrown over the conquerors and their horses, over the conquered, over old pleading feeble men and trembling prostrate women, over the white city and the deep-blue oriental sky and sea and mountains, with the warmth of tone carried into the dark shadows of winding streets and between the columns of a marble palace. Then there was that page of the revolution of 1830, where the figure of Liberty, with fire flashing from her eye, bearing aloft her crimson banner, stands on a barricade in a narrow street of the old *city*,—herself, her brown skin, her flag, lighted up by a July sun; while deep shadows and dashes of light fall alternately on the dying and the dead. A commemoration of the revolution was ordered from the painter by the government of Louis Philippe, which had, however, recommended a subject different from that finally adopted. The battle of Jemappes, in which Louis Philippe had figured not only as a hero, but a Jacobin, was the theme selected by government. Delacroix had been a spectator of the heroism of the people on the three days, and preferred painting his "Liberty." The government paid for it, and it was in the following year exhibited. The sensation produced was so thrilling, that, *by order*, it was banished from public view, and hidden amongst the lumber of the garrets in the Louvre.—To return to the *Grand Salon*: there, too, was "The Death of Valentine," from *Faust*, a night scene, amidst murky streets, down which a silver moonlight glides, and falls on the murdered body. On another wall was a sumptuous assemblage of opposing colours in the mad dance of "The Fanatics of Tangers," "The Battle of Nancy," "The Execution of Marino Faliero," and "The Death of the Bishop of Liège." In the last the old man is dragged into his own episcopal palace by order of the Boar of Ardenne, and murdered amidst the glitter of knives and the gleaming eyes of savage drunken soldiers. Who will forget the Rembrandt-depth of that horrible though festive hall!

But it is in the "Apollo destroying the serpent Python" that Delacroix has surpassed himself. Here, indeed, we see the brilliancy of his palette—his power of harmonising colour. This picture forms the centre of the ceiling in the Apollo Gallery at the Louvre. Many an English visitor passes without noticing it. It is said by the observant guardians of the Louvre that the English have a particular distaste for looking at pictures placed in ceilings. The attitude required in such a case is indeed irksome; but if any subject can justify its position overhead, it is certainly one where the sun is represented in his noon-tide glory. This is so with the "Apollo" of Delacroix. The painter has chosen the moment when the waters of the Deluge have passed from the earth, leaving the mountains visible, while monsters of the deep are still floating here and there: one dead female body, tragic in its aspect, is seen amongst the retreating waters, and near it the gigantic Python of mythology. Apollo, in the centre of the picture, and in a circle

of light, in an attitude of god-like power and grace, levels his dart at the serpent, who writhes and erects himself in dreadful anticipation of that sure weapon. The light against which the body of Apollo is defined dazzles the eye, and mellows the drapery of the figure into a deep orange. The rainbow, too, forming the robe of Iris, and all the mingled colours in the draperies of the Olympian goddesses who are spectators of Apollo's prowess, go straight to the sense of harmony, and enchant the visitor into forgetting the position of his head as he gazes on this *chef-d'œuvre* in the vaulted roof of the magnificent gallery.

We could almost regret having dwelt so long on this single attribute of the works of Delacroix. After all, colour is subordinate in his paintings to his higher characteristic—a creative and impetuous imagination. Colour with him becomes an instrument of the imaginative faculty, and is employed to illustrate vividly the passion of the mind. Those who know the original of the engraving which precedes these remarks will at once admit that we render simple justice to the master. They will remember the lurid flames, the sombre gray background, the pallor of the two poets, their mantles,—that of Dante of passionate red, with calm pale-green tunic, suggesting his intense and, at times, pity-breathing verse; the green wreath of Virgil and his rich brown garb, significant of the poet of the pastoral; the waves black in their desolation; the blood-shot eyes of the condemned clinging to the boat;—every tone telling on the emotions of one or other of the figures, or on the character of the place.

The "Dante and Virgil entering the Infernal Regions" was the first picture of Delacroix's admitted by the Academy on the *rang* into the annual exhibition of Paris. Many of his previous works had been rejected. He was regarded as an innovator and an imaginative *révolutionnaire* by many learned and distinguished painters, who taunted him with his contempt of moderation and of the traditional rules of art. He replied to their reproaches, "The whole world shall not prevent my seeing things in my own way." He persevered in his originality, and left behind him systems and schools and that kind of lore which he calls "academical receipts." He, who was then a rebel in art, is now acknowledged by critics and the public voice to be a "law-giver."

The "Dante and Virgil" appeared in the *Salon* of 1822. It is a painting the aspect of which falls on the eye and on the mind with a powerful and gloomy interest. A *souvenir* of the old masters of the thirteenth and fourteenth century crosses you as you stand before it. The hand that executed that picture was sure of itself, and followed unchecked the just but ardent impulse of a poetical imagination. Dante was its inspirer; and the painter, whose mind is analogous to that of the old Florentine, and has his political as well as his poetic sympathies, evidently had an intention to avenge the grand exiled poet by representing the condemned spirits as his persecutors. So says the text in the catalogue of 1822. The picture is, indeed, one of sombre poetry. Dante and Virgil are crossing the infernal river in the boat of old Charon. They pass amidst a crowd of lost souls, who are striving to save themselves by entering the boat. Dante is supposed to be alive, but pallid with the horror of the place. Virgil has the calm and the livid tint of death. The wretched culprits, whose torture is the eternally unfulfilled desire of arriving at the opposite shore, cling to the little vessel. One has been thrown back by its rapid motion, and is replunged into the black waters. Another holds fast and would enter, but that a woman adheres as tenaciously, and obstructs him. He gives her a repulse with his foot—a blow that shall force her to loosen her frantic grasp. Two other figures have seized the boat with their teeth; and one almost hears the yell of disappointment in seeing their impotent writhings. The selfishness of torment, the despair of hell, are written on their faces, and expressed in every movement of their limbs. The figures are grouped and thrown into attitudes which can but remind one of the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, yet without a thought of imitation. It is the spirit,

the power, the austerity of the old master alone with which the modern one has imbued himself.

"The Massacre of Scio," another of his early works, now at the Luxembourg, is an equally intense though less imaginative expression of the terrible. It is a picture of human passion and suffering on this earth of ours, and is replete with actuality in its interest. It is impossible to contemplate this picture without a sickness of the heart at the sight of such accumulated misery. A battle has been raging in a vast plain in Greece. The sea is black against the horizon, villages are burning, and Turkish victors, hot from the final encounter, give loose to massacre. You see them in the distance; but amidst smoke and disorder you can follow the expression of their deadly hate by their movements and the glare of their upraised weapons. It is the foreground of the picture that shows the most terrible details. There pestilence adds its horrors to those of cruelty and war. What despair as well as tender helpless love are seen in the motionless figure of the young Greek wife, against whom her husband leans wounded and expiring! A boy is supporting the head of his dying mother. Another child is creeping towards the bosom which can no longer nourish him; his mother has relaxed her grasp—she is dead. An old woman sits petrified by despair, careless of the horse's feet, whose next step must crush her. A young girl is bound to the horse of a savage Turk, whose sabre is raised to fell the man flying to deliver her. There is pestilence in the air, there are lurid tints in the sky: a current runs through the whole picture which penetrates the mind with its dramatic intensity.

Delacroix seems to delight in this kind of subject. He has rarely chosen joyous ones. From whatever poet or historian he draws his theme,—Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Dante,—grief or crime are the elements of his compositions. We may cite, in proof of this, Othello and Lady Macbeth, the Prisoner of Chillon, Tasso in prison, the Bishop of Liège, Boissy d'Anglas, and many others. To flowers, however, he sometimes turns, as if to forget man and his sad destinies. He groups them *con amore*, and steepes them in sunlight and dew. If he had not been the first historic painter of modern France, he might have been its first flower-painter. Like many other great masters, Delacroix has a singular delight in investing the horse with high and almost heroic qualities. In painting the lion and the tiger he is superior to Rubens or Schneyders. His last picture of the "Lion-hunt" is a perfect revel of colour and of action—a work that astounds. The painter has played with his subject almost audaciously, and his triumph is therefore the more extraordinary.

It is to be regretted that Delacroix, in his monumental paintings at the Hôtel de Ville, in the Chamber of Deputies, in the Library of the Luxembourg, has chosen old mythological used-up subjects or trite allegories which have no human interest. He has in these cases defrauded himself of that direct response which more life-like themes would have elicited.

The faults that have been attributed to the pictures of Delacroix are—an incorrectness in his drawing, and the absence of a sense of beauty, especially of female beauty. As for his drawing, his detractors have long given up their hostility on that point. What was supposed to be a deviation from truth is now acknowledged to be only a deviation from routine. As to the alleged want of beauty in his personages, it is true we must not look to him for the thousand prettinesses and graceful or voluptuous forms which delight many. The genius of Delacroix is expression. In his women, it is the revelation of their inner selves, their devotedness, their suffering, their heroism, whether in a good or evil cause, rather than mere physical beauty, that he fixes on his canvas.

The career of this great artist has been one of perfect independence; and "through evil and good report," often in suffering and need, he has worked out his own ideal. A great and illustrious woman, Madame Sand, says, in her own admirable manner, "Delacroix has not only been great

in his art, but great in his artist-life. I do not speak of his private virtues; friendship must not publish them with the sound of a trumpet. But what in Delacroix belongs to public appreciation, for the profit which a noble example cannot fail to produce to others, is the integrity of his conduct, his disinterestedness as to money, his humble mode of life, which he has borne rather than make the least concession of his principles in art to the tastes and ideas of the moment—often but the tastes of men in power. It is the heroic perseverance with which in suffering he has pursued his career, laughing at idle attacks, never rendering evil for evil, exhibiting every year in the midst of a fire of invective, giving himself no repose, nor envying the ridiculous pomp with which those *parvenus* artists surround themselves who care for nothing so much as the patronage of the rich and powerful." Delacroix felt undoubtedly that sooner or later he should triumph. So, indeed, he has done. Now governments, ministers, and prefects are at his feet; and he has not time, with all his wonderful economy of that precious jewel, to execute all the commands which throng upon him.

Delacroix is a powerful and elegant writer, although he has a distaste for authorship. Yet, having little time to devote to the pen, he has more than once wielded it, as he wields his pencil, with equal force and fire. One of his articles appeared in a contemporary review on an occasion which had strongly roused his resentment. A very fine copy of the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo had been sent from Rome; it seemed to attract little of the attention or admiration of the public, and had even been spoken of by certain critics as a model likely to corrupt or mislead the taste of students. Michael Angelo, of all the ancients, is the most revered by Delacroix. His article upon the celebrated picture seemed in its grand energy as if it were a commentary written by Michael Angelo himself.

Eugène Delacroix is in his fifty-eighth year, but looks much younger. He has delicate health; a nervous system so delicately organised, that physical suffering in one shape or other is too constantly his companion. His features are not regular or handsome, in the common acceptance of the word; but the nostril, which is in perpetual vibration, and the compressed mouth, indicate the sensitiveness and the concentrated power of his nature. He has fine and abundant black hair, which waves around a square intelligent forehead. He is of the middle height, and has a slight and well-proportioned figure. Delacroix is the son of a Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Directory, who was succeeded by Talleyrand. He relates himself, that in his childhood he escaped as if by miracle from various accidents of fire and flood. He twice fell into the water; once at the Port of Marseilles, whence he was drawn out half-drowned by a sailor. In his infancy he was surrounded by flames in his cradle. On another occasion, he poisoned himself by swallowing verdigris.

Delacroix, from his station in society, necessarily received a fine and classic education. He is a profound scholar, and is well versed in the literature, not only of France, but of England and other countries. Shakespeare is his idol.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted, must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer and stamped.]

THE NEW ACTOR.

It is too late to record as a matter of news, but not as a matter of satisfaction, that Mr. Charles Dillon has opened the Lyceum Theatre with his excellent performance of Belphégor. An actor less indebted for his great success to

trick, or to those artificial aids which so often substitute histrionic power, we have never witnessed. His conception is derived from impulses purely natural, and illustrated with a truth of emotion, a happy variety of style, and a perfect ease, which belong to the instincts of genius, and to which mere study can never attain. His rendering of the pathetic scene in the poor mountebank's history, when he first learns that his idolised wife has left him for her noble relatives, is a rare example of dramatic truth. He anticipates the event from the first, stands motionless while the progress of the inner struggle records itself on his face—bewildered doubt deepening to fear, fear to agony. Then, with a stifled cry and a wild rapidity of motion that contrasts powerfully with the fixed silence before it, he bursts into the vacant room. A minute or two, and he totters back; his worst fears confirmed, and his frame bowed down with the burden of a life's misery. How easy would it be to render the situation by loudness of apostrophe, by the conventional start and gesture, to give no one glimpse of the true human feeling, its developments and transitions, and to draw applause for the mistake!—Mr. Dillon drew tears.

Under the auspices of such a manager, and with the powers of such an actor, there is hope that a natural and wholesome drama may yet flourish. What may be Mr. Dillon's qualifications for Shakespeare we have yet to learn. But within the range to which he has yet confined himself a wide and interesting field of dramatic achievement is comprised; and even should the actor's triumphs be extended no further, we have still ample reason to congratulate both him and the public.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF MARGARET ARDEN.

COMMUNICATED BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

June 17, 1822. O what a weary place is this Holly Bank! Here am I for a three months' visit; and already, after five days, am I dismally haunted by the spirit of dullness. Uncle Joshua, being firmly persuaded in his own mind that new books are not half so good as old ones, does not patronise modern literature, much to my distress. Yesterday I asked him respectfully for something to read—(he keeps his books locked up behind glass-doors)—and he offered me *Johnson's Dictionary*. "There, niece," said he, "study that; most boarding-school misses are deficient in spelling." I accepted the volume with a curtsy, and handed it to Cousin Maria, whom her father has educated at home on new principles: she bristles all over with definitions as a tipsy cake does with almonds, and talks about philology as ordinary women do of babies. She thanked me, and said of all studies grammar and the construction of languages was to her the most edifying; she does not care for poetry, or romances, or history—indeed, she reminds me of nothing so much as a person who persists in grubbing up the roots of plants, instead of admiring their graceful forms, bright foliage, or rich fruit. But Maria is good-natured notwithstanding her learning; and seeing that I was really likely to fall into mischief purely through idleness, she brought up from the depths of her apron-pocket the key of the book-closet, to which out-of-date pamphlets, magazines, and reviews are exiled; and suggested that perhaps I might find some light-reading amongst them. Thither accordingly I flew, and pounced greedily upon a pile of dusty quarterlies; an armful of which I carried off to my sanctum for private consumption. They are as a gold-mine to me: I love a review—a good one—whether tender, or ferocious, or satirical. From these gray paper-covered tomes I have disinterred some opinions of sterling metal, which, having been tried in the furnace of time, have lost nothing; but now and then I also turn up a clod which only enshrines an earth-worm. I liked espe-

cially to find an echo of my own sentiments; but it vexes me more than a little to see poetry which is sweet to me as the sound of many waters sneered at as the veriest doggerel. Ah, well! there are the poets, in green and crimson and purple and gold, behind Uncle Joshua's glass-doors; while these slashing reviewers lie mouldy and dusty, given over a prey to the ravages of mice in attic obscurity.

June 18. I hope and trust some event will turn up soon to stir the slumberous routine of Holly Bank. We don't live, we vegetate, and shall turn into dormice—(dormice or dormouses, which is it? Mem. to ask Cousin Maria)—soon, if nothing happens. I have only a further instalment of the reviews for Aunt Doo. She will think I have had a very prosy time; and so I have, thus far; but it is useless to complain. Well, these old books have introduced me to the private life of France as depicted in the memoirs of celebrated people, and any thing but a pleasant impression they give of our neighbours' morality: the critic seems to have experienced a righteous pleasure in dissecting these books, in exposing to daylight the hideous ravage of chronic disease, the deformed limb, or the wilful warping of what might have grown straight; no decent raiment is permitted to shroud the moral decay of life and truth; it is made to stand before us stripped of its masking garments, horrible as the loathly lady in the old rhyme. Madame du Châtelet, Madame du Deffaud, and many other madames of more wit than wisdom, enliven the dreary mass with smart sayings and doings. How long will it be ere order is educed from this moral chaos? If I can do nothing else at Holly Bank, I can get up an epitome of ancient literature that will astonish Aunt Doo. I wonder how they all are at Darlston; I have not heard from my father since I left home; *I will write to-morrow to the little ones.*

June 24. An arrival at Holly Bank.—Mr. Matthew Constant, who is to marry Cousin Maria: a little man—mousy face, soft hair, and a sleek undertoned manner. It is great fun to see how he obeys Maria: I am sure she ordered him to propose to her—he never could have dared to do it without prompting. Any body to watch them might think they had been ten years married. There is none of what Maria calls "foolish philandering" between them; it is all systematic business love-making. Mr. Matthew has several little peculiarities of pronunciation which offend Maria's correct ear mightily; though they give her opportunities of displaying her erudition, and airing her roots and derivations. I am glad my father did not think it necessary to have me cultivated so highly.

Last night, while Maria and I were looking over some beautiful gown-pieces which Mr. Matthew has brought from town for her, I asked a question which has been in my mind ever since I saw him,—what could first have put it into her head to think of marrying him? and she replied with the most artless candour—

"Why, Margaret, I suppose I must be married some day; and as he asked me, and there was nothing against him, I thought I might as well get settled at once. The little man is very well worth having: his income is larger than my father's, you know."

"And do you love him?" This question was, I confess, put in rather a mocking incredulous spirit, and Maria took me up smartly.

"Love and stuff!" she ejaculated. "What has love to do with it? I am going to be properly married, and of course I shall love Matthew: but I don't like nonsense."

The very idea of nonsense as connected with Cousin Maria is profanation: her sharp face looked so much sharper at the mere possibility of any being inflicted upon her, that I was fain to make a laughing apology for my indiscretion in suggesting it.

"Your head is full of romance, Margaret," said she grandly; "by the time you are my age, it is to be hoped that you will be more practical."

"I hope I shall not; I'll never marry any body unless I love him with all my heart and all my soul, never."

Maria is getting old—quite six-and-twenty—and she is not pretty; but she is too nice for Mr. Matthew Constant. She ought to know what she likes, however. One thing is certain, she would not make a nice kind old maid like Aunt Doe; and she *may* make a good wife: I don't know.

June 26. Yesterday to an archery meeting at Danby Grange; it was very gay and pleasant, though nearly all the people were strangers to me. Danby is a grand house: its master is a bachelor,—not very young,—who has travelled all the world over, and who is very scientific. I thought him proud and stiff, but he is not generally disliked; Charlotte Petersham said she was ready to swear obedience to him at any moment on his rent-roll. Charlotte is going to marry a lieutenant in a marching regiment, and neither of them has sixpence; but I like this sort of marriage much better than Maria's, who calls them love-sick geese.

The first prize was won by Mr. Danby himself—a beautiful silver arrow—and he gave it to me: because, I suppose, I had no chance of winning one for myself, and was an uncome-out girl. Uncle Joshua said it was a compliment: all the men gave their prizes to some lady. Mr. Matthew shot I know not how many times, in hopes of having a trophy to present to Maria; but he could not even hit the target, and she said he made quite a simpleton of himself by trying, for he had never, to her certain knowledge, handled a bow before. There was a dancing-party afterwards, but none of us stayed for it. To-morrow Uncle Joshua has a dinner-party: Mr. Danby is coming to meet the Broughs and Petershams: we hear that he intends to stand for the county at the next election. I am very glad of a little variety: it will be hard work to get through the three months to Cousin Maria's wedding; I wish it were "over and done with," as she always cries herself when she has to leave her grammars and dictionaries to try on dresses.

June 28. Last evening's dinner went off very pleasantly. Mrs. Brough is always nice, and Charlotte keeps every body lively wherever she goes. She told me she was having all her boxes made so that they could be turned into beds, couches, easy chairs, and tables. She has designed and superintended the making of them herself, and generously offers to make over the drawings to me when the carpenter has done with them; expressing her firm conviction that I, like herself, shall some day marry a penniless lieutenant. Well, better a penniless lieutenant than a Mr. Matthew Constant. That stealthy little man exasperates me. I shall quarrel with him before long, I know.

I had to sing last night, and somebody said I had a fine natural organ. Fine natural fiddlestick!

Uncle Joshua is in the most absurd good humour with me this morning: we none of us know how to interpret his vivacity. He has even gone so far as to unlock the sacred glass-doors of his bookcase, and to give me permission to help myself. He asked at breakfast if I should like to have a pony to ride while I am at Holly Bank. Of course I should; it would scarcely be dull then. There is going to be a grand ball at Holmby next month: I should like to go; but there's no chance of it.

June 29. Uncle Joshua was very prompt in finding me a pony; he bought one yesterday of Mr. Petersham, after we had talked about it, and this morning I have tried it over Holmby Moor. It is a nice spirited animal: dark brown, with black mane and tail; really a pretty creature. But what has made Uncle Joshua, with whom I was never a favourite, take such a generous fit, I cannot tell. Maria looks mysterious, and says he has his reasons, if they are past our finding out.

In passing through Danby village Mr. Danby overtook us; he was going to Holmby also, and we rode together. He is an amusing man when one knows him better, but awfully proud: I should say he would never forgive or forget an offence; he has the most obstinate mouth in the world; he is not handsome, indeed people call him plain; but he is not that either: I don't quite know what sort of a face it is.

June 30. Last evening Mr. Danby came over without any invitation; we were all so surprised while we were sitting at dessert to hear a ring at the door-bell, and in he came. An importation of foreign customs, I suppose. Uncle Joshua gave him a general invitation for the future, if he found himself dull for lack of company in his great house, and Maria gave him a long lecture on philology: it is my belief he did not understand any thing she said; for he assented to every one of her propositions, even when she contradicted herself. That odious little Mr. Matthew Constant tried all the evening to be facetious, and failed dismally; Maria tried to frown him into silence, but did not succeed; I think she is half-ashamed of him sometimes in society, when he will distinguish himself by talking humorously, as he thinks. He is a gilded pill.

July 8. Mr. Danby has availed himself very freely of Uncle Joshua's general invitation to Holly Bank; he has been over six times during the last seven days. This morning he came directly after breakfast, to give me a lesson in shooting: I was very tiresome. There is an inexplicable something about his grand air and obstinate face that rouses all my natural perversity into unnatural vivacity; I could not help saying very pert contradictory little things to him, for he was so miraculously patient with my blunders that it would really have been a pity not to test his temper. It is fiery, but well governed, I could tell. Once he almost vexed me, for he laughed; Uncle Joshua said it was at my shrewishness. A letter from Darlston, with such capital news! My father and Aunt Doe have given their consent to my going to the Holmby ball. Uncle Joshua wrote to ask them. I must go away into the hall and practise my steps, for I have half-forgotten them, I think.

July 9. Maria and I were caught yesterday dancing the new dance by Mr. Danby. He professes not to like it: I do like it, and I shall valse at the ball if any body asks me; it is very graceful and pretty, I'm sure. He looked very grim when I said so, but said no more. One would absolutely think, to hear him talk, that he fancied he had got some sort of right to advise me; indeed, I love my own way too well to listen to such supererogatory counsel; it is all very well for Aunt Doe, and even Maria, but he is not to lecture me.

July 17. Well, the ball is come and gone. I wish there was to be one every night for a month. I did enjoy it. I danced all night; never sat out a single set. Mr. Danby took me whenever I seemed not going to have another partner, so that I danced with him, in all, seven times; and he took me in to supper also. I heard somebody say I was pretty; I am very glad, though I don't believe I had ever thought of it before, or cared either: I am glad to be pretty, because it pleases people we like, and it is a good thing, though Cousin Maria says it is not worth a straw whether one is pretty or not. My new white dress was handsomely made too, and it suited me; and those bouquets that came from the Danby greenhouse,—could any thing be more charming? Charlotte Petersham teased me about mine, for she said she knew the azalea could only have come from Danby. I have written them a long letter home about the ball. I did not think when I came to Holly Bank that I should enjoy it half so much.

This afternoon Mr. Danby walked over to ask how we were after our late night, and Uncle Joshua lent him his black horse Saladin to ride to Holmby: his own favourite has fallen lame, it seems. We had a little dispute before he left—(I wonder what makes me so perverse with him, for I don't dislike him)—and for the first time he rather lost his temper; and I saw as he went down the hill that he was fretting Saladin finely. They'll have a quarrel too before they get to Holmby, if he does not take care.

July 18. O, we have had the saddest accident! and I can't help feeling that somehow or other it is my blame. Mr. Danby had scarcely got a quarter of a mile from the Bank when Saladin threw him, and he was taken up seemingly dead; but they brought him here, and after he had

been bled he recovered consciousness. I feel so dreadfully guilty when they talk about it down-stairs. Uncle Joshua says he would not have lent him the horse if he had not felt sure of both their tempers. I knew how it was. I had a good cry last night thinking if he should die,—O, if he should die!

July 19. We have the quietest house, all speaking in whispers, and treading softly; the doctor is very grave about Mr. Danby's accident, and confesses he cannot tell yet what its issue may be. Another surgeon—a very clever one—was sent for from town yesterday; but he cannot be here until to-morrow night at the earliest. I was up this morning very early wandering about the garden; I can't be still in one place, and keep thinking always if—O, but I will not encourage so terrible a fear! Every body from far and near sends to inquire after him; there is enough for one person to do to answer them, and it falls principally to me. They all express astonishment at the manner of the accident, for Mr. Danby is such a thorough horseman. No-body seems to suspect how it occurred.

July 25. It has been a dreadfully anxious time, but at last Mr. Danby is recovering; the doctor says in another week he may be about again. O, how thankful, how deeply thankful I am! Maria has gone to stay a week with the Petershams, and Mr. Matthew Constant has started for town; so Uncle Joshua and I have to entertain our invalid. He looks very shorn and ill, and is most particularly silent. If I did not fancy myself in some degree the cause of his suffering, I am afraid I should say he was ill-tempered. Only this morning, when I put up the green blind in Maria's sitting-room, to which he comes in the daytime, he said quite shortly, "Child, child, be still; the blind is best down; I can't bear the light;" and when I drew it down again, he made as if the noise aggravated him, so I left him to himself for an hour or two, and then carried him as a peace-offering a little vase filled with red and white moss-roses. He accepted it with the most ungracious air in the world, and set it down on the table without even admiring them. Absolutely he is a Turk, spite of his pale face!

July 29. This morning at breakfast Mr. Danby announced his intention of going off to the Grange in the course of the day; and he is gone. I dare say he fancies we shall miss him a very great deal more than we are likely to do, now all the bustle of preparing for Maria's wedding is begun. Papa and Aunt Doe come next week, and I have made up my mind to go back to Darlston with them. In riding to Holmby with Uncle Joshua this afternoon, after Mr. Danby left, we overtook Charlotte Petersham, who must needs insinuate a hundred absurdities. What can have put it into her head that Mr. Danby and I should ever have any thing to do with each other? It is absurd; I felt quite angry and mortified, and told her never to let any one hint at such a possibility before her without flatly contradicting it.

July 30. To all our surprise, Mr. Danby arrived at luncheon-time. I think he had better come and live here altogether; for he is no sooner out of the house than back he comes again directly, and with the most frivolous excuses to-day: Did we want flowers for the wedding-breakfast? Such nonsense! We have plenty at Holly Bank; and if not, there are enough to be bought out of the shops at Holmby. As soon as he had asked his ridiculous question he felt how silly it was, and turned a queer confused look. I could not help smiling and saying, "We shall decorate the table with corn-flowers and poppies, Mr. Danby, if all our friends' greenhouses are exhausted; or I don't think Maria would care if we had thistles and nettles instead." "No need of the last, Margaret, where your tongue is," said Uncle Joshua, laughing; and I verily believe Mr. Danby coincided; for he regained his self-possession immediately, and began to talk very fast. Whenever Mr. Danby is put out or excited he talks fast, and so he does when he is pleased. He said he thought of going abroad for the winter. What in the world is it to us if he chooses to go to the moon!—and he speaks about it just as if he expected some of us to

coax him to stay at home. I advised him to go to the Holy Land, taking Jericho in his way; and it was laughable to see the dismayed and surprised look he put on. He got up as if going to pack his carpet-bag instantly, and marched off. We shall not see him again, I expect, for a week, as he is going away to his brother's house at Moor Park.

August 3. Mr. Danby found Moor Park dull, we suppose; for he is back at home again, and this morning joined Uncle Joshua and me in our ride. The poor man has quite an orphaned look: I could laugh sometimes at his dolour. He has not recovered thoroughly from the effects of his accident, and is so gray and solemn. We went back to the Grange with him to look at a new picture he has bought,—he is sensible enough to patronise modern art; and then, as I had not seen the house, he took me through the principal rooms. There are a great number of fine paintings which he brought from abroad; but the thing he seems to set the most store by is a portrait of his mother by Reynolds. It is a lovely countenance; he seems quite to venerate her; she died just as he was growing up, he told me.

I believe he asked Uncle Joshua if he might come to dinner this evening, and I taxed him with the fact; but he denied it strenuously. I proposed to my uncle that we should take him in to board and lodge as he is so fond of Holly Bank; but was bid to hold my tongue.

My father and Aunt Doe come to-morrow, and Mr. Matthew Constant the day after. Maria has got home again, and contemplates the crisis of her fate with a sublime equanimity; she wishes it were all over too, and wonders why there need be such a fuss of bridesmaids and bridecake and stuff! Aunt Doe is to bring the dresses and bonnets from town; I hope they will be pretty. At first Uncle Joshua determined that the wedding-breakfast should be quite a family-party, there are so many relatives on both sides the house; but it appears now that Mr. Danby is to be invited. What has he to do with the family, I should wish to know? I hope he will see the propriety of not coming where he would only be in the way. If I have an opportunity, I think I shall give him a hint.

August 5. Papa and Aunt Doe, and ever so many more people, are here; the house is overflowing from cellar to attic. To-morrow is the grand day. Mr. Matthew Constant grows more and more conceited; he is telling every body he is so proud of Maria. Maria does not reciprocate the compliment. O, what a marriage! I would rather be ten times an old maid than marry such a little disagreeable man. It is a very lucky thing that Maria does not cherish romantic views of life; but I think this sort of barter and sale sinks a long way below the practical. Aunt Doe, who has never seen him before, and hoped better things of Maria, is grieved exceedingly; and papa quite avoids him.

August 7, 1822. The great wedding-day is over, and Cousin Maria and Mr. Matthew Constant have gone into the north (it is near the twelfth, and he has designs on the grouse, we believe), and every body but myself is in bod. I have not had time yet to think whether I am glad or sorry that Mr. Danby loves me. It seems he had spoken to papa the night before; but it took me quite by surprise, and to begin to cry was, I am sure, just the silliest thing I could do. I don't know whether it is worth while to be the envy of all my acquaintance at the cost of having no delicious young time as most girls have,—no balls or picnics or fun,—and I shall not be seventeen till December. I am rather happy too—I shall not begin to be afraid of him. They all seem to think it an awfully serious affair. Uncle Joshua could almost thank me on his knees for achieving such honour; and though papa and Aunt Doe say less, it is easy to see how proud and pleased they both are. This is the best way to fulfil my vocation; but Charlotte Petersham's remark about the penniless ensign had filled my fancy with lofty ideas of the dignity of self-sacrifice; and I saw myself, in imagination, travelling in baggage-wagons in the rear of the regiment, and following my hero to the wars; and instead of that, I am to have a fine house

and luxury all my life. I rather wish Mr. Danby were a penniless ensign for a few years, and when we were tired of dangers and adventures we could come into our fortunes and take our rest: it is not romantic to have every thing smooth:—if only somebody would have contradicted us! How strange it looks to see me writing about myself and Mr. Danby as us. His Christian name is Harry *Harry*; it is always a nice name to say, but I shall not call him by it,—not now, at least. I suppose we shall see him to-morrow. Well, after all I think I am glad—I'm sure I am.

August 10. I have to be on my very best behaviour just now, for Aunt Doe keeps the most watchful of eyes upon me whenever I begin to be *fractious* with Mr. Danby. I do wish she would not expatiate so diffusely on his virtues and his excellence; for the fact of his being so much better than I am makes me feel inclined to be perverse and aggravating. His superlative goodness is a reproach to me. How can any body expect nearly seventeen to be as sober as thirty? I am very glad and happy now when I am not put out of temper by too much advice. I shall like to be Mr. Danby's wife, for he is a man to look up to and trust. I could never love any one who was not my master. We had the pleasantest ride together to-day round by Haggerston Woods. I did not want to contradict once. I flatter myself I was as sweet as summer all the while.

August 15. It was so vexing! I do wish people would let me have my time, instead of trying to make me a staid, experienced, well-behaved character all at once. I am most grieved with Aunt Doe; she never lets me alone, and I can't bear it. If I did wish to valse, it was not so wrong; other girls valse. It is quite unreasonable to expect me to give up all my amusements, just because I am engaged to be married to Mr. Danby. If they had not both warned me, "Margaret, you must not valse, because Mr. Danby dislikes it;" and, "Don't valse, Margaret; I can't endure to see you valse," I don't think I should have done it, because I knew beforehand that it was disagreeable to Mr. Danby; and I do love him enough to forego a much greater matter than a valse. But to be for ever schooled and dictated to is too bad. Why does not Mr. Danby make the best of my faults, instead of the worst? I am sure I showed him early enough how restive and wilful I can be when I am thwarted; it is his own fault if we quarrel, and not mine.

August 27. Yesterday we all came home to Darlston. Laura and May were glad to see us—the bonnie wee darlings! Mr. Danby is coming over to stay next month with us for the shooting. It is so ridiculous to see the respect with which people treat me now to what they did. All the Wilton girls came over yesterday to talk about my engagement, and any thing else I would tell them. I am rather proud to be married out of the nursery; but I would not be proud at all if Mr. Danby were not such a good man as well as a rich one. We are not to have a long engagement; I don't care; I feel as if I should be happier with him by myself now than in the midst of people warning and watching and guiding me. I should like to be let alone. I know what would keep me quiet and tractable; my love for Harry would, if they would only leave me to it and myself; but they won't.

September 8. We are not to have Mr. Danby at Darlston so soon as we expected; he has been obliged to go over to Nice, where his brother is staying on account of his health—there are even fears for his life. Harry writes me often long, pleasant letters, and those I send him are shamefully brief; but he says they are precious! I do wish this journey abroad had not come in the way; this autumn's parties will not be half so agreeable without him.

Cousin Maria and Mr. Constant have been staying with us a week, and we all fancied that she did not look very happy. Does he behave well to her, I wonder? He is more sleek and odious than ever; but instead of his watching her to forestall her wishes, she has to observe him; and she does it in fear and trembling. Wealthy as he is known to be,

they have scarcely any establishment—no carriage or horses; it is a very incomprehensible state of affairs; but Maria says nothing, and of course nobody cares to interfere. Yes, she said to me yesterday that the first six months of a woman's married life are the most tiresome and miserable that can be conceived. What a confession from a four weeks' wife!

Sept. 15. We have heard to-day of Mr. Herbert Danby's death at Nice. Harry feels it very very much; he will be with us by the thirtieth. I am very sorry for him; they were the nearest of an age in the family, and had been so much together all their lives—at school first, and then in their travels abroad. He said in his letter it had been a most painful time.

Sept. 30. Mr. Danby arrived this afternoon; it quite grieves me to see him so deeply feeling his loss. In his mourning he looks graver and older than ever; the little ones don't fancy him much; neither, I remember, did I at our first meeting.

October 10. There is not much to do at Darlston just now; no company, and no going out, on Mr. Danby's account. When the ball comes, I suppose none of us will go; Aunt Doe bade me not mention it. She took me to task pretty sharply last night for some wild speech I made to Mr. Danby; she says if he were not one of the most forbearing and patient of men he would break with me at once. I can bear a good deal of lecturing from Aunt Doe, because I know she loves me; still, I think she might take my part a little more. I don't mean to do any thing wrong; but these fits of mischievous perversity will get possession of me. Mr. Danby does not make a long stay with us this time; there is some talk of his going on Monday, but I don't think he will, really.

October 22. Winter has begun very early this year. Yesterday papa, Mr. Danby, and I, were overtaken near Darlston Pits in a snow-storm; we had a terrible ride home, and sitting to play in the nursery with the little ones for an hour in my wet habit has given me a miserable cold: I feel quite stupid, and was so cross all last evening. The first part of it, till after dinner, got over pretty comfortably; but when Aunt Doe fell asleep in the drawing-room, and papa was reading his paper, Mr. Danby and I began to *fratch*, as usual. I said one thing to him that I would have bitten my tongue off to recall the moment it was uttered: but I could not humble myself enough to acknowledge I was wrong, though I saw he was deeply wounded. He got up and left me, and soon after he and papa went away into the library, and there they stayed till past midnight. I sat up longer than we do generally, in the hope he would come back and say good night; but he did not, and this morning he was away to London before I came down-stairs. He left me in anger, I know, and I'm so sorry now; for all my perversity cannot keep me from loving him very very dearly. There'll be a letter to-morrow.

October 27. No letter from Mr. Danby yet: what can it mean? Aunt Doe looked at me very gravely this morning when papa took the letters out of the bag, and the tears came into her kind eyes: could they be for me? I am not well at all now: so dull and heavy, as if something were hanging over me, as if I were going to be ill. I do wish Harry would write. It is four days since he left.

October 31. Waiting for the post! Another twenty-four anxious hours—perhaps to go through the same pang of disappointment to-morrow. No letter from Mr. Danby yet. Papa says nothing, Aunt Doe says nothing; so I must just keep my anxieties to myself. This morning there was a bitter north-east wind blowing over the wolds laden with gusts of sleety rain, and there were packed clouds on the horizon which threatened snow. Old Mattie did not come with the bag; so after waiting till noon, when a fine gleam touched the sky, I thought it would be as well to take a walk, and while I was about it to go over to the post. By the time I was ready the sun was hidden again, and a few scattered snow-flakes came drifting on the wind; but there



TOOTHACHE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. BY H. B. MARKS.
[Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1856.]

was a biting anxiety at my heart that defied the cold wet blast. I set out, hoping that the storm would pass; but it thickened when I was about half-way, and then it was of no use to turn back. I was very glad to see the old church-tower and the rectory through the falling cloud at last. I went into Mattie's shop almost ashamed to be seen, and began by inquiring after her rheumatism; and then asked suddenly, as if it were an after-thought, "By the by, Mattie, are there any letters for our house?" Can ~~the~~ turning deceptive? Mattie was measuring out a pennyworth of nuts for a little boy; and when she had done she looked into the drawer, and after turning over several letters, said, "No, Miss Arden, there's not one—only the square's paper." So I took that and went away, as Mattie observed that it was a pity that I should have come out on such a day, and that she would send her Tom up with the letters to-morrow the minute they came in. Mattie has my secret all the while: I have been waiting for her often in the avenue lately, though the weather is so raw and chill; once even I met her at the brow of the hill leading to the village, and she looked grieved to disappoint me.

Then I set off to tramp home again. O it is weary! How many days have I waited for a word of forgiveness; for an assurance of Harry's continuing love! I am tempted to think that the prevalent winds of my life are always to

be due north, as cold and as bitter as that which drove in my face as I came home.

November 1. O, it is very hard to believe; I can't believe it yet,—it is too sudden,—he might have known I could not mean it when I said so. It was only my temper; and he vexed me. I did not wish him to go away. And he told papa what I had said, "That he always brought clouds with him wherever he went, and that I did not think I could ever be happy with him, and we had better separate while it was time." I did say those words, but it was only in a fit of crossness; and he took them in earnest. When the bag was brought in this morning, I said, "Papa, is there nothing for me?" peeping over his shoulder in hopes that there might be; for I could not suspect ~~then~~ what was the truth. And papa said, "No, Maggie; do you expect a letter from any body?" I turned very red, for Aunt Doe was watching me, and answered, "Yes, papa, to be sure I do; I thought I should hear from Mr. Danby; he has been gone a full week." There was a dead silence for a minute that made my heart sink with an undefinable fear; then Aunt Doe got up and went out, leaving papa and me alone. "Why does he not write; do you know, papa?" I asked hurriedly. "You should know best, Maggie," was his answer; and he went on reading a letter that he had just opened. Then it came into my mind that what I had so foolishly and wickedly

said to him the night before he went away from Darlston must have driven him from me. I caught at the table to keep myself from falling; for a thick mist rose before my eyes, and the room seemed to be going round with me. "Speak, papa; tell me what he said to you before he left; I want to know," I whispered hoarsely.

Papa looked very much shocked: "Why, Maggie, it was your own doing. You told him you could never be happy as his wife, and he had better leave you while there was time; and he took you at your word. What could you expect? Mr. Danby is not a man to be led by any girl's caprices. We are all very sorry about it; but if you felt what you said, you were right to say it. I had begun to doubt myself whether you were well snatched.

"O, papa, papa!" I cried, "I *did* like him better than any body in the world; but I was in a passion—"

"Had you not better go to Aunt Doe, my darling? the mischief is done now—Mr. Danby is gone." So I went away upstairs to Aunt Doe. She knew what it meant when I flung myself down beside her, and laid my head on her lap to cry. O, I was so wild and angry, as well as grieved. He has been unkind to me—I am sure he has. Nobody shall ever persuade me that he is right to leave me, when he knows as well as I do that I love him. He wants to punish me; but I feel that he is as much wrong as I am, and more.

November 2. It is so miserable for me now; but what can I do? I must not write to Harry, and tell him how sorry I am: that would be unwomanly—Aunt Doe says so. Would it? I am not sure. He loves me—he would forgive me if I asked him;—but no, no; there are so many things a girl must not say. I have tried to write a letter, but it is such a one as I dare not send. I used to be so coquettish and silly that I never would acknowledge to him that I loved him, and he might well doubt it. I cannot tell him now; he might fling back my confession scornfully—he would! he would! He is proud and stern and very unforgiving—perhaps he has ceased to love me. O, I think my heart will break!—if there were any hope—but he is gone quite away.

November 3. Already those curious disagreeable people, the Wiltons, have observed Mr. Danby's abrupt departure; and to my other grief is added the mortification of listening to their surprised exclamations. It is very hard to have to keep up before them, but Aunt Doe says I must; she will not have me give way; and my wretched cold and cough have to account for heavy eyes and aching head. O, for how many sore pains stands that common excuse, "a bad headache!" I cry myself to sleep night after night; and waking suddenly in a paroxysm of tears, brood over my grief till dawn, and then get up to act indifference, that people may not say I am disappointed. I wish I could get out of sight with my trouble until I grow used to it. I feel so wretchedly ill to-night with a violent throbbing pain in my head, which I have had more or less ever since papa and I spoke together; it is as if I had got a severe blow. But the pain in my head is not half so bad as the ache that never leaves my heart. Where is Harry now? I wish I knew.

November 25. I have not had the heart to write a line in my poor diary for weeks; and now I don't know why I have begun it again. We are all going to Italy for the winter; the doctor says if I stay here I shall die. I wish they would let me die; but I don't feel as if I should—that is too good to hope. I am very grieving and sad: I think Mr. Danby is hard; but it is of no use complaining or fretting; I brought his anger on myself. Laura and May are to be left at school; and when we come from abroad—if I ever come—papa thinks of letting dear old Darlston, and living in London altogether. I have a fancy for the house at Norfleet, where we were all born; but he will not listen to that. Uncle Joshua writes us word that Danby Hall is shut up, and its master away, nobody knows where. I do hope we shall not meet him in our travels abroad; but it is not likely. Aunt Doe does not like the England; but I will not go without her—she is a darling comfort, Aunt Doe.

November 27. Every thing is packed up, and to-morrow we go. It is a severance from the old life. I feel now that I would rather have stayed here; but they are doing it for me. I had a letter from Cousin Maria, begging I would go to her, for she is ill; but I cannot—I cannot bear any body's trouble but my own just now. Aunt Doe is so very kind to me, and so are they all. The 2d of December will be my birthday: I shall be seventeen—only seventeen! Sometimes I am almost sick with my sorrow; but the fit passes, and leaves me languid and worn out. O, I shall always, always think that Mr. Danby was unkind to me—I meant no harm; he is proud and unforgiving. Well, we shall never see each other again; and if we do, it will be only as strangers: and yet I cannot say sincerely that I wish I had never known him. If I live, I shall grieve down by and by; but I can never, never love any one again as I loved Mr. Danby. How foolish it is of me to write thus; but I have no one, not even Aunt Doe, to whom I can speak it. Laura and sweet May travel up to London with us, and there we leave them at Mrs. Magnall's. The kind old soul will say her pet-pupil is altered. She has warned me a hundred times and more about my passionate temper. How well I remember her giving me the fable of "The Oak and the Reed" to learn. I am broken enough now. I feel as if I could never be still again. The last day or two I have thought that it is possible I may not come home again any more, I am so weak and look so wan; yet I have no pain or ache any where now. I think he would be sorry if I were to die: I think he would grieve. I would grieve years hence, I know, to hear of harm having befallen him. I cannot get away from this theme: I never thought to suffer so much. Shall we ever, ever see each other again? O, if I might only have told him!

THE BESSEMER IRON PROCESS.

BY W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

Of all the materials of the earth essential to man, probably the most important is iron, from the colouring matter of his blood down to the cantelago wherewith he trims the floatage of his ships. It is the great medium of civilisation, the ransom of the free man from barbarism; as the Roman in the old tradition thundered in the ears of the barbarian Gaul, when the question arose as to who were the veritable masters of the world's chief city. The Tahitian savage instinctively recognised its true worth when he chose the iron nail in preference to the "king's picture in gold" in the hands of the navigator Cook.

Of old, iron was chiefly useful in the form of steel, to fabricate weapons and tools. Its increase in quantity in modern times has made it a material for construction; and there is scarcely a human art wherein timber, stone, brick, tile, straw, rush, clay, or plaster, is used, to which iron is not better adapted, provided it can be cheaply enough attained. Timber is a material apparently provided by nature for man's uses in fuel and structure ere he had attained the skill to dig coal and to manufacture iron. It is the bygone material of ship-building—too weak to cohere in the giant structures now needed to overlay the waters of ocean, and literally rule the waves with a straight horizontal line. In our future ship-building and our future architecture, iron will be the ruling material, increasing in its use with the facility of its production.

Of little use had iron been to us had it existed in nature only in the form of malleable masses. We might have bored holes in it, and formed it into stationary mortars; but we could not have rent it from the mine or quarry. In the British Museum may be seen a lump, cut as a sample from a huge mass in a South American desert, which has lain there from the time of its discovery, and which, were it side by side with Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, would be just as useless for man's purposes. Even a cast mass of iron, which happens to solidify in too large a bulk in a furnace, cannot be better used than in burying it in the earth below.

to get rid of it. Fortunately, then, is it for us that iron exists in brittle ores, and not in tough metallic masses.

The extraction of iron from the ore has been very largely an empirical art, with fire for the agent. Two materials have been used as fuel—wood-charcoal and mineral coal. The former is usually very pure, and does not in burning give out deteriorating substances to the metal; the latter contains sulphur and other matters damaging to the quality of the metal. The ores also contain various substances which must be got rid of, more or less perfectly, ere good iron can be attained. Some ores are roasted in the open air with fuel ere they are put into the furnace. In the furnace lime is added in large quantities as a flux, i. e. to make the iron flow freely. For various purposes of cast-iron it may be cast into form as it flows from the blast-furnace in which it is extracted from the ore, with many impurities intermixed. But the common practice is to cast it into pigs or ingots of three to four feet long, and about four inches square; such a shape, in short, as may be conveniently reduced into fragments by the hammer, for melting again when required.

Cast-iron is iron combined with a large dose of carbon, and may also contain various impurities; as sulphur, phosphorus, sileum, and other matters. Steel is iron with a lesser dose of carbon. Manufactured steel is iron into which the proper dose of carbon is artificially injected. Natural steel is iron in which the proper dose of carbon exists without artificial injection.

Malleable iron is iron without carbon. The ordinary mode of getting rid of the carbon is by burning it through the agency of the oxygen in atmospheric air; and at present this is the only known mode practised with more or less of perfection in the process. The ordinary method is to pour the iron out of the melting-furnace on to the hollow hearth of a reverberating furnace, and there stir it with iron rods, by man-power, so as to expose as much as possible of the fluid-iron to the action of the atmosphere. This is intensely hard work; and its effect depends very much on the amount of ale which the stirrer, or puddler, drinks. Liquid carbon burned in the men's lungs is as essential as solid carbon burned in the furnace. After a considerable amount of stirring, the iron assumes a pasty condition, and becomes a ball of some eighty pounds weight, which is then treated by hammer and squeezers much as a baker treats a mass of dough, with the object of forcing out the slag, or cinder; which is generally very imperfectly accomplished, partly owing to inefficient method, and partly to a desire to increase the weight of the iron by the admixture. After the squeezing process is finished, the mass is again heated, several balls being united according to the size required; it is then subjected to the hammer, and passed through the rolls a sufficient number of times, when it becomes common bar-iron.

To improve the quality, the bars are cut up into short lengths, piled into square heaps, heated in the furnaces to a welding heat, passed again through the rolls, and it then becomes "best bar-iron." The process is then repeated, and it becomes "best best," and so on, like the ale with multiplied crosses, to indicate increasing strength.

But these processes do not always insure that the iron will be of homogeneous quality, free from dirt, cinder, cracks, burnt portions, and other defects. Highly-heated iron in contact with atmospheric air produces scale; and this scale operates on the iron as flour operates between portions of dough—it permits junction, but prevents union. It is this that causes the difficulty in forming large masses of wrought-iron adapted for cannon, or for the shafts and cranks of ocean steamers, or for large anchors,—a difficulty so considerable as to have led to the practice of making wrought cannon and anchors in separate pieces mechanically united. Unless the iron can be produced from the furnace in a sufficiently large homogeneous mass, no plan hitherto pursued can accomplish perfect union; only a class of iron approximating to what is called "scrap" can be produced.

Scrap-iron is formed by collecting together fragments of iron of many kinds—sheet, bolt, rod, bar—intermixed with much scale and heterogeneous substances. These, put in a pile, are heated in the furnace, tilted by the hammer into a mass, and rolled out into a bar. If the surface be filed or planed smooth, innumerable cracks and crevices will be seen analogous to the grain of wood. But in this iron there is little or no cinder or slag; and therefore it is not brittle, but fibrous and tough, and is therefore well adapted for purposes where it is desirable to insure against breakage.

The texture of wrought-iron is of three kinds: lamellar, or tendency to split into sheets; fibrous, or tendency to split into strings; granular, or tendency to break into grains or crystals. This separation is probably caused by some extraneous substance interposed between the lamina, fibres, or grains, or it may be molecular arrangement of the particles.

Fibrous iron will bear tension, and stretch without breaking; granular iron will bear compression without crushing better than fibrous iron—and this last quality is very important for many purposes, as rails and wheels. The fibrous iron is analogous to straight-grained timber; the granular iron is analogous to timber with a curled grain. Very pure iron would probably be free from either fibre, lamina, or grain, like cast-lead.

The troublesome and costly process of producing iron made it a desideratum to find out some improved method of purifying it without the man-wasting operation of puddling. Many contrivances were sought to accomplish this—to get air into the interior of the heated mass, just as gastric juice gets into the interior of the food in the stomach. If we eat mashed potatoes, we make a kind of puddle-ball, which the gastric juice may work round but not into. If we eat flowery potatoes unmashed, the gastric juice penetrates the porous mass. Thus all iron-makers knew that to purify their iron it was necessary to permeate it with air; but they knew of no better method to accomplish it than by stirring the fluid mass up with an iron-rod. Some thought shaking it was a good process; others, that making the rod hollow and forcing steam into the mass would accomplish the object, the oxygen of the water serving the same purpose as the oxygen of the air. One proposition was to pour it backwards and forwards in the fluid state, just as we cool hot beverages; but all these processes were unavailing.

Henry Bessemer at length solved the problem. Melting the iron in an ordinary furnace, he ran it out into a second furnace previously heated, and having a number of orifices round the bottom formed of fire-clay in short tubes with a bore of less than half-an-inch in diameter. Through these tubes atmospheric air was forced by a steam-engine at a pressure of eight pounds on each inch, so that it rushed through with a force equal to support a column of iron of 32 inches in height. Thus the melted iron was poured on the issuing air, which prevented its running down into the openings.

Hitherto the purifying of the iron had been accomplished only by the agency of fuel; but a new discovery arose from the use of this unique vessel. At the expiration of a few minutes the fire became more intense; the carbon in the iron became the fuel; the heat rapidly increased; the scum, or slag, rose to the surface, attained a violent agitation like an opening volcano, then threw off the slag like an explosion of lava; then the fire became still more intense, with a strong white heat, till the carbon was finally burnt out; when the metal was run out into an iron mould—a malleable cast-iron ingot weighing about six cwt.: the time occupied being less than half an hour from the commencement of the operation.

But some further arrangements are requisite to make the casting perfect. The blast must perforce be kept up strongly till the melted iron is run out, otherwise it would run into the blast-holes, and spoil the furnace. Thus it is run out in a highly aerated condition, as full of bubbles as soda-water. The being received into a metallic mould has also a tendency to chill the ingot on the exterior, and to make

it hollow internally. If the ingot be cooled in this condition, no after-heating short of a welding-heat can make the mass solid, and even that only imperfectly; for the internal hollows spread out into laminae—junction without union. This may be understood by the following analogy: if a smith's file, with coarse teeth, be heated in the fire and hammered out on the anvil—heated again, and the operation repeated any number of times, till it be as thin as paper—the teeth-marks will never be obliterated, but remain in it till the last. Even so the air-bubbles, once cooled and set in the iron-ingot, will remain, whatever be the amount of hammering; and therefore when perfectly solid metal is required, the casting must be accomplished free from air-bubbles.

The importance of this discovery may be understood by the fact, that three to four different heatings are required to produce common bar-iron by the ordinary process; and that first-class iron may be produced at one heat by this process, and that probably as much may be ultimately made in an hour as has usually been made in a day with the same amount of furnace-space. More than this, it will be difficult to make bad iron, i. e. to leave cinder in it. And the castings from this iron will, without any subsequent forging, be better adapted for large shafts and cranks than those at present produced by forging with great labour and expense. Or castings may be made nearly approaching the form required, and subsequently hammered out to the exact size. The process of "fagoting," i. e. uniting together by welding, small bars to make large ones, may be dispensed with.

The inventor proposes yet more. Stopping short of the final extinction of the carbon in the iron, he proposes to leave in it so much carbon as will constitute a kind of steel, or very hard iron. Thus the iron may be cast in blocks, using only the original fuel that melted it from the ore; and with the same heat it may be rolled out into rails, constituting really permanent railways, that will not sever into strings like wood-fibre under the load of the engine-wheels, and will not break short by reason of a cindery substance.

There is yet another result we may look forward to. Iron, come from what ore it may, is identical in substance when freed from its impurities—such as sulphur, phosphorus, silicon, carbon, and other undiscovered matters. These impurities may exist in the ore, or in the fuel, or in the flux used to melt the ore. For this reason some ores may be better than others; and wood-charcoal is the best fuel. To make steel, iron made in Sweden, Russia, and elsewhere, by charcoal, is preferred, though very costly. This iron, in thin bars, is packed between layers of charcoal in close furnaces, and kept heated for eight or ten days. The carbon thus soaks in, and gaseous impurities come out in the form of blisters, similar to the small-pox in human beings. This is "blister-steel," which, cut into short lengths, piled together, heated, and welded into a mass, forms "single shear steel," and recut and piled, forms "double shear;" neither of which are perfectly homogeneous in texture. The blister-steel, melted down in crucibles and cast into ingots, is "cast-steel," which is perfectly homogeneous and is easily tilted into bars. For a long time this steel was objected to, as impracticable to weld.

If by Mr. Bessemer's process, or by any improvement on Mr. Bessemer's process, iron can be thoroughly purified, not only from carbon, but from all other matters, English iron becomes mechanically as good as Swedish or Russian, and commercially at one-fourth of the cost. The only difference in the value of iron will be its locality, as involving transit, and the quantity of fuel and flux required to reduce it from the ore. Where iron, lime, and coal are in proximity, there will obviously be great commercial advantages for its production. And rich ores will also have an advantage over poor ones; but the iron itself will be of one value, as of one quality, in the market.

Time was that "Wootz," "Milan," "Damascus," and other steels were worth more than their weight in gold. Steel has now become commoner, but intrinsically it is immeasurably more valuable than it ever was. It is one of the

few substances whose loss would check civilisation. It is synonymous with rapid transit, and with the very use of iron itself. Therefore the meaning of Mr. Bessemer's discovery is, "cheap tools" as well as cheap materials; good as well as cheap knives, scissors, razors, files, and other things. The smith will no longer waste his time with a dull file, to save the cost of a new one. The cutler will not sell his good name to save cost in material. The poor man will have a steel-knife on his plate instead of a cast-iron one.

It is not marvellous that this discovery should have produced so large an excitement. Civilisation has its evils as well as its advantages, and change is ever hailed with warm greeting on the one side and dislike and mistrust on the other. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," still cry the vested interests, as of old; and while some proclaim that the new process is an old one, others persist that it is a bad one. But the shrewd take to it, and leave the caviling to others. Meanwhile it is the installation of wrought-iron building structure ashore, practically increasing dwelling-area 25 per cent on a given surface of ground, with increased safety, warmth and coolness at pleasure, and better ventilation; and it will amount to something like the extinction of timber structure afloat, when the further process shall be perfectly attained of excluding oxygen from contact with iron at our will. Elisha of old caused iron to swim. We have done likewise on a larger scale; but we must do more yet to make it indestructible in salt water as well as fresh.

Discoveries in chemistry tend to propagate others, like eddying rings in air or water. For some time previous to Mr. Bessemer's publication of his discovery, a patent had lain in abeyance, taken by a certain Captain Franz Uchatius, of the Austrian army. No one heeded it; but the excitement of the Bessemer discovery set people to take it up; and Sheffield is stirred to its centre and waked from its goodly slumbers by rumours of approaching changes.

Indian pig-iron is famed for the excellence of its quality. It is the mother of the far-famed Wootz steel, erst used by die-sinkers, and sold, tradition says, at four guineas the pound; being prepared by olive-coloured men squatted on their haunches, and working with strange bellows operating on small crucibles: a sort of witch-like process, mysterious as the gnome-forgings of magic weapons in Scandinavia of old for the use of god-protected Vikings. Indian pig, by the operations of commerce,—first fostered by the late Mr. Heath, who died under the infliction of patent-law iniquities,—is now brought to England in large quantities, and sold for 7l. per ton—about double the price of Scottish pig; so we may infer that the Indian company have literally brought their pigs to a fine market: a beginning of the development of Indian resources.

Captain Franz Uchatius remelts these pigs, and pours the fluid metal into cold water; the result of which is to convert it into small irregular globular forms, strongly resembling leaden bird-shot. Twenty-eight pounds weight of these granules are mixed with a certain quantity of oxide of manganese and other materials, and put in a crucible, and the whole is melted. The result, poured out into the usual moulds, is some thirty pounds of exceedingly good cast-steel, capable of being forged into cutting chisels, and which will probably result in the ultimate production of steel fitted for the finest articles of cutlery. But it is more important to produce a steel generally useful to supply the place of iron, at a low price, than to produce the finer qualities, as the value of the material is a small item compared with the labour in the finer articles of cutlery and instruments. Thus Mr. Bessemer induces the process of burning away carbon from the iron by the injection of oxygen in the atmospheric air; and Franz Uchatius administers oxygen in the form of oxygenated materials without internal blast, producing steel by the substitution of hours for days.

When our chemistry shall take the form of synthesis as largely as it has done that of analysis, we shall get many more surprising results.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALLIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.
IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

For an hour she lay on the schoolhouse-floor, quite rigid. We thought she would never wake again. When she did, and we slowly made her understand that things were not as she feared, she seemed hardly able to take in the consolation.

"My bonnet, Martha, my bonnet! I must go to him." But she could not even stand.

I sent for my father. He came, bringing with him Dr. Hall, who had just left Mr. Rochdale.

Our doctor was a good man, whom every body trusted. At sight of him, Mrs. Rochdale sat up and listened—we all listened; no attempt at cold or polite disguises now—to his account of the accident. It was a simple fracture, curable by a few weeks of perfect quiet and care.

"Above all, my dear madam, *quiet*,"—for the doctor had seen Mrs. Rochdale's nervous fastening of her cloak, and her quick glance at the door. "I would not answer for the results of even ten minutes' mental agitation."

Mrs. Rochdale comprehended. A spasm, sharp and keen, crossed the unhappy mother's face. With a momentary pride she drew back.

"I assure you, Dr. Hall, I had no—that is, I have already changed my intention."

Then she leaned back, closed her eyes and her quivering mouth—fast—fast!—folded quietly her useless hands; and seemed as if trying to commit her son, patiently and unrepining, into the care of the only Healer,—He "who woundeth, and His hands make whole."

At last she asked suddenly, "Who is with him?"

"His wife," said Dr. Hall, without hesitation. "She is a good tender nurse; and he is fond of her."

Mrs. Rochdale was silent.

Shortly afterwards she went home in Dr. Hall's carriage; and by her own wish I left her there alone.

After that, I saw her twice a-day for five days—bringing regular information from my father of Mr. Rochdale, and hearing the further report, never missed, which came through Dr. Hall. It was almost always favourable; yet the agony of that "almost" seemed to stretch the mother's powers of endurance to their utmost limit—at times her face, in its stolid fixed quietness, had an expression half-insane.

Late in the afternoon of the sixth day—it was a rainy December Sunday, when scarcely any one thought of stirring out but me—I was just considering whether it was not time to go to Mrs. Rochdale's, when some person, hooded and cloaked, came up the path to our door. It was herself.

"Martha, I want you. No; I'll not come in."

Yet she leaned a minute against the dripping veranda, pale and breathless.

"Are you afraid of taking a walk with me—a long walk? No? Then put on your shawl and come."

Though this was all she said, and I made no attempt to question her further, still I knew as well as if she had told me where she was going. We went through miry lanes, and soaking woods, where the partridges started, whirring up, across sunk fences, and under gloomy fir-plantations, till at last we came out opposite the manor-house. It looked just the same as in old times, save that there were no peacocks on the terrace, and the swans now never came near the house—no one fed or noticed them.

"Martha, do you see that light in my window?—O my poor boy!"

She gasped, struggled for breath, leaned on my arm a minute, and then went steadily up, and rang the hall-bell.

"I believe there is a new servant; he may not know you, Mrs. Rochdale," I said, to prepare her.

But she needed no preparation. She asked in the quietest way—as if paying an ordinary call—for "Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."

"Mistress is gone to lie down, ma'am. Master was worse, and she was up all night with him. But he is better again to day, thank the Lord!"

The man seemed really affected, as though both "master" and "mistress" were served with truer than lip-service.

"I will wait to see Mrs. Lemuel," said Mrs. Rochdale, walking right into the library.

The man followed, asking respectfully what name he should say.

"Merely a lady."

We waited about a quarter of an hour. Then Mrs. Lemuel appeared—somewhat fluttered, looking, in spite of her handsome dress, a great deal shyer and more modest than the girl Nancy Hine.

"I beg pardon, ma'am, for keeping you waiting; I was with my husband. Perhaps you're a stranger, and don't know how ill he has been. I beg your pardon."

Mrs. Rochdale put back her veil, and Mrs. Lemuel seemed as if, in common phrase, she could have "dropped through the floor."

"I dare say you are surprised to see me here," the elder lady began; "still, you will well imagine, a mother—!" She broke down. It was some moments before she could command herself to say, in broken accents, "I want to see—my son."

"That you shall, with pleasure, Mrs. Rochdale," said Nancy earnestly. "I thought once of sending for you; but—"

The other made some gesture to indicate that she was not equal to conversation, and hastily moved up-stairs—Nancy following. At the chamber-door, however, Nancy interrupted her—

"Stop one minute, please. He has been so very ill; do let me tell him first, just to prepare—"

"He is my son—my own son. You need not be afraid," said Mrs. Rochdale, in tones of which I know not whether bitterness or keen anguish was uppermost. She pushed by the wife, and went in.

We heard a faint cry, "O mother, my dear mother!" and a loud sob—that was all.

Mrs. Lemuel shut the door, and sat down on the floor outside, in tears. I forgot she had been Nancy Hine, and wept with her.

It was a long time before Mrs. Rochdale came out of her son's room. No one interrupted them, not even the wife. Mrs. Lemuel kept restlessly moving about the house,—sometimes sitting down to talk familiarly with me, then recollecting herself and resuming her dignity. She was much improved. Her manners and her mode of speaking had become more refined. It was evident, too, that her mind had been a good deal cultivated, and that report had not lied when it avouched sarcastically, that the squire had left off educating his dogs, and taken to educating his wife. If so, she certainly did her master credit. But Nancy Hine was always considered a "bright" girl.

Awkward she was still—large and *gauche* and underbred—wanting in that simple self-possession which needs no advantages of dress or formality of manner to confirm the obvious fact of innate "ladyhood." But there was nothing coarse or repulsive about her—nothing that would strike one as springing from that internal and ineradicable "vulgarity," which, being in the nature as much as in the bringing-up, no education or external refinement of manner can ever wholly conceal.

I have seen more than one "lady," of undeniable birth and rearing, who was a great deal more "vulgar" than Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale.

We were sitting by the dining-room fire. Servants came, doing the day's mechanical service, and brought in the tray.

Mrs. Lemuel began to fidget about.

"Do you think, Miss Martha, she will stay and take some supper? Would she like to remain the night here? Ought I not to order a room to be got ready?"

But I could not answer for any of Mrs. Rochdale's movements.

In process of time she came down, looking calm and happy—O, inconceivably happy!—scarcely happier, I doubt, even when, twenty-seven years ago, she had received her new-born son into her bosom—her son, now born again to her in reconciliation and love. She even said, with a gentle smile, to her son's wife:

"I think he wants you. Suppose you were to go upstairs?"

Nancy fled like lightning.

"He says," murmured Mrs. Rochdale, looking at the fire, "that she has been a good wife to him."

"She is much improved in many ways."

"Most likely. My son's wife could not fail of that," returned Mrs. Rochdale, with a certain air that forbade all further criticism on Nancy. She evidently was to be viewed entirely as "my son's wife."

Mrs. Lemuel returned. She looked as if she had been crying. Her manner towards her mother-in-law was a mixture of gratitude and pleasure.

"My husband says, since you will not stay the night, he hopes you will take supper here, and return in the carriage."

"Thank you; certainly." And Mrs. Rochdale sat down—unwittingly, perhaps,—in her own familiar chair, by the bright hearth. Several times she sighed; but the happy look never altered. And now, wholly and for ever, passed away that sorrowful look of seeking for something never found. It was found.

I think a mother, entirely and eternally sure of her son's perfect reverence and love, need not be jealous of any other love, not even for a wife. There is, in every good man's heart, a sublime strength and purity of attachment, which he never does feel, never can feel, for any woman on earth except his mother.

Supper was served; Mrs. Lemuel half-advanced to her usual place, then drew back, with a deprecating glance.

But Mrs. Rochdale quietly seated herself in the guest's seat at the side, leaving her son's wife to take the position of mistress and hostess at the head of the board.

Perhaps it was I only who felt a choking pang of regret and humiliation at seeing my dear, nay, noble Mrs. Rochdale sitting at the same table with Nancy Hine.

After that Sunday, the mother went every day to see her son. This event was the talk of the whole village: some worthy souls were glad; but I think the generality were rather shocked at the reconciliation. They "always" thought Mrs. Rochdale had more spirit; "wondered she could have let herself down." "But of course it was only on account of his illness." "She might choose to be 'on terms' with her son, but it was quite impossible she could ever take up with Nancy Hine."

In that last sentiment I agreed. But then the gossips did not know that there was a great and a daily-increasing difference between Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale and "Nancy Hine."

I have stated my creed, as it was Mrs. Rochdale's, that lowliness of birth does not necessarily constitute a low marriage. Also, that popular opinion was rather unjust to the baker's daughter. Doubtless she was a clever ambitious girl, anxious to raise herself, and glad enough to do so by marrying the squire. But I believe that she was a virtuous and not unscrupulous girl, and I firmly believe she loved him. Once married, she tried to raise herself so as to be worthy of her station; to keep and to deserve her husband's affection. That which would have made a woman of meaner nature insufferably proud, only made Nancy humble. Not that she abated one jot of her self-respect—for she was a high-spirited creature—but she had sense enough to see that the truest self-respect lies, not in exacting honour which is undeserved, but in striving to attain that worth which receives honour and observance as its rightful due.

From this quality in her probably grew the undoubted

fact of her great influence over her husband. Also because, to tell the truth—I would not for worlds Mrs. Rochdale should read this page)—Nancy was of a stronger nature than he. Mild-tempered, lazy, and kind, it was easier to him to be ruled than to rule, provided he knew nothing about it. This was why the gentle Celandine could not retain the love which Daniel Hine's energetic daughter won and was never likely to lose.

Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when for some weeks she had observed narrowly the ways of her son's household, "I think he is not unhappy. It might have been worse."

Thenceforward the gentry around Thorpe were shocked and "really quite amazed" every week of their lives. First, that poor Mr. Rochdale, looking very ill, but thoroughly content, was seen driving out with his mother by his side, and his wife, in her most objectionable and tasteless bonnet, sitting opposite. Second, that the two ladies, older and younger, were several times seen driving out together,—only they two, alone! Thorpe could scarcely believe this, even on the evidence of its own eyes. Thirdly, that on Christmas-day Mrs. Rochdale was observed in her old place in the manor-house pew; and when her son and his wife came in, she actually smiled!

After that every body gave up the relenting mother-in-law as a lost woman!

Three months slipped away. It was the season when most of our county families were in town. When they gradually returned, the astounding truth was revealed concerning Mrs. Rochdale and her son. Some were greatly scandalised, some pitied the weakness of mothers, but thought that as she was now growing old, forgiveness was excusable.

"But of course she can never expect us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

"I am afraid not," was the rector's wife's mild remark. "Mrs. Rochdale is unlike most ladies; she is not only a gentlewoman, but a Christian."

Yet it was observable that the tide of feeling against the squire's "low" wife ebbed day by day. First, some kindly stranger noticed publicly that she was "extremely good-looking;" to confirm which, by some lucky chance, poor Nancy grew much thinner, probably with the daily walks to and from Mrs. Rochdale's residence. Wild reports flew abroad that the squire's mother, without doubt one of the most accomplished and well-read women of her generation, was actually engaged in "improving the mind" of her daughter-in-law!

That some strong influence was at work became evident in the daily change creeping over Mrs. Lemuel. Her manners grew quieter, gentler; her voice took a softer tone; even her attire, down, or rather up, to the much-abused bonnets, was subdued to colours suitable for her large and showy person. One day a second stranger actually asked "who was that *distingué*-looking woman?" and was coughed down. But the effect of the comment remained.

Gradually the point at issue slightly changed; and the question became:

"I wonder whether Mrs. Rochdale expects us to visit Mrs. Lemuel?"

But Mrs. Rochdale, though of course she knew all about it,—for every body knew every thing in our village,—never vouchsafed the slightest hint one way or the other as to her expectations.

Nevertheless the difficulty increased daily, especially as the squire's mother had been long the object of universal respect and attention from her neighbours. The question, "To visit or not to visit?" was mooted and canvassed far and wide. Mrs. Rochdale's example was strong; yet the "county people" had the prejudices of their class, and most of them had warmly regarded poor Celandine Childs.

I have hitherto not said a word of Miss Childs. She was still abroad. But though Mrs. Rochdale rarely alluded to her, I often noticed how her eyes would brighten at sight of letters in the delicate handwriting I knew so well. The

strong attachment between these two nothing had power to break.

One day she sat poring long over one of Celandine's letters, and many times took off her glasses,—alas! as I said, Mrs. Rochdale was an old lady now,—to wipe the dew from them. At length she called in a clear voice, "Martha!" and I found her standing by the mirror smiling.

"Martha, I am going to a wedding!"

"Indeed! Whose, madam?"

"Miss Childo's. She is to be married next week."

"To whom?" I cried, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Do you remember Mr. Sinclair?"

I did. He was the rector of Ashen Dale. One of the many suitors whom, years ago, popular report had given to Miss Childo.

"Was that really the case, Mrs. Rochdale?"

"Yes. Afterwards he became, and has been ever since, her truest, tenderest, most faithful friend. Now—"

Mrs. Rochdale sat down, still smiling, but sighing also. I too felt a certain pang, for which I blamed myself the moment after, to think that love can ever die and be buried. Yet surely the Maker of the human heart knows it best. One thing I know, and perhaps it would account for a great deal, that the Lemuel of Celandine's love was not, never had been, the real Lemuel Rochdale. Still—

Something in my looks betrayed me; for Mrs. Rochdale, turning round, said decisively:

"Martha, I am very glad of this marriage, deeply and entirely glad. She will be happy,—my poor Celandine!"

And happy she always has been, I believe.

After Mrs. Rochdale's return from the wedding, she one day sent for me.

"Martha,"—and an amused smile about her mouth reminded me of our lady of the manor in her young days,—

"I am going to astonish the village. I intend giving a dinner-party. Will you write the invitations?"

They were, without exception, to the "best" families of our neighbourhood. Literally *the best*—the worthiest; people, like Mrs. Rochdale herself, to whom "position" was a mere clothing, used or not used, never concealing or meant to conceal the honest form beneath, the common humanity that we all owe alike to father Adam and mother Eve. People who had no need to stickle for the rank that was their birthright, the honour that was their due; whose blood was so thoroughly "gentle," that it inclined them to gentle manners and gentle deeds. Of such—and there are not a few throughout our English land—of such are the true aristocracy.

All Thorpe was on the *qui vive* respecting this wonderful dinner-party, for hitherto—gossip said because she could of course have no gentleman at the head of her table—Mrs. Rochdale had abstained from any thing of the kind. Now, would her son really take his rightful place at the entertainment? and if so, what was to be done with his wife? Could our "best" families, much as they esteemed Mrs. Rochdale, ever under any possible circumstances be expected to meet the former Nancy Hine?

I need not say how the whole question served for a week's wonder; and how every body knew every other body's thoughts and intentions a great deal better than "other bodies" themselves. Half the village was out at door or window, when on this memorable afternoon the several carriages were seen driving up to Mrs. Rochdale's house.

Within, we were quiet enough. She had few preparations,—she always lived in simple elegance. Even on this grand occasion she only gave what cheer her means could afford—nothing more. Show was needless, for every guest was not a mere acquaintance, but a friend.

Dressed richly, and with special care,—how well I remembered, that is, if I had dared to remember, another similar toilette!—Mrs. Rochdale sat in her chamber. Not until the visitors were all assembled did she descend to the drawing-room.

Entering there—she did not enter alone; on her arm was a lady, about thirty; large and handsome in figure; plainly, but most becomingly attired;—a lady, to whose manners or appearance none could have taken the slightest exception, and on whom any stranger's most likely comment would have been—"What a fine-looking woman! but so quiet."

This lady Mrs. Rochdale at once presented to the guests, with a simple, unimpressive quietness, which was the most impressive effect she could have made,—

"My daughter, Mrs. Lemuel Rochdale."

In a week, "every body" visited at the manor-house.

Perhaps I ought to end this history by describing the elder and younger Mrs. Rochdale as henceforward united in the closest sympathy and tenderest affection. It was not so: it would have been unnatural, nay, impossible. The difference of education, habits, character, was too great ever to be wholly removed. But the mother and daughter-in-law maintain a sociable intercourse, even a certain amount of kindly regard, based on one safe point of union, where the strongest attachment of both converges and mingles. Perhaps, as those blest with superabundance of faithful love often end by deserving it, Mr. Rochdale may grow worthy, not only of his wife, but of his mother, in time.

Mrs. Rochdale is quite an old lady now. You rarely meet her beyond the lane where her small house stands; which she occupies still, and obstinately refuses to leave. But, meeting her, you could not help turning back for another glance at her slow, stately walk, and her ineffably beautiful smile. A smile which, to a certainty, would rest on the gentleman upon whose arm she always leans, and whose horse is seen daily at her gate, with a persistency equal to that of a young man going a-courting. For people say in our village that the squire, with all his known affection for his good wife, is as attentive as any lover to his beloved old mother, who has been such a devoted mother to him.

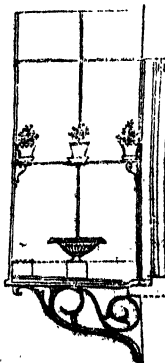
One want exists at the manor-house,—there are no children. For some things this is as well; and yet I know not. However, so it is; and since it is, it must be right to be. When this generation dies out, probably the next will altogether have forgotten the fact, that the last Mr. Rochdale made what society ignominiously terms "a low marriage."



WINDOW DECORATIONS.

DESIGN NO. 1.

The object of this design is, by a simple and inexpensive arrangement to produce a pleasing effect, as viewed from the interior of an apartment; and it is particularly adapted for localities not possessing a good prospect. The design consists of a small glass conservatory, of the same height as the window, to project about three or four feet from it; and to be supported externally by two iron brackets, as shown in section, of sufficient strength to bear the weight of the structure and the boxes it is to contain. The framework of the conservatory would be lighter in appearance if made of iron, and, in point of economy,



would have the advantage over wood arising from its greater durability.

The floor might be formed of slate or encaustic tiles, with an incline of about an inch towards the window, near which a groove ought to be cut to carry off the water required for the plants. On the front of every sash-bar a wire should be placed at about half-an-inch distant, running from the bottom to the top. These wires may be continued in festoons to the roof of the conservatory, on which climbing plants can be trained: by this arrangement a most graceful effect will be obtained.

A small fountain, either self-acting or fed from the water-cistern of the house, adds very much to the beauty of the whole, or in the absence of that, a statuette or a globe of gold-fish.

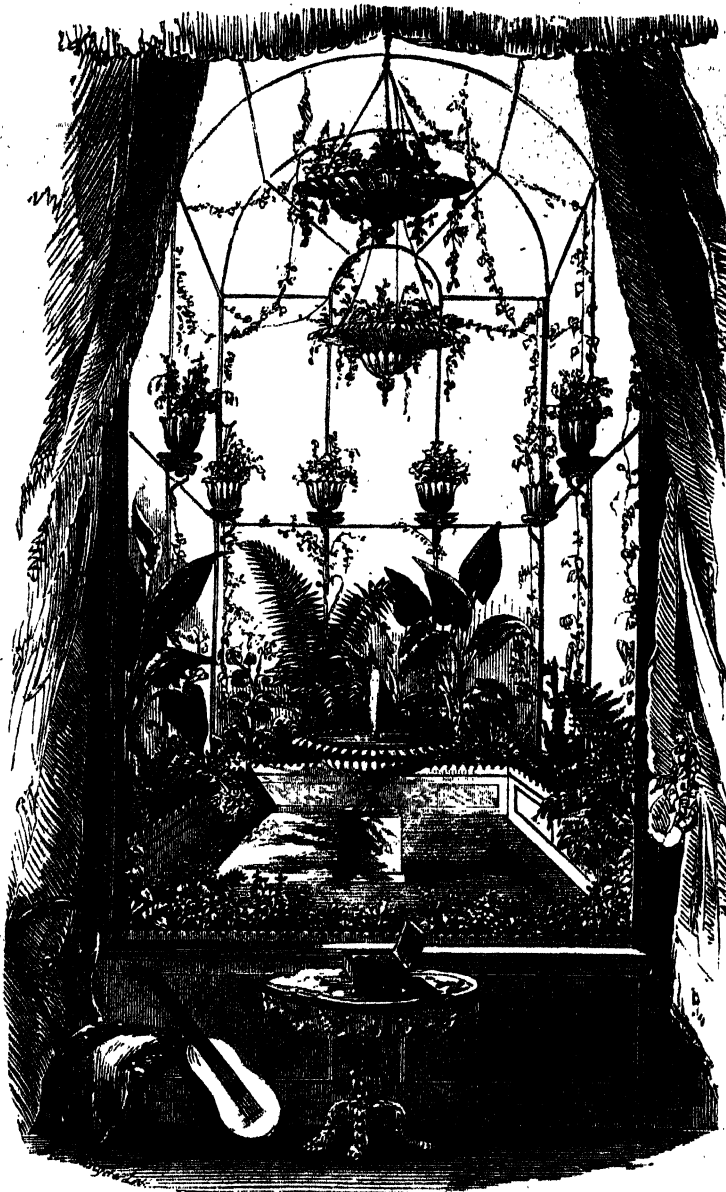
Independently of the agreeable appearance produced by luxuriant flowers during summer, the little conservatory will be found of great use in preserving plants during the winter, as the ordinary fire of the room will keep the temperature sufficiently warm for them. The flower-boxes may be made of wood, or can be procured in porcelain or terra-cotta. Small iron brackets, affixed at intervals to the sash-bars, would support flower-pots for fuchsias, geraniums, or other standard plants.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAVING seen a design for an aquarium in your last week's publication, I thought perhaps some of your readers would be interested in one of the inhabitants of an aquarium—an "aquatic spider," whose habits I am not encroaching too much on your columns to describe.

THE WATER-SPIDER.

This amusing insect differs little from the ordinary house-spider in the shape of the body, but its habits are altogether different. Although it is called a water-spider, it requires much more air than water or plants are able to



supply it with; it is therefore furnished by nature with a skin or bag over the abdomen which is capable of containing air; this when filled, presents the appearance of a globule of quicksilver. The insect is capable of replenishing this bag at pleasure by means of four small teats. Great amusement may be derived by watching the operations and movements of these little creatures.

Instead of spinning a web, as the common spider does, they weave a nest or bag of white silky fibres, which contains air; consequently by this means it always insures a constant supply. Strange to say, these insects are very nearly the only ones that may be placed in a freshwater aquarium without any danger of being devoured by the fish or other insects. T. P.

NOTICE.

COMMUNICATIONS for this department are invited from our readers. Any new fact illustrating morals, art, or convenience, in so far as they pertain to Home, or any suggestive comment upon such fact, are within the scope of our design. Education, with all that it

includes in practice,—various methods of training, for instance, adapted to various dispositions,—might be an important element in such a correspondence. Nothing will be foreign, indeed, that elucidates the inner life, or contributes to the outward beauty and utility of Home-experience. We may here reprint from our prospectus a list of the subjects to which we would direct especial attention: Art in the Dwelling—Gardening and Rural Economy—Home Education—Health-Laws—The Sick-room—Social Manners and Customs—The Heroisms of Home—Duties of Members of Families to each other, to Neighbours, and to the Poor—Home-interiors of the World compared—Principles of Home-Management—Recreations at Home and Abroad—The Ministrations of Science to the Home, &c.

All communications to be authenticated by the signature and address of the writer, which, if desired, will be received in strict confidence. They must be directed to the Office, and marked on the corner of the envelope, "The Home."



PAINTED BY J. PHILIP.

SPANISH GIRL RETURNING FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

SPANISH GIRL RETURNING FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

"A HANDSOME face is a good letter of introduction." This was a proverb two thousand years ago, and will be a truth to the end of time. What need, then, has this beautiful Andalusian girl of any words of ours to bespeak for her the favourable notice of our readers? We may leave her to win her own triumphant way with all beholders, noting only—as in a hurried exclamation of wonder and delight—the grace and freedom of her outlines, the ease with which she carries the heavy pitcher, poising it in the manner which imposes least effort on the muscles of the arm, the latent power in her large black eyes, the sweetness of her face, and its repose, contrasted with the quickness of her step, as shown by the flying tassels at her waist and the rope slanting back from the handle of the pitcher.

The painting is among the latest productions of the artist, Mr. Phillip, from whose studio it has not yet issued.

A HEROINE IN HER WAY.

BY DR. DORAN.

It was the opinion of Jeremy Collier that it would be better for the world if there were fewer heroes in it. Of the men who had been sufficiently illustrious to claim to be ranked under that distinctive name, there was only one in whom Collier acknowledged a benefactor of the human race. This individual was the apocryphal Hercules. "I scarcely ever heard of any, excepting Hercules," says Jeremy, "but did more mischief than good." He described heroes generally as "overgrown mortals," people who "commonly use their will with their right hand and their reason with their left." It must be remembered, however, that when Collier thus referred to "heroes," he had in his mind warriors only. Fanny Wright, herself something of a heroine, according to her own fashion, made a nicer distinction when she remarked that heroes were much rarer than great warriors. Collier, however, discerned that the heroic must be looked for elsewhere than only in the warlike. The pride of heroes, he says, "is in their title; and their power puts them in possession. Their pomp is furnished from rapine, and their scarlet is dyed with human blood. If wrecks and ruins and desolations of kingdoms are marks of greatness, why do we not worship a tempest and erect a statue to the plague? A panegyric upon an earthquake is every jot as reasonable as upon such conquests as these." Larochefoucauld may be said to have thoroughly understood the meaning of the term "hero," when he remarked that "there are heroes in evil as well as in good." Massillon, too, was well acquainted with the worth of the term when he asserted that "it is easy to be at certain moments heroic and generous; what is really difficult is this,—to be constant and faithful."

He who has courage over himself is a hero; and a "heroine" is something more than the mere "bellatrix" and "virago," which often pass for its synonyms. There are many better worth knowing than the "formosæ chorus heroïnæ" of Propertius, or the heroines of romance, over whose imaginary miseries so many tears are shed that there are none left for human calamity. Now *my* heroine, Marie Lucille, was just one of these.

One winter's evening, towards the close of December 1809, the snow was falling thick in the district between La Chaise Dieu and Brionde, in the department of the Upper Loire. A solitary horseman, who had nothing at all of a knightly aspect, and who looked bewildered, uncomfortable, and disgusted as the flakes fell on his face, was the only human figure to be seen in the dreary picture. The rider bent forward so far beyond his horse's ears, as to give him the air of one anxious to arrive at a cottage in the distance before the steed on which he was mounted.

"If they are savages who live there," murmured he, "they will not have the heart to refuse me hospitality in such weather as this." And therewith, having reached the

door, he applied the butt-end of his whip to the latch and knocked with apologetic hesitation.

"Jump down, doctor," exclaimed a voice from within; "I will take your horse in half a minute. We have been looking for you this hour. You have come too late, but you are perfectly welcome."

The doctor was among the first lecturers on therapeutics in Paris, and had not the least idea that he was known, expected, or welcome, in this part of the Upper Loire. He was on his way to Brionde, indeed, to attend a family-festival, the grand portion of which was a christening. The doctor's brother had been for some years settled in the last-named town, which the professor of therapeutics was about to visit for the first time, for the purpose of standing godfather to a recently-born niece. He had been making a geological tour in the south, and intended to take Brionde on his road back to the capital.

By this time night had succeeded to evening, the snow fell faster and thicker than before; and suddenly a man appeared on the threshold carrying in his hand a blazing pine-stick, which he held aloft while he looked into the dark night.

"Come in, doctor," said he; "you'll find your god-daughter within, and your brother is not far off."

"My good friend," said the traveller, "there is surely some mistake. My goddaughter—"

"Look you there now," interrupted the man, shaking his pine-stick the while to enable him to distinguish the stranger, "I took you for our good Doctor Gerard, who had not only promised to be here for a birth, but to be sponsor for the baby. His brother, the curé, too, engaged to give it his blessing, and to taste our omelette and a bottle of the year '55."

The stranger explained his condition, asked for hospitality, and was believed and welcomed without hesitation.

"It is all one," said the host, taking the bridle of the horse. "Go you in; you will find a Josephine within happier than the poor empress yonder; for she is the mother of a child, and is under the roof of her husband. Go you in; I'll see to the horse."

The doctor felt that he had not arrived at the most opportune of moments; nevertheless he was the most embarrassed of the party in the cottage. Under the circumstances, the hospitality which he received was "princely." The house and the inmates were poor indeed, but the latter had large hearts. They were all the happier, too, that their child was a girl. "They can't make a conscript of *her*," exclaimed both the parents, with a feeling which was common at the period when a girl was born.

On the morrow, before taking leave of his kind entertainer, the doctor, placing his hand on that of the mother, observed to her, that he should be well pleased to be permitted to be godfather to "mademoiselle" there, "if—" He was about adding more, when mademoiselle herself uttered a cry so shrill, that the speaker paused.

"Pardi!" exclaimed the father, "she agrees, and does not wait for us to give our consent. You shall share the office, sir, with Monsieur Gerard."

This matter being arranged, the Parisian professor bade his hosts farewell. They promised to find a deputy for him at the ceremony of baptism, and to give him news of his goddaughter, or ask his council in her behalf, should occasion arise for either. And therewith he rode away, and very speedily forgot his sponsorial obligations and Marie Lucille.

The child grew—a plain child, with a grave look about her. She tumbled through infancy with tolerable credit and countless bruises. When she could run alone and was able to speak, the companions of her age invited her to share their sports. She crossed her little hands behind her back, and sharply and peremptorily refused. Her unpopularity was established "for ever."

She lay about at the cottage-door, now in the sun, now in the rain, and seemed to care little for either. She was a dreaming child, hardly conscious of what she dreamt, or

One had not the love of her fellows, but she won their respect. All the childish quarrels of the neighbourhood were referred to her for arbitration. People stood near her on these occasions, amused at the gravity of the little judge in a tattered gown. They never found reason, however, to deny the justice of her award. The tribunal of Marie Lucille was an institution in the eyes of little village litigants.

Hitherto her life had been one of unmingled happiness. She did not know that she was poor; and she felt, without thinking about it, that she was powerful. But she was now placed in a position which revealed to her her poverty, and made her sensible of being in subjection to others. She was sent to work in the fields during half the day, and to school during the remaining portion of it.

"She is not worth her salt," said the farmer who employed her to pick up stones.

"She is a fool," said the schoolmistress; "and is always asking questions above common sense."

The fact was, that in the fields Marie Lucille was studying even the stones. These, the herbs, the flowers, and the grasses, were her books; and when she took them to the school and laid them before the purblind Minerva there, she found the instructress could not read them. Her surprise was extreme. "I can teach myself to read," said she; "but of what use is this woman, if she cannot help me to do what I am unable to do for myself?"

She already saw that there was something imperfect in the educational system. The germ of the reformer was already in course of development in the little person of Marie Lucille.

She remained the only child of her parents, whose ill-health but increased their poverty. The girl, before she was in her teens, laboured with an energy beyond her strength in order to aid her honest but almost helpless father and mother. Within two years she lost both; and at the age of sixteen, the reserved, rather plain, but strongly intellectual-looking girl, was left an orphan, with nothing before her but a life of hard labour, and very delicate health wherewith to meet the burden.

"There is nothing else," said Marie Lucille; "let us make the best of it."

She found even this philosophy, however, of little avail. What she could gain by hard and constant work barely sufficed to keep life within her. Her strength daily decayed; and, worst of all to her, she had not leisure in any way to "learn any thing new." She was conscious of an insatiate thirst for knowledge, and her very heart died within her as she discovered the impossibility of slaking that thirst.

"Well," said she half-aloud, as she stood on the little "esplanade" of the village one Sunday evening, looking at the dancers, but thinking of more serious matters,—“well, there is something wrong here. It cannot be God's fault. It must, then, be my fault. I will go to Monsieur le curé; he of course will put me right."

Monsieur le curé, however, could not do what was expected of him. A gentle shower of ordinary and well-intentioned platitudes failed to refresh her. "My child," said the good old man, "it is your duty to be content with the lot which God has assigned to you."

"Monsieur le curé," asked Marie Lucille, "does God always, as you say, fit the back to the burden?"

"Doubtless," was the reply.

"Then," said Marie, without the least awe at finding herself about to beat the curé in argument,—“then I am not in the position assigned to me. The burden I carry is intolerable, not because of its weight, but because it does not fit my back. I would labour twice as long as I do, if the work were different from that to which I am now improperly condemned."

The curé looked at her with the aspect of a pope on the point of excommunicating a rebel prince who had defied pontifical teaching. She stood the look firmly; not audaciously, but with the strength born of the conviction that she was right, that she knew more about the matter than

the priest, and that Heaven would help her if she only strove to help herself.

"Go and dance," said the curé.

"That is all the comfort that the well-provided ant could contribute to the poor lean grasshopper, who, according to its nature, had passed the summer singing in the grass. I will go to Paris," said Marie Lucille.

The resolution thus expressed astounded not only the curé, but the entire village. She was, however, not to be moved from it. She had a presentiment, she said, that her field of labour was in Paris.

"Where they sow sin, and reap tears," was the comment of the curé.

"As men sow, even accordingly shall they reap," rejoined the young logician. "May it be so with me, amen."

There was abundance of weeping when the sickly-looking but stout-hearted orphan turned her face towards the capital, and went on her long and weary way. It was a work of many weeks to traverse that long road; and fatigue and want more than once threatened to kill her before she had accomplished her object. At length she glided into the brilliant city, like a phantom. Scared and bewildered, she looked about her for the first time with a feeling of helpless despair.

Her strong mind mastered her weak body. She had not come purposeless, and she was resolved to carry her purpose out. She had long carried about her her Parisian godfather's address. With an instinct which resembled experience, and which told her that an interview would be more profitable than a correspondence, she had walked to the capital, determined to consult him (if he were living), who had promised to give her counsel if she happened to need it. Marie Lucille discovered her godfather's abode, and was laughed at by the porter when she offered to ascend the stairs which led to his apartment.

The pilgrim had not wandered so far to be rudely turned away from the shrine now that her hand was upon it. She stoutly maintained her right; and an altercation ensuing—particularly loud on the part of the porter—as the one ascended the staircase and the other attempted to obstruct the ascent, the doctor himself, somewhat fatter than of old, appeared at the door and demanded an explanation.

"Monsieur le docteur," said the porter, "this beggar-girl—"

"Godfather!" exclaimed the poor girl, who, hearing the title, concluded that she had reached her desired end, "I am Marie Lucille."

"And who the d— is Marie Lucille?" asked the professor good-humouredly; "who claims me for a godfather?"

The girl could speak well, and, exhausted though she was, a few sentences, spoken without circumlocution and to the purpose, soon enlightened the professor. He led her into his little dining-room with a gentle care that puzzled the wondering porter; ordered refreshment for her, consigned her to his *bonne*, and promised to hear her full story, her experiences, her hopes, and her desires, on the following morning.

When that morning arrived, Marie Lucille looked two or three years younger for her repose; and at the conclusion of a long interview with the kind-hearted professor, declared, very considerably to his surprise, that she thought she was best fitted to gain her livelihood in the same way that he did.

The professor burst into a fit of laughter, and looked incredulous. Marie herself blushed, as she always did when she or her situation was misapprehended. "I simply mean," she said, "that I should like to teach."

"What do you know?" naturally asked the professor.

"Nothing," was the reply; and it caused the doctor to look at his strange visitor most curiously, but with a respectful, an admiring curiosity.

"Nothing!" he repeated. "Do you know, Marie, that your answer does you credit, while it gives me encouragement? I will place you where you will be aided along the

first pathways you are eager to traverse. If you answer my expectations, future succour, my good girl, shall not fail you."

"I will answer them," said Marie, "God willing. I think I have discovered the position in which He is pleased that I shall be placed."

Marie not only answered, she exceeded the expectations of her godfather. And yet she was not a quick girl. She was much better than that *merely*. She had intellect, and therewith she had the most abundant patience, the most unflinching perseverance. She was never in a hurry to attain an end, and her object was accomplished all the earlier. Her progress was watched with extraordinary interest by her godfather, and by very many of his friends. It was singular to observe that as her intellect expanded, and her knowledge increased, she seemed to grow beautiful. Her features remained what they had been, save that they gained in refinement; and over all there became spread an expression so exquisite, that it had a hundredfold the charm of mere material beauty. It was an expression made up of content, gratitude, and consciousness of being victor in a struggle of long continuance. No student ever worked for honour with such zeal as this peasant-girl laboured to accomplish the object of her healthy ambition. At the end of five years of almost unremitting application, there were not many men in the capital who were acquainted with more languages than the poor girl from the Upper Loire, nor who had read to more purpose, although they might have read more extensively. At the end of seven years, the silent worker, the laborious student, was recognised as the most accomplished woman in the capital. She was amongst the most graceful also; for she seemed to acquire grace in proportion as she acquired knowledge.

"You are one of our best scholars," said her aged and delighted godfather to her; "what is now your purpose?"

"To repay you for aiding me to become what I am. I still want to teach,—not children, but those who aspire to become teachers. My happiness is to labour; that is the labour which will bring me happiness."

Marie Lucille found both to her heart's content. Her establishment for teaching teachers gained so well-merited a reputation, that when a candidate for a license to become an instructor appeared before the government-board of ex-

aminers with a certificate which described her as being a pupil of the once peasant-girl from the Upper Loire, the examination was made all the more rigid, from the conviction of the examiners that the pupil could distinguish herself by the brilliancy, accuracy, and solid worth of her replies.

Few perhaps have been in the Isle de Paris without having had their attention directed to the fine old cloister-looking mansion in which she whom I have called Marie Lucille laboured to admirable effect for rather more than twenty years. In 1855 she withdrew from its superintendence with a fortune which she has right nobly earned; but not until she had provided a successor whose qualifications gave warrant that the establishment and its objects should not suffer.

"Why retire thus early?" said a French prelate to her the other day.

"To give others an opportunity of retiring as early," answered Marie Lucille.

If they who were at Nôtre Dame on the day of the thanksgiving-service for the downfall of Sebastopol remarked a lady, who was distinguished for her grace, collecting contributions from the faithful, and who was evidently an object of affectionate interest to all, such persons have seen my friend Marie Lucille.

"How," said the archbishop to her, at the *déjeuner* which followed the service,—“how happy you must be in the condition in which it has pleased God to place you!”

"And that, monseigneur, because I discovered a truth that is not universally known, namely, that we may be in places which were evidently not intended for us by Heaven."

"I hope," said the prelate, with his joyous laugh, "that you are not alluding to me."

"I fancy," remarked an octogenarian gentleman, who had been a lecturer on therapeutics in his day, "that our friend was thinking of a curé in the Upper Loire."

"I was thinking of a poor girl there who once gathered stones in a field for her daily bread, and who has to-day been associated with duchesses in collecting thank-offerings for victory. The place God expressly intended for her was the one she occupied between those two extremes."

The archbishop, by an emphatic nod and a sunny smile, gave ecclesiastical sanction to the sentiment of Marie Lucille.

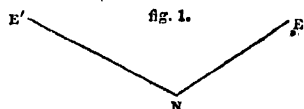
THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c.

Theory (continued from p. 37).

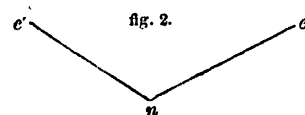
In a preceding number I have explained the construction of the Lenticular Stereoscope, and the manner in which the lenses are prepared and placed in the instrument so as to unite the right and left eye pictures of any statue, person, or landscape, and produce a picture in relief. We shall now proceed to explain the cause of the relief which is obtained by this method. For this purpose, let us suppose ourselves placed in front of a statue the nose of which, n , fig. 1, is



directed to a point midway between our eyes. If we shut the left eye, and look at it with the right eye, we shall see more of the left cheek than the right one, and the nose n will be seen nearer the right ear e than the left ear e' , so that ne will be less than ne' . If we shut the right eye, and look at the statue n , fig. 2, with the left eye, we shall see more of the right cheek than of the left cheek, and the nose n will be seen nearer the left ear e' than the right ear e , so that ne' will be less than ne . Hence, supposing

the picture to be projected in a plane passing through the ears e, e' , the distance between the two noses thus projected will be greater than the distance ee or $e'e'$ between the two ears; and in general in every binocular picture the distance of similar points of them that are nearest the eye is greater than the distance of similar points of them farthest from the eye; a fact which may be proved experimentally by measuring their distance upon any binocular picture.

Let us now suppose that by means of the Stereoscope the right-eye picture $e ne'$ is laid above the left-eye picture $e ne'$, it is obvious that they cannot coincide with one another or *coalesce*, because they are *dissimilar*. If the two noses n, n coincide, the two ears cannot coincide, because the line ne in the right-eye picture is larger than the line ne in the



left-hand picture, and the line ne' larger than the line ne' ; and for the same reason, when the two ears e, e or e', e' coincide the noses cannot coincide. How comes it, then, that the two pictures appear to coincide, and to form a solid in relief? In answering this question, Mr. Wheatstone got over the difficulty very summarily by maintaining that the unequal lines do coincide or coalesce into one line; but I have demonstrated by incontrovertible experiments that two lines of different lengths cannot be made to coincide,

and that the opposite opinion is subversive of the fundamental laws of vision.

The following, therefore, is the true explanation of the apparent coincidence of the unequal lines,—that is, the true theory of the Stereoscope. When in ordinary binocular vision we see a statue in relief by uniting the pictures of it in each eye, we unite at once only *two* similar points of the two pictures. Let us suppose these two points to be the two *noses*. When this is done, no other two points of the pictures are united, and they are consequently seen indistinct, did not the eye converge its axes upon all of them in such rapid succession as to see all the similar parts of the picture in apparent union; an effect aided by the duration of the impression of light upon the retina, the impression of the form and distance of each part of the incoincident pictures being present to the eye.

In the Stereoscope precisely the same operation takes place. When the eyes are converged upon the nose, by uniting the two noses, it is represented as placed at the point of convergence. The eyes then unite the ears by converging their axes upon each of them in succession, and they are therefore represented as placed in the points of convergence; and in like manner all the similar points of the two pictures are successively united, and seen at the corresponding points of convergence, that is, at distances from the eye corresponding with and measuring the distances of similar points in the binocular pictures. The general union of the two pictures is produced by the transference of each picture to a place midway between them; but this is all that the Stereoscope does. It does not produce the relief, as is generally supposed; it merely aids the two eyes in producing it, by completing in succession the union of all the points which are not united by the instrument; for when the right-eye picture is laid above the left-eye picture, so as to unite only the two noses, all the other parts of the face which are more distant are not united.

To those who may not clearly understand the preceding explanation, we offer the following illustration. Look at a bust with your eyes five or six inches from its nose. It will be seen in perfect relief. Shut first the right and then the left eye, and it will be distinctly seen that the pictures of it on each eye are very different, and that the relief of the nose is much less with each eye than with both. When both eyes are opened these two pictures are seen as one, and it will be evident that when we see the nose distinct by converging the eye on it, the eyes of the statue are less distinct, and *vice versa*. Now two pictures of the statue, when taken by a binocular camera with two lenses $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches distant, are precisely those which are seen by each eye; and consequently when the Stereoscope unites them, we ought to see the combined pictures in relief exactly as we did the statue when viewed with both eyes.

3. Application.

We now proceed to give an account of the application of the Stereoscope to the fine and useful arts, and to scientific and educational purposes; but before we enter upon this important branch of the subject, we must explain the method of obtaining binocular pictures which shall be correct delineations of the persons and objects which they represent, and which, when placed in the Stereoscope, shall reproduce the persons and objects with the same accuracy as when they were viewed by the photographer.

1. On the Production of Single Photographic Portraits, or Groups of Portraits.

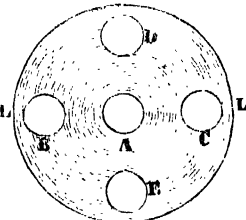
Before we can obtain good binocular pictures we must learn to produce single ones: and it is a remarkable circumstance in the history of an art practised by nearly a hundred thousand practitioners, that neither the scientific nor the merely practical operator has any correct knowledge of the fundamental principles of his art. Photographs of surpassing beauty have no doubt issued from many a studio, and processes of great interest, and contrivances sin-

gularly ingenious, have given a high degree of perfection both to the Daguerreotype and the Talbotype; but the *optical principles* of the art, on which perfection of form and artistic truth essentially depend, have yet to be learned by photographers.

The photographic camera has been brought to the highest perfection by Mr. Andrew Ross and other distinguished opticians, domestic and foreign; and, generally speaking, it may be considered a perfect instrument, if applied to drawings or pictures on a plane surface, or to objects of any kind in which the relief is very small. But however perfect be the glass of which its lenses are composed, however accurately the spherical and chromatic aberrations of the lenses are corrected, and however nicely the chemical and luminous foci are made to coincide, the photographic camera is utterly unfit, *from the size of its lenses alone*, to give accurate representations of living beings, and of all objects in relief, whether single or in groups. The lenses in these instruments vary in diameter from 3 to 12 inches; and the error or deformity which they produce increases with the size of the lenses.

In order to make this important fact intelligible to ordinary readers, let us consider what takes place in a camera with a lens of only *three* inches in diameter.

If we reduce the aperture of the lens *i. e.* to a *quarter of an inch*, as shown at A, we shall have an approximately correct picture of the person sitting for his portrait, or of any object in relief.* If we now take four pictures of the same person through other parts of the lens n, c, v, and z, it will be found by an accurate examination of them that they



will perceptibly differ from each other, and from the correct one taken from A. In the picture taken through n, we shall see parts on the right side of the head which are not seen in the picture through c; and in the picture through c, parts on the left side of the head not seen through n. The pictures, indeed, seen through n and c, which are about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches distant, have *all the dissimilarity* of binocular pictures, and would give a *solid figure* in the Stereoscope. In like manner the pictures taken through v and z will be different from those seen through A, n, and c, and also from each other. In the one taken through v we shall see parts *above* the brow, above the lower lip, &c. which are not seen in the pictures taken through A, n, c, and z; and in the picture through z, we shall see parts *beneath* the eyebrows, beneath the nose, beneath the upper lip, and beneath the chin, which do not exist in any of the other pictures. Hence it follows, that on whatever part of the lens we place the aperture, we shall obtain a picture different from that taken through any other part; and since the aperture may be placed in about 130 new parts of the lens, *the photographic picture will be a combination of 130 dissimilar pictures of the sitter, the similar parts of which are not coincident*, or, to use the language of geometrical perspective, *the photographic picture is a combination of 130 pictures of the sitter taken from 130 different points of sight!*

* In order to give a more striking illustration of the deformity produced by large lenses, let us suppose that we take a picture of the *jerboa*, or *leaping hare*, as figured by Buffon, with a lens 8 or 9 inches in diameter. The animal is about 4 or 5 inches in breadth; and in a front view of it, when standing on its hind legs, its long tail is entirely hid by its body when viewed by the photographer; but the giant lens of his camera sees its tail by means of its marginal surface, and will give him a photographic picture of the *jerboa with its tail in front of its stomach*, or, what is the same thing in a plane picture, *with its tail seen through its*

* A perfectly correct picture is one obtained by the smallest possible lens, or one taken from a single point of sight in the centre of the aperture A.

stomach! For the same reason, all objects less than 8 or 9 inches, the diameter of the lens, will be transparent to other objects situated at certain distances behind them. The leaves and twigs of trees will be seen through small trunks and branches; and in photographs of machinery, the teeth of wheels and their axles will be seen through narrow beams and supports, and thus spot and deform the picture.

In order, therefore, to obtain perfect portraits and perfect photographs of persons, landscapes, buildings and machinery, &c. we must use lenses of small aperture, not exceeding a quarter of an inch. The objection to such lenses in portraiture is, that the time of sitting will be inconveniently increased; but this objection will be removed when the sensitiveness of the collodion is increased; and even in the present state of the process we can approximate very nearly to a perfect result. With a rock-crystal lens, five-eighths of an inch in diameter,* we have obtained portraits in *sixty* seconds, which, though not so sharp as those taken by the usual cameras, have been pronounced by competent judges to be better likenesses and finer photographs. In representing the human face, in persons of advanced age, or with features strongly marked, the ordinary camera magnifies and increases every wrinkle and defect; while the small lens, owing to the very imperfection of its definition, softens every asperity, and represents the sitter as he appears in society.

If such be the deformity of single photographic pictures taken with large lenses, what must be the effect of combining binocular pictures taken by the same lenses, so as to represent the sitter or sitters in relief. The single pictures themselves, including binocular and multocular representations of the individual, must in the Stereoscope exhibit a very imperfect portrait in relief,—so very imperfect, indeed, that the photographer is obliged to take his two pictures from points of sight different from the correct points, in order to obtain the least disagreeable result.

In order, therefore, to obtain correct binocular pictures, which when combined in the Stereoscope will produce a correct representation in relief, we must use small lenses,—rock-crystal lenses a quarter of an inch in diameter,—and we must place them at the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, so as to form a binocular camera. In order that the two pictures may have exactly the same size, it is necessary that the lenses have *exactly* the same focal length; a result which can only be obtained by cutting a lens into two parts, or semi-lenses, and placing these at the distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in the camera. Portraits and landscapes have been frequently taken by placing the lenses, or the two cameras when a binocular one is not used, at a much greater distance, in order to increase the relief and to produce a startling effect; but all such pictures are false representations of nature.

With his single small-lens camera for portraits, and his binocular camera for stereoscopic pictures, the photographer is now prepared for the scientific practice of his art; but before he commences, he has something more to learn, as essential to his success as the excellence of his cameras. He must select the proper position and the proper distance of the sitter, choosing a full face, a three-quarter face, a profile, or any other view of the head supposed to move round vertically. But even this is not enough; the human face undergoes singular transformations, according as it is directed upward or downward. If the line joining the brow and the chin is vertical, the face has a certain character; but the expression and form vary greatly when that line is inclined at different angles to the horizon. In one position it may be ugly, and in another beautiful. The photographer must therefore determine the proper inclination of that line, in connection with the other, in what may be called the azimuthal aspect of the face; and when this is done, he must determine—what is also an essential point—the proper

distance of the sitter. The form of the human face, and of every individual feature, and consequently its expression, varies with the distance of the sitter.* Features concealed at one distance are visible at another, and *vice versa*; and the general form of the head and figure suffer similar changes.

There are circumstances, however, which sometimes determine the distance of the sitter irrespective of the character of the face. If the portrait is to be suspended on a wall, it should be taken at the distance at which it is to be seen; and whatever be the magnitude of the picture thus obtained, it may be enlarged to any size by what may be called a magnifying camera, or reduced to any extent by the common camera. If the portrait is required for the Stereoscope, its size is limited by that of the instrument to a few inches; and it has been shown† that the binocular picture must be taken with a lens whose focal length is equal to the distance from the eye at which it is to be placed in the Stereoscope. The following is a general rule for taking binocular pictures, and combining them in the Stereoscope.

Supposing that the camera employed to take binocular portraits, landscapes, &c. gives perfect representations of them, that is, such as are produced by the binocular camera with small lenses, *the relief picture in the Stereoscope obtained by their superposition and binocular union will not be correct and truthful unless the dissimilar pictures are placed in the Stereoscope at a distance from the eyes equal to the focal distance, real or equivalent, of the object-glass or object-glasses of the camera; and whatever be the size of the pictures, they will appear, when they are so placed, of the same apparent magnitude, and in the same relief, as when they were seen from the object-glass of the camera by the photographer himself.*

HESPERA GRAY.

BY DUNSTERVILLE BRUCKS.

I leaned on the village stile,
Watching the star of the even,
When a maiden, a sweet maiden, a rare maiden,
Came toward me beauty-laden,
Came toward me with a smile—
Left a light on all the place;
Came toward me with a smile
That drew all my thoughts from heaven
To the heaven of her face.

A moment, and she was past,
Fading away from me fast, fast, fast:
She was gone; and I could not stir,
Though the flowers whereon she trod
Uprose to look after her,
And to list to her steps on the sod;
Though the breeze hasten'd after her feet
To toy with her silken hair;
But heavily sighing I saw her retreat
And grow less in the twilight air,
And grow ever less, shadowlike, fleet,
And grow far off, wraithlike, and gray,
And vanish, when night came down complete,
And the dark dropp'd on the day.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF MARGARET ARDEN.

COMMUNICATED BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

London, February 17, 1832. Yesterday week, two old boxes were sent up from Darlston containing some of papa's books and papers; and amongst them, behold my lost diary! the lock all rusted, and the binding mouldy. Faithful old secret-

* This lens was a double convex one, whereas it should have been plano-convex, with the convex side towards the sitter, or more accurately a lens with its radii as 1 to 14.

• See my *Treatise on the Stereoscope*, pp. 141-145. † Ibid. pp. 159, 160.

keeper! I have been reading a few of its last dismal pages. Can it be Margaret Ardon who wrote them? Well, I suppose it was.

Wonderful to look back ten years, and to see the difference between then and now. Laura married and a mother, pretty May grown up, and myself quite on the old maids' list. Papa,—I don't know what ails papa; he always looks preoccupied and melancholy. Some of his wonderful speculations may be going wrong; but we dare not ask, for he avoids all allusion to them studiously.

We have had Uncle Joshua staying in town for a fortnight: he brings all the gossip of his neighbourhood. Mr. Danby seems avowed to bachelorhood. He has become a very busy popular man in his county. He must be growing middle-aged now: I am seven-and-twenty, and he was ten years older or more. Papa was speaking yesterday of some very important measure that he is trying to carry through parliament, and saying that he had made a very able speech in the House upon it, and was much trusted by his party. I read that speech in the paper,—at least, I dare say it is that one; but he speaks often. It strikes me that he clings with intense pertinacity to his purposes,—that old obstinate look,—I wonder whether his gray face wears it still? If there were a chance, I would go to hear him some night, for old friendship's sake.

February 25. Last night Maria Constant and I got into the gallery of the House, after a grand crush, and I heard Mr. Danby speak. He is not very fluent, but he brings out a few nervous, detached sentences that are very much to the point; and when he has said his say, down he sits. He reminds me of nothing so much as a hammer driving in a nail with a few steady strokes. I was surprised to observe how gray his hair has become, and what a worn, over-worked look there is on his face. They say he is a thorough-going, practical, energetic man of business.

February 28. We are all very uneasy about my father just now: I never saw him in such a restless, perturbed state before. I wonder what could make him rush into speculation; we had money enough and to spare, without gambling for more.

March 17. At a dinner-party at the Petershams' last night we met Mr. Danby. Papa had some talk with him, and he took notice of May, remarking that she is like what I was. She is much prettier than ever I was, even in my best days. We exchanged half-a-dozen sentences about indifferent matters, and both looked and felt awkward with each other. I could not help remembering that speech I made to him so long ago, which broke off our engagement. Charlotte's "penniless lieutenant" has met with quick promotion.

March 30. I am miserable about my father; he looks ill and anxious to the last degree. If he would only speak, and tell us what he fears or suffers, it would be better than this silent expectation of we know not what.

April 2. My father looks calmer this morning than we have seen him do for months; he feels, at least, that all is known—the very worst. Uncle Joshua says he has expected it for years, and that no man who ran after every new theory that was started, and took a part in every specious project that turned up, could reasonably look for any other result. Uncle Joshua is very hard and unconciliatory. He does not seem at all distressed at the verification of his sagacious previsions—rather the reverse, indeed. When my father stated the case in his hesitating way, he blustered out after his usual manner: "Pretty interest your philanthropy is likely to bring you, brother James!—a fool and his money are soon parted." My poor father looked miserable, especially when he had to confess that Darlston must be sold. Uncle Joshua cast up his hands, and cried, "James, you're surely mad to talk of selling Darlston: things can't be so bad as that?" "They are as bad as bad can be. We must make our home at Norfleet henceforward," my father answered. At this announcement Uncle Joshua looked as if he were struck dumb, shook his head, and walked out of

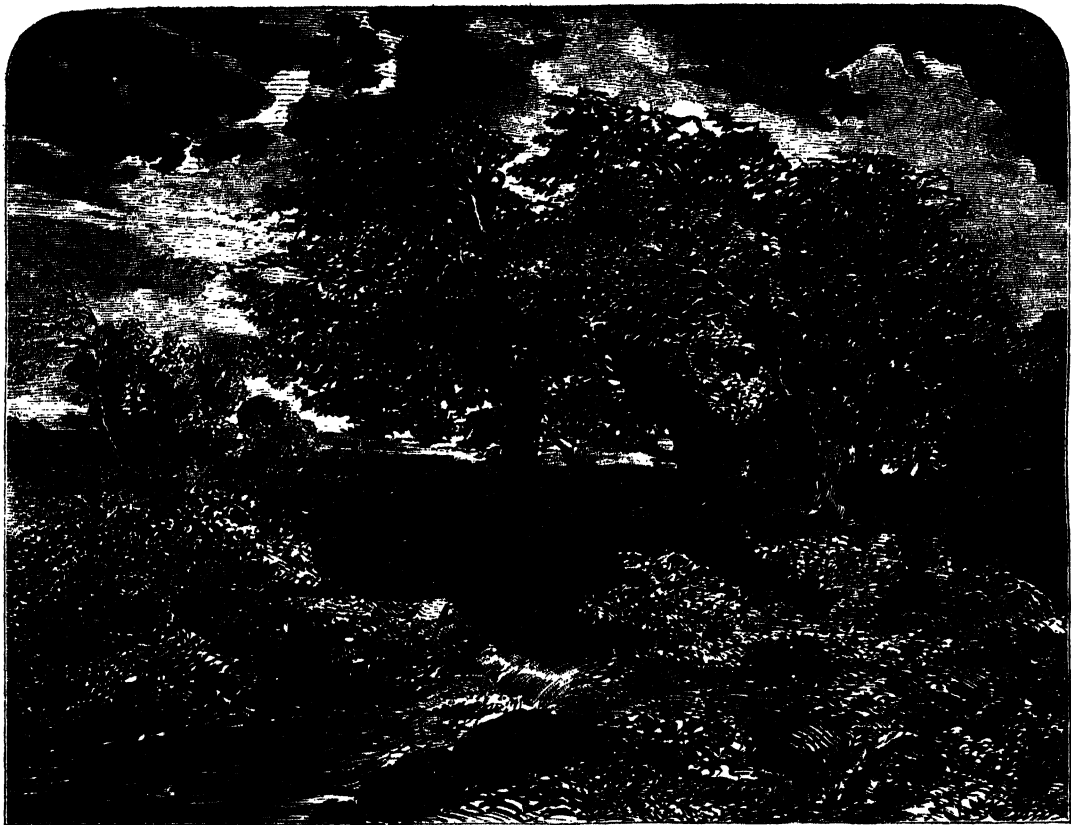
the house. As soon as he was gone, May began to cry and to hang about my father in her fond, affectionate way; it was very distressing; she begged that they might not be separated whatever should happen. It is a comfort in our adversity to feel that there is no disunion amongst us. Aunt Dorothy got her coaxed away, and then my father and I had a long talk about ways and means. It was very late before we got to bed, and then I could not sleep for thinking of all the changes that were to come. We go to Norfleet in a few days.

April 17. This is going to be no playing at poverty. O, surely if my poor father had known what disastrous consequences to all of us his foolish speculations were to produce, he would not have been so rash! We left him in London yesterday, and arrived here this afternoon about dusk. If ever there was a house that had "haunted" legibly inscribed on the face of it, surely Norfleet Manor-house is the place. Dowker has come with us, and has done nothing but grumble since she set her foot over the door-stone. Matters look unpromising enough certainly. It is a wet night to begin with, and the parlour-fire smoked so we have been obliged to let it go out; the paper on the walls is not only damp, but it hangs in ragged festoons; there is no carpet, and very little furniture. We have all done our best to be cheerful, but it was a miserable effort; and now poor little May is fretting herself to sleep.

April 18. A better day than could have been expected. There is a charm and an invigorating power in spring sunshine: this morning rose very bright and clear, and I found myself hopeful and cheerful. We have all been hard at work as carpenters, upholsterers, and housemaids, and have done what we could to reduce this old place to order. How very fortunate my father did not come down with us! Aunt Doe is a whole host of servants and workpeople in herself; for she is one of those clever women who can turn their hand to any thing as readily as if they had been born to it. By her advice we have forsaken the large parlours for two little wainscoted rooms with bow-windows that look into the garden. We have to make the chintz-covers and curtains ourselves, under Dowker's querulous superintendence. She never looked to see her young ladies work, she reiterates; and all our misfortunes she resents as private, personal afflictions. Faithful old soul!

April 27. My father came down from London yesterday, looking, to our sorrow, very ill and worn. He gives way to his depression more than we anticipated; and now that all necessity for exertion is over, he is sinking into a state of dull apathy from which nothing seems able to rouse him. He sits the whole of the long mornings in his dressing-room, not reading or writing, or doing any thing that we can discover but ponder over and lament what is now irretrievable. What a fortunate thing it is we have been able to make some of the house cheerful! if he had seen it as we saw it first, I do not think he would have stayed. We are all rather proud of the results of our exertions in the upholstering trade; for in our great Darlston house we had no rooms so comfortable as our two old-fashioned parlours, when the sun shines. The furniture, re-covered with red and white chintz, is quite seemly; and we have discovered a quantity of grotesque china ornaments in one of the cupboards, which fits out the mantel-pieces and cabinets very appropriately. It is ugly, May says; but it is in keeping with the stiff-backed chairs and spindle-legged tables. By dint of glorious fires, bunches of lilac and laburnum in the vases, and our books and other feminine belongings scattered about, we have succeeded in making a very picturesque and cosy home for ourselves. If only my dear father would be more cheerful.

May 9. We are grieving down now, and gradually fitting ourselves to the new life. We have all found out that we have a till now undeveloped taste for gardening; and for the last ten days we have been at work in our mossy wilderness. After all, it is a very pretty spot: the view of the house from the further side of the river is most picturesque:



A STORM. PAINTED BY A. R. MONTALBA.

but papa fancies the ivy makes it damp. I hope he will not insist upon having it all torn down before Laura and her husband come, for then it will look naked and dreary. Aunt Doe has been busy yesterday and to-day with Dowker getting ready rooms for them, and a nursery for the youngster. I am glad they are coming, if it is only to stir my father out of his languid apathy, which he suffers to grow upon him more and more every day.

May 15. The house is turned completely upside down since Laura, Norton, and the baby arrived; but the fuss has done my father good already: he is beginning to look more like himself again, which is a great comfort. But to think that I, Mistress Margaret Arden, am to be reduced to a mere cipher in the house by a squalling chit of eight months old! It is preposterous, incredible, yet painfully true. This shows me the additional consequence a woman gains by fulfilling her vocation in the old-fashioned way. Laura, ten years younger than I am, a married mother, treats me with the civilest patronage in the world. First I must give up my bedroom to be converted into a nursery, because it has a southern aspect, which will be suitable for baby; then I must be awakened every morning at five o'clock,—I who never got up till the day is well aired,—by its crowing next door to me. No longer ago than yesterday, I caught it gnawing the cover of my precious *Roche-foucauld's Maxims*: Laura said it was its gums or its teeth. Teeth, indeed! Well, I hope the little mischief has imbibed some of their bitterness. What is the good of being an old maid, I should like to know, if I am to be deprived of my privileges in this way? As well be married and have done with it: at least one knows what to expect. Laura, whose whole soul is in a bassinet, is quite lady paramount now, and wears her baby as if it were an insignia of the order of merit, conferred upon her by nature in approbation of some wonder-

ful feat that she has performed. Then she bores me to extinction by lengthy details concerning it. Why, I could cite as many and more entertaining of my kitten Toby! Its bonnets, its frocks, its little pink toes, its great eyes with a wise sagacious look, its rose-bud of a mouth, its dimple, its six yellow hairs,—O, how she does ring the changes on them, as if every baby in Christendom had not the like! I verily believe if you were to collect twelve infants of eight months old and put them together into a room, unclothed, I could not pick out Dottie. *Dottie!* that is the pet name for the innocent; she was christened Mabel, but Laura never speaks English now; she talks exclusively in babble. It is scarcely an hour since she invited me at dinner to partake of "mincey beefey." I could not have touched that dish if I had been paid to do it. If it were—

May 16. Yesterday I was interrupted in the midst of a sentence by a knock at my door. Nurse in tears—baby in a fit. Would I go over to Holmby for the doctor; there was nobody else to go? Of course I would; there is so much trouble in bringing the quaint little mortals into the world, that it is a pity they should go out of it prematurely. It was an even down-pour of rain, so I saddled papa's little rough pony myself,—the groom at the inn who does it generally being away,—and had a hard seven miles' trot over the wold. Ah, well, who knows but that Dottie may grow up to be a comfort to me when I am an old woman! Laura says she has a sweet temper; and so she ought to have, poor wee soul, for they try it with castor-oil, bottle, and pins from morning till night. I dare say it was similar persecution in my infancy that made me so restive when I grew up. Aunt Doe says no; it was the natural perversity that is in me: but I incline to think myself that it was injudicious coddling. As I was trotting post-haste down Holmby Lane, I encountered Mr. Danby on his pretty bay mare: coming to Norfleet has

brought us quite into his neighbourhood. I suppose if we went any where we should be likely to meet him; but we are too poor to keep company. Perhaps Charlotte Bruce will take May to the Holmby ball, if Laura and Norton don't go: she would like it, I am sure. I remember my Holmby ball: what an enjoyable time it was! Heigho, ten years ago!

June 5. Somebody has found his way to Norfleet, to whom I should be very very glad to say good-by,—Captain Ernest Norton. He came for the Holmby archery meeting and ball, and of course May saw him at both. He is my favourite aversion—a male coquette. He boasts of having flirted his way all round the alphabet, and keeps a small collection of locks of hair, gloves, ribbons, and flowers—feminine trophies, duly labelled, and always open to the inspection of his friends. He is doing his utmost to turn May's head; for her beauty makes it well worth his while to ensnare her; and she takes his homage in earnest, and is evidently pleased. Laura laughed when I spoke to her about it, and said it was only "Ernest's way." She believed he was engaged. "*Ernest's way!*" I shall warn May, let her be angry or no.

June 7. Papa, perfectly unconscious of what is going forward, presses Captain Norton to stay another week; and May is quite delighted. It vexes me inexpressibly to see her throwing away her heart on such a trifle. Only yesterday I caught her in tears, because there was some talk of his going away: I ventured on my warning, and she fired up indignantly, and then flashed out of the room without answering me a single word. And all the evening she kept aloof from me, and was more winning than ever to Captain Norton, as if to defy my doubts. It is a pity she saw so much of him last Christmas at Laura's house: the mischief was done then. Charlotte Bruce has asked me to go to her for a couple of days next week; they are going to have some pleasant company, she says.

June 12. This morning Captain Norton left Norfleet, greatly to my satisfaction and Aunt Doe's too: he has been here a great deal too long. Laura's husband spoke to him about his conduct to May, and during the last three days it underwent a total change. He began to treat her like a child, and to jest at her; he even had the impertinence to say, "Good-by, little May, you'll be quite a woman when I come again," and to offer to kiss her; but she drew herself up proudly, and gave him a stately curtsy instead. Bless her dear heart! But I did wish I were a man just for one short quarter of an hour, that I might have administered a sound castigation, and have changed his wily, conceited smile into a more dolorous expression.

June 17. Charlotte Bruce's pleasant company was Mr. Danby and his eldest brother. The house is a good one for visitors: no tiresome constraint. Each one does what is agreeable in his and her own eyes. Mr. Danby and I talked political economy, foreign travel, and pictures. He has got a very nervous habit of twirling his watch-guard, which I don't remember in old times; and whenever any, the most distant allusion to them occurs, even in general conversation, he flushes and starts away. I should like to know what he thinks then. I am as composed as possible; therefore I opine all the ancient feelings are dead.

We had a long letter from Laura this morning to tell us of their safe arrival at home. She adds, as agreeable news, that her brother-in-law, Captain Ernest, is going to be married in August to a Mrs. Foxley, a rich widow, who is twelve years older than himself. May heard the news read aloud by papa without betraying the slightest emotion or surprise. She has not once mentioned his name since he left the house: a sure indication that he is ever in her thoughts. How soon we women learn to be hypocrites!

June 24. We have got a very dangerous type of low fever stirring in the neighbourhood just now. A man at Danby-Fleetwood, and two of his children, have got it; and two children in Norfleet have died of it. May and I were at the school to-day, and heard that Mary Wallis had taken it,—she was our nurse, an excellent creature,—and May in-

stisted on going to see her, so we both went. She is very ill, not likely to recover. Uncle Joshua has sent me an invitation for a month; but it is not at a season like the present that I can leave home, so I have declined. Mr. Danby was here yesterday to see my father.

June 27. We are in dreadful anxiety for darling May; we cannot tell what ails her—surely it cannot be the fever! She hangs about languid and weary, sometimes hysterically gay, and sometimes very still. Dr. Manning shall see her, if she is no better to-morrow. Aunt Doe is in great alarm, but dare not say a word on my father's account. He has got some ideas into his head about her and Captain Ernest Norton; and we are afraid of his speaking to her about him just now. She is better let alone.

July 1. Poor May is delirious in fever: she was struck with it three days ago, and its progress is awfully rapid. O, it makes our hearts bleed to see her. She has not recognised any of us for eight-and-forty hours; but we have hope in her strong constitution; Dr. Manning says we may hope. It was kind in Mr. Danby to walk over this morning, but I told him he must come no more to our infected house.

July 5. The crisis is past now, and our sweet pet lies passive and helpless, but living and perfectly conscious. O, what hope it gives to see beloved eyes light up with intelligence when the dark fever-eclipse is over! Our only fear now is from exhaustion. What a different world the child will look on when she rises from her sick bed! Laura would come over when she heard of her illness, and is here now. May seems to like her near her better than any of us. Aunt Doe is worn out with watching.

July 12. This morning we buried our darling, our beautiful May! Long will it be ere we can realise our loss; her death came so suddenly, so painfully, just when we were beginning to hope that she might be spared to us. When she saw Aunt Doe in tears, she said, "Don't cry, I am quite happy." Afterwards she added, "Let Dottie have my watch when she is old enough; Maggie, you take my books." They were what she had prized most. My heart swelled almost to bursting as I knelt beside her, and asked her to forget it if I had ever been unkind or harsh to her; she could not speak then, but she smiled her forgiveness. Last night, when I went to look at her in her coffin, the smile was on her lips still. Papa is quite struck down by this sudden bereavement: "Always the best first," he keeps murmuring to himself. It seems as if all the sunshine had faded out of the house, and left us in the midst of barren winter.

July 28. We have prevailed on my father to go home with Laura; the change will divert and cheer him more than any thing else could. O, in what haste are we to put our dead out of our thoughts, and to get away back into the beaten routine of our lives! Strange contradiction! what we most love we seem desirous the soonest to forget. The fever has made empty places at many hearths besides ours. Last Sunday at church there were many, many people in mourning. Aunt Doe feels May's loss so keenly.

July 31. I have just come back from a walk all through the blazing afternoon sun to Danby-Fleetwood. We got word this morning that Mr. Danby had taken the fever: I could not believe it at first; but it is true, *it is true*. I dare not face Aunt Doe. All the old love poured back over my heart like a stream with a fresh on it when I heard it, and this new fear for him makes me seem half-forgetful of dear May. How selfish we are even in our affection! My thoughts are more, far more for Mr. Danby than for my dead sister. Will he live, or will he die? I ask myself twenty times an hour—What is it to me? O my God, it is all the world to me! I feel as if I could not bear to lose him, as if he were mine again. I think if one came to me now and said, "He is dead!" I should drop dead at their feet also.

I took the bridle-road through Haggerston Woods, and asked at the first lodge if what we had heard was true—that Mr. Danby had taken the fever; and the woman said, indeed that was over-true, the doctor was at the house then. I rode half-way up the avenue, and turned back again. What

more could I learn than I had learnt? What right had I there? I asked the gatekeeper who there was to nurse her master, and she told me "nobody but the servants;" and some of them were in such a fright they were quite helpless. How desolate it sounds! Could not I go to him? O, that I had the right!

How vividly all the past comes over me again—all its bitter pain and mortification! Ah, I was a child then; but I have never had young thoughts since; never has another love or another hope come into my heart since that first golden glorious day when Mr. Danby asked me to be his wife! Foolish,—here am I alone,—there lies he alone, suffering, perhaps dying! and between us ten long years of estrangement. Can the end be coming? O my God, have mercy, have pity! I scarcely know how or what I write; all about me seems whirl and confusion. Yet how still, how sleepy calm is the summer day! it takes no note of sorrow. When I grieve, I would have the clouds hang low and weep. How can I think of the day, when he is in agony? Why cannot I go to him? Nobody but servants to tend him—no hand of affection. Ought I not to go? What care I for that old scarecrow, "What will people say?" Would not my heart reproach me if he died alone? I know it would.

August 1. O May, May, my angel sister, can the time be coming when I shall wish myself lying beside thee in the grave? Very sad, very desolate, very hopeless looks the blank world. Last night I could not rest. There was a glorious moon, the country was hushed and lovely. I never met a soul as I went down by Haggerston Woods to Danby,—to the house. All the windows were dark, and I was never seen; but it eased me somewhat to be near him. If I might only have gone in—but no. And I came home again weeping,—O, how bitterly! Aunt Doe had found out my absence, and was grieved. It is not easy to judge for others: she does not know how I suffer. This morning the report is that he is worse, and that a hospital-nurse from Holmby is left with him. Are those women kind? He has no need of me now: O, I wish he had! I have written to my father to tell him: he will be grieved anew, for he always liked Mr. Danby.

August 3. How long are those glorious days burdened with fear! I sit in the garden for hours alone; mind vacant except for one terrible dread: there is nothing for me to do to break this intensity of waiting anxiety. We were told this morning that there was very very little hope. God help us!

August 4. Last night I fell asleep, and dreamed the most beautiful dream! We were young again, and no quarrel had come to divide us; it was the old happy time at Holly Bank. We were walking, in my dream, in that lovely glade of Haggerston Woods where the lilies grow—(how poor May liked to gather those lilies!)—and it seemed as if we went on and on for years; I always felt young in my heart. But looking up suddenly, I saw his face was grown old, and all his hair was white; and I awoke. Such a strange dream! We have just heard news: to-day's report is many degrees more favourable. I met Dr. Manning coming out of the gate at Danby, and he told me his friends might be easy about him now. O, how thankful I am! Directly I got home I fell on my knees and thanked God. His loss would have afflicted many, many besides me: he is so truly excellent.

August 6. Yesterday Mr. Danby had a relapse: I could no longer restrain myself, and I went to him. I was suffered to go up-stairs by the nurse, under a promise of secrecy. He did not know me. "O God, have mercy, and spare him!" is all my cry; but it seems now as if the heavens were brass to my prayers. And I had begun to hope so certainly.

August 8. Again a glimmer of hope! "Only a constitution of iron could have gone through such a severe struggle," Dr. Manning says; and he adds, that there is something mysterious in this sudden improvement, for which he had not ventured to look. It seems as if he had made up his mind to live, and *would* live, spite of the fever.

August 10. Mr. Danby gradually rallies: "all danger

is past." O, my heart could scarcely bear the torrent of joy those last few words poured over it. He will live, and I shall see him again. There was a faithful prophecy in my dream after all.

We had a letter from Laura this morning: she tells us that my poor father never ceases to lament for May, dear May! She cannot prevail on him to remain with them any longer. He says nothing but "Home, home." We look for his return to Norfleet to-morrow or the next day. Now I can meet him with a less mournful face.

August 28. Mr. Danby is out of doors again. My father and I went to inquire after him this morning, and found him crawling up and down on the sunny side of the house. He said very few people went near him: he thought they were afraid; and he was very dull often. There was a great deal of his old kindness of manner to-day, without that confused stiffness which I used to remark; and he went back to calling me "Margaret," just in the old way. I declare it would have seemed quite natural, if he had begun to lecture me and I to contradict him. What an adhesive nature must mine be! To this old faithful friend I may whisper, that I would have been glad if he *had* lectured me for something, if only that I might have shown him how wonderfully tractable and docile time has made me. But no, he was as pliable as he used to be obstinate: his illness appears to have tamed him too. How gray he looked, to be sure! and not over handsome in his velvet-cap.

August 30. What a compound of oddities is Mr. Danby! This morning there came a note from him to Aunt Doe to say that he had taken it into his head that a change of air would do him good, and he fancies that of Norfleet would suit him: can she take him in for a few days? Aunt Doe looked across to my father, who said quite carelessly, "To be sure; let the poor fellow come: but he will find it a sad house now." Every thing recalls May to his memory. Sweet May!

September 4. We have had Mr. Danby on our hands for three days now; he behaves remarkably well, and seems absolutely no longer to care to have a will of his own; I have not the chance of contradicting him, if I felt ever so much disposed. His being here is good for my father too; they get on the inexhaustible theme of their foreign travels, and talk for everlasting. Aunt Doe wonders how long he will stay; for we want to invite poor Maria Constant, and she will not care to be seen by any body but ourselves. Who would have thought that Mr. Matthew Constant, that little, soft-spoken, sleek abomination, could ever have treated her so shamefully! Even Uncle Joshua, whose creed is, "Tyranny unlimited for man, and obedience without bounds for woman," considers that a separation is absolutely necessary. How fortunate it is that there are no children to suffer through their quarrels!

September 8. How surprised every body will be! Aunt Doe says "No;" but I say "Yes." Well, I am happy. O, I must live to atone!

This was how it came about.

Papa had for the first time this season taken his gun and gone out for an afternoon's shooting, and Aunt Doe was busy with Dowker up-stairs getting ready Maria Constant's rooms; so I had Mr. Danby to entertain all to myself. We have never been left alone before since he came to Norfleet, and I did feel it rather embarrassing: I never was so shy of him before. Neither of us attempted to talk at first. We had got the window into the garden open, it was so hot and sunny; and he remarked that this was one of the prettiest old-fashioned nooks he had ever been in; he liked it almost better than Danby. I laughed at his modest tastes, and said, I thought he would not like to make the exchange.

"Yes, Margaret, I would truly, if I might have Norfleet just as it stands, with all its belongings!" he replied hurriedly. "Margaret, I have come into possession of a piece of your property in rather a curious way. Do you recognise this old seal?"

I took it out of his hand, and asked, "Where did you find it? I did not know it was lost; I wore it to my chain."

"Guess where I found it, Margaret?"

"I don't like your enigmas; I cannot guess. On the staircase?"

"No; did not I give you that little seal long ago, and did you not laugh at the device? I'll tell you, Margaret, where I found it, shall I?"

"Just as you please," said I; and I coloured violently, I began to suspect.

"If I had not found it when I did, and made nurse Goodhugh confess, I believe Dr. Manning might have prescribed for me in vain. Margaret, let the past be forgiven. (Whether I was to forgive *him*, or whether he was to forgive *me*, did not clearly appear.) I was standing up by the window, and he had taken hold of my hand, grasping it so hardly, that my rings cut into the flesh; I could not speak for a second or two; then I said, "I did not mean what I said that night; you were too hasty."

"Yes, Margaret; and bitterly have I had cause to regret it. You were wrong once; but I was a hundred times wrong." (There was an admission!) "Can you, will you pardon me? Margaret, if you deny me, you will kill me!" He was far too submissive to need contradiction.

"And will you *bear* with me? I am no more an angel now than I was ten years ago," I replied.

"I never said you were an angel, Margaret; I am far too imperfect myself to mate with any but a faulty woman. I will not be so exacting." I really hope he won't; for if he were, it is certain that I could never satisfy him. And so we had a long pleasant talk,—very different to those old *fratching* bouts, which yet did not lack a pungent aroma of pleasure too,—and settled it all between our two selves; so that when Aunt Doe came in, she found us in the midst of an amicable dispute. I could have laughed at her countenance of surprise and dismay; for she understood it all in a moment. When we told her, she said gently, "I am glad to hear it, children (*children*, forty and twenty-seven!). I have no doubt you will be far happier than if you had married ten years since. Maggie was too wilful; she is broken in now." Mr. Danby looked grave. I hope every body is not going to take his part this time, and draw comparisons to my disadvantage. Certainly it is not necessary. I am quite as good as he is now. My father is very much satisfied; he is more like himself than he has been since May died. Darling May! how happy she would have been to see this time! I well remember her saying, when we met in town last spring, "I verily believe, Maggie, you two will marry in the end; for you have never loved any body else, and I don't think he has,"—and I would not listen to her.

September 15. All goes on easily and quietly with us. Mr. Danby is still here; and Maria Constant has come—so worn and broken down, poor thing, that I don't think she could, if she tried, define any word but "misery." She says, what is true enough, that she and Matthew never had a chance of happiness; for they began their married life without a spark of love. Harry and I love each other very dearly, I think—I am *sure* we do; but still there may be to bear and forbear between us. How hard it must be for two indifferent people to live in peace! Dr. Manning wants Mr. Danby to go to Madeira for the winter; but he objects, and thinks he will do very well at home. I would have him go, but neither will he listen to me on this point: he likes his own way the best, after all.

December 25. My diary has been forgotten for weeks; it is surprising how few things a perfectly happy time gives us occasion to chronicle. Laura and her husband and Uncle Joshua are over here for Christmas and our marriage. I have been spending my last evening alone in my room. If May had been alive, she would have borne me company. But none of the others know me as she did; so I, and the fire, and the shadows of ever so many past years, have had the time to ourselves. Harry is at Danby: he left soon after dinner, and the others are talking in the parlour about

to-morrow, perhaps. I am glad papa takes my going so quietly. There is one thing, I shall not be very far away.

The wind goes roaring and skirling round the old house to-night as if it meant to bring it all down about our ears. There are chillier and bitterer things in this world of ours than the wildest wind that ever blew; but my life, I trust, has done with them. I shall talk less to my faithful friend, the fire, than for many years I have done; but let me not forget its companionship either. O faithful fire! I cannot remember that you ever put on a scowling face, or looked cold, or went out in any gone time of calamity; you have always been the same: pleasanter, perhaps, in life's dark hours by the mere force of contrast. And I love you, my friend; many a grief, now to be recollected no more, have *you* seen that was hidden from all besides. O, many a grief! and not a few joys either; and the greatest of all joys is this I show you now—my happy love. May I make Harry happy too! I shall—I will—God's blessing on us both!

High piled upon the hearth are the Yule logs; and as I strike them gently, out rush myriads of sparks: *someday* up the chimney—hopes of the new life that is coming; some fall back upon the stone and become white dust: these last typify my old ambitions, visions, and wearinesses, which are of less value now than a handful of wood-ashes. Aunt Doe is at the door to wish me good-night. There is a gray thread in the brightest web: to-day at church we saw poor little May's monument, which has only just been put up. Papa covered his face when his eyes fell on it. It will look down on us to-morrow. O, if I could have had her beside me, I think my happiness would have been perfect! No, no,—there would have been some other flaw; nothing is perfect in our earthly life.

December 26. The sun arose almost as bright as May this morning; but there is a keen hard frost. Never mind; let the sun shine all the way to church, and I don't care for the cold. My heart feels very still this day; I have no fears and no doubts. Why should I? I shall not weep, for I am happy and I am glad—I have shed my last tears for Harry now. My father is calling to me to make haste, for they are all waiting, and Aunt Doe impatiently bids me lay down my pen. Good-by, old friend, Margaret Arden will tell thee no more secrets!

A CASE OF LIBEL.

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

A FEW nights since I turned from the deafening roar of Fleet Street, and found myself in one of the old courts that skirt the Temple. I lost something in elasticity, both of gait and spirit, amidst the tall tenements on either hand, that look as if marshalled to oblivion by the dim lamps over the staircases. Besides these depressing influences from without, I had a deep source of anxiety connected with my friend Paul Placet, to whose chambers—attics might be the word—I was destined.

Paul is by nature as genial, capable, and well informed, as any man of my acquaintance who has eaten his terms, and is still on the bright side of thirty. But with the residue of a slender patrimony fast going out, and with neither brief nor case coming in, his position was now getting somewhat serious; and I so far felt the contagion of it, that, instead of vaulting up story after story to his door as I had once done, I now accomplished that precipitous ascent by the slow elaboration of step after step.

I was agreeably surprised to receive from Paul a welcome not only cordial—that it always was—but blithe, which it had seldom been of late. He seized me by both arms, inducted me into his solitary easy chair, and produced a bottle of that old Rousillon which we both held to be better than many a costlier wine; perhaps because it always recalls to us our first French tour, and the rural auberge where we made its acquaintance.

This buoyancy on the part of my friend, though satis-

factory, was puzzling. I saw on the table no brief-paper neatly folded, tastefully decorated with red tape, and indorsed with the gratifying announcement: "Mr. Placet, for plaintiff, 3 guas."—a legal abbreviation which is perhaps more rapidly intelligible than any other to junior counsel. In the absence of any such document, how was Paul's light-hearted laugh to be accounted for? Had he drawn a prize in the great German lottery? Had some vigorous researches for next of kin ended in the discovery of his collateral heirship to that Baron Bodlington, with whose family a Placet of 1700 had connected himself by marriage? Paul detected my curiosity, and was good enough to appease it,—“Congratulate me, my dear boy,” he cried suddenly.

“With all my heart and soul, Paul; but on what?”

“My first client.”

“That's news, indeed; we'll toast him in a bumper. But first tell me how it all happened. Where's your brief?”

“No brief,” said Paul.

“O, then a case for Mr. Placet's opinion, I suppose. Out with it.”

“Wrong again! In a word, my good friend, that you may no longer torment yourself with guesses, I have strong doubts whether my client exists in the flesh, whether he be not the latest form of apparition,—a subjective objectivity, a spectral entity that declines the ordeal of touch.”

I hoped his guineas had not the same peculiarity.

“Rest content on that score. Now you shall hear how it came about.”

Somewhat annoyed, I tossed off my glass prematurely, but composed myself to listen. Paul then proceeded as follows.

“It was only yesterday, a little before dusk, that, planting my elbows upon this little table and resting my chin upon my palms, I looked my Condition full in the face, and heard what it had to say to me. Its language was curt and decisive. ‘Paul,’ it cried, ‘you’ve been three years at the bar; you were called in Michaelmas term, and here’s Michaelmas term once again. Of the thousand pounds with which you started in life you have left barely a hundred. I don’t complain that you have been an idle fellow, but you have been what is still more obnoxious to society—an unfortunate one. You haven’t received a single fee.’

My Condition, having uttered this severe reproach, said no more, but continued to stare at me for a full quarter of an hour. At the expiration of that time, trusting, I suppose, that I was sensible of my criminality, its aspect gradually became less distinct. I fell into a reverie as to the general decline of litigation, the chances that happier juniors had enjoyed fifty years ago, when men were more combative than now with regard to property, when there were no county courts in which attorneys were permitted to address juries, when protracted revels inflamed the blood, and private outrage or public turbulence often challenged the interference of the law. These comparatively restrained and peaceful times bore, it seemed to me, as hardly upon us of the robe as a salubrious climate and sanitary regulations would do upon our brethren of the chronometer and cane. Then I thought how unfortunate we lawyers were in the limitations of legal wrong, how many offences and injustices were, alas, neither actionable nor indictable—opinions coerced by wealth, honest natural impulses thwarted by the tyrannies of custom or fashion, wounds inflicted on the hearts of patient sufferers by the selfishness that wears the mask of decorum and respects appearances. As I continued to muse, various instances of such wrong rose before my imagination; and I was in a condition betwixt dream and reverie, when the several pictures that fitted before my mind's eye were gradually resolved into an obscure background, from which a sort of chaotic presence seemed slowly to emerge, until at length it stood before me in the well-defined likeness of a human figure.

The figure was of the male sex, rather above the middle height, and slightly tending to obesity. An open brow, a frank blue eye, and a projecting chin, gave a decisive, but not unamiable character to the face. The blue

frook-coat, the rather low hat, and the neat gaiters, were all of good material, but of the plainest fashion. The useful was evidently the chief element in his attire, but the becoming had not been wholly disregarded. The umbrella held in the right hand was substantial and capacious, but the knob was of polished ivory. The countenance and the dress of this personage at once recalled to me my familiar acquaintance, Mr. John Bull; but there was about my present visitor a certain air of refinement which does not always distinguish Mr. Bull's physiognomy.

The figure removed his hat and bowed; I motioned him to a chair, which he took. Having scrutinised me for a minute, his lips parted, and he said aloud, ‘Mr. Placet, you are, I believe, in want of a client?’

This was direct enough, certainly, but the tone was not discourteous.

‘*Rem acu tetigisti*,—you have hit the nail on the head, sir,’ I answered recklessly.

‘Then I trust we shall suit each other, for I am sorely in want of an advocate. In me, sir, you behold one of the most injured of beings.’

‘Of what do you complain?’ I asked.

‘Of libel, gross, aggravated, constant libel. While my calumniators treat me with every show of respect, and rarely mention me but with praise, they daily accuse me of the most degrading conduct, and misuse my name to sanction the meanest ends.’

‘Be good enough to specify your grievances.’

‘Right! nothing like being practical,’ said my interlocutor. ‘Well, to begin the list, a young girl of twenty died yesterday of a lingering disease. No physician could detect its source; but I knew it, and had I been allowed, could have saved her. She was betrothed two years ago to a young man of slender means, but possessed of the talent and energy which rarely fail of success. A creature without any aim in life, except his own selfish indulgences, without any wit except to purvey them, with no sense of beauty except that which appeals to the gross eye, nor any sense of morality beyond the avoidance of open vice, appeared upon the scene. He was rich, however; and this one qualification in the eyes of the girl's guardian stood for every other. Adroitly enough, to accomplish an ill-assorted match, this guardian fomented a casual misunderstanding between his ward and the man of her choice. He prevented the chance of explanation by removing her to a distance, and by intercepting the letters of her lover. The grief thus engendered was the malady of which she died; and the guilt of her guardian in my eyes was scarcely less heinous than that of murder. At all events its consequences were as fatal. Yet, abhorring his detestable stratagems from my very soul, the author of them had the effrontery to charge them upon myself, and to say that he acted by my express advice. He said that Common Sense—that, sir, is my name—dictated and justified his conduct.’

I felt some awe at finding myself in the presence of so renowned a personage, and, at first, some surprise at the emotion which he betrayed.

‘That, Mr. Placet,’ he continued, ‘is one example of the slanders habitually heaped upon me. Let me give you another instance. You have heard of Norris Fairpledge, M.P., who is now considered a rising politician. At the beginning of his career, Norris was—or at least appeared to be—sincere, ardent, and high-minded. He seemed by instinct to know the right, and to detect the wrong through all its disguises of custom and expediency. He obeyed the maxim of a contemporary poet,—

“Call all things
By their right names.”

He could admire genius at first hand, and while the laugh was against it. He could recognise a patriot, whether leading the forlorn hope against oppression, or curbing some blind impulse of popular frenzy. I tell you, Mr. Placet, there was a time when he would have met a blaze of stars on the breast of a traitor without a wink, and when a rope

round the neck of a true man would not have repelled him; when virtue was virtue with him, and sin sin; when murder, for instance, was murder, whether it slunk in a smock along the hedge, or rode, as at Naples, over a reeking causeway in a blood-splashed crown.

'At the time I speak of, Norris Fairpledge was not a party man. Mind, Mr. Placet, I do not now raise the question whether party be or be not a valuable institution. I may perhaps see no reason why the barge of state should be pulled now by left oars only, and anon by right oars only. I may think there is some time lost, some danger incurred, by the onesidedness of the motion, and suspect that the boat would go on more rapidly and more safely were all hands to pull together. But let the rowers be in earnest, they will make way somehow. My complaint of Fairpledge is, not that he ended in being a partisan, but that he became one, although he disbelieved in party.

"See," said his friends, "Norris is a fellow of first-rate ability. He rarely speaks without fixing attention. His views, though held to be singular, are universally discussed, and here and there he gains a convert. But he will never have any influence, never rise to a leading position, because no party can count upon him. Why should they serve him who won't serve them?" "Norris," they remonstrated, "whether you have faith in party or otherwise, you must join it even to carry your own ends. My dear Norris, do be advised—do listen to Common Sense; Common Sense demands this of you." Now, Mr. Placet, that was a lie.

'I was never consulted upon the subject, or when those sugared poisons—influence and position—were first administered, I should have urged an antidote. "Norris," I should have said, "be true to your convictions. They may be right or wrong, but while you hold them, be true to them. Grant, for argument, that man's first motive is happiness, who can be happy that ceases to be true? The smile of power and a large following—why, say that they have a certain value; yet take heed, my dear boy, of the price. What would you say of an epicure who should secure his dainty on the condition of losing his appetite, or of a Sybarite who should accept an ague as the price of perpetual sunshine! Now a sound conscience and true sympathies, what are these to the heart but its very blood—the generous blood, on which its relish and enjoyment depend? Don't be a fool; don't sell yourself for your condition." That's what I, Common Sense, should have said; yet you see, Mr. Placet, how I have been traduced.'

'Your case is indeed a hard one,' I remarked.

'If you think so from these samples, what,' he asked, 'would you say to the whole? It would be simple truth to state that there never was a great discovery resisted, nor a great discoverer persecuted—never a generous impulse sacrificed to a selfish one—never a heart or conscience immolated to Mammon—never an immortality bartered for the gauds of the hour, but my sanction was alleged for it. Were a tithe of what is told of me true, I should be an epitome of all that is base in the universe. In my name the Inquisition menaced Galileo; in my name wild-beasts have been let loose upon martyrs, scaffolds built for them, fagots kindled. Common Sense—it was said—will teach their followers to beware of fire and sword. In more modern times, the men who laughed Harvey and Jenner to scorn, boasted that I gave them their cue. When people were hung for all thefts above ninepence, I was held by grave citizens of that day to insist upon the practice, and to be outraged at the mere hint of its discontinuance. I am still supposed to scoff at the newest developments in art, policy, science, and medicine, and to dismiss facts as of no account when they oppose customs. At this very moment, in some states of America, I am deemed to bawl myself hoarse on behalf of slavery; and, even in England, to drop occasional whispers as to the danger of interfering with that patriarchal system.

'I have done, Mr. Placet,' continued the speaker; 'and I may now inquire whether every known case of slander is not trifling and tolerable compared with mine?'

His grievances, I confessed, were unprecedented.

'They would drive me mad, sir,' he exclaimed, 'were I any body else. But I am patient by nature; and would not even complain if I did not hope for a remedy. I trust you see your way to one, Mr. Placet?'

I was obliged to shake my head, and own that our law courts had no jurisdiction.

'But surely a court of equity—'

'Can give no relief in this case,' I answered.

'And this is England,' exclaimed the injured apparition, '—England, where every wrong is fabled to have its remedy!' He rose in wrath.

A sudden light flashed upon me. 'Stay, sir,' I exclaimed; 'there is, perhaps, a court that may do you justice,—a court that has often interposed to protect or to punish where legal tribunals can do neither. What do you say to the Court of Literature?'

'An excellent suggestion,' cried my interlocutor. 'Do you practise there?'

'I should be quite willing to plead,' I said, 'for so distinguished a client.'

'You will do your best for me, I am sure,' he replied.

'You will try to set forth, in plain terse English, the facts which I have related. I can bring hosts of witnesses; and you will be careful, Mr. Placet, to correct one grievous mistake respecting me, the fountain-head, as I take it, of the injuries that have almost overwhelmed me. You will tell judge and jury that it is a gross wrong and a dire fallacy to suppose that I, Common Sense, have a natural enmity to Genius and Conscience. I know that I work in a lower range than they, but not in a hostile one. So far from scoffing at them, I should hold my calling worthless unless they inspired it. From them come the impulses which I shape into action. They are the mind, I the hand. They inspire the ideal, I chisel the stone. Say, in a word, that it is the pride of Common Sense, not that he decries the beautiful and the true, but that he translates them into the actual.'

I promised to do my utmost; the figure put forth its hand, and I almost seemed to feel its grasp. After a while it appeared to relax, and lineament and outline of my visitor melted slowly into air."

Here Paul's narrative ceased.

"And do you really intend," I asked, "to advocate the cause of this unsubstantial client in the court aforesaid?'

"Decidedly," answered my friend.

"Then pray consider me as a sort of attorney of the court," I said; "and accept from me a 'retainer.'"

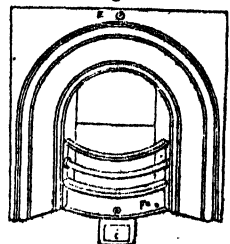
He merrily consented, and we devoted our last glass of Rousillon to the health of Common Sense and to the speedy discomfiture of his traducers.



DR. ARNOTT'S GRATE.

fig. 1.

It is, we believe, now nearly two years since Dr. Arnett's grate was introduced. Yet, as a people, we are so tardy to receive improvements, that we may safely affirm, the new invention, though of proved excellence, is still unknown in the majority of homes. The "new fact" is a plant of slow growth with us, as well, it seems, in comfort as in less abstract matters. We should



like in the present case to hasten its development by what fostering we can afford.

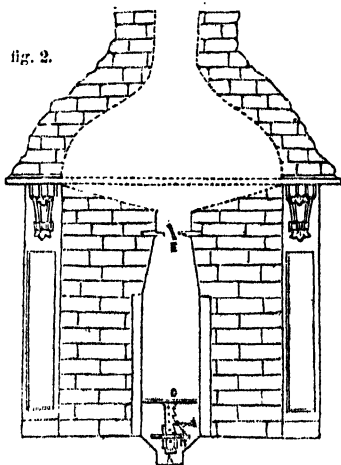
Forty years ago, loud was the public satisfaction in the register-grate,—that wonderful and comfortable improvement on the open chimney, which till then had yawned above all fires equally in kitchen and drawing-room. We now look back upon what must then have been no trifling annoyances,—the smoke that came in gusts into the room, and the warm air that *would* make its escape through the wide throat waiting for it, causing a proportionate current of cold air towards the fireplace. Were people ever warm in the wintry weather of those days? If they were, it must have surely been at a vast expense of fuel, time, and temper.

Count Rumford came to the rescue, and taught us something of the true principle on which chimneys and fireplaces should be constructed. He brought the back of the fireplace further forward; had the jambs so inclined that they might reflect more heat into the room; and then, by bringing the grate itself forward and raising the new back over the mantel, the throat of the chimney was contracted, the draught increased, and the greater number of smoky chimneys cured. Also, by lowering the bottom of the grate to within a few inches of the floor, the lower part of the room was effectually warmed; and by using very little iron in their construction, and fitting the interior with fire-brick, they threw out considerably more heat and made better fires. The old-fashioned register-grates, to which the Rumford improvements have not been adapted, are large, heavy, and stately affairs, apparently made with a view to burning the utmost possible quantity of coal, and thereby to obtain the smallest possible amount of heat. The theory on which modern fire-ranges have long been constructed is exactly the contrary; and Dr. Arnott's smoke-consuming fire-grate, more than any we are acquainted with, certainly appears to combine the various requisites, viz. simplicity of plan, economy of fuel, and efficacy in its operation.

The principle consists in replenishing the fire from *underneath*, instead of by the usual plan. In this manner the smoke has to pass through a body of red-hot coal, and is therefore entirely consumed, leaving only the invisible gases to pass up the chimney. Smoke and soot are thus avoided, and much additional heat obtained.

The coal (of which 24lbs. we were informed, is sufficient for the day's supply of a large-sized grate) is placed in a box, nearly air-tight, below the fire-bars. An upright plate reaches from the lowest bar to the ground; and being fixed, closes this in front. The fire-brick back and sides of the grate form the back and sides of the fire-box. A plain plate of iron is substituted for the grating upon which the coal rests in ordinary fireplaces, and by a very simple contrivance, is raised and lowered at pleasure. This plate forms the bottom of the fire-box, and when it is lowered to

fig. 2.



its extreme depth there is a space of eight inches between it and the lowest fire-bar. The coal is thrown over the fire-bars into this box till it is filled. Wood and cinders are spread over the coal, and the fire is then lighted at the top; an operation which, it is asserted, takes less time and trouble than by the ordinary plan. The coal in the fire-box, although in contact with the ignited coal above it, does not burn until raised

above the box and exposed to the air. Therefore, when the fire has burned to the level of the lower bar, a lever has to be inserted into an aperture in the lower part of the grate, which, by raising the iron-plate in the fire-box, forces up the body of coal, and a supply sufficient for three or four hours is obtained. This is all that has to be done every time the fire needs replenishing, until the whole of the coal in the fire-box is consumed. The fire is thus perfectly under control, and may be increased or diminished, as occasion may require, with perfect facility. Instead of the usual register-door in the chimney, there is a regulating damper, with a dial-plate and index in front; and by simply turning the latter the draft and the degree of heat is regulated at will. Thus, by partially closing the damper, the fire may be kept burning for several hours without any attention whatever.

These seem to be the predominant advantages of this very ingenious invention. The saving of fuel, we are informed, is no less than from forty to fifty per cent. And since scarcely any smoke or soot is produced, chimney-sweeping is rendered almost entirely unnecessary. It gives little trouble, is essentially cleanly in its operation, and the mode of supplying the coals by means of the lever is scarcely less simple than the act of stirring an ordinary fire with the poker. Thus any lady can accomplish it with due ease, and the necessity for a coal-scuttle (an unsightly object at best) in the room is abolished.

It is to be supposed, that as this invention comes more into general use its price will become proportionately popular. At present the first outlay required is somewhat larger than usual; though it must of course be remembered that it is afterwards more than repaid by saving in the fuel. Still, to a large proportion of people, to whom this economical and convenient fire-grate would be most valuable, the outlay required is a consideration which might at first debar them from its use. We would gladly see the invention widely known and applied, as we believe its use would tend towards the comfort, cleanliness, and healthfulness of our houses.

Explanation of the Diagrams.—Fig. 1. Shows a front view of the grate, with the frame c opening into the ash-pit and let into the front hearth; F is the knob for lowering the coal-box; E the damper.

Fig. 2. Shows how the brickwork is to be carried up behind the stove-front, and how the pit is to be formed. A is the ash-pit; B the iron-plate supporting the ratchet-wheel and catch; C the movable bottom of the coal-box; E the damper.

COURTESY AND KINDNESS.

Courtesy, among "well-bred" people, would seem to be a matter of course, and good-nature is not an uncommon characteristic of a larger class. But kindness is something more than either of these, involving and appealing to higher instincts and rarer feelings. True kindness is almost always courteous, because gentleness and sympathy teach it to be so; but the converse of the rule hardly holds good. The shows of politeness may be taught, and may be so well learned as to pass muster in that society which rarely peers beneath the smooth surfaces of things. Good-nature, too, is often a shallow, and sometimes even a selfish characteristic. It implies the possession of neither sympathy, tact, nor thoughtfulness; of which qualities kindness is but the natural manifestation. What we call good breeding in individuals is simply that kindness of manner which makes us at once feel easy in their society, pleased with them, and freed from troublesome consciousness of ourselves. That same self-consciousness is probably at the root of two-thirds of the awkwardness and ill-breeding that we meet with. It teaches an artificial or "studied" manner, than which nothing is more uncomfortable or absurd to behold. Also, since they who labour under the pressure of self-consciousness cannot

possibly have time to think of any thing else, there can exist none of that kind feeling which is quick to perceive and take thought for the feelings of those around them. Thus the very fundamental element of good breeding is lost. But where this discriminating kindness of heart is joined to naturalness of manner, there will always be genuine, even if not conventional, *courtesy*. Good feeling speedily teaches good manners.

Kindness is, in fact, sympathy made manifest. But it must be admitted that, granted the feeling of kindness, the desire to be kind does not necessarily secure its own fulfilment. Something is needed besides, of that subtle essence we call *tact*, that happy combination of delicate instinct and quick intelligence which enables us to evince our sympathy or kindness in the manner best suited to the idiosyncrasy of the recipient. This especially applies to our intercourse with absolute or comparative strangers. The most obtuse learn in time to adapt themselves, in some measure at least, to those constantly around them. Moreover, our friends, and those who know us well, will generally give us credit for kind intention, even when we fail in effect. But with those who know us little, we have at once all to learn and every thing to teach. It is in such cases that what we mean by "good breeding" helps us out of the difficulty.

For instance, it is not kind, and therefore is not courteous, to be over-demonstrative with a reserved person, or over-reticent to one whose own warm open heart asks for answering frankness. Nor need we forfeit one iota of what is worth preserving of our individuality by thus adapting ourselves to the differing characteristics of those around us. It would do very few of us any harm if we all "rubbed each other's angles down" in this way. The reserved may be assured it would be a wholesome discipline for them to practise candour; while the demonstrative would do well sometimes to set a guard upon their too great readiness to say and do.

Finally, there is one simple and all-sufficing rule to bear in mind in this as in many another case. Love lends to most of us "tact," forethought,

knowledge. Where we love, we understand, and can make ourselves understood. It is this which imparts to the simplest the faculty of so placing himself in the position of his neighbour, that he instinctively divines the course of speech, manner, and action, which will be most grateful and beneficial to him. It is hardly enough to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us;" we must try to "do unto others as we would they should do unto us—if we were in their place." The first is the letter of Christian morality, which may serve to save ourselves. The addition is in the spirit of Christian kindness, which may, and does many a time, save our brethren.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CORRESPONDENT says—writing on the subject of Home—"I would entreat people to judge others by their *acts*, and not by preconceived theories of character; and especially in education, to suffer a child's mind and heart to unfold itself, and not attempt to be wiser than nature, and pronounce on the form and character of the tree before the cotyledons are fully developed. To believe that persons who are not exactly '*made to order*' may yet have good, great, and noble qualities. Not to attempt to make an oak bear snowdrop-flowers, or a honeysuckle become a forest-tree; but, like the skilful gardener, endeavour to rear each particular species to the highest degree of perfection it is capable of attaining.

"I would warn teachers of youth, that if they cannot bring to the task of instruction a mother's heart,—a fountain of *perpetual love*, ever gushing up to wash away all remembrance of children's faults and follies; if they are not prepared for *all self-sacrifice, to labour looking for no reward*,—the which if they can do, a thousandfold will it be returned into their bosom,—they should, in God's name, forbear the attempt; and send children to school, where at least they will be under one uniform discipline bearing on all alike, and not daily taunted with their dependence and their ingratitude."



CANDELABRUM.
[From Jackson and Graham.]



Charles Wickham

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NATALL.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Let no one fear that we mean to discuss the genius of Mr. Dickens in its details. To furnish our readers with a guide to the houses which they inhabit, or to introduce all the members of a family circle to each other, would be about as wise and necessary as to play the master of the ceremonies between the creations of the novelist and the public. The characters and scenes of this writer have become, to an extent undreamed of in all previous cases, part of our actual life. Their individualities, whether mental or external, are as familiar to us as those of our most intimate associates or our most frequent resorts. We recall the circumstances of Mr. Pickwick's lawsuit,—the flight of Oliver Twist from the workhouse,—the streets through which Sykes was hunted down,—the day on which Fagin was tried,—the date at which the child Dombey passed from us, in very much the same way that we go back to the public or household scenes and events of our daily experience. A man may think equally that times have changed with him, and that he has grown so much older, since the year in which his last child was christened, or that in which little Nelly died.

It is not too much to say, that were the labours of Mr. Dickens suspended for any length of time, we should miss something far deeper than an accustomed mental luxury. There would be an interruption not only to the enjoyments but to the characteristics of our social life—a strangeness and a void surpassed only in degree by those real vicissitudes that thwart most keenly our hopes and our attachments.

Disclaiming, as we have said, any design to examine systematically works which have exerted such an influence, it is still of deep interest to ascertain how that influence has been acquired.

Perhaps such a question may be briefly answered thus—Mr. Dickens is the most popular writer of his age because he represents *par excellence* all that is striking and most that is admirable in its tendencies.

It is an age of stirring life; and the canvas of its chief painter teems with characters and incidents. Prodigious invention illustrates in him the same law of these times that reveals itself in our enterprise and our manufactures. His genius creates, as our machinery produces and as our commerce traffics, by wholesale. It is an age of rapid action. The engines whose wheels perform our labour typify by their velocity the rate at which man himself is moving. Steam abridges vast distance to a comparative span; yet steam itself lags behind human thought and desire.

Here again Mr. Dickens is in harmony with his age. The number of his creations is not more remarkable than the rapidity with which they are generated. Often it is but a phrase, an image, a touch, and they burst into palpable individuality. As with one of the most wonderful processes of science peculiar to our day, so is it with his mind. The object stands before it, the rays of mental light fall, and lo, the portrait:—at times, let it be added, with another result identical with that of photography—the exaggeration of some salient point in the original.

Leaving material for moral analogies, none can doubt, that whatever the failings of this century, its spirit is eminently genial. To combine, to reconcile, to waive small differences in favour of essential unities, is perhaps its noblest instinct; as to deduce some ultimate good from all mediate evil is the finest bias of its philosophy. Here, above all, is manifest the concurrence of the novelist's genius with the impulses of society.

His purposes, from the *Sketches by Boz* to *Little Dorrit* and *Household Words*, have been to foster kindly affections, to cancel prejudices arising from difference of view or of condition, to teach all true men the common oneness that lies deeper than outward antagonism, to show not only the duty but the charm and the blessedness of self-sacrifice, to assert the claims of what is genuine in mental or moral power, and to carry the wholesome principles of civilisation into outlying haunts of ignorance and want. These aims,

flowing not so much perhaps from set intent as from the affluent nature of the man, live in forms that arrest every modern reader, and exert a power as wide as their contact. Such has been the general issue in social morals of Mr. Dickens' labours.

There are cases, it is true, in which his mode of embodying these ideals is unequal, even contrary to his design. The rapid impulse, we think, sometimes bounds towards its goal without fully counting the obstructions in its course. Of these exceptions in the works of such a writer it behoves us to take note. Marion's surrender of her lover to her sister in the *Battle of Life* may serve as an example. Here the intention is to show self-sacrifice in its purest form. Marion renounces the dearest hope of her own life for the happiness of another. Nothing could have been more admirable, had the sacrifice been one which she had a right to make. But love, if it deserve the name, involves considerations higher even than happiness. It involves the purification as well as the joy of the heart. It hallows the whole being, that it may be a worthier offering to the beloved. It unseals the springs of gratitude to Him who has made it capable of its bliss; and its strain, which begins in joy, merges into worship. Its motto is:

"Learn by mortal yearning to ascend,
Seeking a higher object."

We do not believe, then, that any loving woman, for the happiness of another, should voluntarily resign an influence that holds as much of sanctity as of delight. To do so is to part not with her havings merely, but with the best conditions of her being. We take this objection quite independently of the more obvious one that Marion could have no warrant to tamper with her lover's rights in the matter, to gamble, in a word, with the happiness of one who had solemnly intrusted it to her keeping. All ends well in the tale, but it might have been otherwise in life.

Let us not be thought ungrateful to a writer who has perhaps given more pleasure and effected more good than any of his contemporaries, if, while discussing his genial influence, we point out another instance of its casual limitations. So earnest is the abhorrence in which Mr. Dickens holds pretension and cant, so averse is he from the shows of dignity and piety when they do not imply realities, that he has sometimes been led to deal with the conventional forms of these qualities as if such forms were never combined with the qualities themselves. We would be second to none in heartily applauding the embodied protests of Mr. Dickens against the formalist who conceals rancour or selfishness under the masks of sanctity and respectability, or against the man who, on the mere ground of station, arrogates a supremacy that has no root in character. But if, on the one hand, conventional signs do not necessarily imply corresponding attributes, neither, on the other hand, do they necessarily imply the want of such attributes. The cases are not only possible, but frequent, in which a devout profession is illustrated by a devout life, and in which titular distinctions coexist with real nobility of heart. Men may even have religion on their lips and not be Chadbands at the core. The person who is sensitive as to his respectability is not inevitably a Pecksniff; and there are "women of family" who would contrast very favourably with a Mrs. Gowan. It would be absurd to suppose that a writer with the charity and observation of Mr. Dickens had overlooked the better examples of the classes indicated; but he rarely, if ever, paints them. To ignore their existence is almost equivalent to denying it.

Turning to another characteristic of the age, its marked propensity to the real, we arrive at one of the most striking features of Mr. Dickens' genius. His persons are real, not only—as vulgar parlance has it—to the "very tips of their fingers," but to their very garments and appendages. The memorable umbrella of Mrs. Gamp is a part of her identity. His scenes, again, teem not only with the most truthful aspects and minute details of nature, but things in them—

elves mechanical and artificial are quickened with individual vitality. Not only—to take examples from one page of *Martin Chuzzlewit*—do “branches move in skeleton-dances” to the “moaning music” of the wind; not only does the wind itself from “sighing begin to bluster,” and commence “banging at the wicket and grumbling at the chimney, as if it bullied the jolly bellows [of the forge] for doing any thing to order,” then go “wreaking its vengeance on such poor creatures as the fallen leaves, dispersing and scattering them that they fly away pell-mell, . . . taking frantic flights into the air, and playing all manner of extraordinary gambols in the extremity of their distress;” not only does the wind, native to poetry, thus imitate the moods of man, but man’s own fabrications reflect him too. As night comes on, lights begin to “glance and wink” from cottage-windows, the “lusty bellows roars ha, ha! to the clear fire, which roars in turn, and bids the shining sparks dance gaily to the merry clinking of the hammers on the anvils;” while the “impotent swagger of the wind, if it has any influence on that hoarse companion (the bellows), it is to make him roar his cheerful song the louder.”

Such is one cluster of instances—snatched from a tree that bears myriads—of the author’s power to invest outward and mechanical forms with human passions and characteristics. Description is no term for such writing; it is vivification. It bespeaks that sovereignty of imagination which from the plenitude of its own life quickens all things, and endows them with its own attributes,—that imagination whose trumpet-call summons to herself not only the more plastic forms of existence, but those of inert matter; till tribe after tribe, the elements of nature, her animated products, and finally rigid substances, that have lost the impress of their birth, and been moulded into vassal shapes for man,—the snorting engine, the wheeling vane, the cleaving plough, the swollen sail,—one and all flock redeemed to the standard of the soul, utter her thoughts, wear her emblems, and pay fealty to her by whom and for whom they live.

Let no one suppose, then, that Mr. Dickens is less genuinely imaginative because the objects which he thus inspires with human meanings are often familiar and grotesque. The power to do this comes from the strength of the creative impulse. The recognised forms of grandeur and beauty—the rock, the tree, the river—lie contiguous, as it were, to the domain of the human. Though material, they are such apt symbols of the mind, that they become her most natural and facile oracles. But to seize, as Dickens does, upon points so prosaic as the pattern of a carpet, the sign-board of a tavern, the flicker of a candle, or the hissing of a tea-kettle, and to evoke from them the latent analogies which subsist between the spirit of man and all outward things, is a far more difficult achievement. In such cases imagination speaks to the furthest limits of her empire, and asserts her widest supremacy.

It should be fully understood, that the reality of Mr. Dickens is the direct issue of his imagination. If he could not steep common things in the hues of thought and feeling, they would at once lose their intense actuality. They come home to us because we see ourselves in them. Whenever in painting character the writer describes mere outside peculiarities that are no proper types of man’s inner condition, there is a chance that his spell over us abates. Thus we think that his over-insistence on the mere physical infirmities of Mrs. Skewton, in *Dombey*, weakens the effect of the portrait. Undoubtedly the picture is appalling; but it is repulsive to the feelings, because the lean shrivelled aspect, the failing memory, and the palsied head, are in themselves results of age, not of vice; and although they may of course accompany moral odiousness, are not its necessary indications.

Faculty of Mr. Dickens to startle us by investing objects with human significance is undoubtedly one of the sources of his popularity. In more ideal scenes he is less successfully displayed, but we doubt if it is less true. Like all greatest writers, there

is one phase of him which appeals to the present and the external, and another phase which belongs to all time. His landscapes are often perfect poems, and exhibit incident, feeling, humour, and even rhythm, unalloyed by those ugly casualties which so often obtrude in actual life. How perfect, for instance, is the keeping of the autumnal picture commencing that second chapter of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, from which we have already quoted! In *Bleak House*, the mansion at Chesney Wold looms grand and dark, like the figure of a knight in armour. The sketch of David Copperfield’s home, as seen from without, lets us by a few touches into the heart of English rurality. To the “cabined” Londoner the description is like a whirl by rail into the midst of country air and perfume. The last (October) Number of *Little Dorrit*, in which Swiss and Italian landscapes are depicted with such graphic beauty, proves the painter’s eye and touch to be no whit impaired.

Passing, in these volumes, from nature to man, we meet no less frequent examples of a genius purely poetic. David Copperfield’s first reminiscences have at times in their minute and picturesque truth the charm both of Cowper and Goldsmith, with a force and depth attained by neither. How real they are no one can doubt who recalls the long passage by the dark store-room, with its various culinary smells; or the high-backed church-pew, where the child,—being ordered, as a point of inflexible decorum, to look constantly at the clergyman,—stares until he fears he may be “tempted to say something out loud,” and wonders what would become of him then. Nothing can be more vivid. De Foe might have written such parts of the description; but he could not have blended with them the red light of morning on the sun-dial, suggesting the boy’s mental inquiry whether “the dial was not glad to tell the time again;” nor the glimpses of natural beauty that turn to emotions; nor, above all, the delicate yet distinct figure of the mother that haunts the “long ago” with its sanctity.

Some incidents of little Nelly’s life, again, might have been told, though not so well,—even some of its pathos might have been caught,—had Mr. Dickens been simply a realist in fiction. But it demanded the poet to incarnate in such a character the idea of childhood itself—childhood safe in its own innocence:

“The everlasting promise
Which no man keeps.”

This little Nelly,—whom the kiss of a Quilp cannot pollute, who rides on the showman’s cart and feels no shame, winding her pure course amidst scenes of vice and pain, yet taking no tint but from heaven,—she is not a mere unit in life, however rich; but an image of that unconscious loving faith which finds its type in childhood,—childhood so sacred, that all who would enter bliss must return to its likeness.

Once upon this theme of poetical insight, we might draw from the sources before us pages of illustration. We can only afford, however, an example or two more. First notice how the character of Nancy in *Oliver Twist* seems more and more to purify itself before she becomes the victim of Sykes, as if the struggling beams of a near immortality had pierced for her the murky atmosphere of crime. Turn from this instance to the letter of “Em’ly” to Ham, in *David Copperfield*, in which she announces her desertion: “I am too wicked to write about myself. O, take comfort in thinking that I am so bad!” Again: “God bless all. I’ll pray for all often on my knees. If he don’t bring me back a lady, and I don’t pray for my own self, I’ll pray for all.” Such words as these recall to us, as by flashes, the desperate love, which, while it wrenches the heart-tendrils from their old props, cannot stanch the bleeding heart itself, nor make it forget the good and the true. The sentence quoted in italics, in which the girl pleads her own unworthiness as a consolation to her lover, dives into the very abysses of woman’s self-abnegation. Lastly, we would point to the narrative in the same novel of that storm which whelms in

a common ruin the young Steerforth and the generous Ham. Lost in the attempt to save his wronger. The recital is of matchless grandeur and pathos. In description it is a very lyric, in purpose tragic as a Greek drama, teaching the littleness of this life, and raising our aspirations towards the infinite.

It is the presence of this noble imagination, working under all familiar forms, that commands for Mr. Dickens his best appreciation now, and will best vindicate his fame to posterity. We know of no image that more truly suggests the twofold aspect of his genius than that of some cathedral, whose grotesque porch is alive with the roar of daily traffic, but within whose walls is a solemn hush and a stream of "dim religious light" that consecrates the meanest form and the most sordid garb of those who enter.

Of this author's humour we have little space left to furnish illustrations, nor is there need that we should do so. It is his most patent attribute, the one most exhaustingly discussed; and its embodiments are known far more generally than the English tongue. Many of its characteristics have been already implied in our remarks; and we have chiefly to add, that it is of that Shakespearian kind which either presents some deep impulse or fine trait of our nature under quaint and odd disguises, so that we are startled to find what is essentially earnest and noble under ludicrous forms, or else, with the subtlest irony, accords to pretension all the shows and paraphernalia of reality, and proves the emptiness of the sham by solemnly treating it as a truth. Overflowing with sympathy, discovering every where man's identity beneath his differences, this humour blends naturally with pathos, and sometimes is pathos. The excitement that precedes the entry of Mrs. Cratchit's Christmas-pudding, the misgivings as to its success, and the exultation when that problem is solved affirmatively, make a case in point. We know not a more affecting glimpse into the life of honest humble folk than the interest attached to this event of the year. The dish, we may infer, was of small dimensions; and when we are told that "every body had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought *it was at all a small pudding for a large family*," we feel that kindly tears are a truer comment than laughter.

In width of range no writer of prose fiction has equalled Dickens. Never was mind more unindebted and individual; yet from its numerous points of affinity we may well gather its comprehensiveness. Cervantes, Le Sage, Molière, De Foe, Steele, Fielding, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, are in a degree akin to Dickens. So is Scott, with whom the later novelist has often been compared in genial and graphic qualities; but with these resemblance ends and gives place to contrast. Scott is elaborate, painstaking, and shrewd; his creations grow upon us, his general vein is that of placid enjoyment. Dickens is rapid, piercing, and arresting. Scott maintains the equipoise of character the more firmly; Dickens paints both its excellencies and its aberrations the more vividly. In dealing with common things, Scott studies picturesque treatment, and veils the ugly. Dickens, in the same sphere, brings out every fact remorselessly, and trusts for his vindication to reality. The heart of Scott beats to full tranquil health; that of Dickens beats also to health, but with throbs more often accelerated by impulse. Scott has more reverence for the stately shows of things; Dickens has by far the keener glance into their essences. Over the domain of the former lie poetic mists of tradition and memory; the latter walks life's highway at noon, not without a vision of beauty beyond and of an ever-beckoning horizon.

We hesitated at the outset every attempt to analyse the creations of Mr. Dickens. We now find it would be no light task for us even to classify them. How gladly would we welcome them by name, did space permit! But in our narrow bounds how could the title of such a company assemble? Mr. Weller, junior, might tread upon the toe of Mr. Turveydrop, senior, and disgust him by his want of deportment; Mr. Urish Heap might shoulder Sir Leicester Dedlinch, and want even to grieve in apology; Mr. Harold

Skimpole might be rudely aroused to the realities of life by encountering Ralph Nickleby as a creditor; Captain Cuttle, without a chance of escape, might be confronted by Mrs. MacStinger; Mr. Toots might be condemned to the yet severer trial of looking the lady of his affections in the face;—and the result might be a series of circumstances agreeable to no one but Mr. Tapley. Yet, again we say, how welcome should these and hundreds more be, could we receive them!

Out of such a throng, we do not affect to value all alike. Amongst these are certain of the novelist's antipathies, in whom he paints the odious points so exclusively, that they become rather qualities than persons.

Moreover, in these cases, Mr. Dickens pursues the offender to his downfall with a fierce exultation which lacks something of the pity we might feel for the very wrecks of mankind,—a pity by no means inconsistent with the clearest perception of their guilt. Yet, allowing for all such abatements, how vast is his contribution to the knowledge of our nature and to the disclosure of its workings and sympathies! Between the babe that has not tasted the cup of experience and the old man who has drained it; what varied aspects of life crowd in!—crime with a redeeming impulse in its bosom; want ennobled by patience and refined by delicate instincts; the soul of chivalry in the haunts of trade or of coarsest labour; womanly tenderness lurking in rough weather-beaten faces; selfishness masked by polished diplomacy, or by the yet more subtle disguise of candid self-avowal; keen wit piercing through madness with fitful illuminations; frivolous sportings of the world's puppets on the edge of fate, together with forms of manly courage, womanly devotion, and childlike purity girt with an atmosphere that clothes

"The palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn,"

and makes us feel that the common world of to-day is near as the romantic past to God.

Such teeming wealth of invention as we have indicated, not displayed, could only issue from an exuberant vitality increasing by its own action. In Mr. Dickens this overflowing genial life utters itself not alone in literature, but in citizenship. His speeches at public dinners and *soirées*, his aid to social institutions, his researches into the condition of the poor, his theatrical performances,—recreations which with others would be labours,—all flow from the same exhaustless fount of personal energy. What benevolence has guided his efforts, what generous sympathy he has shown to the literary worker, what manly ground he has taken as to the claims of literature itself, are known to all. As a writer, whether viewed with regard to the number or the truth of his conceptions, it is no hyperbole to call him the Shakespeare of familiar life. As an individual he has wielded more authority than any previous member of his class, and wielded it for the best ends.

THE FORT OF URDOS.

EVERY one who travels in the Pyrenees passes through the Vallée d'Aspe to visit the fort of Urdos; and we cannot do better than give a day to this excursion, which is a very delightful one. As we are still at Onse, our ways and means of progression are limited; and not seeing clearly how we are to get to Urdos, we decide on first of all consulting Michelle. Now Michelle is never far off when any one is talking; for she is not without hope of picking up waifs and strays of conversation, though it may be held in an unknown tongue. So, when the sound of voices reaches her, she follows to the door of the room from which it issues, and stands there resting on one foot, with a dish-cloth in one hand and a plate in the other. You have only to say "Michelle," and she enters and leans against the wall, waiting patiently until further appealed to. Her first thought, when we explain our plan, is a regret that "papa" is absent; he would have been such an excellent guide for us,—he knows the

valley and all the villages so well; and then there would have been "papa's" mules and the Aspois saddles, which are so comfortable. We object strongly to the Aspois saddles, which are constructed after the fashion of the roof of a house. Two pieces of wood nailed together at an angle of 45°, with an undressed goat's-skin thrown over them, and one girth which straps the whole round the animal's back,—and your steed is saddled, be it horse, mule, or donkey. Stirrups are a luxury unknown, and so is a bridle; instead of the latter, you have a halter, which is generally fastened to the saddle, to be used only when the animal is at rest. Michelle is very anxious to procure donkeys for us from the neighbours: donkeys are held in greater esteem in the Vallée d'Aspe than either horses or mules, and they are, or seem to be, better fed and better kept; they are also more tractable and intelligent than donkeys one sees almost any where else. Still, we cannot undertake a journey of sixteen miles to Urdos, and sixteen home again, on donkeys and Aspois saddles. Michelle makes sundry other propositions, in the hope of so arranging the expedition that the Tourré family may get something by it. Finding at length that this is useless, she advises us to go to Bédous, and see if M. Bonza has still got a four-wheeled chaise, which is very comfortable, and may please us, as we do not like to be shut up in the calèche. And she advises us strongly to secure the services of M. Bonza himself, as the horses know him, and are less likely, when he drives, to indulge the peculiar propensity French horses have for running unexpectedly into a field or up a by-road.

The last accident of any consequence happened, she tells us, to M. le Général M——, who was going to inspect the fort at Urdos, and who stayed at Bédous to breakfast and change horses. When he started, the horses ran up a lane and upset the carriage; and M. le Général was so much hurt that he remained at Bédous for ten days, and then returned to Oléron.

The same thing happened to M. le Capitaine, now at the fort, who was twice thrown out by M. Bonza's refractory horses; and after the second time he declined proceeding in a carriage, and was carried on a kind of litter by four men.

Pleasant anticipations of the probable or possible termination of our journey trouble us for a few minutes only; and then we walk over to our friends the Bonzas, and prepare to start; our round little friend chuckling and laughing over the delinquencies of his horses as though there were a joke in them. We set off amid the most deafening crackings of the whip and "ya-ups" from M. Bonza, and very narrowly escape the catastrophe which befell M. le Général. As, however, we are prepared for sudden lurches, we all hold on; and M. Bonza knows his horse and its tricks, and has an eye on it. The other eye he keeps for "les dames," as he tells us with a laugh that gets us all laughing, as the laugh of a merry little fat man always does. "The ladies," he says, "like attention;" so he shouts to them across the fields, and makes his voice reach to the top of distant hills, or cuts at the young girls with his whip as he passes them on the road; they like that better than nothing, he tells you with another laugh. The Bonza family are altogether exceptional, and are looked on by their neighbours with feelings of admiration and envy. They monopolise all the superfluous flesh and all the exuberance of spirits in the valley; and those lean sad-looking peasant-women, who are old and ill-favoured almost from childhood, look up from under the heavy burdens they carry on their heads, or rest from their hard field-labour, and watch M. Bonza as long as he is in sight. We shall see comparatively few men; they are all away cutting wood and burning charcoal in the pine-forests, or herding flocks of sheep and goats on the mountains, where they will remain until the summer is over. Listen to that tinkling of bells, and watch the cloud of white dust that hovers over the road behind us! It is a shepherd and his sheep; we will wait and watch them pass. First of all comes the shepherd; he has on a brown "berret"—the broad

cap of the mountaineers—a jacket of home-spun brown woollen cloth, and knee-breeches of the same. His stockings, without feet and with the knitted frill round the ankle, are the same as those he is knitting as he walks along bare-footed. Over his shoulder are slung tin-cans and pans for milking and making cheese; and his black hair, cut short and close in the front, hangs in long curls down his back. What a magnificent Pyrenean dog is that by his side, with its broad chest and shoulders! It is almost the colour of the sheep, and quite as large. Two of these dogs, M. Bonza tells us, will attack a bear, and one can kill a wolf.

Next follows a donkey, laden with more tin and cans, and with "sundries" tied in a sack; doubtless the necessities of life for the shepherd during the next few months. His time in the mountains will be occupied in milking his ewes and making cheeses, and his food will consist of porridge of maize-meal—"brouillie," as they call it—and whey and sour milk. Every three weeks or month his wife or daughter, or some neighbour, will join other wives or daughters going to other shepherds, and they will drive up two or three donkeys carrying "mcture" (the loaves of Indian corn), a small stock of vegetables for soup, and the garlic, which they think so good, that they tell you a crust of bread rubbed with garlic is a dinner fit for a king. The donkeys, on their return, will bring down cheeses of goat's milk and sheep's milk, to be sold on market-days at Accous, Bédous, and Oléron. Meanwhile the shepherd has overtaken us, and stops to exchange greetings with M. Bonza, and to have a good look at the strangers. The sheep, which were following, crowd round to lick his hands and fawn upon him as a dog might do; and when he resumes his knitting and passes on, he whistles to them, and calls by name any which have strayed into adjacent fields.

The peasants of these valleys have a passion for the life of a shepherd; and when once they have spent a summer in the mountains, they will follow no other occupation. M. Gerber told us of a native of Osse, a shepherd, who, when he was nearly sixty years old, inherited considerable property in his own village and commune by the death of relatives. So he decided on selling his flock, and spending the last years of his life with his wife and children, whom he had never seen for more than a few weeks in each year. For three or four years all went on well; but at the expiration of that time, as he was standing one evening at the door of his house, a flock of sheep passed through the village on their way to the mountains. Among them was one ewe which had been his own; it recognised him, and sprang bleating from the midst of the others to lick his hand. The old shepherd burst into tears, went into his house and shut himself up alone till the following day; then he sold his land, bought another flock, and went off to the mountains.

No shepherd will sell his sheep as a practice; and when a man wants a flock, he has to go from one to the other and beg as a favour that one or two or three may be sold to him. Worse than this, no shepherd in the Vallée d'Aspe will kill his sheep until they are too old to produce lambs and give milk for the much-desired cheeses; when they have reached this stage, they are sent down to the butcher,—the essential preliminary of fattening being quite neglected; and the inhabitants regale on mutton so hard that English teeth cannot masticate it. In the autumn, a family in tolerable circumstances will salt a whole sheep as provision for the winter; because during the winter and early spring the flocks pasture in the plains about Bourdeaux and Tours, and so the lambs are lost to the inhabitants of the valley, and no meat is to be obtained for the "pot-au-feu."

M. Bonza suggests driving on whilst we talk, which is desirable, if we are to reach Urdos in time for dinner. We have passed Accous, and reached the head of the "véritable vallon." Before us is a barrier of mountains through which we can see no pass; and yet, as the road draws near the river, we discover that that comes foaming through the rocks just beyond the picturesque bridge with the single high arch. It is the Pont d'Esquit, which takes its name from the

mountain, or "pène d'Esquit," on our left. We do not cross the bridge; that road leads round the other side of the valley, through Athas, to Osse. Our road lies close by the side of the noisy "gave," and here, where the gorge is so narrow, it is blasted out of the rock. How cold and dark are the next few hundred yards! the steep bare rocks shut us in on each side, and the strong current of air that draws through from north to south is quite bleak. Now begins the most picturesque part of our drive; we shall find no basin so large as that through which we have passed, but many smaller ones of great beauty, and constant variety of hill and dale, bare snowy peaks and grassy uplands, noisy waterfalls, and ravines and gorges clothed with verdure.

Every available bit of land is cultivated, and you see farms and houses high above you among the clouds and mist, and little patches of land only a few feet square which are reached by an almost impracticable path. Every where, too, there is the sound of running water; for all the fields are irrigated, and look as fresh and green in the hot summer months as in the early spring.

This bridge on our right hand is the bridge of Lescun; we must cross it to see the waterfall of Lescun, about two miles distant,—one of the most exquisite in the Pyrenees,—with the double rainbow playing round it.

And pray, M. Bonza, we ask on our return, if this fine bridge is made on purpose for the convenience of tourists,—and apparently it has no other purpose,—why is there not a good road to the full of Lescun, or at least a tolerable path, possible for donkeys and mules? We are, as you see, very wet,—for the road lies partly up the bed of the stream,—and very much torn by brambles and having to force our way through a coppice-wood.

M. Bonza has been waiting for us at the bridge, and we find him surrounded by women and girls who are carrying sand up the steep bank of the river to the road; they are all laughing, as every one does laugh wherever our friend appears. He looks commiseration for our misfortunes, and then explains that the bridge was built by the inhabitants of Lescun, a village on the top of the hill above us,—the richest village in the whole valley, or in any other, of the Pyrenees; and yet there is no road to it, only that steep zigzag track up which you see a girl driving a mule. We wonder in what the wealth of this little place can consist, or how it is amassed; and find that all the inhabitants of Lescun are smugglers, and that it is the contraband trade with Spain which enriches them.

We find, too, that the nature and extent of the contraband trade, carried on not only in Lescun, but throughout the Vallée d'Aspe, has a peculiar influence on the inhabitants, and makes them unlike the Béarnais in other valleys of the Pyrenees. The contrabandists of the Vallée d'Ossau, of Gavarni, are almost heroic; the constant struggle against laws which they believe to be unjust, the being thrown face to face with nature, and with all that is boundless and resistless in her mighty powers,—the storm, the tempest, and the avalanche,—and the difficulties met with at all times in the almost impracticable mountain-passes, really elevate and ennoble them. They are generous and self-devoted: any man would risk, and does risk, his life to save that of his companion; and their expeditions across the frontier are made with the same fearless ardour that they take to the chase of the wolf or the bear.

But the inhabitants of Aspe have not the same difficulties and dangers to contend with; the pass is easy, the road, so far as it goes, and the mule-track afterwards, good and well kept. They have need, not of courage to face the mountain-storm, and boldness and presence of mind to avoid the danger of it, but of cunning to escape the douaniers, and evade the scrutiny of these ever-watchful officers of customs.

The douaniers are not now to be bribed. Time was, forty-six years ago, when this contraband trade was a perfectly organised one, and detachments of fifty, eighty, and a hundred mules passed into Spain. At nightfall the long

single file, with a driver to every third mule carrying a torch and armed with his gun, was seen winding its way through the valley, and over the mountains—a long line of moving light. At some appointed place the douaniers fired off their guns, of which no one took any notice; and this demonstration made, they retired, conceiving that they had done their duty to both parties,—the government which paid them for upholding its laws, and the contrabandists who bribed them to allow those laws to be evaded.

It is this manner of carrying on contraband trade which has demoralised the Aspois, more especially the inhabitants of Lescun, and which causes them to be suspected and feared by the dwellers in adjacent valleys.

There is a saying, that you might travel through the Vallée d'Ossau with a cart-load of gold, and would never need to show your pistols; but a regiment of soldiers and twenty pieces of cannon could not protect you in the Vallée d'Aspo.

We have tarried long enough at Lescun, and will re-cross the bridge and proceed to Urdos; passing Borce, Eygun, and other villages, without further notice.

"Are there many bears here?" we ask M. Bonza.

"We killed the great bear Nicholas two months ago," he answers with an air triumphant.

That bear, he assumes, even we must have heard of, and proceeds to enlarge upon and elucidate the various misdeeds of the great Nicholas, until we call his attention to vultures wheeling round a mountain-summit, and coming like spectres out of the mist that shrouds it. As we all know that vultures will carry off lambs and fowls, we are not much interested in his long story, and watch for the pine-forests and the road blasted in the rock by the first Napoleon. There it is; a black mark on the mountain-side—a narrow gallery, along which the mules travel with their load of wood from the great forest. We are now in a narrow defile, high rocks on either side of us, and only space between them for the noisy "gave" and the good road on which we travel. Do you see that steep rock—inaccessible on all sides, standing forward, so that the "gave" must bend and wind round it—commanding the gorge and the wider parts of the valley at each end of it? That is the fort of Urdos—the Gibraltar of France, as the commandant of the fortress tells us when we enter.

We leave M. Bonza, and descend by a rugged path to the "gave;" cross the bridge of planks erected for the workmen, and enter the rock. There are no spacious excavations, only steep galleries ascending in zigzags, narrow loopholes for guns, wider openings for the cannon which already frown in their embrasures, recesses in which the ball are piled in ominous order, and occasional long flights of steps. What a weary climb it is until we reach what was a hollow in the mountain-side, but is now united by solid masonry to the rock above it! Here are rooms for officers and men, and spacious passages. But we must mount again; and we go wearily on, counting the steps, and thinking of the time when we were children, and did the Monument with such glee.

We look through one of the loopholes, and espy some Spaniards, with their mules laden with wine, passing peaceably along the road beneath us. Our guide raises his stick, points at them as if it were a gun, and says, "Here we shall shoot the Spaniards,—not one could escape; this gun,"—pointing to one near him,—"carries to Borce, and one in the gallery above us to Urdos."

Now ordinary people, looking at this marvellous fort,—a little town hollowed out in the solid rock, an impenetrable and impregnable mountain, capable of containing more thousands of soldiers than M. le Capitaine chooses to specify, with its bomb-proof and shell-proof apartments, and every requisite, offensive and defensive,—to an ordinary mind, we say, all this would be suggestive of a fore-foot firmly planted on the frontiers of Spain.

But we are told, No, it is defensive only; the Spaniards are aggressive, they covet France; we must have the means of holding our own.

And does monsieur really think that a Spanish army bent on the conquest of France would choose this pass in preference to any other of the four-and-twenty passes, by which they might enter with comparative ease? Granted, it is the high-road to Madrid; but would not that be a greater advantage to an army entering Spain than to one leaving it?

Enough of suggestions; if we are ever to reach the top we must go on. When we get there we can only see and say what we have already seen and said. It is just a great big rock, with a fretwork of galleries round it, standing alone and apart; and our private opinion is, that you might as well lay siege to the Maladotta or the Pic du Midi as attempt to take it. No doubt the military mind would be otherwise affected by the sight of it. That remains to be proved. Meanwhile, what concerns us most is, that we have done it; and we descend in triumph, and proceed to the village of Urdos. The road has been so good, and the ascent so gradual, that we are surprised to find we are nearly 4000 feet above the level of the sea.

We will go on to the forge of M. Abel; a most beautiful drive this warm summer-day, but cold and bleak enough in autumn and winter. We care to see the forge, because it is one of the few remaining unbroken links which unite us to past activities of the world. We cannot say when it did not exist, and its origin is too remote to be determined. We are thinking that perhaps the great Hannibal forged weapons here, and watching with a strange interest the two brawny smiths at the work which has never ceased for so many centuries, when M. Bonza comes forward with a chuckle, and says he has found "les dames," who are at home although M. Abel is away; and they were so glad to see him, that they have kept him long, and apparently treated him handsomely, for he is loud in praise of their hospitality, and intimates that even we, if we like to enter, will be regaled on "méture" and "cau sucree."

But we decline, and turn our backs upon the forge, tired with the day's excursion. Here the road ends, and from this there is only a mule-track to the frontier.

MY IRISH ADVENTURE.

A SUBALTERN'S STORY.

ONCE upon a time, when the Duke of York—God bless him!—reigned at the Horse Guards, and it was an article of faith that the commander-in-chief could do no wrong,—an illusion now happily dispelled,—it was ordained by fate and his Royal Highness that I, John Jollynose, a jovial subaltern in the Royal Fire-eaters, should become a temporary inhabitant of that island which one of her enthusiastic children maintains to be the "first flower of the earth," and which another of her well-wishers proposed should be sunk for ten minutes in that sea, of which, on the same authority, she is asserted to be the "gem." In other words, I was quartered in Ireland.

Not the prosperous, well-behaved, slow-going Erin of these degenerate modern days, when bogs are wilfully drained and cultivated, to the destruction of snipe-shooting; when corn-fields are arrogantly superseding the good old-fashioned potato-gardens; and Irish gentlemen have been occasionally known to pay their tailors' bills;—but the regular whisky-drinking, jig-dancing, shillelah-flourishing, rebellious "ould Ireland" of forty years ago, when the pig had the run of the parlour, and every man's house was his castle, from which he defied the law and all its myrmidons; and when a landlord guilty of the absurdity of asking for his rent was shot, as a matter of course, from behind a hedge by his injured and justly indignant tenant.

Instead of the milk-and-water served up to us now-days on this side of the channel as Irish intelligence, chronicling nothing more serious than a shindy at an election, or a row in the Four Courts, the curious in such mat-

ters might any day, in the "glorious old times" I speak of, enjoy a thrilling account of some atrocious murder or savage faction-fight, to say nothing of a goodly batch of such minor eccentricities as hunting a bailiff, ducking a gauger, or cutting off the ears of an unfortunate process-server.

One of the most rampant institutions in these rollicking days was the illegal manufacture of whisky; and the duty of assisting the civil power in its suppression was looked upon with almost as much dread as banishment to Sierra Leone. The unfortunate individual engaged in the uncongenial sport of still-hunting was converted for the time being into a regular Robinson Crusoe, with all the exciting accompaniments enjoyed by that illustrious exile; as the distillation of the outlawed spirit was carried on in the wildest and most uncivilised parts of the country, inhabited only by a race of savages, who were accustomed to look upon a house on fire as an amusing pyrotechnic display, and "potting" a Saxon through his parlour-window rather a meritorious action than otherwise. It is therefore not surprising that this duty was unpopular among military men; for though perfectly willing to lay down their lives for the good of their country in a fair fight, there were very few candidates for the honour and glory of being shot sitting by a wild Irishman.

Entertaining strong objections myself to becoming an animated target under any circumstances, and being naturally of a sociable disposition, no language can express the intensity of disgust I experienced on reading one evening in that peremptory volume, the Regimental Order-Book, that Lieutenant Jollynose would hold himself in readiness to proceed with a detachment to Ballyblanket, there to be stationed, and assist the civil power in the suppression of illicit distillation. It is unnecessary to repeat the energetic expression I made use of as I sent the offending manuscript flying to the other end of the room, to the no small astonishment of the orderly sergeant who had brought it. "Hold myself in readiness!" I exclaimed bitterly, when the non-commissioned officer had vanished, after gravely picking up the book and saluting without moving a muscle of his countenance. "Just as if I should ever be ready to exchange all the fun and jollity of head-quarters, with a steeple-chase and a dozen balls in perspective, for solitary vegetation in the middle of some Irish bog, with no one to speak to but the priest and the exciseman, and nothing to eat but eggs and bacon." To be obliged to leave unfinished, at a most interesting crisis, a flirtation I was engaged in with Julia Mackintosh, the prettiest girl in the place, to the envy of a score of rivals, and march to Ballyblanket, a semi-barbarous little town somewhere in Wicklow, the female population of which walked about with bare legs and no bonnets,—O, it was too horrible! But I determined not to resign myself to my fate without a struggle. Although an order once issued is supposed to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Modes and Persians, if I could only provide a substitute, I might yet escape the doom that hung over me of exile from mess, and separation from the only girl I ever truly loved in that part of Ireland.

I rushed frantically about the barracks, and expatiated in glowing terms, and quite at random, on the beauty of the mountain scenery, and the excellence of the snipe-shooting to be obtained at Ballyblanket,—of which I knew about as much as I did of Kamtschatka. I pathetically represented to each and every subaltern I met, that by taking my place in the terrestrial paradise I had painted, it would not only be a source of the greatest gratification to himself, but would also everlastingly oblige his attached friend and comrade, John Jollynose.

All, however, seemed to turn a deaf ear to my eloquent appeals; and I was on the point of giving up in despair, when, to my great joy, I discovered a sentimental young ensign, who had just been abominably jilted, and was plunged into the lowest depths of despair in consequence. I immediately gave him the benefit of the enthusiastic de-



THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE. BY FELIX M. MILLER.

"The Dog
Approaching in her gentle way,
To win some look of love, or gain
Encouragement to sport or play;
Attempts which still the heart-sick maid
Rejected, or with slight repaid."—Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*.

scriptions, which the others, to their shame, had failed to appreciate, and dwelt affectingly on the calm repose, so soothing to a wounded spirit, that was to be enjoyed at Ballyblanket. He gave in at once; this touching allusion to his dejected state fairly overcame him, and he burst into tears. He didn't care, he said, about snipe-shooting, the only thing he wanted to shoot was himself; it was a matter of perfect indifference to him where he went—his life was a blank now *she* was another's; and he rather liked the idea of going to Ballyblanket, as the dreary solitude of the Wicklow mountains would fitly harmonise with the desolate void that was in his heart; and should a bullet from the blunderbuss of some vindictive Milesian put an end to his miserable existence, he would consider it the greatest favour that could be conferred upon him: with which cheerful sentiment he left me to commence packing.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed, in an ecstasy of delight. "I thought that bit about a 'wounded spirit' would hook him. What a lucky thing that his fair one should have thrown him over just in time to save me from Ballyblanket! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Now I can keep Julia all to myself." But, alas! I was destined to illustrate in my own person the uncertainty of human affairs in general, and military ones in particular. I was reckoning without my commanding officer, and hallooing before I was out of the wood—or rather bog. My praiseworthy attempt to oblige the interesting victim of unrequited attachment

proved an utter failure. I had written to the adjutant, asking him to negotiate the exchange of duties, thinking, of course, no objection could be raised in the orderly-room; when, in the midst of my frantic demonstrations of joy at my release, a knock came to my door, and in walked that awful functionary himself with my note in his hand. I knew something was the matter from the official way in which he clattered into the room, and my heart sank within me at the rattle of his steel scabbard.

"The colonel desires me to tell you," bawled Dumbell, standing bolt upright, and speaking in the loud monotonous tone in which he used to read out the proceedings of a court-martial on parade, "that he regrets exceedingly it is out of his power to grant your request, as he has specially selected you for the command of the detachment about to proceed to Ballyblanket on account of the implicit confidence he places in your judgment, and the admirable qualifications you possess for the satisfactory discharge of the important and difficult duties you will be called on to perform; which means, Jollynose, my boy," said Dumbell, with a wink, dropping his official bellow, and subsiding into my arm-chair, "that you've been bleeding the old gentleman a little too freely lately. Here's your route," drawing a hard-hearted looking document from his pocket and tossing it on the table; "you start to-morrow."

"What!" I screamed; "not even twenty-four hours' notice?"

"Case of emergency," replied the adjutant, who on duty-matters spoke in short, sharp, staccato sentences; "gauger disappeared—last seen at Ballyblanket."

"But," I urged appealingly, "I haven't a thing packed; and my servant's a prisoner in the guard-room."

"Can't help it—colonel's order—parade to-morrow—eight sharp." I thought, said Dumbell, poking the fire with the end of his scabbard, "when I saw you crowing over the old fellow every night, and joking him about his bad play, that your fun wouldn't last very long. Take my advice," said he solemnly, as he rose to depart, having successfully smashed a refractory nob of coal into "smithereens," "never make fun of a colonel; and," added he, as he closed the door, "you'll find that winning from him is generally a losing game in the end."

Dumbell was right. I had been guilty of the unpardonable crime of being a better whist-player than my commanding officer—an ill-tempered, blue-nosed old veteran, who cared for nothing but cards and port-wine; and the present opportunity was too favourable a one to be missed of getting rid of an adversary who had a knack of invariably winning the odd trick, thereby considerably decreasing the gouty old field-officer's balance at the paymaster's.

I little thought when I was triumphantly pocketing my commander's half-crowns how dearly I should pay for my amusement. Next morning at "eight sharp," as Dumbell said, I found myself shivering on parade, in a drenching rain; and a few minutes after, with my martial cloak around me, I marched gloomily out of the barrack-square at the head of my detachment, *en route* for Ballyblanket, the colonel maliciously waving his hand to me as I passed his window. I had besides to run the gauntlet of various satirical congratulations from my brother-officers, shouted after me from the mess-room, including an offer from several to be the bearer of any tender message I might wish to send to Julia, as my last dying-speech, and an affectionate request from the senior ensign to take the greatest care of myself, and on *no account* to give him his promotion by sharing the fate of the missing exciseman. The rejected lover, disappointed of his "dreary solitude," and the chance of perforation he was so anxious for, was the only one who sympathised with my misfortune; the rest were only too glad to have escaped the "forlorn hope" that my unlucky skill at whist had entailed upon me.

After a march of three days through a never-varying succession of mountain and bog, and a never-ending downfall of rain, I arrived with my small and saturated army at Ballyblanket. And here I may remark, what I have no doubt has been often remarked before, that there is a perseverance and dogged determination about Irish rain worthy of a better cause. In tropical climates, where they have the "rains" *par excellence*, the water certainly comes down in bucketfuls, and with a hearty good-will, while it lasts; but when once over, there's an end of it—till next year. In Ireland, however, it rains all the year round. From January to December it is one continual shower-bath; and when not actually pouring, there is a thick mist hanging about that penetrates into the inmost recesses of one's flannel-waistcoat; so that the amphibious inhabitants of that excessively moist little island have only two phases of existence—the thoroughly wet and unpleasantly damp, which may perhaps account for their extreme aversion to water in its undiluted state, administered internally.

I discovered on my arrival that Ballyblanket was only occasionally occupied by a military detachment, and was what is technically called a half-billet station, that is, neither barrack nor billet, with the miseries of the one and the discomforts of the other *ad libitum* combined.

A dilapidated old building had been hastily prepared for our reception, in one corner of which I was accommodated with a small room that had the door, window, and fire so conveniently situated that I could open one, shut the other, and poke the third, without stirring from my chair.

The men, however, were too glad to get a roof over their

heads after their wet march, and soon made themselves tolerably comfortable; and being no feather-bed soldier myself, and a bit of a philosopher to boot, after I had let off my indignation by the Briton's usual safety-valve—a good grumble, which relieved me very much—I determined to make the best of a bad business; and to my surprise, soon found myself becoming jolly under circumstances that even Mr. Mark Tapley would have allowed afforded considerable opportunities for "coming out strong."

Ballyblanket was not a cheerful place. Situated at the foot of a bleak and desolate mountain, and nearly surrounded by a vast expanse of black and impenetrable bog, it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that I had suddenly dropped down into one of those chaotic regions that geologists delight in; and if I had met a megatherium or other monstrosity wandering among those gray rocks, or seen a troop of ichthyosauri floundering about in those luky pools, they would only have been fit accompaniments to the thoroughly antediluvian and uncomfortable appearance of the prospect.

There are few buildings in the town that could be dignified with the name of houses, with the exception of the chapel, the priest's dwelling, and the tumble-down old edifice that formed our temporary barrack. This last had been originally intended for a court-house; but justice had been so little appreciated, and so roughly treated by the inhabitants, that she had long since taken her departure, and her temple had fallen into disrepair. The remainder of the town consisted of a straggling street of miserable hovels, in which a continual battle appeared to be raging between the pigs and the rest of the population, and which I am bound to state, in justice to those sagacious animals, they invariably got the best of. I could not help remarking, that the majority of the human occupants of these sties consisted of women and children; and on inquiring into the cause of the absence of the male sex, I was informed that the "boys" were always busily engaged "cutting turf,"—a professional term, I afterwards discovered, for brewing whisky; in which meritorious occupation it soon became my painful duty to interrupt them.

It is generally admitted that a certain unmentionable personage has not been treated with justice in the various portraits that have been painted of him, and that he is not by any means of so sable a hue as he has been maliciously represented. In the same way, I discovered that even Ballyblanket had its advantages, consisting in first-rate shooting and a genial parish-priest; and when not officially engaged in persecuting the unfortunate "turf-cutters," I managed—in total oblivion of mess, balls, and steeple-chases, and with only an occasional sigh for the girl I had left behind me—to pass my days very pleasantly, slaughtering snipe in the bogs, and my nights, with equal enjoyment, playing chess with Father Patrick.

His reverence had taken me under his especial protection. All sorts of unpleasant anathemas were invoked upon the head of any one doing me the slightest injury, and no enraged whisky-manufacturer could take summary vengeance upon me for the destruction of his property without incurring certain excommunication and every other disagreeable pain and penalty it was in the power of the jovial Father Patrick to inflict.

It was lucky I had such a friend to stand between me and harm, for the "boys" had no cause to bear me any particular good-will. My arrival had been the signal for the commencement of a vigorous crusade against the *al-fresco* distilleries with which the district abounded; and when a still had been marked down, though any thing but a labour of love, I had nothing to do but order out my men, and assist the excise-officers in the execution of their duty of destroying the implements and capturing the proprietors. For the first two months we were very busy, and requisitions from the civil power were continually turning us out of our beds, as seizures were generally made at night; but at the end of that time business began to get "slack," as

the shopkeepers say, and an alarming rise in the price of the condemned spirit showed what havoc we had made among its producers. Numbers had been taken, and their apparatus destroyed; others had migrated further into the mountains, where gaugers were unknown; and the few that remained conducted their illegal proceedings with such secrecy as to baffle the attempts of the most sharp-scented exciseman to discover their hiding-places. One man in particular, a Mr. Barney O'Toole,—supposed to be a deserter from some regiment, and celebrated all the country round for the superior quality of his brew,—was known to have an establishment in the neighbourhood in full work; and though a large reward was offered for any information leading to the discovery of a still, the "Old Soldier," as he was called, had hitherto eluded all detection, and continued to supply the population of Ballyblanket, myself among the number, *sub rosa* of course, with the most delicious mountain-dew that ever gladdened the heart of a lonely subaltern.

By the merest accident I became acquainted with the spot where this nectar was distilled. I was strolling one day along a desolate valley, gun in hand, on my way to a spring tenanted by a lively little Jack snipe that had become quite an old acquaintance. I had nearly reached my small preserve, and, with both barrels at full cock, was expecting my invulnerable little friend to get up with a screech, and whistle off as usual unharmed through a shower of No. 8, when I found myself suddenly enveloped in one of those heavy mists that were continually stalking like ghosts about the country, which soon increased to a drenching rain. I looked in vain for shelter. Not a creature was in sight, and, as far as I knew, I was miles away from any human habitation; so "reversing" my arms, I made my way to a large rock, under the lee of which I crouched, and having lighted my pipe, philosophically made up my mind for a ducking. My thoughts, I suppose, took their colour from the surrounding scenery, and I soon became wrapped in a study of the brownest description. I settled entirely to my own satisfaction that the colonel was an avaricious old tyrant, and myself a persecuted individual. I speculated as to who had taken my place in the elastic affections of Miss Mackintosh. By an easy transition, my thoughts wandered to Mrs. Brown, my sergeant's wife; and I was deciding whether that invaluable woman would hash or mince the leg of mutton that had formed my yesterday's dinner, when my ruminations were disturbed by the figure of a man looming through the mist, and apparently making for the rock under which I was sitting.

He was dressed in a long-tailed gray frieze-coat and hayband gaiters. I could not see his face, for he kept his head down, butting like a ram at the gusts of wind that swept down the valley; and with one hand holding on his apology for a hat and the other grasping a stout blackthorn, he battled his way against the storm till he caught sight of the muzzle of my gun pointing to the centre of his waist-coat. If both charges had been deposited there, he could not have jumped higher than he did.

"Ooh, murder!—I'm done for," he exclaimed.

"Halloo, what's the matter with you?" I said laughing, for I never saw a man so utterly taken aback. "You're not shot yet."

At the sound of my voice his alarm seemed to subside, and after scratching his head,—a practice common to Irishmen when they find themselves in a hobble; the irritation acting, I suppose, as a kind of mental blister, and drawing out an idea,—he said, tugging at a carrotty lock that was dripping down his face, and lashing out behind with one of his hay-banded legs by way of an obeisance,

"Och! is it you, captin? I'm glad to see yer honor looking so well."

"You've a queer way of showing it, Barney," I replied; for by this time I had recognised him as the notorious Mr. O'Toole.

"Faith," said he, with a comical look, "I thought it was Mither Ginger (this was the excise-officer). I ask yer

honor's pardon for takin' you for such a snaking ould varmint; but the rain blinded me."

"It's lucky for you I'm not," I said. "I expect you're after no good on the mountain, Barney."

"I was only takin' a stivoll this fine soft day," said he, trying to look the character of an innocent stroller, and failing utterly in the attempt.

"None of your nonsense," I said, laughing at his idea of a fine day, and looking about for some trace of the still, which I guessed from his manner was not far distant. "Where's the shop, eh, Barney?"

This question quite upset his assumed composure; and he whined, dreadfully alarmed, "Ah, captin, you wouldn't ruin a poor man that's nothing ilse to depend on."

"O, don't be afraid of that," I said; "I'm not on duty to-day."

His face brightened directly. "Then, by me sowl, its myself that's right glad to see yer honor; and won't you walk in out of the rain?"

The offer of shelter was most acceptable, as the weather, to use Barney's expression, was getting softer and softer; but I tried in vain to detect any sign of the habitation he so hospitably invited me to enter. I could see nothing but the rock I had been sitting under, in a crevice of which there grew some stunted furze-bushes. I was not long kept in ignorance of the entrance to Mr. O'Toole's mountain residence; for having first peered cautiously about,—an unnecessary proceeding on his part, as the mist was thicker than ever,—he pulled aside the shrubs I had noticed, darted through a low opening they had entirely concealed, and beckoning me to follow, disappeared into a dark passage, from the recesses of which I could hear him shouting, "Mind yer head, captin."

This admonition was not unnecessary, as, notwithstanding the greatest caution, that part came several times into severe contact with jagged and unexpected angles of rock, raising bumps unknown to phrenology; and I had to progress some distance in a swimming position before I emerged into a good-sized cavern, smelling unmistakably of whisky.

"Yer honor's welcome," said my host, harelheaded and bowing, as soon as I had exchanged my horizontal for a perpendicular position.

"Why, you've got quite a snug little paffour here," I said, looking about.

"O, snug enough," said Barney, grinning. "It's little I want, if I'm let alone."

"If you could only heighten your passage a little," said I, rubbing my head, "it would be more convenient for your friends."

"I don't care much about convenience, you see, captin. You'll know your way better another time. But sit down, yer honor," said Barney, turning up a suspicious looking tub for my accommodation, "while I bar the door;" and he dived into his tunnel.

During the minute or two my host was engaged arranging the shrubbery that formed the *cheveux-de-frise* of his little fortress, I discovered that I was in a good-sized cavern, lighted from the top by a hole that answered the double purpose of a window and a chimney. The still was not at work; but the various implements scattered about, and the almost overpowering odour of poteen that pervaded the place, left no doubt on my mind as to the unlawful occupation of the proprietor. My conscience was not altogether easy at thus becoming an accomplice of Mr. O'Toole's; but I quieted my scruples with the reflection, that it was no part of my duty to discover stills, any more than it was a barrister's to collect evidence, or a physician's to mix medicine. All I had to do was to administer the *coup-de-grace* when the excise-officers pointed the game, in the same way that a terrier snaps up an unfortunate rat that the ferrets have frightened out of his hole, or, to use a more dignified simile, as the velvet-clad matador gracefully severs the spinal cord of a wretched bull after he has been worried to a stand-still by the squibs and red pocket-handkerchiefs of the light-heeled picadores.

"If it wasn't for the smoke being seen," said Barney, on his reappearance, "I'd light a fire, for yer honor must be wet and could; but that ould thief Ginger is always prowling about the mountains—bad luck to him."

"And it wouldn't do," said I, laughing, "for him to find a king's officer conspiring with such a notorious defrauder of his majesty as yourself, Barney."

"Niver fear, yer honor," said my host, bringing a jug from a dark corner of the cavern, where he had been engaged in tapping something very like a small barrel.

"And as for being wet," I said, "I have been so accustomed to it since I came to Ballyblanket, that I am rather afraid of getting *thoroughly* dry, for fear I should catch cold."

"Here's something that'll prevent yer takin' cold, yer honor," said Barney, pouring a yellowish fluid from the jug into a cracked teacup. "If I can't warm yer one way, I can another." And he presented the cup with the grace a duke's butler might envy, and stood watching the expression of my face as eagerly as an artist scans the countenance of a connoisseur examining his picture. "Try that, captin."

I did try it; and liked it so much, to Barney's great delight, I tried it again. There is no necessity for me to specify what the jug contained. It is sufficient to say, I found it possessed all the comforting qualities ascribed to it by my entertainer; and I gratefully acknowledged that, with such a heating-apparatus at his command, a fire became a ridiculous superfluity. At my request, he warmed himself at his portable stove; but he did not seem to care much about it,—I suppose on the same principle that grocers hate figs, and pastrycooks are not partial to bull's-eyes. For more than an hour I remained Barney's guest, and found him a most agreeable companion. Under the influence of the jug, he became quite confidential. I found that he had been a soldier in his youth, but had purchased his discharge—(I was not rude enough to ask to see the document)—on the death of his father, who had left him his stock in trade—(here he indicated the furniture of the cavern, including the tub on which I was sitting)—and a secret recipe that was a heirloom in his family, and had enabled them to command the best price in the market for many generations. He explained to me all the mysteries of his profession, till I believe I could have brewed some uncommonly good whisky myself; and kept me in roars of laughter when he described the various shifts he was occasionally put to in supplying his numerous customers without detection.

"Well, Barney," I said, rising, after the jug had been emptied, and I felt exceedingly warm and comfortable, "by the look of your skylight, the rain must be over; so, with many thanks for your hospitality and shelter, I'll go on with my shooting."

"One little drop more, captin," said Barney, going to replenish the jug, "just to steady yer aim."

"No, thank you; I am as steady as a rock," I replied, stumbling over my tub in a most unaccountable manner.

"Hould up, captin, the place is very dark," said Barney, handing me my gun. "Faith, it's myself that's thankful to yer honor for not being above sittin' down with a poor fellow like me. It's a proud day for Barney O'Toole whin he recaves a frindly visit from a rale gentleman like yerself."

"I sincerely hope, for your sake," I said, "I may never have to make one in an official character, Barney."

"Ah, yer honor," said he, "I know yer heart's not in the work."

"That may be; but I've nothing to do but obey orders."

"That's true, captin; more's the pity."

After he had seen the coast was clear, and assisted me through his subterranean passage, which appeared more intricate and studded with sharper rocks than before, Mr. O'Toole and myself parted, with the expression of mutual good wishes.

"Good-by, Barney," I said, staggering a little,—I suppose

at coming so suddenly into the light,*—"your secret's quite safe with me."

"Thank yer honor, kindly. I wish yer good sport; and," said he, as he disappeared into his hole, and dragged the bushes into their place, "my blessings follow you wherever you go."

The most extraordinary part of this affair, however, remains to be told. On leaving Barney, I walked to the spring; but whether the light affected my eyes, or the tears were still in them from laughing at his stories, or whether the smell of the whisky affected my vision in some way, I don't know; whatever it was, the little Jack snipes,—there were *two* of them, strange to say, this time,—went off as lively as ever, wagging their tails contemptuously at me, in the middle of a cloud of shot. They must have borne a charmed life, because I took particular pains about my aim, and fully expected to bring them down right and left. Should any one hint that the portable stove might have had something to do with this, I can only say that Mr. O'Toole assured me that the contents of the jug were "as mild as milk;" and who ever heard of milk affecting one's eyesight?

About a fortnight after this adventure, Father Patrick and I were spending our evening as usual, with a chess-board between us, and a steaming tumbler of punch at our sides, wherewith we occasionally stimulated our strategical talents, when I received an intimation that my services were required to assist in destroying a still, of which information had just been received. Much against my will, I turned out of the priest's comfortable parlour, just when I could have checkmated him in half-a-dozen moves, and started off with my party, under the guidance of the man who had brought the intelligence.

It was pitch-dark, and for more than an hour we toiled silently after him till within a short distance of the doomed distillery. Here we halted, and by the direction of our guide, whose voice appeared familiar to me, we surrounded a large rock, which, on approaching, I recognised as the one containing Mr. O'Toole and his fortunes. Poor Barney, then, had been discovered at last. I was very sorry; but had no alternative but to enter with the excise-officer, who, being rather stout, was a good deal mauled in navigating the narrow channel which led to the interior. I was delighted to find that the proprietor was not at home to do the honours of his establishment, although a cheerful turf-fire smouldering on the hearth showed that he had not long vacated his subterranean residence.

The still was not at work, and no traces of spirit were to be found; so, having destroyed poor Barney's patrimony, which, from its age, must have belonged not only to his father, but to a long line of ancestors, we started home. On our arrival at the entrance to the town, our guide, who had mysteriously disappeared during our search in the cavern, claimed his reward, and vanished without my having had an opportunity of seeing his face, which I was anxious to do, as I wished to know who Barney had to thank for his ruin.

I confess I did not lay my head upon my pillow that night without serious misgivings as to my future fate. Happening so soon after my visit on the mountain, Mr. O'Toole would naturally associate me with the night's transaction, and in his fury imagine that I had taken advantage of his confidence to betray him to his enemies. So far,—with the exception of a few threatening letters, written in blood or red ink, I don't know which, and rudely illustrated with facsimiles of my coffin, and other cheerful devices, which I had occasionally received,—Father Patrick had shielded me from harm; but no amount of excommunication, I thought, would prevent the angry distiller from taking the usual description of vengeance upon me for my supposed treachery. My time was evidently come, and the senior ensign would get his promotion *without* purchase.

* The same remarkable phenomenon is sometimes witnessed, I believe, after a visit to the Docks with a tasting-order.

I should be brought home some day on that exclusively Hibernian mode of conveyance for wounded gentlemen—a shutter; or I should quietly disappear, like the exciseman; and be dug up in future ages, and exhibited in some Antipodean Museum as a specimen of a petrified Briton,—probably about the same time as Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander takes his seat on London Bridge, and contemplates the ruins of St. Paul's.*

Days, however, passed without my becoming entitled to the privilege of being carried on the shoulders of six British grenadiers to the tune of the Dead March in Saul; nor was I qualified for the somewhat questionable honour of being handed down to posterity as a fossil. I concluded, therefore, that the ruined spirit-merchant had given me credit for good faith, and had revenged his wrongs on somebody else; and I had ceased to think of him, except to pity his misfortune; when soon after, on my attending a fair held in a neighbouring town, the first person I met was Barney O'Toole. He was dressed in a bright-blue coat with brass buttons, and a sprigged waistcoat, and looked altogether the very reverse of the bankrupt-trader I had expected to see. He had evidently taken a considerable quantity of refreshment, and was in the highest spirits. On seeing me, instead of the vindictive scowl I had anticipated, a delighted grin lit up his face, and he rushed up to me, exclaiming, "Hurroo, it's the captin! And how has yer honor been this long time?" he said, doffing a new hat and giving the accustomed kick with his leg, on which the haybands had been replaced by smart blue worsted stockings.

"Pretty well, thank you, Barney," I replied. "I'm glad to see you looking so blooming."

"Niver was better, thank yer honor," he said, cutting a caper.

"And what are you doing here?" I asked, wondering what had put him into such a good humour.

"Why, yer see, captin, havin' a thrifle to spare, thank God, I'm afther buying as swate a little pig as ivir yer clapt eyes on," he said, still in paroxysms of delight.

By this time he had followed me to a room in the inn; and having shut the door, I said, "I'm glad your affairs are in so flourishing a condition."

"I'm a made man," said Barney, snapping his fingers.

"I'm delighted to hear it," I said. "I was afraid that unfortunate business the other night,"—here Barney grinned from ear to ear; and concluding he was tipsy, I continued gravely,—"that unfortunate business had crippled you for a time; and I wished, when I met you, to offer you any little assistance I could afford to set you up in some more legitimate occupation."

"Yer honor's a good friend and a kind gentleman; and I'd like to see the man who says he knows a better," said Barney, quite fierce.

"I hope, however," I went on, "you don't suppose that I took advantage of the information I gained on the mountain to bring—"

"Be my sowl," said Barney, interrupting me, and flourishing his shillelah at some imaginary depreciator of my honesty, "if any one else had hinted sich a thing I'd have raised a lump on his head that would have prevented the blaguard from wearing a hat for a month o' Sundays—so I would. No, no, captin, make your mind aisy. I know the man that informed against me." And he winked facetiously.

"And who is the rascal?" I inquired sternly; for I was annoyed at what I considered his untimely mirth.

"Would you like to know his name, captin?" said Barney knowingly.

"Yes, I should," I replied, "very much; for I tried to catch a sight of his face that night, but it was too dark."

"I'll tell you," said Barney, beckoning me close to him, and putting his mouth to my ear; "his name is—are you listening, captin?"

* The reader is requested to pardon this anachronism, which slipped out unawares. Mr. Macaulay had not then favoured the world with his celebrated apothegm. The great romancer of that time, I expect, preferred leapfrog to history.

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently; "go on."

"His name is—Barney O'Toole."

"Barney O'Toole!" I exclaimed, staring at him, while he seemed to enjoy my amazement. "Are there two Barney O'Tooles?"

"I niver heard of another," he said waggishly. "Whisper, captin,"—and he looked cautiously about him to see that no one was near,—"I gave the information *myself*!"

"Then it was you, was it, that turned me out of Father Patrick's parlour at twelve o'clock at night?—bad luck to you!" said I, remembering our guide's sudden disappearance and anxiety not to be seen. "I thought I knew the voice."

"I was sorry to give yer honor sich a could walk," said Barney, looking any thing but distressed; "but—"

"O, never mind that," I said. "I'm glad you're going to give up your evil practices and become a respectable member of society."

"Well, I don't know about that," he replied, grinning again from ear to ear. "I shall be glad to see yer honor again in the ould place."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled more than ever.

"I mane, yer honor, that the tubs and things were ould and worn out."

"Yes," I said, "I noticed that."

"I got five pounds for giving the information," he went on, his eyes sparkling with fun at the astonishment depicted on my face.

"Well?" I said smiling; for I began to suspect the *dénouement*.

"Every thing's bran new. I'm hard at work again; and we'll finish another jug, captin dear, whiniver yer come my way." Here he could contain his merriment no longer. He danced a *pas seul* round the table, and I went into a roar of laughter at Mr. Barney O'Toole's notable device of turning informer against himself. J. H. L.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING: THEIR NATURE AND ORIGIN.

THE great painter must be always a student. Poetry is an art almost without technicalities, so greatly does the power inborn exceed that to be acquired by mastering the few rules of the art, the more important of which resolve themselves principally into self-discipline. Music has its formidable technicalities both in practice and theory; but with great natural powers the practice is conquered without difficulty, and a master who has once acquired the theory may sit down for life, and be content to use his knowledge so long as ideas come to him. "I have de tought," Handel would exclaim when the idea struck him; and he retired to jot it down or take his dram, as the case might be, but not to study. For the painter there is no such completion of his studies; his apprenticeship is life-long. He must study for every picture, because the forms with which he has to deal are so infinite in variety that in each case they constitute a new subject for study. Hence, probably, one reason why we regard the painter always as a student, and speak of him always as belonging to a "school." The observer of art—the audience in that theatre—need not be troubled with the technicalities which tax the attention of the artist, except for one purpose, which will be better perceived as we go on to explain in what the "school" consists.

Art naturally divides itself into two great epochs,—the ancient and the modern; the Greek before the dark ages, and the European springing from the darkness. Of the ancient epoch we know chiefly its sculpture and architecture; in the modern, painting occupies the chief place. Now though the explanation of the scholastic element is exactly the same for all departments of art, it is, for a variety of reasons, most clearly seen in the history of painting.

Under the Greeks sculpture had been brought to the highest degree of perfection; and what this implies we may explain at a future day. Suffice it to say now, that

Phidias had acquired the power of giving to stone the very aspect of perfect life, so that the marble seemed to breathe; and the works which left his hand thousands of years ago look now as if they were just starting into action, or tranquilly surveying existence with all the concentrated power of energy in repose. In the middle ages all such labours were suspended. The arts, already declining, entirely decayed; and when civilisation regained Europe there were no artists. Decoration was still saleable, and there were workmen who professed to be painters. These were in great part Greeks, or probably rather a mongrel tribe who passed under that name. They made or painted figures for the decoration of buildings; but these were done entirely according to pattern, like Egyptian figures with a faint trace of the old traditional beauty of Greece. Such was art when the Italians first conceived the idea of doing something better.

Cimabue began; and the carrying of his picture through the streets of Florence was a triumph. Yet Cimabue was but one step from the pattern-drawers; his figures are flat with hard outlines, as if cut on paper. He found a peasant-boy drawing, and he made of him the famous Giotto: that name being to Ambrogio or Ambrose what Tom is to Thomas; for the Florentines in particular carry to excess the Italian trick of calling their greatest men by the diminutive of the Christian name. Now Giotto was a man with such a feeling for form, for grace, power, and expression, that it is impossible to doubt but that if he had had Raphael's training he might have had Raphael's potency. He had not the training; his master was Cimabue, who was but one remove from the barber's block. Cimabue found out certain ways of placing the limbs, not quite in the set attitude; he noted a few of the modes in which drapery falls, not exactly in the curl which had become the established form for the degenerate Greeks. He taught these discoveries to Giotto; Giotto broke away still more from pattern-drawing, taught his pupils to use still greater freedom of delineation, and so began the earliest foundations of the Florentine school.

A school in painting, then, is a body or succession of men who have hit upon certain methods of overcoming certain difficulties.

There was, however, a development of several schools as well as of individual painters. One of the greatest men that Italy has produced was Leonardo da Vinci,—a close observer of fact, a student of anatomy both in the dead and the living, a noter of the effects of light and shade and perspective. After him came the great age of Pope Julius II., in whose capital lived at one time Michael Angelo, the greatest master of anatomical action and form in the human figure; and Raphael, rival of Michael Angelo in the knowledge of form, superior to him in a perception of grace, and sympathising far more in every form of passion. These two found out many ways before unnoted of surmounting difficulties. They executed the projects of Leonardo in drawing the human form under all varieties of perspective; and being employed to paint on large walls, they drew figures on a large scale with a proportionately bold outline. Michael Angelo was from Florence: the peasantry of the broad sunny vale of the Arno, which is breezy and healthy, are a tall large race, finely formed. Near Rome there are places where the men and women have the noblest proportions, especially at Albano. Both the great painters lived among fine models. Michael Angelo, though small himself, was a man of fierce passion, great dignity, little tenderness, little grace. So devoted was he to art, that at one time, when he was persuaded to take off the leather leggings which he had never removed during protracted work, the skin came off with the leather. Raphael was tall, handsome, manly, and gentle; and his sister was like him. He kept about him a handsome household, with his colleagues and pupils, his fellow-workmen, who executed a great part of his large designs. The son of an indifferent painter, he could draw well at twelve years old, painted a picture, already emerging from the dryness of his master, Pietro Perugino (Peter of Perugia); and was the pupil of Michael Angelo at twenty-two. He was a

devoted admirer of women, a laborious painter, a gentleman in manners though not in birth. Employed by a luxurious court and nobility to decorate palaces and churches, Raphael brought a generous nature, wonderful skill of hand, fine models, and scriptural or classical subjects to build the Roman school, which got its greatest power from Michael Angelo.

We have rapidly noted the formation of the greatest of all the schools; let us now consider in what consist its essentials, as distinct from its purely technical attributes. To do this, we must still refer to the very beginning of the process by which schools are formed.

If any man will sit down with a pencil and paper in his hand, and endeavour to trace the outlines of the human arm which is pointed towards him, the varied lines in the curls of the hair, or those which are formed by the folds of a dress, he will find on comparing his work with his model that the pencil-marks bear but a very faint resemblance to the lines which his eye has seen. But when he endeavours to correct the pencil-marks, he will discover another difficulty. Fresh forms in the hair strike his eye; hairs which he had not noticed before now seem to stand out most conspicuously; even the forms of the arm probably present themselves in a somewhat different aspect. In short, his very sight wanders over a variety of characteristics, uncertain which to fix upon where the choice is so vague or so infinite, while his rude bungling pencil is incompetent to imitate any one. A master will tell him what particular lines to fix upon, and will illustrate to him on the paper the best manner of imitating those lines. The pupil is delighted. He constantly applies that lesson when the same difficulties present themselves; and thus, in fastening upon a settled manner of imitating objects, the master and pupil have between them formed "a school." When the master has been a very able painter, the result of his experience and acquired power is invaluable. When the pupil possesses a master-mind, he acquires what the other gives; but he uses it with an original intention, and produces genuine designs. We then have a school in its course of development, as we saw in the case of Cimabue and Giotto, of Perugino and Raphael. But there is the decline as well as the rise of schools. When the pupil is inferior to the master, he adopts the manner, but cannot rise to the purpose which it signifies; and the school then degenerates into mannerism.

The amateur painter is very careful to note the characteristics of the schools, partly as a matter of curiosity,—just as a purchaser of china values particular characteristics in rare specimens,—but partly for a higher purpose. When we are first placed before a very great work, it is as impossible that we should see all the beauties in it at once as that we should discern at one glance every object visible in a champagne country. If from any of its characteristics we can determine that the work is by a great painter, we may be sure that it is worth study, and that it is at all events worth possessing, if only to mark a place in the progress and history of that painter. By careful observation of the works of Raphael we gain an acquaintance with the particular modes of handling that he employed. He had a way of tracing the outlines of the hair in brighter colours than the ground, of marking the details of the face and the muscles in different parts of the body somewhat in imitation of the ancient sculptors, brought into study just before his time, and somewhat on the model also of the features in his own family. He was much in the habit of painting stuffs with two colours, such as we call "shots." These and many others are characteristics, by the concurrence and accuracy of which his handwriting may be determined almost without the possibility of mistake. Raphael was not a great master of colours; he painted much in fresco,—a chalky style of water-colour used for great walls; and the practice tended to deaden his colouring, which he used only as an aid to composition. He was not a man who felt a very great interest in landscape; the human engrossed all his attention, and his scenery is sometimes ludicrously bald. His pupils were much influenced by his teaching and example. His idolaters

admire these defects, and identify them with the beauties of the school.

If there were such a thing as pure normal painting, we should have a reflex of organic life without defects; but since every painter must come to work with the same multitudinous difficulties, and must learn to surmount them with the help of the teacher to whom chance directs him,—since he can only counteract, but never entirely lose his own personal deficiencies,—since he must be influenced by the state of art around him; the characteristics of the scenery, whether in town or country, the social conditions of his country, and the display of emotions more or less strongly marked which they bring forth,—since the artist who founds or finishes the school must work under these conditions, we never do have painting in its ideal perfection, but always in the more or less approximative form of some school.

Of what use is it, we may be asked, that we should be correct in our admiration of painting? Admiration is "a matter of taste," and why should we not please ourselves? For a very strong reason. We have before explained that that taste is a matter of fact. It is the correct perception of those things which constitute the highest characteristics of vitality, whether in animal, vegetable, or inorganic existences. Our capacity for enjoying life and for applying its laws is proportionate to our perceptions and the development of our own powers. If we admire had painting, we are stunting and debasing our intellect. If we admire the *mannerism* of the schools, we are becoming slaves to pedantry and triviality. If we learn the characteristics of the schools, let it be in order that by allowing for the special difficulties, the peculiar influences, and the personal tendencies under which the artist worked, we may the better appreciate so much as there is of pure and genuine nature in his productions.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

But the touch of nature may be concealed from us, if we do not remember how the *foreign accent* of different countries alters the tone of the voice. Unless we remember the circumstances under which Giotto, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Valasquez, Holbein, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Retzsch, Biard, and Delaroche have severally worked, we shall not be able to appreciate that broad human power which they all possess; and which is to be discerned through the artificial frame of every school.



A CUP OF COFFEE.

"What great effects from trivial causes spring!" How long had the white jasmine-like flowers bloomed unheeded in Abyssinian solitudes, and the rich red berries shed their twin beans upon the earth, before some speculative being ventured on the experiment of extracting the essence from the said beans, and was rewarded by drinking the first *cup of coffee*!—the first of a long, long line indeed. Who would have thought that the tree, with its pointed leaves, its snow-storm of blossoms, that comes in a single night, and thaws away in a day or two, to be succeeded by the cherry-like fruit,—who could have imagined that this innocent, pastoral-looking tree was destined to exert an influence over the whole civilised world; that it would work a radical change in the staple diet of nations; that it would even bear its part in political convulsions, and assist at revolutions!

Long before it found its way into Europe, it had known an eventful and exciting career in Arabia, Persia, and Turkey. It had served to keep dervishes awake, and to act as a substitute for the forbidden wine to pious Mako-

metans, until its use had at one time to be solemnly prohibited by the mufti. But its European history began in 1615, when some Venetians brought it home with them from the Levant; in 1645 it appeared at Marseilles; and in 1650, Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, introduced coffee into England; and his Greek servant Pasqua established the first London coffee-house in George Yard, Lombard Street. At this time the price of the novel luxury was four and five guineas a pound, and a duty was soon levied upon the prepared beverage of fourpence per gallon.

English taste approved of coffee, and of coffee-houses. The latter increased and flourished, till in 1685, we are told, they might be considered as a most important political institution. Aided by Macaulay's graphic description, we can well imagine the scene presented by these places, whither "the Londoners flocked, as the Athenians of old flocked to the market-place, to hear whether there was any news." In those revolutionary days, when public meetings, newspapers, and all modern vents for inward agitation, were not, coffee-house orators were sought after, and listened to with an avidity that soon caused them to become to 1685 something like the press to our own day. Great must have been the talking, speechifying, and plotting that went on under the guise of drinking coffee.

But we see it now-a-days under a happier and more peaceful aspect. There is an oriental association in its rich aroma. We see it served in jewelled cups to pashas meditative over the chibouque, or daintily tasted by the gaily-decked henna-stained beauties of the harem. Or, to come into the fresher air of Europe, in France, as we know, it is universally used; and even in England it is consumed to a large extent, though (especially by the poor) tea is held in greater favour. In Germany, the poorer classes seem to adhere to coffee with much the same tenacity that our own poor evince towards tea. The more their choice of food is limited by their means, the more do they insist on coffee forming part of the food. In the same way, we have all of us seen a poor half-starving woman, becoming possessed of a shilling, spend at least a third of her wealth in the purchase of an ounce or two of some vile compound which professes to be "tea." These inconsistencies are not limited to place. The German peasant, even with the lowest wages, has always a column in the book for coffee, and another for bread and potatoes. Probably almost as much is expended on the one as on the other.

The physiological effects of these drinks are generally ascribed to the presence of what is called caffeine in coffee, and theine in tea, which are identical properties, and which belong to the class of *organic bases*, which all have an action on the nervous system. If arranged in a series beginning with theine, the bodies at the end of the scale, strychnine and brucine, act as the most frightful poisons; while quinine, standing near the middle, is a highly valuable remedy.

Among the other properties of coffee must not be forgotten its powerful deodorising agency. We quote from Mr. Timbs's valuable little book,—whose title, *Things not Generally Known*, is likely to become a misnomer, by the influence of the book itself in making them known,—which tells us that coffee will instantly destroy the smell of putrefying meat, &c. To use coffee for disinfecting purposes, the raw beans should be pounded in a mortar, and the powder roasted over a moderately heated iron-plate until it is of a dark-brown tint; and then sprinkled about the place, or laid on a plate in the room that requires purification. Coffee-acid, or coffee-oil, it is added, acts more readily in minute quantities.

It should be remembered that coffee, *slightly roasted*, contains the maximum of aroma, weight, and nutrition. There can be no doubt that much depends on this previous preparation of the coffee-berry, and that many hundreds who are in the habit of daily partaking of this beverage are still unacquainted with its true flavour, and unbenefted by its best properties. The vapid taste of English coffee which

foreigners complain of is probably owing to insufficient roasting. On the other hand, if the berries be subjected to an amount of heat beyond a certain point, the flavour is dissipated, and it becomes too bitter.

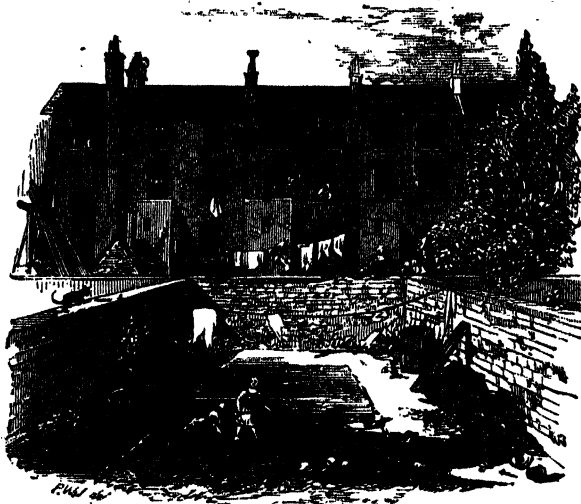
Coffee-roasting is, however, an operation which might easily be performed in every family. The Italians frequently roast small quantities in one of the thin oil-flasks, which accomplishes the work most effectively over a charcoal fire; the berries being frequently shaken during the process. The glass being a non-conductor, it is even thought a better material for the purpose than the generally used metal. It is not so liable to burn, and the progress of the roasting can be more easily watched.

A hollow cylinder made of sheet-iron is, however, the usual form of coffee-roaster. This should never be more than one-third filled with the berries; for in the process of roasting the bulk of the coffee is nearly doubled, and unless there is plenty of space left, it will be impossible for the coffee to be turned about easily, so as to insure that every part is equally exposed to the heat. This vessel is kept turning over a brisk fire till the berries are of a deep-cinnamon colour, and of an oily appearance; and then it is taken from the fire, shaken, and left to cool.

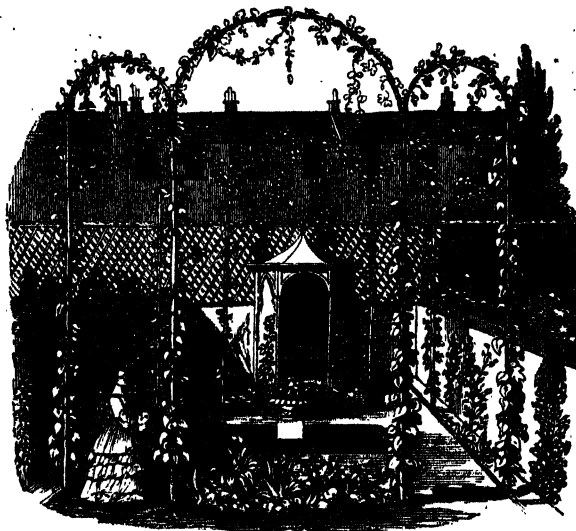
Almost every family grind, if they do not roast, their own coffee. By roasting it, they will assuredly advance many steps nearer the pure standard of perfection which we hear of in almost every other coffee-drinking country but our own. The purer it is, the wholesomer, and the more nutritious. In fact, in this, as in every other thing, it is necessary to bear in mind that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing thoroughly: an admirable maxim, whether applied to the building a Menai bridge or the making of a cup of coffee.

A HINT FOR TOWN GARDENS.

The object of the accompanying design is, to show by contrast what may be done by the exercise of a little taste in the ornamentation of a garden such as may be found attached to many of our suburban residences. Every traveller on a line of railway that is elevated above the ordinary level of the houses must have noticed, as day by day he returns from his City occupations to his home a few miles from town, the effect produced by carelessness and neglect in the



A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT IS.



A TOWN-GARDEN AS IT MIGHT BE.

management of a garden, as contrasted with that where taste, order, and industry unite to form a scene of beauty, and a source of continued delight.

A love for the cultivation of flowers is one of the most healthy and cheerful pursuits that can be indulged in; it is not only pleasurable to those engaged therein, but it adds an additional charm to the magic of Home.

In No. 1 is represented the space intended doubtless by the builder for the garden; but which, in consequence of neglect or the carelessness of the occupant, has become a receptacle for rubbish, dust, and the *débris* of the household, — unwholesome to those who are living in close contact with it, and unsightly to the neighbours on each side. The prospect is interrupted by the backs of a row of houses, built in the but too common style of architecture, which seems to revel in uninteresting monotony.

In No. 2 is shown the same piece of ground differently managed. The centre contains two or three beds of flowers, whilst a narrow bed is carried round by the wall; on the top of the latter boxes of the same width should be placed, and made sufficiently deep to grow Geraniums, Fuchsias, &c.; whilst against the sides of the wall may be trained such plants and shrubs as are best suited for the situation. The wall, if

previously white lime-washed, will contribute to the general effect by contrasting with the foliage; the washing at the same time will be conducive to the preservation of the plants by destroying the insects that so often infest shrubs.

At the end of the garden should be raised a trellis-work, over which Ivy and Virginian Creeper could be trained. The Ivy would afford a luxuriant green during winter, and would also form a pleasing contrast during autumn with the crimson leaves of the Virginian Creeper. In front of the trellis may be erected a small alcove or summer-house, a design for which will appear in a future number. A vase or tazza of flowers will add considerably to the beauty. The arches represented should be placed in such a manner as, when viewed from the house, to give the greatest idea of space. These arches may be constructed of wood or iron — the latter is to be preferred on account of its gracefulness and greater durability: they may also be made of wirework, specimens of which can be seen at the manufactories.

The cost of this floral decoration, deducting the value of the material, is but trifling; in fact, the whole might be constructed by an occupant possessing taste and energy.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. III.

MENDEL LINTON & CO.

PAINTED BY W. L. WINDUS.

BURD HELEN.

Lord John he rode, Burd Helen ran,
A live-lang simmer's day;
Until they cam' to Clyde water,
Was filled frae bank to brae.

"Seest thou yon water, Helen," said he,
"That flows from bank to brim?"
"I trust to God, Lord John," she said,
"You ne'er will see me swim."

Old Scottish Ballad.

BURD HELEN.

The old ballad of "Burd Helen" appears in Percy's *Collection* under the name of "Childe Walters." The story is simple. A knight having seduced a lady determines to try her love.

Mr. Windus has given us a beautiful illustration of this the most tender and sad of the old Scotch ballads. The only fault of the poem itself is, that the writer carries the trial of the lady's love and patience too far. We see her soul in its agony weeping tears of blood, we see the white flesh shrink and quiver under the cruel and protracted torture, till, as in Chaucer's "Patient Grizelle," we lose all esteem for the cold lover and the philosophical physiologist. In Burd Helen's case, we feel that years of constancy could never have wiped out the bitter recollection of "that live-long summer-day"—of that fearful hurry through the miles of golden broom—of that cold plunge into the frothing Clyde, that was red and brimming with the last night's thunder-rain. We shudder to think, if Helen had been swept away like a broken lily, and Lord John had entered his gate of "red gold" sad and alone. In painting this pathetic picture, Mr. Windus has remembered all the touches of nature that the ballad-writer introduced: the moss and mire, and the swollen Clyde water, are all here. How silent and sad the spot is! Look at the single heron piercing the clear evening sky like an arrow; see the far sweep of the horizon, stretching right away to the border-land; mark the broken bridle-path, white and stony, leading down to the water through the bushy broom and bosky heather. The strong broad hoof of the horse already splashes the river-ford. The knight has just said,

"Seest thou yon water, Helen,
That flows from bank to brim;"

and she is about to pray him once again for mercy and pity. He is watching her with suppressed wonder and delight; for at every cruel stab her heart seems to bud and shoot as the sapling does under the pruning-knife. Her love is so great, that she cannot reason about justice and injustice—all he does is right in her eyes; she would kiss him as he gave her the death-blow. She only prays that she may not be driven from him with blows of his stirrup first. So she may sleep by his horse in his stable, and see him when he goes out a-hunting, she would be happy. He may have some good end, she thinks, for his cruelty; and she says, "I merit all, for I am guilty and forsaken of the angels."

"O, wonderful constancy of a woman's love!" he thinks, as he counts her groans and refrains by a strong effort from leaping off his horse and clasping her to his heart. The technical merits of the picture are considerable. Though it is pale, and rather too ascetic in colour, the costume is well studied; the knight's riding-cap, his cloak, his embroidered cuff, have been as carefully selected as Burd Helen's silken tunic and her mediæval shoes. The horse is also excellently well foreshortened; and its eye is full of wild sagacity and a latent courage of endurance, that seems to indicate a knightly master. It is a good type of a war-charger, with its broad wall of chest, and its soft flowing mane. Few landscape-painters either could have better conveyed the feeling of the margin of a river,—the broken bank, the rusty flowers, the sun-burnt grass, and the loose shingly stones. Our old ballads deserve more such illustrations.

ANNETTE LEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. ARLE."

ANNETTE LEIR sat beneath a white thorn in the garden; and the afternoon sunshine, slanting on to her bright hair, made her dazzling to behold. It was the end of May, and a light breeze showered hawthorn-petals down on her. She was working and singing; without pausing in her song, she half

glanced up, and gave a saucy smile and nod when a young man parted the hazel-bushes of the copse hard by, leapt the paling, and advanced towards her.

She was employed in the homely work of mending gray woollen stockings, and was too busy to extend a hand. The young man leant against the thorn, watched her nimble fingers, and listened to her song in silence.

"Well," questioned the girl, when her song was ended, "have you nothing to say?"

"A great deal, Annette."

She glanced up at the eyes down-looking so gravely, blushed, and said—

"Nothing amusing, I should think, by your face. I want to be amused."

"For once let me speak seriously."

"If I wanted serious speaking, I should stay in there,"—with a gesture of the head towards the cottage. "Every thing out-doors is laughing."

"You can be serious sometimes; you were so ten minutes since."

"You had no business to be watching me."

"Annette, look at me; just to see how earnest I am."

"I am sure I don't mind looking at you." He had stooped, that his eyes might be on a level with hers; but when she raised her lashes her eyes caught a sunbeam and somewhat besides. "The sun is so dazzling," she said, and applied diligently to her work.

A little breeze shook the blossom-clusters of the thorn; down came the white petals upon the glorified hair.

"You are sprinkled with dead flowers; they must be taken off, because they are withered." And he reached his hand towards the shining head.

"You needn't trouble. There, they are all gone." She had shaken them off with a merry toss. "Dear me, how low the sun is! I am sure it is past tea-time. I must go in, or they will be angry." She drew her pretty hand out of the stocking, and rose. The ball of worsted rolled away; the young man picked it up, then prisoned the fingers held out for it.

"Annette, you must hear me. I love you. Will you be my wife?" he said in a voice of deep suppressed passion. She opened her brown eyes wide, looked round as if in terror, while her face flushed vividly; but she snatched her hand from his, and ran into the house without having spoken a word.

He stayed just where she left him, and watched the sunset and felt the dew fall; but she did not return to the garden that night. When the moon had risen, he plunged into the hazel-copse again.

"I wonder Lekham hasn't been in to-night," said Annette's father.

"It is the first evening for a long while that he has not looked in," said Annette's mother.

"He is a most agreeable well-conducted young man, and very diligent in his business," Mr. Leir pronounced emphatically.

"I hope nothing unpleasant keeps him from coming here to-night. I thought he didn't look very happy yesterday," his wife rejoined.

"He is rather proud and reserved; one whose feelings ought not to be trifled with." Mr. Leir looked full and sternly at Annette as he spoke.

Annette rose up, wished her father and mother good night proudly, and went to her own room. She had forgotten to get a light, but the moonbeams were pouring in. She opened the lattice, leant out, sighed, muttered a few words, then blushed at the sound of her own voice. She watched the moon till it set to her behind a clump of firs on the top of the hill; then she crept to bed with wet cold cheeks.

Annette was as merry and careless as ever next morning, plucking flowers to adorn the room. She stood at the gate trying to reach an early-blown piece of honeysuckle, her hat fallen off, and hair pulled down, when Mr. Lekham

passed on his way to his business in the town. She smiled, and he bowed without smiling; yet that evening found him at her father's, listening to her every word, watching her every movement. She never once spoke to him voluntarily, or looked in his face; and she did not go out into her garden, lest he should follow.

"Annette, you did not answer my question. I must have an answer." They were alone, spite of the girl's precautions; and Henry Lekham spoke in a hurried, somewhat imperious voice.

"Must you, Mr. Lekham?"

"Excuse that word; but what I feel is real. I must speak real words; I can't choose fine ones."

"Then I'll speak plain words too."

"Speak true ones. Do you love me?"

"I wonder," said the provoking beauty, "does all the poetry I have read lie; and is all that books say untrue? I suppose the times are quite gone by when knights waited and worked long years through, only too well content if they received a smile or a kind word at long intervals from the lady they—loved." The last word spoken with shy reluctance.

"Those times are quite gone by, if they ever were. Life is too short; there is too much to do in it; but—"

"Then I think I will wait till those times come back; so, good evening, Mr. Lekham;" and away went Annette.

For months after that she and Henry Lekham did not exchange a word, or touch each other's hand. Annette was somewhat in disgrace with her father and mother, and grew graver and a little thinner. She never smiled now when she met Mr. Lekham, but just bowed with cold dignity.

One autumn afternoon, Annette set out with a basket on her arm, which was no light weight, to pay a charitable visit to a poor woman living a good way off.

She stayed long listening to the story of a life full of woe, and doing what little she could to relieve present distress. When she left the woman's hovel, night was darkening down wildly.

Annette wasn't particularly brave, and it was a ghostly kind of evening. Even going down the hill-side, where pale light lingered, she started more than once at some eerie-sounding sigh of the wind, or at the aspect of some fantastic-shaped bush. A mountain-mist came on, and blew blindingly in her face. Forgetting how torrents of rain that had fallen only the night before must have swollen the brook, she determined to go home a shorter way than she had come, crossing the plank that formed a bridge, so avoiding a corner of the wood.

It was very dark in the hollow through which the stream ran, and the water made a great noise. She could not find the plank; and getting somewhat desperate, tried to spring across. She did not reach firm ground on the other side, and hurt her foot among the rough stones. When she had scrambled up the bank, it pained her a good deal, and she sat down inclined to cry at the desolateness of her situation—she was no heroine.

It was so drear and dismal—only the noise of the wind and the water to be heard, and nothing to be seen but the foam on the stream, the white mist, and the black belt of wood along which her path lay. Annette was quite coward enough to be afraid of having the black wood so close at hand at this hour,—the black wood, of which she had heard so many queer stories. She sat still, hoping the pain in her foot would go off, or that some one would pass. The latter seemed very unlikely. She shrank close into herself when she perceived a tall figure coming towards her looking gigantic through the mist.

"Annette! Annette!" a voice called. She sprang up gladly, greatly relieved; though she wished it had been any one else.

"Thank God," Mr. Lekham exclaimed, "you are safe!"

"Yes; but I've hurt my foot," she said, in her usual laughing way.

"That is nothing."

"Isn't it?" she exclaimed pettishly—he ought to have been grieved.

"You might have been drowned. The stream is very deep and wide where the bridge was washed away; if you had tried to cross there, you would have been drowned," he said gravely.

"Should I?" Annette asked softly, and clung to his arm shivering. "It would have been dreadful in this noisy water, such a dismal night."

"I don't see that the noise of the water, or the dismalness of the night, would make it worse to be drowned," he replied, smiling.

"It would. A quiet sunny stream has looked pleasant, I have thought. But let us go home."

"Yes; they are anxious—your father is gone up the other way to look for you, and your mother stood in the garden calling your name."

"We will hurry, then." Annette stopped in a few moments, though, with a little cry of pain. "We must go slower, my foot hurts me."

"No; we will go faster—you must let me!" And he took her up and strode on rapidly, his manner more tender than his words. Annette was powerless, so made no resistance. Very soon he gave her into her mother's care, and went to tell her father that she was found.

After that evening, Henry Lekham was again a frequent visitor at the cottage. Annette was more demure—showed a little shy graciousness sometimes: began to feel subdued in his presence, and powerless, as she had done when she was lame and he took her into his arms. He never alluded to that evening; when her father and mother did, Annette would blush and pout. Yet the tears would rise softly to her eyes if she thought about it when she was alone.

CHAPTER II.

One wintry morning the post-boy brought a large letter to Mr. Leir's cottage for Lawrence Leir, Esq. Now Mr. Leir was a man of fallen fortunes, and it was long since he had been esquired. Mrs. Leir and Annette sat by the fire, busy with homely household work. Annette, in her plain merino dress of many winters, with diligent fingers and a quietly-smiling mouth, looked as if pleasant thoughts made summer in her heart. Mrs. Leir's face wore a wonted look of mingled anxiety and austerity,—her brow had other wrinkles than those made by time.

"When did Henry say he should be home, Annette?"

"In a fortnight, mamma," Annette answered, blushing because her thoughts had been busy with that same Henry.

"I hope, Annette," Mrs. Leir said solemnly, "that you do not mean to trifle with his affections longer; one way or other you shall answer him, child. He has shown more forbearance than ninety-nine men in a hundred would have done. I have forbore speaking to you seriously before, out of respect to his wishes."

Annette did not speak; but the face she drooped over her work looked troubled now. Why mightn't she dream out her little dream, fancy out her little romance in peace? Her mother's words seemed to brush through and destroy her pleasant self-mystifyings, as the first feet crossing the grass of an autumn meadow destroy the shining, twining, fairy-webs woven from blade to blade.

An exclamation from Mr. Leir made both his wife and daughter look up at him. His face was radiant with some emotion, but he tried to be very dignified, even to speak with a certain bitterness.

"I am not esquired for nothing!" he said, putting the letter into his wife's lap. "My uncle—your great uncle—is dead, Annette; he has left us a great house and land and money, which I must go and see after. You will be an heiress, child!"

Mr. Leir kissed an upturned and bewildered face.

"You don't look glad. Ah, you will soon find out how much pleasanter it is to be rich and courted than to sit doing such work as that—too hard for your fingers."

Pain was gathering in Annette's eyes; but her father turned from her to her mother, who had got through the letter.

"Who would have thought that Everreach Grange would have come to us—such a family as my uncle had?"

"We have lived so out of the world here, you didn't know that his sons were dead, did you?" his wife asked.

"Never having received any kindness from him, never expecting to get any good by his death, I haven't concerned myself about him," Mr. Leir replied.

Mechanically Mrs. Leir recommenced the darn she had been interrupted in; but her husband took the table-cloth from her hand.

"Away with that, Martha! here, draw near the fire and let us talk—there is enough to settle." Mr. Leir threw a great log on unreprieved, and sat down close by his wife. "You see the lawyer advises our taking immediate possession. How soon could we get away?"

"Dear me! I cannot say. It is like a dream!" and Mrs. Leir smoothed some of the wrinkles out of her careful brow.

"It is like a dream!" Annette echoed, and pressed her hand on her white forehead as if to still pain beating there.

"We ought not to delay," Mr. Leir went on. "The eyes of a master are always invaluable."

"There may be some mistake, papa," was feebly suggested.

"Ha! ha! people don't make mistakes about matters of this sort—not mistakes on this side at all events. Wife, what is there to prevent our starting for Everreach to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, Lawrence! you might, but I must stay and arrange matters."

"Yes, papa, couldn't you go and we follow," Annette asked wistfully.

"No, no! we'll all go together; and as for your arrangements, wife, make them all to night: you may give away our furniture if you like, we shall not need it. It will not suit the Grange."

Annette stole away to her own room, leaving husband and wife to talk over his wonderful fortune.

It was February, and snow was lying thick on the ground, and a fog brooding above it; the cold was biting and bitter; but Annette knelt long in the window-seat, her head buried in her hands; there seemed danger of her freezing in that crouching despairing attitude.

The face she upturned appealingly at last, from which cold, fear, and pain had driven back all the blood, would have been difficult to identify with the laughing, sunny, saucy one of the girl who had sat singing beneath the hawthorn a few months back.

When she rose, she huddled on her bonnet and shawl; stole stealthily down the stairs and past the door of the parlour where her mother and father talked, forming splendid projects for her future—congratulating themselves that no engagement bound her to Henry Lekham, country bookseller and stationer.

Annette went out into the brooding biting mist. She was going to take counsel with her only friend—a woman years older than herself, who had shown great interest in Annette's love-affair, and given the shy girl much, if not wise advice;—advice which had been received scornfully, and never acted upon; but which desolate Annette now persuaded herself must at least have been kindly meant.

So Annette sped on over the snow towards Scawdon Farm.

She found it difficult to make Emma Brown understand what had befallen. When she finished with a burst of tears, Emma exclaimed—

"Well, and what is there in this to send you out over the snow with such a scared face? What ails ye, Annette?"

"Cannot you tell?"

"No. It's no such dreadful thing to be made a fine lady of, is it? Shouldn't a mind it myself."

"But, Emma, we are going away directly and—"

"Is it Henry Lekham you're crying after?" Miss Brown asked, with a look of intelligence at last.

"I am not crying after any one," Annette said, raising her head, indignation sending some blood into her cheeks. But soon the head was bowed again. "What shall I do—what shall I do?" was the piteful cry.

"Why, sit here by the fire, and let me pull off your wet shawl and hood," Miss Brown said, sharply; but proceeded to show some tenderness in caring for her friend's physical well-being.

"You never seemed to set much store by Mr. Lekham. When I told you you loved him, you've flown into a fine rage; but if you do like him after all, I can't see what you've got to fuss about. He'll like you none the worse for being a fine lady and rich, lass," she added bitterly.

"You don't know him, or you'd not speak that way, Emma. But it isn't his liking me or no. I don't think," and her face kindled brilliantly, "that richer or poorer will alter that; but it's my father and mother, Emma. We're going away directly, to-morrow, to a large house; and I'm in no way bound to him. He won't follow unless they ask him, and they won't."

"I see. Papa and mamma will be for catching a grand gentleman now."

"He is a grand gentleman, Emma."

"He's a shopkeeper for that; and I hear shopkeepers are looked down upon by the quality. You're pretty enough to be made a lady, Annette. You'll grow far too grand to remember us up here."

"O Emma, it's cruel to talk to me like that. I will never love any body but him. Can I do any thing?"

Miss Brown was touched by the appeal of Annette's pale look.

"Do! of course you can. Write to him a few kind words, and leave him to take the hint. If he loves you, he'll follow you to the world's end."

"Write to Mr. Lekham? No, never!"

"If you'd been engaged, wouldn't you have done it?"

"O, yes."

"And you know he loves you, you do! If you love him too, it's all one as if you'd said you'd marry him. You're a fool if you don't write."

"And will you keep the letter? I couldn't send it to his house," Annette said, after a pause.

Miss Brown turned, and stirred up the blazing fire.

"No, no! give it some one else to give him. After all, Annette, perhaps you'd best not be in haste: you may like another better that your parents would like too."

"I never shall. Emma, you don't know him."

"So you said before. You think he's too much the gentleman for such as I to understand, perhaps, madam! Don't look so piteous. Send the letter to me, if you like. Remember, you ask me to keep it."

"Yes; to keep it till he comes. O, thank you, Emma!" Annette was hurriedly wrapping her shawl round her again.

"You need not be in such a hurry. But of course you are off, having got what you came for," Miss Brown remarked.

"They will think it odd. I must go. Good-by, dear Emma." Annette threw her arms round Miss Brown, and then hurried away. Her embrace was suffered, not returned.

When Annette went to bed that night, she took an ink-bottle with her, a pen, and some paper. It was not easy to do this without attracting attention. Locked into her "chilly nest," she set herself to write this first and strange love-letter. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir,—You will hear of the change that has come to us, and why we have gone away. This change can make no difference between true friends, at least I do not feel that it can."
"ANNETTE LEIR."

A small matter that letter; yet it cost thought and tears and blushes. When it was written and enclosed to Miss Brown, Annette felt happier; and after praying, fell quietly asleep.

CHAPTER III.

"I often think, Annette, how fortunate it was that you were so capricious and shy with Mr. Lekham, and did not become attached to him. If you had been engaged to him, of course we should not have broken off the engagement; but now, I hope, you will do much better. It is very fortunate you did not become attached to him," Mrs. Leir repeated. Pale Annette said nothing, because she had begun to doubt if she were not forgotten, and could not, to Mrs. Leir, own an unrequited attachment. Mrs. Leir went on:

"But, child, I wish you would not look so lost and ill at ease. You must remember we are not low-bred people raised to sudden prosperity; we are only restored to a rank of life we lost for a time through your father being unfortunate. Do try and take your proper place in the house and in society. It is wretched to see you roaming about and gazing down the road all day, as you do."

Mrs. Leir swept from the drawing-room, and Annette was left alone. Spring twilight was falling. Through an open window she went out into the balmy evening, found a secret place, and cried as if her heart were broken. What was all the stirring life and loveliness without, the opulence and splendour within, to her? Nothing, nothing! She felt as if, could she see Henry Lekham standing before her, she would fall on her knees and cry to him to love her still, to take her to be his, to satisfy her poor longing heart with his kind true words. Sorrow had subdued her girlish pride.

When she crept to the house, her hair was uncured by the night-damp, her silk-dress soiled by the moist earth; she shivered from head to foot. In the hall she met her father. He started. "Annette, child! what ails you? You look like a ghost. Speak, my darling!" This was an unwonted epithet of endearment, and moved Annette.

"Papa, papa! I am so miserable. I think I shall die," she sobbed out, leaning against him.

"Hush! I'll take you to your mother." Frightened and uneasy, he led her to the room where Mrs. Leir was dressing for dinner and company.

"Annette is ill," he said, and put her in the easy-chair by the fire. "She has been out too late, and caught cold."

Mrs. Leir despatched her maid, and then bolted the door; she half knew what ailed her child.

Led on by her parents' unwonted tenderness, Annette made a full confession of her love for Mr. Lekham and her having written to him.

They were both indignant, and spoke hard things of him. Mrs. Leir said that Annette had shown a want of maidenly pride in writing at all.

"And he has neither written nor sent any message after that? He is a proud fellow; I always thought him proud. He would only make you unhappy, child. Such conduct shows utter disregard of your feelings. Have you heard from Miss Brown?"

Annette sobbed bitterly. "Once. And—he is at his home, and—doing as usual."

"He has forgotten you, Annette; perhaps he has formed some fresh attachment. Call up your proper pride, my dear; forget him, too," Mrs. Leir said. "My daughter will not pine for any man."

"Mamma, let me go to my own room and be alone," she rose, but turned back at the door to say, "I do not believe he has forgotten—at least I think—he may be afraid. Even, he may not have had my letter. There is something that might be explained."

"Do you doubt Miss Brown, who has been so kind to you?" was asked reproachfully.

"I cannot doubt Mr. Lekham, who was so patient and—"

"That is nonsense!" Mr. Leir said hastily. "There is a difference between loving a pretty girl when he sees her every day, and remembering faithfully when she is absent. Annette, you must promise me never to write to Mr. Lekham again." Mr. Leir looked very stern.

"Papa! mamma! O, would one of you write to him?—just a few common kind lines—nothing about me. You

ought; he was so good to us all! Just let him know that we haven't forgotten." Annette looked from one to the other with wild appeal.

"Your request is reasonable, child. You give me your promise never to write a line yourself, and it shall be granted," Mr. Leir said. That concession was very wise.

"Never, never, without your consent!" Annette exclaimed eagerly.

That promised note Mr. Leir wrote, and sent some appropriate present with it, "as a mark of continued regard." Mr. Lekham received both.

Mr. Leir received a few lines from Henry Lekham, thanking him for his kind remembrance, desiring his compliments to Mrs. and Miss Leir, and announcing his intention of giving up his business in that little country-town, and opening one in London on a much larger scale. The whole note was cold and business-like; there was nothing in it on which Annette could base hope.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Lekham wearily climbed to Scawdon Farm.

In its porch, that sultry afternoon, sat Emma Brown. With scarlet cheeks, bright eyes, lips apart, and a spray of crimson roses in her dark abundant hair, she looked akin to the glowing midsummer. She went a few steps to meet Mr. Lekham; her great eyes sought his admiration, then veiled themselves. He could not help thinking how different she was from his lost Annette. As he took her substantial hand he contrasted it with Annette's fairy fingers, which seemed nothing in his, where once—the last time they had parted—they had lain lingeringly. Then, because Mr. Lekham considered Emma Brown a true and unselfish friend, he reproached himself with ingratitude in thinking of her disparagingly, and put more warmth than was his wont into his manner towards her. He sat opposite her in the porch; she continued silent, those hands which offended his fastidious taste lying idle and restless in her lap; she was always restless now.

"You must have had a hot walk, and indeed you look tired, Mr. Lekham; let me get something for you,—some milk, if you won't have aught else," Emma said, remembering the duties of hospitality, and rising.

"Nothing, thank you, Emma." He touched her hand, and signed to her to be seated. "I have something to say to you, that brought me up here this evening."

She gathered a flower growing near, and twisted it about in her fingers. He didn't look at her, but out over the hills far away, towards the distant Grange.

"I am going away from this place, and may never return to it." She shot a glance at his moody face. "Before I leave, I want to ask you—" He paused, never heeding her rising passion or quick-drawn breathing.

"I cannot believe her wholly false and fickle,—false to what I read in her eyes when we parted, false to what the pressure of her soft fingers said. Emma, you saw her the very day before she left; she was proud and shy; but did she speak no word of remembrance, say nothing that she hoped you might tell me again?"

Emma Brown had risen, and stood leaning against the stone-wall, meanwhile crushing the flower she had been playing with beneath her foot—crushing all life and beauty out of it. Her face was white and still, she only shook her head. Mr. Lekham bowed his face down into his hands.

"How you loved that girl! she wasn't worthy of you; a pretty feeble child—well for a plaything; but—" She looked down on him with superb disdain, her face all in a glow again. His head continued bowed. Passionate pity came into her eyes; she knelt beside him, and touched his hand with her hot cheek. He looked up.

"No wonder you scorn me—I am weak. But she was my heart's darling, the flower of my life."

"I do not scorn you, Henry!" she began passionately; then added, in a reasoning tone, "but it is best so. If she had loved you, nothing but grief could have come. Her—

father and mother were so proud, and she was very dutiful." The last word uttered with sneering emphasis.

"If I knew she loved me, nothing on earth should separate us." For a moment there was suspicion and anger in his glance.

Emma Brown recoiled, and said coldly:

"You men are selfish and wilful," and rose and turned from him.

"I am selfish, and forget how true and kind a friend you have been; how patient with my impatience; how sincere when your sincerity made me rude to you!" He took her hand, her averted face he could not see.

"Now I am going away, Emma; perhaps we may never meet again; but think of me sometimes—and—" A cry was struggling from her parted lips; she pressed her face against the rough stone. "And," he continued, "if you should hear any thing of her, O Emma, let me know! Am I right, do you think; should I not follow her, trusting her?"

"Do so, if you like!" she said, turning on him in scorn. "If you dare risk being repulsed from her grandeur, suspected of loving her money—"

"That I could not bear!" he said proudly. "No! it is all over; I must be content to lead a joyless loveless life."

"Why, why?" she cried, passion forcing way at last. "Is there but that child in the world?"

He shrunk as by instinct from her burning glance. She saw wonder in his look, and changed her tone. "It is not worthy of a man to pine for a fickle girl. You should shake yourself free; begin life afresh; hate where you have loved, if you like. Heavens! I wish I were a man with work in the world to do! Would I mope and moan for love of any changeable child? Not I."

"It is easy for those who do not know what love is to talk so," Mr. Lekham said bitterly.

"O!"—breathed through set teeth, and Emma clenched the hand he had held.

Mr. Lekham rose. "I go to-morrow, so I must bid you good-by now, Emma. All happiness attend you; you have been a true friend to me in my need." "Lost! lost!" shrieked her own passion in her spirit's ears. "Is your brother in his yard, or up at the other farm?"

"Up to the other farm, I believe. Good afternoon," said Emma, and looked out absently, shading her eyes with her left hand.

"It is good-by. How cold your hand is, Emma!" he exclaimed, taking it in his.

"I would my heart were like it. There! don't stand and look at me—go!" She made a grand gesture of dismissal.

"Emma! are you ill?" He looked at her in astonishment, unconsciously taking in the grandeur of her attitude, remembering and understanding it long after.

"I bid you go!" she said sharply, and staggered back against the wall.

"But I cannot leave you alone so; you are ill."

She put her hand to her side, and fell at his feet. Even then the wild words could not pass her lips.

Only in spirit she cried, "I love you, love you, love you!"

He could not raise her; but he brought water from the hill-side stream hard by, and she soon rose up of her own accord.

"It is the heat—my head! I will go in," she said. "Go!" She signed to him again, and left the porch. He went, marvelling much and fearing much.

Emma Brown had been false to Annette. She had kept Annette's note till Mr. Lekham's return; then she tied a stone to it, and dropped it into the pool at Scawdon Farm unopened. "Annette is but a careless child," she said,— "a child to forget and love again; while I am a woman, and one who cannot forget. And she thought me not grand enough to understand him."

Next morning early Mr. Lekham was again at the farm.

He was a desperate man and a generous; and had made up his mind that if this woman loved him, he would take her, and, conquering the first repugnance her passion inspired, try to make her happy. An impotent endeavour! Can an empty cup quench thirst, even if it be of gold and jewelled?

Emma Brown came in to him from her dairy, cool and calm as the early morning. He rebuked himself for having entertained a vain and wild conceit; and after friendly talk, they parted.—She had expected him.

During her night of agony and selfish passion resolve had dawned upon her. A presentiment that she should die soon of the disease that had killed her father, sister, and two brothers, came to her, and calmed her. Before she died, she would write and confess all; but not now: she would not be smitten dead by his anger and scorn. Perhaps, when he was happy, and she lying under the turf on the bleak hill-side, he would spend pity and spare reproach.

Her presentiment had not been unfounded. Illness, apparently causeless, and alarming in its rapid progress, fell upon her. Yet each sharper spasm, herald of nearer death, was sternly welcomed by this woman. She put off reparation to the last; and thought, that after making it to man she would submit herself to God—not in hope, but with a quiet-like apathy, to suffer His will and the punishment of her sin.

She died in the spring, eight months after her parting with Mr. Lekham. Her confession, long written, was posted, as she had ordered, on the day she died.

Henry Lekham travelled from London to Evereach Grange. It was shut up—had been for months. Nobody knew where the Leirs were now; for they were not its possessors. A son of the old man's, supposed to have been long dead, had returned from abroad, proved his identity, and displaced Mr. Leir. He did not choose to live at the Grange; people said there were good reasons why; so Henry Lekham had the satisfaction of pacing the empty rooms and the garden-terraces where poor pale Annette had watched and waited for him.

"She was a sweet young lady; but never looked happy here, poor thing!" the housekeeper said. "She was always expecting like; she'd sit at this window the day through watching the road, if her mother didn't interfere with her."

Up and down the village, far and near in the neighbourhood, Mr. Lekham wandered, trying to get information as to where the Leirs had gone. In vain.

CHAPTER V.

"Pray come home quickly, Annette. It is so lonesome the day through with no one to speak to," a lady in widow's weeds said in a querulous voice to a girl who was collecting together a few books and pieces of music preparatory to an early morning-start from a very humble London lodging into a London November fog.

"Yes, mamma. I have not many lessons to give to-day, and to-morrow you know is Sunday, and we shall have the whole day together. I've got you the book you wanted to read; here it is; so I hope you won't feel very dull."

"I am sure I do not know how we shall keep out of debt this winter; it is a dreary prospect that lies before us."

"O mamma, we shall do. I only wish I knew more, and so could get more money by teaching; but we spend very little. I am sure we shall get on."

Annette kissed her mother, and hurried away. Hastening on somewhat blindly through the fog, she came into contact with a gentleman at a street-corner. He begged her pardon; she drew her veil closer, and went on. Once or twice she fancied herself followed, but did not turn till she stood on the door-step of the house where she was to give a first music-lesson.

Soon after her pupil had begun playing,—a mere child was the pupil, for poor Annette's skill was not great,—an impetuous rap sounded on the street-door.

Annette was in the dining-room: it was a slightly-built house. She drew the child's hands off the keys, and listened with beating heart and lips apart.

She started up; but the street-door had shut, and the step went down the street.

"What is it, Miss Leir? Are you expecting any one to call here to see you?" her employer asked not unkindly, yet with an accent of reproof on the *here*.

"No; it is so unlikely!" Annette replied softly, and applied herself again to her lesson; blushing through her soft pallor, smiling strangely at her own folly.

As she was leaving the house, the servant said,

"Your name doesn't happen to be Leir, does it, miss?"

"Yes. Why?"

"A gentleman called this morning, and asked if a Miss Leir lived in this house. Without giving a thought on you,—not having happened to have heard your name,—I said, No."

"How could you?" Annette breathed out reproachfully.

"I am very sorry if it was any one you wanted to see," the woman answered, looking remorsefully into Annette's agitated face.

"You did not mean to be—to do wrong, I mean; never mind," the poor girl replied, wrapped her faded shawl round her, and soon disappeared in the fog.

When, her toilsome day's work done, she stood before her mother, and the light of the fire and one candle flashed upon her face, it was so radiant that her mother started.

"Annette, you have not looked so well and so happy since we left our cottage at Scawdon. What is it, dear?"

"Mother, I know I am not forgotten!"

"God bless you, dear! you deserve to be happy if ever girl did. But tell me what has happened."

"It is such a nothing,—so vague. Wait, mamma, please."

"As you like. Now take off your bonnet while I make the tea; I am sure you are hungry."

But Annette could not eat. Though she longed for Monday, that Sunday was a blessed one; she felt so calm a consciousness of coming good. This feeling endured, months of work followed. Annette lived and worked in faith; but her physical strength was tasked and tried; and sometimes, looking at her own face, she would wonder, "Will he know me?"

One afternoon in early spring, Annette found a much-needed holiday. How could it be better spent than in seeing green fields?

Mrs. Leir urged her to get some fresh air, though she herself was not able to walk any distance.

Annette, following an instinct pure-hearted people feel in spring-tide, could not bring herself to put on a much-worn dingy bonnet and dress. She equipped herself in a new dress and cloak of gray laine, and a freshly-trimmed straw-bonnet.

"It is so warm, and they will not get dirty in the country," she said to her mother in an apologetic tone. The sooner to reach that longed-for "country," she spent sixpence in an omnibus ride.

What a child Annette felt as she rambled through two or three fair meadows, picked a handful of daisies, saw the fair spring sunshine lying on all, and felt the pure sweetness of the soft wind.

She was soon tired with happiness, and sat down on the trunk of a felled tree lying close to the hedge to rest. She touched her daisies with caressing fingers, and dreamed over her fair and long-past girlhood: remembered now that this was her birthday; that she was three-and-twenty this very day! Tears fell upon her daisies; not tears of sorrow: her meek patient heart was, like the spring-tide, praising the Lord.

Some one crossed the near stile and came towards her. But he walked slowly and thoughtfully, and approached noiselessly upon the grass. It was the most natural thing that he should pass there; every day at that hour he walked through that field.

Annette did not look up till something was between her

and the late sunshine. Then it was not surprise that she felt: it seemed to her as if he had been coming nearer for many days: she said but "Henry." It was the first time she had called him so. That one word uttered, all was well.

It did not matter that she was paler, thinner, less radiant in outward beauty; that he was worn and wearied by the heart-sickness of long expectation, false hopes, frequent disappointments. For nothing were either to be pitied. They both loved God and each other, and all was well.

"Mother, he has found me; we have found each other!" Annette said, when, late that evening, she stood before her anxious mother, her radiant eyes suffused with tears, tender smiles flickering round her sweet mouth.

"Yea, thank God! my lost one is found," Henry said, and bowed his head over the widow's worn hand.

And the widow blessed them, wept over the common joy, and she too praised the Giver.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

AUTHOR OF "A LIFE DRAMA," ETC.

The autumn ways are full of mire,
The leaves shower through the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And like a lid comes down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly-dying pint of Port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong all the errors which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like Autumn 'mid his withered leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past; the good, the fair.
To-morrow—and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour—and now 'tis come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart filled with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. O, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past—
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new
Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm,
Can love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm?

The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,
Weeps when again he hears it sung,
Although 'tis only half so fair.
So love I thee, and love is sweet
(My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth),
Because it can to age repeat
That long-lost passion of my youth.



THE ZOUAVE'S RETURN. BY E. MORIN.

O Florence, could you now behold
The man to whom your being flows,
Whom you have chid as hard and cold,
Weep wildly o'er a withered rose!—
But this is an unmanly part—
One long last look, and then I drop
Thy lid, grim iron-box of my heart,
Which never key again shall ope!

O, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
Which I have kissed a million times—
And now 'tis done: my passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years
Are blackened ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding-chimes;
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuffed with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er.
And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal-chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"*This happy bridegroom!*" there is sin
At bottom of my thankless mood:
What if desert alone could win
For me, that chiefest grace and good?
Love gives itself; and if not given,
No pride, no beauty, state, nor wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Can ever hope to purchase it.

"I never, never can recall
Another morning to my day,
And now through shade to shade I fall,
From afternoon to evening gray."
In bitterness these words I said,
And lo! when I expected least,
For day was gone, a moonrise spread
Her emerald radiance up the east.

By passion's gaudy candle-lights
I sat and watched the world's brave play:
Blown out—how poor the trains and sights
Looked in the cruel light of day!
Then you came, Florence, from above,
To me who scorned both fame and pelf,
And with your sweet unselfish love
You saved me from the hell of self.

I saw the smiles and mean salams
Of slavish hearts; I heard the fry
Of maddened peoples throwing palms
Before a cheered and timbreled lie.
I loathed the brazen front and brag
Of bloated time; in self-defence
Withdraw I to my lonely crag
And fortress of indifference.

But Nature is revenged on those
Who turn from her to lonely days;
And Duty like the speedwell blows
Along the common beaten ways.
The dead and thick green-mantled moats
That gird my house resembled me,
Or some long-weeded hull that rots
Upon a dull and glazing sea.

The sun for ever hastes sublime
Waved onward by Orion's lance;
Obedient to the spherul chime
Across the world the seasons dance;
The flaming elements no'or bewail
Their iron bounds, their less or more;
The sea can drown a thousand sail,
Yet rounds the pebbles on the shore.

I looked with pride on what I'd done,
I counted merits o'er anew
In presence of the burning sun,
Which drinks me like a drop of dew.
A lofty scorn I dared to shod
On human passions, human jars;
I, standing on the countless dead,
And pitted by the countless stars.

But mine is now a humbled heart,
My lonely pride is weak as tears;
No more I seek to stand apart,
A mocker of the rolling years.
Imprisoned in this wintry clime,
Some task I seek, O Lord of breath!
Enough to plume the feet of time,
Enough to hide the eyes of death.

This work is yours:—while loving me
My heart may still its memories keep,
Like some old sea-shell from the sea
Filled with the music of the deep;
And you may watch on nights of rain
A shadow on my brow encroach,
Be startled by my sudden pain
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will fill my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung,
And in the awful trance of death
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

O Florence, if this should be so!
God grant that happiness may sing
To you, as towards the grave we go,
Like skylark in the ear of Spring!
For me I care not, once I heard:
I've had my day, and it is o'er;
Yet pray that o'er your head the bird
Of happiness may sing and soar.

And all the love I have I give,
My Florence; and howe'er they be,
Sunshine or gloom, the years I live,
You now are all the world to me.
My Love,—pale blossom of the snow,—
Has pierced earth wet with winter-showers;
O, may it drink the sun and glow,
And be followed by all the year of flowers!

LA VENDETTA.—SKETCH IN SARDINIA.

In the north of the island of Sardinia is a chain of beautiful mountains called the "Limbara." They abound in game of every variety. Here may be found herds of deer, troops of wild-boars, and occasionally even the almost extinct mufloon.* Here also, in these mountain strongholds, are whole villages of banditti, composed of men who, with their families, have fled from the reach of the laws they have violated,—whose hands are deep-stained with the blood of an adversary, but who would scorn to molest the stranger, or to commit the slightest breach of hospitality.

Here amid this wild and lovely mountain-scenery is nestled the ancient little town of Tempio, with its semi-barbarous and altogether singular population. It is a festa; people in every variety of Sard gala-costume are flocking hither and thither. It is a gay scene, and very unlike any other gay scene whatever. There is a great gathering at a *stazzu*, or farmhouse, in the environs. We will take a peep.

In the courtyard of the *stazzu* are assembled about fifty or sixty people of either sex and various ages. The young men, in their gay native costume,—wherein the wide white cotton drawers, neat black gaiters, short kilt, and gay vest, form the leading characteristics,—are fluttering round the young maidens, who, with their large black eyes cast upon the ground, seem absorbed in the contemplation of the huge rosettes in their shoes. How beautiful are some of these young girls, with their slender graceful figures, and brilliant eyes and teeth! One we mark especially; her name is Domenica, or more familiarly, Minichina. She is decidedly, amid many pretty ones, the queen of the party; and there is a little court around her. The gay scarlet and gold of her native gala-dress serve to enhance the brilliance of her clear olive complexion; and the profusion of hereditary jewelry, with which her slight form is positively laden, proclaims her to be rich. On some reversed wine-casks in one corner are seated the matrons and elders of the party. The men are discussing the merits of the last vintage. The women are busily plying the spindle and distaff, and talking the small scandal of the neighbourhood,—how the son of the Marchese C— had become the innamorato of the young Esigeda D—, and how the old Marchese would be greatly enraged if he should find it out; or how the old priest, Don Cesare Puddu, had had a "*colpo d'aria*," which had laid him up for a month, and had obliged the doctor to order plenty of elder-flower tea, and two leeches to the soles of each of his feet.

Meanwhile fresh visitors arrive: militiamen, in their resplendent scarlet vests with solid pendent silver-buttons, bound into the yard on their lively little steeds, who caper and prance just to show off to advantage the symmetrical figures and dexterous horsemanship of their respective riders. How well they manage their snorting frisking animals! how easily they carry their long rifles!—and their object is fully gained, for many a pair of jetty eyes are furtively directed towards them. And those of Minichina have rested complacently on the foremost rider, and a shade very like a blush has passed over the sunny face as the glance was returned.

A space is now cleared for the "*ballo tondo*"—the national dance of the Sards. Four stout choristers are placed in the centre, from whose stentorian throats is bellowed forth a loud guttural monotonous cadence; and around these, linked hand in hand, are the dancers. Did I say dancers? nay, it is no dancing, it is one steady uniform tramp—a constant winding and unwinding round the centre. On and on they go—one regular grinding tread, with a whirr and a buzz, and a glitter as the setting sun sheds a stream of light over the

* The mufloon is a ruminating animal, frequenting only the highest and most secluded woods, where, from its timidity and fleetness, it is with difficulty shot. The form of the head, horns, ears, and hoofs, precisely resembles those of a sheep; in size it is larger, and is moreover covered with hair, like a stag. The animal is mentioned by Pliny as the "*ophion*;" he, however, even in his day, erroneously supposed the race to be extinct. The mufloon is very occasionally caught alive; it is a gentle, affectionate, playful creature, and is easily tamed.

gay-coloured moving mass. As the bright orb sinks behind the mountain, there is a pause—the sign of the cross—an *Ave Maria*: it is a beautiful custom full of a wild poetry: and again the dance goes on.

Flirtations can go on in almost every place, and almost under every circumstance: Thus, be it noted, the lovely Minichina is decidedly impressed by the attentions of Cicio the militiaman. Her eyes are slightly inclined on his side; her ear is bent to listen to the low-whispered compliments intended for her alone. She does not note the dark scowl which has settled on the features of her friend Raimondo on the other side, or having noted it, does not heed it. The whirl and the buzz, the scowl and the smile, continue.

The dance at length has ceased, to give place to a rustic banquet. There are confetti of almonds and honey, fruits, biscuits, rosolio, and wine. There are jibes and laughter. The tongues of the shiest are unloosed; the most wonderful little compliments, in the most far-fetched and figurative forms of speech, are bandied about. Meanwhile the gay militiaman has monopolised the fair Minichina; and she, nothing loth, is catching the little round confetti which he is dexterously shooting at her with his thumb. It is an amusing game, and completely absorbs the performers. A party of young men have retired for a game of bocce—a game not very unlike skittles; while another group are collected round a singer who, in wild and plaintive tones, is singing a love-ditty, which at intervals is chorused by the most unearthly grunts imaginable.

But there is one person who is not merry; it is Raimondo. The other young men have ceded the point to Cicio; and while they admire Minichina, are nevertheless content to admit her preference for the gay and lively militiaman. Jealousy is gnawing at the very vitals of Raimondo. He has noted that Minichina joined the palm of her hand to that of Cicio in the dance, instead of merely linking her fingers in his. By this he knows that she is pledged to him, and this it is which inflames his soul with rage.

Minichina meanwhile regards him as a forward wayward boy; and tossing him one of the confetti, bids him beware of the dangerous missile. The young bandit,—for such is Raimondo,—looks at her reproachfully as he replies to her laughing taunt:

"Sweets turn sometimes to bitters, O Minichina mia, and a slight blow may bring blood."

"Su via, O Raimondo, have ravens crossed thy path, or hath the evil eye scared thee? Su via, bah—the dark cloud overshadows thy spirit! Go play at bocce with Efsio and Ignazio yonder, and trouble not thyself and me with thy follies."

"Wilt thou never believe that I am a man, Cuorigeda mia?" asks Raimondo in a softening tone. At this moment his eye discovers Cicio in close proximity: the dark spirit has returned, and Raimondo is gone.

It is in vain that a story-teller begins the most entertaining of stories; in vain that the gay "*pelicordina*" and "*salto Sardo*" have taken the place of more quiet amusements: a shadow has clearly fallen on our little party. The family of Raimondo is numerous and powerful. What if his dark sayings and looks should bring sorrow! Minichina signs herself, and insists on Cicio's acceptance of a little print of "*St. Francisco d'Assise*," which she believes, on the word of her confessor, to be all-powerful as a defence against every ill, and especially against the evil eye, witchcraft, and the treachery of an insidious enemy.

But now night has passed, and the bright sun of the morrow chases every superstitious dread of coming evil. The little town of Tempio wears its working-day garb. It is an out-of-doors world altogether. The houses of red granite, with their clumsy wooden balconies, have the appearance of being merely places in which to stow away property, or take shelter in case of need. Every sort of labour is going on in the streets; and there is Minichina in her every-day dress, with her skirt over her head, balancing a pitcher of water at the fountain, accompanied by a whole troop of her

young companions. The costume has something Moorish about it; the attitudes are Eastern: altogether it reminds one of a well-scene in Scripture; and Minichina might be Rachel. But instead of the camels, there is a single horseman letting his thirsty animal drink from her pitcher. Ah, it is Cicio! He has an Arab's love for the sleek creature, and divides his attentions between his love and his horse.

There is a great chattering among the girls when he is gone, and a great many questions to be asked, as—

"When is the *cujugnu* (betrothal) to be, Minichina?" "How much will his father give him for his portion, think you? and your *dote*?" "How fortunate you will be; he is rich and so are you!" "There will be a festa!" "Ah, one *matrimonio* makes another," sighs one poor girl whose lover is too poor; "I wish mine would follow!"

Meanwhile the bright-eyed Minichina trips along, heedless of their questions and comments. She has a shrewd notion that the betrothal is not far distant.

How convenient are balconies in Sardinia! No house is really a house without one. Now we see Tempio again, by moonlight this time. I wonder where the elders of the families are? In bed perhaps, for it is rather late. There is the most unearthly of sounds beneath more than one balcony. Can that be serenading? There are many slight forms, too, sitting about. Some are stealthily peeping; others more advanced in these *affaires du cœur* are boldly bending over and carrying on a *sotto voce* conversation with the dark figure beneath. And now there is a signora with her attendants returning from a *conversazione*; and O, what a fluttering is created! The dark figures disappear into shady corners out of the too bright moonlight, and the light forms retreat somewhat convulsively. But there is our friend Minichina bent half over her balcony. It is plain she is under no apprehension, her *cujugnu* is certainly *very near*; for instead of retreating she takes a survey of the street in general and of the moon in particular, and waits for the return of Cicio, who has whisked into an adjoining entry.

THE CUJUGNU.

The class to which Minichina belongs is that of the upper sort of peasantry. The house in which she lives with her family is on the outskirts of the little town of Tempio. It has been newly swept and garnished. The little molentu, or donkey, whose occupation it is to grind the corn for the family (by means of two huge circular stones, comprising the most ancient and primitive species of machinery), is turned out to afford more space; the corn-sieves, spindles, and other implements of daily occupation are carefully and neatly stowed away; the log burns briskly in the centre of the apartment; the smoke finds an outlet where it can—better to have smoke than "intemperio;" and the season is that half-chilly time, at the confines of summer and autumn, very productive of fever in Sardinia.

The family are all in gala array. The gay scarlet and gold look quite effulgent. The snowy folds of the *camicia* are fastened round Minichina's delicate olive throat by large gold filagree studs; an amulet is suspended by many chains of fine Genoese workmanship round her bust. The father of Minichina—a slight, black-eyed, lithe-looking man, of still almost youthful appearance—is sitting on the favourite seat, a reversed wine-cask, conversing with eager gesture with the priest, who, to say truth, is generally the well-known and well-loved friend of every Sard household. The priest has the look of his class—a timid dark little man, with high cheek-bones and very fallow. (Timid men have no choice but that of being priests or monks in Sardinia.) He has had a taste of the contents of the wine-cask, and is rather more talkative than usual. He knows the affairs of his little community as well as the molentu knows the slight unevennesses in the well-trodden circle which he paces blindfold every day. He is advising Stefano to give his daughter an additional tance, or field, saying she is a good girl, and will make a proper use of the gift. Besides he can afford it; his second daughter, Daniella, being yet a child. Stefano dis-

putes this, as Sardis always do dispute, with much noise and vehemence of gesticulation. The mother sides with the priest as a matter of course, and appeals to an old man seated in a half-dozing state on a log in the corner. The old man strokes his white beard, and gives it as his opinion that Stefano is very rich, and ought to make a fine *spozalizio* at once; it will add lustre to his family pretensions. The dispute increases; the "bahs" and "aices" are positively tremendous—there is not a spark of anger in them; nevertheless one can scarcely hear the loud knocking at the door. There is a loud whistling *zitto*, and all is silence the most profound. The father rises and opens the door.

Cicio enters in full militia costume, followed by four friends and a priest. These are called by the very ancient name of "paralympios." Stefano salutes the party with grave politeness, at the same time begging them to be seated. Another profound mysterious silence. At length the aged man of the white beard rises, and walking up to Cicio with a stately presence, inquires with some circumlocution the meaning of seeing so large a party at his friend's house.

The young man bows, rises, and with all due deference to the age of his questioner—(for Sardis reverence age: it is an ancient custom, like many others, well preserved by them)—states his business fully. Now is the time for a buzz of exclamation and surprise, as if every body did not full well know the business from the commencement. A perfect Babel of voices and a pantomime of gesture—all are talkers, no listeners. At length by dint of pure clamour the contract is made in presence of the two holy fathers and the notario; conditions are agreed on, or if not exactly agreed on, made and adhered to, after a manner. Then a little calm succeeds. Cicio signs, seals, and settles the affair by means of a portentous kiss on each of Minichina's blushing cheeks. Enthroning her on a settle, he seats himself by her side; and now the general signing, sealing, and settling begins.

Every one salutes the sposa, depositing at the same time a coin in the corsage of her vest. Thus at length is the *cujugnu* terminated, and with a bow each guest takes his leave. She is betrothed; and rarely will the true-hearted Sard break off such a betrothal. The ceremony varies in different parts of the island, but is always a publicly acknowledged thing, and conducted with the same amount of ceremony.

In various parts of the island of Sardinia are the remains of buildings known by the name of "nuraghe." Some of these are so large as to be really magnificent, placed, as they generally are, in the most picturesque and commanding situations.

They are strong buildings, in the form of a truncated cone, and are composed of masses of stone from two to six feet square, piled one upon the other without cement. The interiors of these wonderful nuraghes vary; but they generally consist of two vaulted chambers, communicating by means of a singularly constructed spiral staircase. And in some cases, a very large nuraghe is flanked by smaller ones having a subterranean communication.

It has always been a puzzling question to antiquarians to assign the original use of these very numerous and very singular structures. They are, and probably ever will be, involved in mystery. We shall see to what purpose the modern Sard applies them.

Approaching Tempio, commanding a narrow and difficult pass in the rugged mountain-road, is a very fine specimen of these same nuraghes. It is a favourite haunt of banditti, in case of surprise from the military; and is unfortunately but too conveniently placed as an ambush in a case of "vendetta."

We had almost lost sight of our little Minichina; but we should start with horror if we could see him now, pale, haggard, with fiery eye and dilated nostril. He has been for many days at the nuraghe watching for his hated foe; his love of life is as nothing compared to his love of revenge. Strange,

too; for Raimondo in other things is not wont to be thus. He is a good son and a good neighbour, he is usually of a mild and generous temper; but he is a Sard. He has loved Minichina ever since he can remember; it is no mere passing fancy to him. She was his playfellow when they went together to gather the wild fruits on the still wilder Limbara, or tend the flocks to the mountain-ledges for pasture. Minichina has loved him as a friend, as a brother. She knows nothing of what he feels; she thinks it the mad fancy of a hot-headed boy: for Minichina has been fascinated by the more manly and more travelled Cicio.

Again we see Tempio by moonlight. The balconies are filled with women, and the streets with men hastily enveloped in their huge *cabanneddu* (cloaks of peculiar form). There has been a strange piercing shriek, enough almost to still the beating of every pulse. A wounded and dying man is borne along—it is Cicio the militiaman. We must draw the curtain now, for such scenes are too dreadful. But stay, reader, there is one more scene.

The poor youth's remains are placed in a rough coffin; his head is exposed, and an ebony crucifix is placed on his breast; and now appear wild nun-like forms, who rush into the small room as though they were totally ignorant of the catastrophe. They are the "priefiche," or hired mourners, of Tempio. At first they give vent to the most wild and uncontrolled paroxysm of horror: one throws herself upon the ground, gnashing her teeth, and uttering a long low groan; another wildly tears her long dishevelled hair; a third stands transfixed by grief; shriek succeeds to shriek, until at length comes a little calm; when the oldest sibyl, standing erect, spreads forth her hands over the murdered man, addressing him with a tide of rude eloquence:

"Behold the young eagle in the dust, the young hunter laid low by the hand of the spoiler, ah! ah! ah!
He was brave and bold as a lion when he searches his prey;
Yet was as gentle as a dove, ah! ah! ah!
His spirit was pure as the flame, his person beautiful as the day, ah! ah! ah!
But thy death shall be cancelled, thy wounds shall be returned into the bosom of thy enemy.
The mountain vulture shall feed on him;
Thy bloody shirt shall descend to thine avengers;
The token of wrath shall be preserved sacred.
Rest thou in thy quiet grave, thou too shalt be revenged."

The bloody shirt is now transmitted to his nearest relative, to be preserved as a perpetual incitement to revenge. It is a dark side of Sard character—the darkest side—the only shade almost in a bright picture.

THE STEREOSCOPE:

ITS HISTORY, THEORY, AND APPLICATION.

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., F.R.S., &c. [Concluded.]

On the Applications of the Stereoscope.

HAVING thus explained the only true method of taking binocular pictures, and using them in the Stereoscope, we are prepared for considering its useful applications. M. Delaroche, one of the most eminent of modern painters, considers photography "as carrying to such perfection certain of the essential principles of art, that they must become subjects of study and observation even to the most accomplished artist. . . . The painter," he adds, "will obtain by this process a quick method of making collections of studies which he could not otherwise procure without much time and labour, and in a style very far inferior." In painting a landscape, the artist will not content himself with correct photographic sketches of the trunks and stems of trees, of the texture and markings of their bark, and of all these peculiarities of structure and of leafage, by which alone the trees of the forest can be distinguished, nor with drawings of the plants and rocks and stones which must enter into the composition of his foregrounds. He will take photographs of the landscape from different points of view, and at different

distances from the most interesting portion of his picture, and will thus be able to make the most appropriate selection of his point of sight. But however useful those materials are when delineated on a plane surface, he will add greatly to their value if he employs a binocular camera, and obtains right and left eye-pictures to be united in the Stereoscope. The trunks and stems of his trees will now exhibit their natural roundness. Their leaves and branches will place themselves at their proper distance; and he will discover certain effects of lustre and shade which are invisible in the plane photograph, and the cause of other effects which otherwise he would have been unable to understand. The stereoscopic union of two surfaces produces results which could never have been anticipated, and which requires to be carefully studied. But independent of these abnormal effects, the artist will doubtless derive more assistance from his landscape in relief, and from the study of its individual parts in all their roundness and apparent distances, than when he examines them in their plane representations. The shadows which the branches and leaves cast upon the trunks and stems of his trees he will be able to trace to the causes which produce them. Effects in outline, as well as in light and shadow, which would otherwise perplex him, will find an explanation in the relative distances and differences of the apparent magnitude of individual parts; and after becoming familiar with his landscape in relief as it exists in nature, he cannot fail to acquire new principles and processes of manipulation. Nature flattened upon paper or upon metal, and nature round and plump, and in fresh relief from the chisel of the Divine sculptor, must teach very different lessons to the intelligent and aspiring artist.

In the arts of sculpture and architecture, the Stereoscope will be found particularly valuable. In every locality around him the landscape-painter has an ample choice of materials; but the sculptor has no such advantage. He must quit his home, and study, either in his own or in foreign countries, the models of ancient and modern art; but however great be his powers of delineation, he will find it an impossible task to execute a correct drawing of a statue, or of a group of statues, owing to the ever-varying light and shadows under which he sees it. By photography, however, he can obtain the most correct copies in a few minutes, and obtain them in every aspect of the statue, with the lights and shades as they existed at a particular instant. He is thus able to see the precise forms which these lights and shades embody, and to derive all the instruction which could be furnished by the most perfect drawings. But however valuable these plane pictures may be compared with those executed by the pencil, their value will be increased ten-fold when they are taken with the binocular camera, and with small lenses, in the manner we have described. In the Stereoscope the sculptor will reproduce the statue in true relief in all its aspects, and will derive from its study all the advantages which the original itself would have furnished. In one sense, indeed, the creations of the Stereoscope are superior to the originals from which they were taken. Their forms are absolutely stationary, and the artist will discover in them what he never could have seen in their marble prototypes.

In taking busts and full-length statues from the living subject, the sculptor will derive equal advantage. Binocular pictures of the subject, or of any portion of it, may be taken and raised into relief; and from such pictures, executed on one side of the globe, an artist on the other side may complete an admirable statue. The dying and the dead may thus be modelled without the rude contact of a mask; and those cherished forms perpetuated which affection or gratitude has endeared. In architecture and all the decorative arts, where ornamental forms are given to solid materials, the binocular camera and the Stereoscope are indispensable auxiliaries. The carvings of ancient, medieval, or modern art, may be copied and reproduced in relief, whatever be the material from which they have been cut. The rich forms of Gothic architecture, and the more classical

productions of Greek and Roman genius, will swell the artist's portfolio, and possess all the value of casts. With the help of the kaleidoscope, the modern artist may create an infinite variety of those forms of symmetry which enter so largely into the decorative arts; and if the individual forms which constitute the symmetrical picture are themselves solid, the binocular kaleidoscopic picture taken photographically will be raised into the original relief of their component parts.

But it is not merely to the decorative branches of architecture that the Stereoscope is applicable. The noblest edifices, civil, religious, or military, which he could otherwise study only as a traveller, and represent in hurried and imperfect sketches, will, when taken binocularly, stand before the architect in their full relief, reflecting to his eye the very lights and shadows which at a given hour the sun cast upon their walls.

To the engineer, the mechanic, and the constructor of instruments of all kinds, the Stereoscope will be of inestimable value. Plans of sections, and even perspective views of machines and scientific apparatus, are often ill fitted to give any idea of their construction, and of the relative position of their parts; but the stereoscopic combinations of one or two binocular pictures will remove, in many cases, the difficulty of comprehending them, and enable the student to understand, or the teacher to explain, the mode in which their parts are put together, and the manner in which they act.

The importance of stereoscopic photography to natural history and other sciences can hardly be exaggerated. To the animal-painter the Stereoscope will afford the same advantages as it does to the portrait-painter. The photographic process is now so sensitive, that animals may be taken with great accuracy; and in proof of this, we have now before us the portrait of a dog, in which the definition is so perfect that the slightest trace of unsteadiness cannot be perceived. In like manner the wild denizens of the jungle or of the plains may be taken captive in their finest attitudes and in their most restless moods; and when such binocular pictures are raised into relief, they will be valuable auxiliaries to the naturalist, and even to the painter and poet whose works may require an acquaintance with the brutes that perish.

In reproducing the creations of the fossil world, the trees and plants which deck the earth, and the inhabitants of the ocean and of the air, the Stereoscope will be equally useful. With the microscopic binocular camera the insect-world may be drawn, and exhibited in relief in the Stereoscope; and roots and bulbs, fruits and seeds, of every kind may be thus exhibited in all their variedness and solidity.

The preceding observations prepare us for appreciating the value of the Stereoscope in education. If a sound measure of national education is to be attempted, it must be carried on by methods very different from those now in use. It is mainly through the eye that the knowledge of facts and things can be correctly imparted and permanently fixed in the mind; and truthful pictures, instruments, models, and the products of nature and of art themselves, are the means which the teacher must employ. Every school, therefore, ought to have its educational museum; but even if such an addition should be made to our educational institutions, there would still be thousands of objects which could only be studied in their pictures or in their models. Photography thus becomes an invaluable instrument in furnishing us with accurate representations of every object which it is desirable to describe and explain in the instruction of youth; but as the permanence of such pictures is a matter of some doubt, it is fortunate that the new art of Galvanography, invented by Mr. Paul Pretsch, enables us, by a cheap process, to give to photographs the permanence of engravings, and to employ them in the illustration of educational works.

But however useful they may be in the absence of the objects themselves, engravings of solids, or combinations of solids at different distances from the eye, and lying in vari-

ous places, are in many cases unintelligible to ordinary readers; and therefore, on this ground alone, we cannot but appreciate the advantages of pictures in stereoscopic relief, not only in instructing youth, but in diffusing knowledge. By such pictures the most correct notions will be obtained of the various objects of natural history which the scholar can never see,—of the forms and attitudes of animal life,—of the trees and plants of distant zones, which yield the materials of our food, or of our medicine,—and of those various minerals, fossils, and gems, which have become interesting from their rarity and value.

In the study of physical geography, the pupil will admire in their true relief the gigantic mountain-range in its abrupt elevations or its receding acclivities, the solitary mountain hoary with snow or glowing with fire, the volcano disgorging its burning missiles, the iceberg fixed on the shore or floating on the deep, the glacier and its moraines sinking gently into the plains, the caves and caverns which have been excavated by the ocean or by man, and even the colossal wave with its foaming crest dashing its liquid burden on the shore.

With no less interest will the student, as well as the historian and the antiquary, admire in the Stereoscope the structures of civilisation,—the work of human hands. In their original or ruined grandeur, and as if warned by the sun which shone upon their walls, will be seen the barbaric monuments which sovereigns have reared to perpetuate their names, the gorgeous palaces of kings, the lofty temples of piety or of superstition, the bastions and strongholds of war, and the humbler though more cherished memorials which a grateful nation has reared to genius, or the domestic affections have consecrated to love.

The application of the Stereoscope to the purposes of amusement are so numerous that we can here refer only to a few of them, and direct those who may wish to pursue the subject further to my published treatise. Every scientific experiment, though employed principally to amuse, must necessarily be instructive; and the history of science presents us with numerous examples of great men who have been led to invention and discovery by the philosophical toys of their childhood. In the extensive list of more than a thousand binocular pictures issued by the London Stereoscopic Company, there are 150 under the title of "Miscellaneous subjects of the 'Wilkie' character," which contain many humorous scenes in common life. For the purpose of amusement the photographer may give a ghostly aspect to one or more of his figures, and exhibit them as "thin air" among the solid realities of the stereoscopic group. While a party is occupied with what is serious or gay, a figure, male, female, or animal, may be made to appear in the midst of them with all the attributes of the supernatural. The figure might occupy more than one place in the picture, and different individuals might be made to gaze upon one or other of the visions before them. For this purpose, the individuals in the group must have their portraits nearly finished in the binocular camera, in the attitude and with the expression appropriate to the occasion. The figure or figures, suitably attired, must then walk quickly into the places assigned them, stand a few seconds in the proper attitudes, and retire as quickly as they entered. If the experiment has been well performed, the intruding figures will be shadowy and transparent, and will have the appearance of supernatural personages. If one of the lenses of the camera be shut up during the latter part of the operation, the shadowy figures will be formal only on one of the pictures, and they will be flat and without relief, if required.

The beautiful effect of dissolving-views may be obtained by executing binocular dissolving pictures, and combining them in the Stereoscope, so that all the figures and objects may appear in true relief.

There are many other purposes of amusement and instruction to which the Stereoscope may be applied; and we have no doubt that booths will soon be opened at our fairs and race-courses in which the wonders of the world may

be exhibited stereoscopically to thousands, by making their binocular pictures move before a fixed circle of stereoscopes. The hundred views of Rome, published by the London Stereoscopic Company, would thus exhibit to the untravelled, and bring to the recollection of the traveller, all that is interesting and curious in the eternal city.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

BY WALTER K. KELLY.

IT IS A GOOD HORSE THAT NEVER STUMBLES. To which some add, and "A good wife that never grumbles."—None are faultless. The priest errs at the altar, say the Italians: *Erra il prete all' altare*. A member of the Parliament of Toulouse, apologising to the king or his minister for the judicial murder of Calas perpetrated by that body, quoted the proverb, *Il n'y a si bon cheval qui ne bronche*.—It is a good horse, &c. He was answered: A horse, granted; but the whole stable!

WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE.—Tersely translated from the Horatian pentameter, *Dimidium facti qui bene cepit habet*. "A beard lathered is half shaved," say the Spaniards. "The main work is to begin" (French). In an article on the "Philosophy of Proverbs," the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* gives an example from the Italian which seems of peculiar interest, "for it is perpetuated by Dante, and is connected with the character of Milton." Besides these distinctions it has a third (not surmised by Disraeli), as a linguistic curiosity; for though it consists of but four words, and those among the commonest in the language, its literal meaning is undetermined, and diametrically opposite interpretations have been given of it even by native authorities. *Cosa fatta capo ha* is the proverb in question, which some understand as signifying, "A deed done has an end." It is thus rendered by Torriano, in 1666; whilst Giusti, in 1853, explains it as meaning, "A deed done has a beginning," or in other words, if you would accomplish any thing, you must not content yourself with pondering over it for ever, but must proceed to action. Such another instance of divided opinion respecting the import of four familiar words in a simply-constructed sentence is probably not to be found in the history of modern languages.

This proverb is the "bad word" to which tradition ascribes the origin of the civil wars that long desolated Tuscany. When Buondelmonte broke his engagement with a lady of the Amadei family and married another, the kinsmen of the injured lady assembled to consider how they should deal with the offender. They inclined to pass sentence of death upon him; but their fear of the evils that might ensue from that decision long held them in suspense. At last, Mosca Lamberti cried out, that "those who talk of many things effect nothing," quoting, says Macchiavelli, "that trite and common adage, *Cosa fatta capo ha*." This decided the question. Buondelmonte was murdered; and the deed immediately involved Florence in those miserable conflicts of Guelphs and Ghibellines, from which she had stood aloof until then. The "bad word" uttered by Mosca has been immortalised by Dante (*Inferno*, xxviii.), and variously rendered by his English translators. Cary presents the passage thus:

"Then one
Maim'd of each hand uplifted in the gloom
The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots
Sullied his face, and cried, 'Remember thee
Of Mosca too—I who, alas, exclaimed,
The deed once done, there is an end—that proved
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race.'"

Wright's version is:

"Then one deprived of both his hands, who stood
Lifting the bleeding stumps amid the dim
Dense air, so that his face was stained with blood,
Cried, 'In thy mind let Mosca bear a place,
Who said, alas, Deed done is well begun,—
Words fraught with evil to the Tuscan race.'"

Disraeli adopts Cary's interpretation of the proverb, and

does not seem to suspect that it can have any other. Milton appears to have used it in the same sense. "When deeply engaged," says Disraeli, "in writing *The Defence of the People*, and warned that it might terminate in his blindness, he resolutely concluded his work, exclaiming with great magnanimity, although the fatal prognostication had been accomplished, *Cosa fatta capo ha!* Did this proverb also influence his decision on that great national event, when the most honest-minded fluctuated between doubts and fears?"



ART IN THE DWELLING.—No. I.

That costliness is not tastefulness, and that expense does not necessarily result in elegance, we scarcely need illustration to prove. We must all of us be acquainted with more than one establishment liberally decorated and furnished, about which wealth has been lavishly distributed, and where nothing is lacking but the harmonising taste, the sense of beauty, grace, and "fitness," which alone can make a congruous whole out of the various elements which comprise the interior appointments of a dwelling.

Now, to reverse the rule, does good taste necessarily involve expense?—in these days at least. Grace of form may be had in many of the very simplest and cheapest materials. Harmony of colour in arrangement is to be attained only through the possession of a correct eye for the same, which among educated classes is quite as likely to belong to a poor as to a rich man. Finally, the sense of fitness, as shown in the decorations and furniture of a house, is a property of the same intangible but very valuable kind, which nature, who adores the theory of "compensations," often bestows on those who have little else wherewithal to make Home externally beautiful.

Do we not all know the aspect of the "handsomely furnished house," with its heavy grandeur and sombre elaboration? Why will people design, and other people manufacture, and more people buy, such articles of furniture as the colossal sideboard, that is sure to weigh down one side of the dining-room? Glass, china, plate, are reduced to specks on its broad polished surface. Such a field is rather fit for the reception of a well-sized cannon, or something similarly in proportion. If not wainscoted of some dismal colour, the walls are lined with a dark flock paper, lustreless in hue, ponderous in pattern, to match the carpet, which partakes of both these characteristics. On which carpet, and against which walls, are ranged in regular array the square-cornered chairs, each one of which requires a man's strength to move from its place; and all of which collectively comprise as large an amount of straight lines and angles as could possibly be included in the given quantity of space. Weightily fall the curtains,—solemn curtains, that impart something of their colour to the very daylight as it enters in. The looking-glass, even—that specially lightening and brightening portion of a room's arrangements—in this case cannot fulfil its vocation in either particular. There is no colour but that of the sad-hued walls for it to reflect, no glancing light, no stray gleam, or flush, or glow for it to multiply; for none of these are here.

Dismal magnificence! ill-favoured costliness! A cottage-parlour is fairer to the eyes, wholesomer to the mind, even though the paper on its walls, of simple pattern and colouring, cost but twopence a yard, and its carpet be of homely web and modest design, in keeping with the fresh muslin-curtains and the birch-wood chairs; which chairs, however, may have curved backs as becomingly as any in the land.

All the bad taste in the world, however, does not run in the direction of the massive and the dreary. The ornate, the gaudy, and the flimsy schools have each their numerous disciples. Otherwise, who would buy the vast stocks of beflowered and be-arabesqued paper-hangings, carpets, damask, and other materials, that are continually assailing our eyes, taking them unawares, and addressing them, so to say, in large capitals plentifully interspersed with notes of admiration? Whose homes would be decorated with those huge painted china ornaments, and their yet more flaming potichomanic imitations? And what would be the final destination of half-a-hundred nameless articles in papier-mâché, ormolu, lacquer-work, &c., even to the home-made productions, the knitted, netted, and crochet antimacassars, chair-coverings, and picture-frame nets, which in some houses seem to pervade the very air with a fluffy flavour as of much cotton.

Used in moderation, these things are to be admired; but moderation is the fairy balance which good taste alone employs. The first necessity with your injudicious decorator is to run into extremes, and to have *too much* of things both good and bad.

There are two or three very simple primary rules which are to be well borne in mind in these cases,—negative rules or cautions, for the most part; as, for instance, that rooms should neither be a-flame with colour nor swamped with misty drabs or vague browns. Some one tint should predominate in furniture and decorations; if bright, the contrasting colours should subdue; if pale or negative, enliven it. Whoso loves "colour" will do well to line his walls and floors with some cloudy gray or sepia hue, to form an appropriate background for the dashes of sunset-red, intense purple, or orange-yellow, which are sure to be gradually, if not at once, introduced into the picture. Warning is perhaps scarcely needed against large-patterned carpets or paperings for small rooms. Most people have noticed that it does not conduce to good effect when a limited area is decorated with some spacious design, four or five repetitions of which mark the extreme dimensions of wall or floor.

Again, the style of the furniture may and always should be consistent with the proportions of the apartment for which it is intended. To crowd a narrow chamber with chairs, tables, and sofas, even though they be elegant in shape and material, is to give the effect of a *magasin* rather than a home. Much wood and silk and velvet and gilding require space to set them off, and to relieve the eye. Large lofty rooms, on the other hand, are apt to look dreary and bare if simply furnished; though this is by many degrees the lesser evil of the two. But it will easily be recognised how grateful to the eye is the full sweep of coloured drapery that breaks the long line of windows in such a room; and how the pictures hung here and there are valuable not only as pictures, but because they form little oases of brightness and warmth on the trackless monotony of the walls. For the same reason a chandelier in a large room is always a graceful object. Elegant in itself (and among modern art-manufactures few are brought to such a degree of perfection in design and execution), it has the gift, like water and trees and flowers, of communicating something of its own grace to surrounding objects. The still life of a room lit from above in this manner has always a certain added charm, difficult to describe, but immediately perceptible.

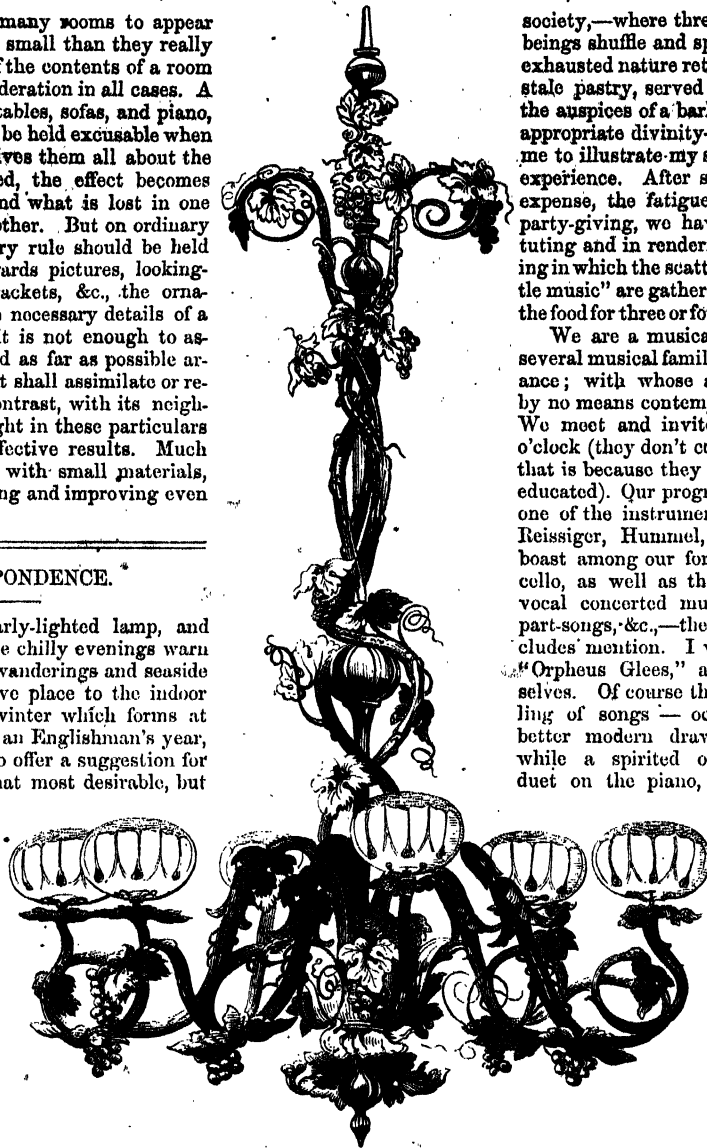
But this, as has been said, is only desirable where there is plenty of space. A chandelier in a small room is an impertinence. In a small room, so far from the eye requiring superfluous objects to rest on, it needs all the "breathing space" possible to enable it to do justice to what is necessarily there.

Furthermore, in the arrangement of furniture care should be taken, and the character of the apartment duly remembered. Where the area is small, it is well to contrive that the heavier objects shall not be obtrusively near the entrance. A clear way to the door is always a desideratum, and the

lack of this, causes many rooms to appear more inconveniently small than they really are. The *balancing* of the contents of a room is an important consideration in all cases. A migration of chairs, tables, sofas, and piano, to one point can only be held excusable when stress of weather drives them all about the hearth. Then, indeed, the effect becomes nest-like and cosy, and what is lost in one way is gained in another. But on ordinary occasions the ordinary rule should be held in view, both as regards pictures, looking-glasses, consoles, brackets, &c., the ornamental as well as the necessary details of a room. Distribute,—it is not enough to assemble together,—and as far as possible arrange that each object shall assimilate or relieve, harmonise or contrast, with its neighbours. A little thought in these particulars will often lead to effective results. Much may be done, though with small materials, towards the beautifying and improving even the humblest Home.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM,—As the early-lighted lamp, and the welcome fire, of the chilly evenings warn us that our summer wanderings and seaside rambles must now give place to the indoor sociabilities of that winter which forms at least three-fourths of an Englishman's year, would you allow me to offer a suggestion for the attainment of that most desirable, but often most difficult achievement,—the passing "a pleasant evening"? We have certainly advanced a step from the days when we counted our friends by the head, and began prospectively to enjoy their society by a week of previous consultation with cook and Mrs. Glasse in the kitchen. In those days, as long as the fowls were done to a turn, and the jellies sparkled unbroken in "the glass of fashion" or "the mould of form," our hostess felt she had provided abundant entertainment; while during the intervening and intrusive hours between tea and supper, her guests were left to while away as best they might the period of suspense. We are growing into a late-dining and light-supper-eating people; but there still are left relics of the good old times. Should you be present at a *r union*, where the company, dressed with elaborate elegance, have remained during the entire evening placed in rows against the wall, the stillness only broken by a periodical quadrille, thrown off as the culminating crisis of dullness, or by a sentimental ditty, of which nothing can be poorer than the words, if you except the music, you will find these are symptoms, "slow" (in modern parlance) but "sure," of an excellent supper,—a supper lacking no traditional dainty, and with a profusion of heavy wines, which are imbibed by the gentlemen after the departure of the ladies with an audible hilarity most unsuspected in those black-coated solemnities of the drawing-room. This, I confess, is the exception now-a-days. But is the more modern evening-party a nearer approximation to the pleasures of



CHANDELIER, VINE PATTERN. [GARDNER.]

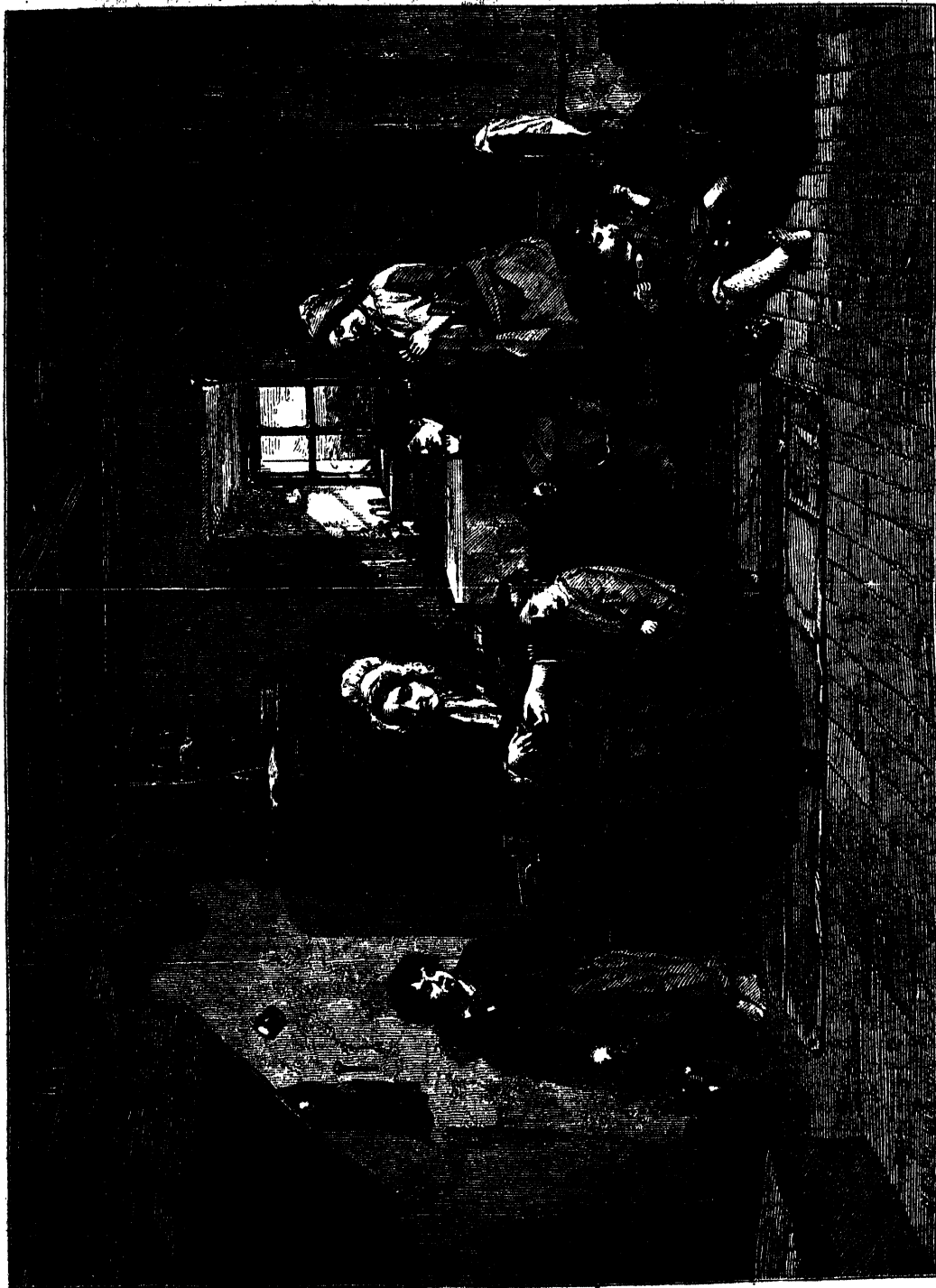
society,—where three or four dozen human beings shuffle and spin round and round, till exhausted nature retires to recruit itself with stale pastry, served by stale waiters, under the auspices of a barley-sugar temple, and its appropriate divinity—the trifle? Now allow me to illustrate my suggestion with my own experience. After suffering some years the expense, the fatigues, and the anxieties of party-giving, we have succeeded in substituting and in rendering acceptable an evening in which the scattered fragments of "a little music" are gathered and arranged to form the food for three or four hours social pleasure.

We are a musical family, and we count several musical families among our acquaintance; with whose aid an amateur concert by no means contemptible can be provided. We meet and invite our friends at seven o'clock (they don't come till past eight; but that is because they are not yet sufficiently educated). Our programme includes at least one of the instrumental trios of Beethoven, Reissiger, Hummel, Haydn, &c.; for we boast among our forces a violin and violoncello, as well as the universal piano. Of vocal concerted music—glees, madrigals, part-songs, &c.,—their very abundance precludes mention. I would only specify the "Orpheus Glees," as a treasury in themselves. Of course there is the usual sprinkling of songs—occasionally one of the better modern drawing-room *morceaux*; while a spirited overture, played as a duet on the piano, is an invariable success: for example, that of Mendelssohn to *Ruy Blas*. Thus every one, whatever the amount or nature of his musical appreciation, finds something to satisfy it. A back room with books, engravings, a stereoscope, &c. is a refuge for the non-classical during the performance of what they term "those dry things"—only, please, good people,

don't talk quite so loud. At half-past nine tea and coffee are served in the dining-room, with an abundance of cake, biscuits, and bread-and-butter, of which, knowing no supper will follow, every body partakes cordially; after which a little more music, generally of a lighter kind, and two or three *impromptu* quadrilles, send our guests home about half-past eleven; and I may add, that their assurances of having "passed a most pleasant evening" are verified by the fact that they always come again. Thus half-a-dozen really sociable and enjoyable gatherings may be given for less than the cost and trouble of one evening-party; while the fund of previous enjoyment, the meetings for practice, in which the only drawback is the necessity of leaving off (especially with our first violin; but then violins, be they good, bad, or indifferent, are invariably enthusiasts)—all prove that music, like mercy, "blesseth him who gives" as well as "him who takes"—sometimes, I fear, a little more.

Here is my experience; and there are surely few who have not in themselves, or among their friends, sufficient resources to gain the like.—I remain, madam, &c.

M. C.



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SUBDUED BUT NOT CONQUERED.

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SPECIMENS OF RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. IV.

SUBDUED BUT NOT CONQUERED.

Of all those painters who have founded their manner upon that of Wilkie, Mr. Faed holds by far the highest place.

His pictures, admirable in detail, are elaborately finished, and their surface and tone leave little to be wished. The subject here possesses all the artist's usual merits. It is full of quiet domestic poetry, is simple without being coarse, and natural without being vulgar. It has also a touch of dry humour, which is as national as any of Wilkie's touches. A long day in a child's life is hinted in the scene before us. Despotic and prepared for aggression sits the mother, aware yet not betraying her knowledge of approaching rebellion. With careful and nimble hands, and wise matronly care, she peels the potatoes; and seems absorbed in her task. Her neat cap and kerchief and trim gown show the orderly regulating mind, and help to give contrast and tell the story. Nestling by her side is the good child, looking with horror and wonder at the pouting sinner who howls sullenly in the corner. Behind is the barefooted brother, as much elated at the bully's discomfiture as is the industrious sister, who sews and smiles. On the floor is a child threatening a begging dog. The auxiliaries of the scene are excellent: the brown pitcher with the speck of light on it, the dead hare, the key, the harness, the bottles, the wash-tub, the old chest of drawers, the mug, and above all, the quiet musing dog, are stored together without meagreness and without crowding. But let us not forget the hero,—the future runaway, the scapegrace, the mad varlet of the village, the fellow who will poach and rob hen-roosts, and who is the "ne'er do well" hinted at in sermons about the "prodigal son," which draw tears from old Moneybags, the rich attorney who cut off his son and heir with sixpence. How collected and stiffened with stubbornness the bristly-headed dog stands, one hand feeling the stolen walnuts in his pocket, and the other clutching a porridge-spoon! His face is a wonderful struggle of fear, rage, and vexation. To be laughed at and pitied and disregarded are bad enough, any of them alone; but all together tears him to pieces. We leave off with a heterodox sympathy for the reprobate, such as poor Lamb used to feel for "Esau." We need not enlarge on the rich colour, the mellow dark and soft light, of this excellent picture.

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

FROM THE HINDOO MYTHOLOGY.

BY F. PÜLSZKY.

Hindoo mythology is less known among the reading public than might be expected from the connection between England and her Indian empire. Sanscrit scholars speak in the highest terms about the beauties of Hindoo lyric and dramatic poetry. Missionaries have day after day to contend against the myths of India; officers and officials of the East India Company are surrounded by monuments of art connected with this mythology, and live in daily contact with millions for whom it is more than a sport of poetical imagination. Still people at home care little to become acquainted with those tales, which for grandeur of conception and finish in the most minute details are at least equal to the religious myths of classical Greece. The reason of this apparently strange neglect is, however, easily explained. History and education connect us closely with the culture of the Greeks and Romans; in fact, our civilisation is to a certain degree their legitimate offspring. Up to the present day we learn our first lessons of mathematics from Euclid; and Homer and Horace, Livy and Thucydides, remind us not only of Hellas and of the eternal city on the Tiber, but likewise of our studies in the schoolroom and college. Such is not the case with the literature of the Hindoos. Their language, their ideas, the scenes of nature they describe, the political rela-

tions among which they live, are equally strange to us; and the expansion of their imagination is so gigantic, that our more sober and subdued taste cannot enjoy it fully. For the English public, therefore, it is somewhat difficult to appreciate the exuberant style of Hindoo mythology; though some of the tales are so graceful, that, in spite of the foreign stamp impressed upon them by a tropical climate, they cannot fail to please.

The Hindoo adores nature, its destructive as its creative power; he recognises a soul in every thing living, and believes in the transmigration of the soul. He throws, therefore, the corpse of his beloved one into the Ganges, or into the fire, the sooner to be dissolved into its original atoms by the pure elements. The Yoga,—that is to say, the losing of the individuality in contemplation—a deathlike state,—being the noblest aim of Hindoo life, and the highest degree of sanctity and happiness, death itself has no terrors for him; he throws himself cheerfully under the wheels of the triumphal car of Siva at Juggernaut, and the widow ascends voluntarily the pile with the corpse of her husband. Destruction in India being always followed by immediate regeneration, creation is viewed as a continuous cycle of one and the same life, always changing its forms; the Hindoo therefore believes that

"Like as men throw away old garments and clothe themselves in a new attire,

Thus the soul leaves the body and migrates into another."

For him nature is the incarnation of Godhead; accordingly he has the greatest reverence and the deepest feeling for it; and he adorns his works of art with flowers in such profusion, that man and his action is often obliterated, and becomes only the accessory of the adornment. Still it is not in an arbitrary way that the Hindoo sheds his flowers on his poetry and his sculpture; they have always their symbolical meaning.

During the inundations in the rainy season, when the earth is almost lost under the waters in the valley of the Ganges, it is the lotus-flower alone (the petals of which float upon the wave) that gives evidence that the vital powers of the earth have not been destroyed by the flood. Accordingly, the lotus-flower became the symbol of life and creation; it is the emblem of all the gods, peculiarly sacred to Brahma, the creator.

The goddess of beauty, who is also the goddess of nature, —since nature is always beautiful, and the beautiful always natural,—is in the same symbolical way the wife of Siva, the god of destruction. She holds a flower in her hand, but a snake coils around it; for enjoyment is blended with danger, and life and beauty with death.

The representation of Kama, the god of love, is one of the most graceful specimens of Hindoo imagination. Like the classical Cupid, he is a smiling boy with bow and arrows. He rides upon a gaudy and loquacious parrot; his bow is a bent sugar-cane adorned by wreaths of flowers; its string is formed by a row of flying bees, and the arrow is a lily. Thus the Hindoo tries, in a symbolical way, to express the gentleness and sweetness, the inconstancy and the stings, of love by one comprehensive image.

Kama, the beautiful god, so runs the legend, stood once on the banks of the Ganges; and admiring his own charms in the mirror of the river, he exclaimed, "A single glance shows clearly that neither gods nor men can resist me;" and, in his mind, he passed all the gods in review who had already been subdued by him; but he did not undertake to count the innumerable multitude of his slaves among mankind, for they are coming and going like the flowers of spring. Forgetful of all around him, he was suddenly roused from the admiration of his own beauty by Reva,—his faithful wife, the goddess of delight,—telling him to awake and to flee, for Siva is approaching, the three-eyed god of destruction. But Kama replied, "Should none of my arrows be fit for the fierce god? See, Reva, that even the destroyer of worlds cannot escape love;" and he shot his strongest arrow straight into the bosom of Siva. The destroyer, feeling suddenly

the pangs of love, looked around, and wrathful for his wound, bent a look like lightning from his eye upon the bold archer who had hit him; and so powerful was the glance, that Kama's body at once burned to ashes. The unhappy Reva collected the remains of her beloved husband, and washing them in her tears, and in the sacred waters of the Ganges, hid them in her bosom; but suddenly she was comforted, for she felt that Kama had revived in her very heart. From that time the god of love is called *Ananga*, that is to say, the *bodyless*, because he has no body, though he lives; and *Hritsaya*, or the *sleepy* in the heart, because he sleeps in the heart of Reva. But the goddess of delight, bearing the god in her bosom, became ill, and could not be healed; for Kama consumed her from within. She died at last; and from that time mortals bear love in their hearts, not with delight, but with sorrow. As long as they bear love within their bosom, it is a pang; and when he steps forth, it is but a shadow.

Such is the Hindoo myth of Love's Death.

ENGLAND IN TIME OF WAR.

By SYDNEY DOBELL, Author of "Balder," "The Roman," &c. Smith and Elder.

WE have not been in a hurry to notice this book. It may be said of it, in the best sense, that it can wait. We shall be mistaken if the present work, and others by the same hand, be not quoted and discussed long after the world has forgotten the comments that first hailed or denounced them.

That Sydney Dobell is a poet may, we suppose, be regarded now, not only as the affirmation of some potent voices, but as the admission, more or less gracious, of all qualified judges. The fact is in some quarters allowed almost grudgingly. Custom-house officers of Parnassus, who ever suspect treason in originality; eye the new-comer askance, but cannot question the regularity or the legibility of his passport. The seal of Apollo was never more plainly impressed on any such document.

To say so much is one thing; to declare that Mr. Dobell fulfils all the conditions which his own genius imposes would be quite another. We have no intention to subscribe a manifesto of the latter kind. And, indeed, we know of very few poets—even the greatest—concerning whom it could be made, except by the zeal that overlooks truth, or the adulation that disregards it.

These remarks, however, lead us to notice what is often the besetting sin of contemporary judgment. It exacts perfection from the young aspirant; it forgives a thousand shortcomings to established reputations. We have not now to learn that Milton is at times heavy, Wordsworth prosaic, Shelley vague and diffuse; but we recognise their genius from their excellencies, not from their defects. In like manner, we may admit at once that in "Balder"—treasure-house as it is of poetical imagery and of subtle perceptions—the general design is too misty, and the illustration often elaborate and overdone. We may grant that in the book before us there are fantastic experiments in melody; repetitions that weaken what they should enhance; indefinite phrases that perplex what they should explain; and, once more, in certain instances, an over-protracted treatment of theme. Nevertheless, if we measure the writer by the delight he gives, rather than by that which he withholds, we shall have scant reason for complaint. That the test of criticism now submitted is a just, not an indulgent one, is easily apparent. Once admitting poetical genius, its aberrations and deficiencies involve only the absence of what we never possessed. Its genuine results, on the other hand, are a real and incalculable gain. The inferiority of the later books of *Paradise Lost*, for example, subtracts nothing from the enjoyment realised in the earlier portions; although it is of course true that unvaried excellence would have increased our total riches.

We have censured Mr. Dobell's tricks of repetition. Here is an example of them:

"O thou moody main,
Are thy mermaid calls a-ri-ning!
Are thy mermaid sisters singing!
The saddest shell of every cell
Ringing still, and ringing
Farewell, farewell!
To the sinking sighing singing,
To the floating flying singing,
To the deepening dying singing,
In the swell,
Farewell, farewell!"

There is yet more of the same kind for those who like it. Such things in the present writer grieve us. They will shake the faith of no one who has once read his volume; but if quoted alone, they might deter many from opening it.

We decline, of course, to endorse these excesses, or to justify some other peculiarities in this author; but in spite of them, he has poured out for us such stores of imaginative wealth, that not to seize upon them with eagerness would be an equal wrong to him and to ourselves. The book discloses to us almost every phase of emotion that war can inspire in a civilised country. We have dramatic pictures of gallant adventure; of parental suspense, pride, resignation, or despair; of wives, sisters, and children yearning towards heroic forms lit with the glare or hidden in the smoke of the beleaguered city: we have the stern din of conflict, the dumb rapture of meeting, and many a revelation besides, for which we must refer the reader to the poems themselves. So systematic a view of the moral and domestic effects of war has perhaps never been painted till now.

Our first example shall be from "An Evening Dream," a ballad evidently inspired by the fight of Inkermann. There is scarcely an incident of battle which is not here touched upon. Its various phases are rendered no less vividly by the changing music of the words than by their meaning. Sometimes the line—slow, stately, long—indicates awe and expectation. Sometimes, broken and rapid, it tells of danger; and the brief shrill exclamation pierces like a trumpet. A coming attack is preluded by two or three abrupt bars of sound; and as the hostile legions approach, the verse widens, rolls, and booms, until we are swept into the very thick of the fight. Now and then there comes amid the roar a long line of plaintive Saxon, audible in some pathetic undertone, like a wail. The continuous march of men, the clanging sword, the wheel, the swoop, the mighty dissonance of conflict, and all the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"

appeal thrillingly both to the eye and to the ear. A sister who dreams the battle o'er again thus describes it from the opening of the British fire:

"'Fire!' and round that green knoll the sudden war-clouds roll,
And from the tyrant's ranks so fierce an answering blast
Of whirling death came back, that the green trees turned to black,
And dropped their leaves in winter as it passed.
A moment on each side the surging smoke is wide,
Between the fields are green, and around the hills are loud;
But a shout breaks out, and lo! they have rushed upon the foe,
As the living lightning leaps from cloud to cloud.
Fire and flash, smoke and crash,
The fogs of battle close o'er friends and foes, and they are gone!
Alas, thou bright-eyed boy! alas, thou mother's joy!
With thy long hair so fair, that didst so bravely lead them on!
I faint with pain and fear. Ah, heaven! what do I hear?
A trumpet-note so near!
What are these that race like hunters at a chase?
Who are these that run a thousand men as one?
What are these that crash the trees far in the waving rear?
Fight on, thou young hero! there's help upon the way!
The light horse are coming, the great guns are coming,
The Highlanders are coming!—good God give us the day!
Hurrah for the brave and the leal! Hurrah for the strong and the true!
Hurrah for the helmets of steel! Hurrah for the bonnets o' blue!"

A run and a cheer, the Highlanders are here! a gallop and a cheer, the light horse are here!
 A rattle and a cheer, the great guns are here!
 With a cheer they wheel round and face the foe!
 As the troopers wheel about, their long swords are out,
 With a trumpet and a shout, in they go!"

There is electricity in such writing as this. It must rouse every heart that can be roused at all. We are bound to add, however, that the effect of the poem suffers from its length, especially from that of the introduction.

Before we pass from the Crimea, let us listen to a song the mere tune of which conveys the very soul of Gallic valour,—that mercurial gayety which makes the camp a ball-room, and dances fantastically to the alarms of death:

"O, a gallant sans peur
 Is the merry chasseur,
 With his fanfaron horn and his rifle ping-pang!
 And his grand havresack
 Of gold on his back,
 His pistol cric-crao!
 And his sword cling-clang!
 O, to see him blythe and gay
 From some hot and bloody day,
 Come to dance the night away till the bugle blows 'au rang,'
 With a wheel and a whirl
 And a wheeling waltzing girl,
 And his bow, 'place aux dames!' and his oath, 'feu et sang!'
 And his hop and his fling
 Till his gold and silver ring
 To the clatter and the clash of his sword cling-clang!"

But hark,
 Thro' the dark,
 Up goes the well-known shout!
 The drums beat the turn out!
 Cut short your courting, Monsieur l'Amant!
 Saddle! mount! march! trot!
 Down comes the storm of shot,
 The foe is at the charge! En avant!
 His jolly havresack
 Of gold is on his back,
 Hear his pistol cric-crao! hear his rifle ping-pang!
 Vive l'Empereur!
 And where's the Chasseur?
 He's in
 Among the din
 Steel to steel cling-clang!"

How perfect is the transition from the terror and clamour of war to the quiet dawn of an English spring in "Home, Wounded!" How sweet is the feeling for nature in the lines that follow, and how thoroughly do they breathe that delicious sense of beauty peculiar to convalescence, when every perception has been refined by sickness, and the world seems created anew!

"Wheel me into the sunshine,
 Wheel me into the shadow,
 There must be leaves on the woodbine,
 Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow?
 Wheel me down to the meadow,
 Down to the little river,
 In sun or in shadow
 I shall not dazzle or shiver,
 I shall be happy any where,
 Every breath of the morning air
 Makes me throb and quiver."

"Wheel, wheel thro' the sunshine,
 Wheel, wheel thro' the shadow;
 There must be odours round the pine,
 There must be balm of breathing kine,
 Somewhere down in the meadow.
 Must I choose? Then anchor me there
 Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
 The larch is smooching her flowery hair
 With wreaths of morning shadow."

The vast sway of the Czar is told in language as grand and ample as the empire it describes:

"His name infects
 The air of every sone, and to each tongue.
 From Hecla to the Ganges, adds a word

That kills all terms of pride. His servants sit
 In empires round his empire; and outspread
 As land beneath the water. O my God,
 His kingdoms bear the half of all Thy stars!"

The knout never fell upon the serf with more terrible force than that of these avenging lines upon his tyrants:

"The serf is in his hut; the unsacred sire
 Who can beget no honour. Lo, his mate,
 Dim thro' the reeking garlic—she whose womb
 Doth shape his ignorant shame, and whose young slave
 In some far field thickens a knouted hide
 For baser generations."

At her stolid side
 The girl that shall be such a thing as she
 Suckles the babe she would not with the milk
 A bondmaid owes her master."

It has always been held a crowning result of imagination, that it can seize upon some outward form, and so quicken it with human passion that we feel the very heart of man throb beneath the material typo. Let us apply this test to the present writer. In the poem called "Dead-Maid's Pool," a mother demented with grief for a self-destroyed child seeks the fatal waters in which the latter has perished. The mother apostrophises an ash-tree that bends over them, like the evil genius of the place. We have seen just such an ash. The description of it is as minute and true to fact as if it were a piece of natural history. Nothing is strained to make the image fit the idea; yet every leaf of the unconscious tree shakes, to the wretched mother, with a fearful secret, and hints its sin and misery to the wind:

"Ash-tree, ash-tree, let me draw near,
 Ash-tree, ash-tree, a word in thine ear!
 Thou art wizen and white, ash-tree;
 Other trees have gone on,
 Have gathered and grown,
 Have bourgeoned and borne:
 Thou hast wasted and worn.
 Thy knots are all eyes;
 Every knot a dumb eye,
 That has seen a sight
 And heard a cry."

"Thou hast no shoots nor wands,
 All thy arms turn to the deep,
 All thy twigs are crooked,
 Twined and twisted,
 Fingered and fistled,
 Like one who had looked
 On wringing hands
 Till his hands were wrung in his sleep."

Pardon my doubt of thee,
 What is this
 In the very groove
 Of thy right arm?
 There is not a snake
 So yellow and red,
 There is not a toad
 So sappy and dread!
 It doth not move,
 It doth not hiss—
 Ash-tree—for God's sake—
 Hast thou known
 What hath not been said,
 And the summer sun
 Cannot keep it warm,
 And the living wood
 Cannot shut it down!
 And it grows out of thee,
 And will be told,
 Bloody as blood,
 And yellow as gold!"

Many of these poems are written in the Scottish vernacular; and in this respect the author seems, on the whole, to have satisfied the critics of "Auld Reekie," and of the great city on the Clyde. Often the feeling is yet more Scottish than the verse. The "Gaberlunzie's Walk" is so in its pictures, incidents, and, more than all, in the glamour of the supernatural at the close, when the spectres of the laird, his cousin, and his henchmen—all cold in foreign

graves—sweep with a ghastly cheer over the ground where they hunted in life:

"W! sudden about the dead cry out, like hunters at a kill,
An' 'tis 'Ho, heigho, hereawa',
Ho, heigho, hereawa'!
A' roun' the hill!"

While touching upon the supernatural, we must glance at a line in the ballad entitled "Keith of Ravelston," in which a tragic story is wonderfully hinted. Although nothing is positively told, the whole may be inferred. Imagination thus given play, creates the mysterious. Facts are guessed at, as it were, by their long shadows in a declining light; and the burden,

"O Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line,"

tells through the weird scene with ominous music.

The "Market Wife's Song" is an example unlike any that we have quoted. An old Scottish "mither" drives her car, laden with farm-produce, to market; but her

"—heart it is awa' the braid ocean owre"

with her soldier-boy. In this poem the shrewd and colloquial humour of the Scotswoman blends admirably with the Scriptural phrase and fixed enthusiasm which equally bespeak the national character. The skill is surprising which touches this market-wife, seated on her hencoop, with the glow of imagination, and yet preserves her a reality of to-day. We regret that we cannot quote the entire poem. Mere extract would spoil it.

"Tommy's dead" is a conception no less striking and individual. A very old man has lost his son—evidently his Benjamin—the child of his age. The senses of the old yeoman, withered by time and grief, grope feebly for the forms of other days. The phrase in which he mutters his loss—"Tommy's dead"—and his constant recurrence to that phrase, give the very dotage of sorrow. Out of his bereavement grows a sense of futility that infects all things. Life is empty to him, and he wonders that it can charm others. The axis of his own interest has been snapped—how can the world go round any more?

"There's something not right, boys,
But I think it's not in my head,
I've kept my precious sight, boys—
The Lord be hallowed!
Outside and in
The ground is cold to my tread,
The hills are wizen and thin,
The sky is shrivelled and shred,
The hedges down by the loan
I can count them bone by bone,
The leaves are open and spread,
But I see the teeth of the land,
And hands like a dead man's hand,
And the eyes of a dead man's head,
There's nothing but cinders and sand,
The rat and the mouse have fed,
And the summer's empty and cold
Over valley and wold
Wherever I turn my head
There's a mildew and a mould,
The sun's going out overhead,
And I'm very old,
And Tommy's dead."

There is one masterly touch of imaginative reality which we must not omit. The old man's wife has been dead many a year. Read what follows in the light of that fact.

"The stairs are too steep, boys,
You may carry me to the head,
The night's dark and doop, boys,
Your mother's long in bed."

See how one line reveals the disordered wit that confounds the past with the present, while a ray of near comfort gleams—how finely!—through the shattered mind. The old man, we feel, will soon rejoin the wife of his bosom, but he will be carried to her by no mortal arms.

The instances given will show that mere wealth of figure is the least of Mr. Dobell's endowments. His poems

are in many cases dramatic studies, implying a thorough and varied insight into the depths of feeling, and into the more subtle phases of character. So completely does the writer merge himself in his creations, that we are disposed to complain of what, dramatically considered, is an excellence. We want to know more of the poet's own views and sympathies, and would sacrifice something of the artist to hear more of the man.

Enough, we think, has been quoted to send many of our readers to the work before us. Those who peruse it will most likely deem our objections "proven;" but, if lovers of poetry, they will find our praise yet more strikingly vindicated. A conception profound, searching, and minute,—a plastic imagery that can expand into "large utterance," arrest sublimity in a line, or catch the most shifting lights of fancy, will be denied by few. We have spoken of the poet's claims with fervour, but not without deliberation. To the book itself, however, rather than to any comments, Mr. Dobell may calmly trust for the full recognition of his genius.

MARSEILLES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

OCCASIONALLY, even in happy England, one gets a little bit of north-east wind. Crossing the Yorkshire moors in March, or ascending the Welsh hills in January, I have sometimes found it a little cold; but for a true full-grown north-easter commend me to Marseilles in February. O, that Friday night, when with the boldness of ignorance I undertook to walk from the Hôtel de Paris to the Port de la Joliette. As we turned the corner of the Fort, I and my *laquais de place*, it came upon us like a wild demon, making us bend our heads as we strove to face it, and piercing to the very marrow of our bones. "Have you much of this?"

"Always with the north-east wind, which blows down the valley of the Rhone. It keeps the boats back for days sometimes, and even forces them to take refuge far away at Malta."

In the bitter wind and the dark night, we hurried along the deserted quays. I dimly saw frowning battlements on the right; and on the left the tall masts of the steamers and merchantmen losing themselves in the darkness. The hard-pitched road sounded hollow to our tread, and the solitary sentinel looked suspiciously at us as we passed their wooden boxes. At last we reached the port. A sailor or two on the look-out for boats, and the sentinel at the gates, were the only creatures stirring there. The long lines of sheds, the heaps of cannons and shells and chains and anchors lay still and peaceful in the dim lamplight. At any rate, I had come that night on a bootless errand, and to hurry back to the hotel was all that remained to be done. How strangely our first impressions of a place give a colouring to all our thoughts of it! I know Marseilles is usually associated with the ideas of light, warmth, bustle, and gaiety; to my mind it always arises as on that cold dark night: the bitter wind, the frowning fortifications, and the long rows of silent sheds. My absolute knowledge of the place will never be like other people's. My synthesis of the objective and subjective, which alone forms the true absolute (at least so says Ferrier), results always in a gloomy cognition and a cold shiver, which no after-impressions have been able to erase.

Every body knows, or ought to know, that all hotels at Marseilles are dear and dirty, especially since the commencement of the war. What a harvest they have made out of it! What a bustle and confusion they have been in! I have nothing to do with the war, except to help to pay for it; in which capacity I have a right to look on and make my observations on one of the many scenes of that great tragic-comedy, which has just ended so gloriously in the perfect reconciliation of the courts of Europe, and in double income-tax to the people of England.

The climate of the south of France is like the temper of

its people: one moment cold bitter hostility, a black murderous look from beneath the arched eyebrows, and the next the sunniest of smiles shines out upon you. When I took my first stroll by daylight Marseilles was as bright and gay as could be. In the streets were soldiers and sailors from every part of Europe, almost of the world. The gaily-dressed Greeks, the swarthy Moor, the curly-locked English sailor, the hard-chinned American, and others too many to mention, were all there; and riding peacefully in their different docks were their vessels, with their flags flying and sails fluttering in the wind. What a change since the long-oared vessels of ancient Greece and Rome took refuge in those quiet waters; or since, in the sixteenth century, Leo Flaminius,—*rerum exoticarum admirator et cultor*, as he pompously styles himself,—started, with three months' provisions, to the Holy Land in the good ship Santa Croce! Only fancy, you who go to the Crimea and back for pleasure in the first-class cabin of the mail-steamer, the earnest way in which those old mariners prepared to face the dangers of the Mediterranean: "After we had sworn fidelity to each other and to our captain, and committed ourselves to the mercy and protection of Almighty God, we set sail." How runs it in your diary? "After a bad night's rest from those infernal mosquitoes, and a miserable breakfast of oily abominations, we were off to the Crimea."

Times are changed, and our customs too. We don't make known our holy thoughts as freely as did our forefathers; but I am mistaken, if ever there was a greater trust in God, or a braver determination to do right, than filled the hearts of some of those gay young fellows on the quay yonder, exchanging the gaiety of London and the comforts of home for the danger and privations of the camp. The best thing I can find in the war is, that it has given play to that good old English spirit of adventure, and made a man of many a one who had otherwise remained but a poor fop to the end of his days. As I stood at the bottom of the long avenue leading up to the church, I saw the god of war in all his pomp and glory. First came a body of generals and other officers, their cocked-hats and plumes, their drawn swords and golden medals glittering in the sunlight; then followed the band, with the drum-major and his imposing bâton. How the clear notes of the trumpets, the long roll of the drums, echo through the vast streets as the multitude passes on! The heavy steady tramp of thousands of men makes the solid earth shake beneath our feet; as they descend the hill-side we see regiment after regiment filing around, and the cold sharp points of the bayonets glitter like the dragon's teeth from which their prototypes sprang forth. The little vivandière too! Look at her; in her tight military jacket and trousers, and her incredibly little boots; slight and agile, but upright as the stiffest of the soldiers, she marches behind the band, her tiny feet keeping a mocking time with the heavy tread behind. With one hand in her breast, the other on the dagger at her side, her black bright eye and dark sun-burnt complexion, beautifully regular features, and her careless fearless look, she seems the very genius of war; as graceful as a young panther and as dangerous. But let us not wrong the vivandière. Many a dying and wounded soldier has thanked God for the glass of eau-de-vie from that little keg at her back. On the long march and the bloody battle-field she is often the only one who thinks or cares for their wants. No wonder the poor fellows love and even respect her—the only thing near to remind them that there are in the world such things as wives and mothers and sisters.

As I made my way up the steep ascent to Notre Dame de la Garde, I met a number of young priests in their uniform of breeches and silk stockings, long coats and rows of little buttons, broad hats, and shaven crowns. From the rocks at the foot of the little chapel I look down on the fair valley of the Rhone; the white houses of Marseilles stretching far away up the plain; the gray mountains of Spain in the distance; the blue, deep-blue sea, which dazzles one to look at; and the forest of masts at my feet; the dark towers

of the fort, and the rocky picturesque islands, with the Château d'If, beyond. It would be hard to find a fairer scene. Health and wealth, life and beauty, seem impressed on every object. Ay! but the town is very close; there are terrible smells at night; there are deadly fevers under the white houses and the green shutters; blue as the waters look, the harbours are full of filth.

A sound as of musical thunder overhead rouses me. The great bell of Notre Dame de la Garde calls to worship. A thousand lesser bells from below echo the summons. Out of the dark arches of the fortress-tower great beams swing to and fro from its bells; the dull echo resounds among the rocks and islands; the dark heavy-browed priests walk in solemn line to their churches.

CHAPTER II.

Marseilles is so much like what we fancy Alexandria must have been to the ancient world, that we cannot help wondering what part of ancient social economics supplied the place of the Café Turc. In London or Liverpool, Paris or Hamburg, there is nothing like it; it must be seen to be understood. You are attracted by the Alhambra-like decorations of the outside, and the likeness of some gigantic Turk in the window. You enter in; and taking your seat at a little marble table, call for "café noir" and cognac, as that seems the fashionable beverage, a cigar, and the *Journal du Midi* for the sake of appearance, that you may leisurely take an inventory of this curious place. As your eye becomes accustomed to the thick smoke and your ear to the rattle of dominoes, you fancy that you are in a room stretching beyond the power of vision; and you hear an animated conversation in every known and unknown tongue. Looking up, and amidst the painting and gilding, you see gallery towering above gallery, and are utterly astounded at their architectural proportions. By and by you discover the same turbaned head, the same military gentleman, repeated again and again; and you find that you are in the midst of a huge looking-glass. Around and above is one vast mirror, artfully panelled by golden columns, and giving the idea of immense space and height. It is only a good-sized room after all; but what a curious collection of human beings it contains! Here are thick bushy-bearded captains arranging for their voyage with their stewards and pursers; young military gentlemen in all the glories of Zouave uniforms; smart little French middies with their long swords; Zouave soldiers with their baggy trousers and yellow leggings; and the genuine Turk in his turban and slippers. Let us hope that the disciple of Mahomet omits the cognac in his "café noir." Dominoes and piquet, coffee and cigars repeated *ad infinitum*, war and commerce discussed in French and German, Turkish and English, Spanish and Arabic, give one but a slight idea of the cosmopolite character of the place. For it is impossible to describe the infinite variety of countenance, of beard, and of dress, as completely national as the language. Look at that rather foppish young man coming in at the glass-doors,—trousers and waistcoat and coat of unexceptionable cut, but all of the same gray tweed; his look of careless amusement and perfect self-confidence; his gloves and walking-stick;—meet him when or where you might, could you not swear he was a compatriot? Or that other tall thin man in loose-fitting black suit, immense neckerchief, and turned-down unwashed collar, his large watch-chain and bony hands, his stubbly sharp-pointed beard and high cheek-bones and deep-sunk gray eyes,—as he sits there chewing the end of his cigar, he is as distinctively marked American as though he had the word printed on every article of his dress, every line of his face. So with the others. It is strange how country and climate stamp their seal upon all settlers, and that in a few centuries so complete an alteration of character and expression should come over a whole race!

Leaving the Café Turc, its busy crowd, and the pretty woman who here, as in most French cafés, presides over the array of cut-glass, china, silver sugar-basins, and flower-

vases, I take a stroll along some of the streets by the water's edge. Here at least the problem of supply and demand has been fully worked out. On the ground-floors of these tall dreary-looking houses is an infinitude of dirty little shops, professing to supply travellers from all parts of the world with all the delicacies and peculiarities of their native lands at a moment's notice. On green window-shutters, in yellow letters, are inscribed their bills of fare after the following fashion: "*Englische Potahop*. Rosbif. Bred and cheese. Rhum; Brandy; Wheeskey; Grogk and Porter-bier."

Here we see slop-shops and marine-stores much after the fashion of Liverpool or the narrow streets near the London Docks; Hebrew and Turkish characters over a money-changer's window; Arabic over a pawnshop, and Greek with a hand pointing up a narrow passage. And is it possible that the language of Sophocles and Plato can be used for such base purposes? But I forget; there was also a clever fellow called Aristophanes whose ready pen was not always dipped in the purest of the waters of Helicon.

Passing along the various streets and quays, I turn more into the town, ascending the steep hill leading to the "Arc de Triomphe." But what triumph? That's exactly the difficulty. The good people of Marseilles wanted an arch, and they like to pay a compliment to the powers that be. First of all it was dedicated to some of the great victories of Napoleon I.; but ere it was well finished, he was great no more; and of course it was of no use to dedicate a triumphal arch to him. "To all the glories of France" was its next inscription. Surely nobody could have any objection to that. No; but it has got another nevertheless. "A Napoléon III," &c. is now painted upon it in red letters, with, if I mistake not, a very humble and laudatory inscription. It will easily wash off. The arch is but a poor thing, after all; somewhat after the style of Temple Bar, carved in relief with scenes from the Spanish war, wild horses, ferocious hussars, and frantic women, mingled in inextricable confusion with cannon and broken wheels and muskets and swords. But the view from the foot of it down the Rue de Rome is really fine,—a broad handsome street, thronged with busy men in the most picturesque of costumes. At the bottom of this street, in the avenue of trees, are the little canvas stalls of the flower-sellers, with their violets and primroses, lilies and hyacinths, for the living, and immortelles for the dead. There is a smirk and a knowing look for you as you buy a posy for your lady-love, and a lugubrious doleful tone of voice if you ask for immortelles. It is curious to watch the nimble fingers of the stall-keepers as they tie up their bunches of flowers, the natural taste they show in the arrangement of the colours and the intermixture of the green leaves. French national character is seen in the least as in the greatest things. Sentiment and show are as essential to the existence of the meanest per-ruquier as to the emperor himself.

Adieu, Marseilles! you are very beautiful; but I have known you have secrets. At times I mistrust your haughty smiles, your captious temper, and your dark covert looks.

A CLOWN'S CONFESSION.

I WAS proceeding, not long since, down one of the principal thoroughfares of London, in the direction of a certain theatre, which honour and discretion forbid my particularising, when I felt myself familiarly taken by the arm. Looking round, I beheld the face of an old and intimate schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for three or four months. At our last meeting, he was fairly on the way to contract one of those convenient but uninteresting marriages in which the "consent of friends" and every other combination of concurrent circumstance cause the course of true love, or false, to glide along as smoothly as a passenger-barge on a Flemish canal. He was then gay, rosy, and smart; but he now looked pale and highly excited, and wore any thing but the aspect of a man in his honeymoon.

"Where are you going to, Wilson, to-night?" he quickly and abruptly asked, as if he had not a moment to lose.

"I? I believe I am going to the Park Theatre, to see the new pantomime, and to pass my judgment on the rising young clown who is making such a stir in the theatrical world."

"Aha!" answered my friend, with a smile full of meaning; "I'm going there too."

"That's a very fortunate coincidence," said I. "We may as well sit in the pit together, for the sake of a little chat between the acts."

"No," he replied; "I cannot be with you in the pit during the performance; I shall be particularly engaged in another part of the house. Still, I will endeavour to catch your eye."

"O, I suppose you are going to have a *tête-à-tête* in a private-box, or something of that sort, with Mrs. Jones that is to be, or that is perhaps. Well, that's all very natural for a limited season. By the way, when are you to be married, Jones; or is the knot already tied?"

"That knot is not tied,—I mean the knot with Clarissa Jinks. That engagement is all over and done with for the present. I have not long since commenced another. I will tell you all about it one of these days."

"Why not tell me now at once? You know how fond I am of sentimental romance. The first piece at the Park to-night is that everlasting and horrid thing, *George Barnwell*, which can be of no earthly use to us as a moral lesson, seeing that neither of us is so lucky as to have a rich uncle to kill. Instead of witnessing Miss Millwood's intrigues, suppose we step into the Peacock Supper-Rooms, which almost join the theatre, and have a glass of porter till the tragedy is over and the overture to the pantomime is ready to strike up. You can tell me there the history of the sorrows of your heart."

"Impossible!" he hastily answered. "The hour is almost come when I to—but you shall know every thing this very night. I will promise to sup with you after the pantomime; only you will have the nuisance of waiting for me at least a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before I can join you. Tell the waiter to let us have the room which Signor, Giacomo—a very particular friend of mine—uses, and we shall have a quiet evening to ourselves."

"Good! I will order a dish of natives to be ready to 'open sesame' the moment of your arrival."

"Order as many oysters as you like; I must have something more substantial than that after my work is done. The people will prepare me my steak and my stout. I have not yet dined, nor shall I till then. I'm now off to begin a hard night's task; so, good-by till after the fall of the curtain."

He instantly left me, and disappeared up some mysterious passage, which led, like a rabbit's burrow, out of the street. Not caring for the last act of *George Barnwell*, I strutted up and down, meditating my schoolfellow's unexplained condition and adventures without finding any clue to their drift. At last it was time to enter the theatre; my good luck and the heaving tide of the crowd, drifted me into a capital place, neither too far from the stage nor too near it. The old-established medley, scumble-scramble, pantomime overture was rasped, and scraped, and pizzicatoed by the fiddlers, and the fairy-tale introduction began.

As I said, I am forbidden to indicate the real name and locality of the theatre which I call the Park, and therefore cannot honestly inform you whether the *Sleeping Beauty* or *Little Red Ridinghood* were the groundwork of the pantomimic preface. Enough, that we had a genuine production in the highest school of art. There were tricks worthy of the days of Bradwell, married to "spokens" and modern allusions which would do honour to the authors of the most spiritual burlesques and extravaganzas. We had a harlequin whose checkered dress fitted so well and was worn so naturally, that he seemed to have been born in it, and that he must



HARVEST FIELD NEAR ST. OMER. CAMP OF HELFAUT IN THE DISTANCE. BY E. MORIN.

have come into the world a particoloured infant; we had a smiling columbine, with flowers in her hair, springs in her heels and toes, a silver tissue outer-petticoat, and a crinoline under one, both which latter made up by their width for any deficiency they might be charged with as to length. We had a pantaloen,—such a pantaloen!—doating, drivolling, and made of india-rubber. But the star of the night, the great hit of the season, in fact, was the clown,—a brilliant comet arrived no one knew whence, but who charmed all hearts alike with the novelty, perfection, and bold inspiration, which distinguished his clownly accomplishments. Once or twice, when he uttered a word or two, my thoughts started off a-hunting in various directions in search of some other voice which it seemed to echo; but soon the convulsive heaving of my sides made me insensible to all but the fun before me. Now and then the clown fixed his eyes on the pit, and made some singular and original grimaces in my direction; but I, like all the rest of the audience, considered that extemporaneous effusion as belonging to the part, and that it was not a bad joke that some one member of the public present should be selected to be made mouths at and put out of countenance. However, whether in tragedy or comedy, the current of time sweeps all before it. The last scene had dazzled the spectators with splendours of fairy temples, and gas-illuminations, and fiery cascades, and coloured lights; the kicking, the tricking, the jumping, the bumping, the grinning, and spinning, were all at an end. The curtain fell, and with it fell many a young imaginative soul from the regions of fancy to thoughts of bedtime.

As agreed, I awaited Jones at the Peacock Tavern. The waiter treated me with marked distinction when I mentioned Signor Giacomo's name, and ordered a solid and comfortable supper. In due time the rendezvous was honoured. My former schoolfellow came in with the look of a man who had just been going through some pleasant but fatiguing exercise. Although the pantomime season is not sultry weather, his short hair was saturated with perspiration; he had evi-

dently just been dressing himself rapidly; and he seized the pot of porter, took a long pull, and set it down again with a sigh of gratification. The waiter, as he placed our meal on the table, glanced at one side of Jones's face, and with a respectful "Excuse me, sir," wiped off with his napkin a small red and white patch which by accident appeared in front of his (Jones's) ear. The latter merely said "Thank you" in a matter-of-fact way, and we were left to discuss our smoking-hot steak.

"And after all, what do you think of the pantomime?" my companion inquired, when he had finished his first plateful.

"The pantomime was admirable, and the clown was supreme; but I can't think what induced him to make such a dead set at me in the pit."

"Can't you? well, I can. And, to cut the matter short, the clown was myself."

"You? Impossible! You,—with your lugubrious phiz, your heavy looks, and your sluggish movements,—you cannot be that incomparable and spiritual clown!"

"Indeed I am though, and I thank you for your compliments; the public voice confirms their sincerity. And as my clownship is connected with my broken-off marriage, just let me finish this couple of kidneys, and you shall then hear the whole history."

The request for a little further refreshment was only reasonable from a man who had been making me laugh till I cried again; so, after a pause in our conversation, which was well filled up by mastication and deglutition, the knife and fork were laid aside; he commenced unfolding the exciting story of his matrimonial failure and his pantomimic success.

"You know, Wilson, I was always extravagantly fond of the play; but you do not know that the department of the drama which absorbed my thoughts was pantomime. Easter spectacles, however gorgeous, fell dead upon my fastidious eyes. Summer itself had but few charms for me, be-

cause harlequin and columbine were laid up in lavender till Christmas should come round again. My imagination revelled in pantomimic scenes; and pantomimic facts were almost the only ones that I cared to consider seriously.

You know very well that my maiden-aunt was anxious I should marry Clarissa Jinks, who was her goddaughter. My father and mother liked the idea, because old Jinks has made a pretty penny by stock-jobbing; and of course Clarissa, being his only child, will have the whole of it by and by. We went through all the callings, and ballings, and dinings, and tea-drinkings, usual in such diplomacy. I did not care much about the girl herself at first, but I did not say 'No' to my relation's wishes. What induced me to say 'Yes' decidedly, was the finding out one afternoon that Clary was the very image of the last columbine I had seen. Was this merely an illusion? I now think that it probably was; but what confirmed me in the idea was the subsequent discovery that her governor was a perfect pantaloon. Study for the part was totally unnecessary; he only required to put on the costume.

The notion, too, entered my head, that by foul means or fair, by force or stratagem, I would, for my own proper entertainment, make Jinks and his daughter publicly appear in the only dress which could suit them properly. Sometimes I was so completely absorbed in this project, that I sat by columbine's side for a quarter of an hour together without uttering a single word, to her great and justifiable astonishment. You may suppose I did not tell her what I was thinking about.

One day, a regular pantomime dandy-buck called at Jinks's while I was there. He was quite as much of a dandy-buck as Jinks himself, with the exception of the costume, was a pantaloon, and Clarissa a columbine. Eyes so thoroughly well practised as mine were could make no mistake in affairs like those. The buck was called Melville, or Belville, or something of that kind. But his name is of no consequence. I instantly saw that he had 'intentions' respecting Clarissa, and I resolved to play him one of the old stock-tricks. He paid rather frequent visits to Jinks's. One evening, as he was going to sit down, I slipped his chair from under him. It was a pure, correct, and classical move. Down went the buck flat on his back; but the proof that nature had cut him out for the part, is, that in falling he thrust out his arm to save himself, and accidentally gave a back-handed tip to the housemaid, who was bringing in a waiter with cake and wine. She stumbled in turn, and laid hold of Jinks's periwig, which came off, and was left in her hand.

I meanwhile had seated myself on the chair which I had stolen from the buck; and, with my hands clasped upon my knees, I twiddled my thumbs and stared at the ceiling with that innocent look which first-rate clowns alone can execute artistically. I heard in imagination the applause of those gallery-critics who are best competent to appreciate the traditions of art.

Nobody but columbine,—I mean Clarissa,—observed my action; and she laughed like a mad thing at the buck's misadventure, because she detested him, as in duty bound. Dandy-buck, ashamed of his tumble, and out of countenance at the young lady's merriment, utterly lost his presence of mind, and could not in the least imagine how his chair had disappeared. The unlucky idea then entered his head to dust himself with his pocket-handkerchief, which only made his situation the more ridiculous. Jinks glared at him with furious looks; Nancy the maid stood stock-still and thunder-struck. The buck very shortly took his leave, which was the best thing he could do. As soon as he was gone, Jinks, without making any allusion to his wig, crossed his legs, pulled out his snuff-box, and said with magisterial dignity, 'Really, that young man's awkwardness is quite disgusting!'

This first success emboldened me; but as I had to do with a substantial citizen, whose acquaintance with dramatic literature was probably very imperfect, I was obliged to exercise great self-control in curbing my pantomimic aspirations. One day, nevertheless, on calling at Jinks's

exactly at their dinner-hour, and managing to reach the dining-room without encountering a single creature, I could not resist the temptation to hide myself under the table, exactly as I had seen so many clowns do. The soup was already there; so, hearing the old gentleman and his daughter approach, I caused the soup-tureen to vanish with me. Pantaloon and columbine sat down to dinner.

'Well, Nancy,' said my intended father-in-law, 'you said the mock-turtle was on the table.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the servant briskly.

'I do not see it,' answered the old gentleman.

Nancy uttered a cry of astonishment.

'Come,' said her master; 'make haste and fetch it.'

Nancy never stirred a peg.

'Well!' said Jinks, 'what are you about?'

Nancy vowed she would take her 'davy' that she had brought in the soup, and set it on the table. What had become of it was quite past her comprehension. The debate increased in animation.

'Do you take me for Tom Fool at Bartlemy Fair?' said Jinks in a rage. (This expression filled my heart with delight.) There is a private in the Coldstream Guards who is always prowling about this neighbourhood; I am certain you have given him for supper the whole of the jar I brought from Birch's, and now you have the impudence to declare that you cannot conceive what has become of it!'

Nancy began to cry, and vowed that it was a shameful calumny, and that she knew nothing about Coldstreams, nor any other streams, except the Serpentine. At that moment I twitched columbine's napkin off her lap. She stooped to pick it up again, and saw me and the soup-tureen under the table. She uttered a short cry, which her father did not hear, and then relieved herself by a burst of laughter. Ah, columbine was a charming girl! she fell into convulsions of merriment at the most trifling event. She laughed when a door was opened, or when a door was shut; when a blue-bottle-fly flew across the room, or when a cur-dog barked in the street. She laughed at all times and in all places; and generally did not take the trouble to inquire what it was that made her laugh.

Meanwhile the governor poured himself out a glass of wine, to replace his missing plate of soup. While he turned round to treat poor Nancy with a final grumble as she went towards the kitchen, I stretched out my arm, and the glass of wine followed the soup-tureen. Nancy almost immediately reappeared, bringing in a dish of hashed chicken. Jinks bestowed a moment's reflection on the sudden disappearance of his glass.

'Now, really,' he reproachfully said to the girl, as she carefully placed the dish upon the table; 'are you crazy to-day? Why have you taken my wine-glass away?'

'I, sir? I haven't touched your wine-glass!' protested the maid, in astonishment.

'My glass of sherry,' responded Jinks.

Columbine, as usual, burst out laughing, and gave me an encouraging kick in the ribs. Her gayety exasperated the governor, who continued his address to Nancy: 'Do you mean to make me believe that my wine-glass has gone without hands, like that capital mock-turtle, which your Coldstream follower has eaten? Ah, now I see how it is; the fellow is hidden somewhere in the kitchen.' With these words Jinks started up to make a search, followed by Nancy, in a towering passion. As soon as columbine and I were left alone, she told me she had never had so much fun in her life. 'Hide the hashed chicken under the table,' she said.

'Your proposal,' I answered, 'will hardly do; it will cause suspicion. We can play them some better trick than that.' I caught sight of the evening paper, unopened in its cover, lying on a side-table close by. I laid hold of it, and slipped it dexterously into the middle of the hash, hiding it under the joints of fowl. My future father-in-law returned.

'The soldier is not there; he has managed to get away;

but I will take good care this is the last time he shall come. Quick, Nancy, another wine-glass!

Nancy, who naturally had fallen into the sulks, set a glass on the table without saying a word. The governor took a spoon, and began to serve the hash. 'What do you call this?' he asked.

'That?' pouted Nancy; 'that's a leg of chicken.'

'But this hard substance here, which I feel with the spoon?'

'A bone, perhaps, or a piece of toast. Bones and crusts are neither of them soft.'

Jinks drew out the object in question. 'Heaven forgive me,' said he; 'tis this evening's paper! You have put the *Globe* into a hash. I cannot suppose you have done it on purpose; that would be abominable; but you certainly have lost your senses.'

Nancy gasped with wonderment; she had not strength to say a word in self-defence. She stood with her arms a-kinbo, petrified with stupefaction. Columbine was choking with laughter. 'Gracious goodness,' said the governor, 'what a fool the girl is!' So saying, pantaloons—excuse my giving him that name,—wiped the paper with his napkin and opened it. 'Let us see how things are going on to-day. That Neapolitan question will ruin me.' He put on his spectacles, threw himself back in his arm-chair, and read with difficulty, because his eyesight was not too good, 'To-day, Prince Procrastinini, the Austrian envoy-extraordinary, had a second interview with the king—(Ah, so much the better!)—with the king. It was observed, that after his departure from the royal presence, several couriers for—(Nancy, put the candle a little nearer this way).'

Nancy did so. Whilst he went on spelling out his news, I quietly drew a lucifer-match, and set fire to the paper. Pantaloons and Nancy uttered a simultaneous exclamation—one of terror, the other of rage.

'It really is no fault of mine,' said Nancy, beginning to lose her senses in earnest. 'The candle is tall, and the paper caught fire below. I am sure the house must be bewitched.'

'The house is bewitched, is it, you impudent hussy? Leave it, then, instantly, before another five minutes.'

He followed her into the kitchen, and desired her to mount upstairs and pack her boxes. I seized the opportunity to decamp, after stealing a kiss from columbine, who declared that she should die with laughing.

Next day I fancied the old gentleman treated me rather coldly. Did he suspect any thing? Nancy was reinstated in her place. All I know is, that he remarked to my aunt, 'Your nephew seems rather a light young man.' But she turned it off with the clever remark, that though my complexion was fair for a man, my hair was not red, nor even sandy. She then took advantage of the opportunity to sound my praises in every respect, and immediately sent pantaloons a splendid present of half-a-dozen pots of currant-jelly for his roast mutton, made with her own fair and maiden hands. I tried hard to intercept her peace-offering, that I might remove the jelly, and put a dead rat into every empty pot; but adverse circumstances prevented me. What a capital stage-trick it would have been!

The pantomime-costumes still ran in my head. Whenever I thought of our future home-circle during the honeymoon (for it was agreed that I should live with Jinks and his daughter), I pictured to myself my father-in-law and my bride moving about the house in the dress I have alluded to, and myself, as clown, doing the honours. I imagined the rooms filled with trap-doors, sliding panels, and all sorts of unexpected contrivances to astonish the vulgar herd of morning-callers.

At last an opportunity occurred of partially realising my desires. I greedily seized it. A grand fancy-ball was to be given at the Heligoland Square Rooms, for the benefit of the sufferers in the Chinese insurrection. Jinks's name, to his great annoyance, was forced upon the committee-list; and every body, myself included, told him that his duty was to

sanction that noble charity with his influential presence. He yielded graciously; and to me was deputed the task of choosing the costume.

'You know better than I what will suit me,' said the governor, taking me confidentially by the button; 'something simple, dignified, and majestic, proper for a man with my means and position. Nothing absurd and out-of-the-way.'

'What do you think of a Turkish dress?'

'The Turks,' he said, after a moment's reflection, 'generally maintain a stately carriage; but the Eastern question has altogether been such a loss to me, that I feel rather a grudge against Turkey.'

'How would you like to be an alchemist, or an enchanter?'

'I should prefer that, the alchemist especially. Enchanters are only nonsense, fit for fairy-tales and advertisements. However, I leave it all to you; but at my age 'tis a great sacrifice to make, to dress myself out in a fancy costume.'

On the day appointed, I arrived at Jinks's, followed by a porter (a theatrical dresser disguised as such) and a cargo of bandboxes. One of these was opened; and the contents displayed a complete and vivid-coloured pantaloons dress.

'What the deuce is this?' said Jinks in amazement.

'A costume of the reign of James II.' (My father-in-law elect was theoretically, historically a Jacobite to the backbone.)

'Are you quite sure that this was the fashion in poor dear James II.'s days?'

'Nathan will give you a certificate that the king himself wore it at the court of France.'

'And this very absurd peruke?'

'Absurd! It once belonged to Lord Clarendon!'

All scruples were silenced. With the dresser's assistance, he was soon attired. Clarissa, under Nancy's hands, was converted into columbine; and I, rejoicing in my destiny, became clown with a rapidity known only on the stage. Jinks growled when he looked at me.

My happiness was approaching its climax. We started together in a glass-coach I had engaged. But the human heart is never content. On the way a fancy entered my head which caused the abrupt termination of my matrimonial prospects, and brought my talents to the public service. I was not satisfied with merely putting the Jinkses into travesty; pantaloons must play a bit of the part as completely as dandy-buck had done.

Our entrance into the ball-room made a great sensation. Columbine was instantly carried off by a partner. I, properly powdered and painted, entered thoroughly into the spirit of my part. I got out of Jinks's way as much as I could, to avoid being tempted to the actually disrespectful action of giving him the classical buffet and slap. I vented my impetuosity on empty air; I wrestled with shadows, and played tricks with nonentities. The company were charmed with my personation. The whole room was in a roar of laughter, and I soon felt all the inspiration of the Pythoness. By a sad fatality, pantaloons unexpectedly stood at my elbow, grinning fatuously in perfect style. It was too much; I could resist no longer. My muscles trembled all over my frame; my brain was in the excited state of etherised intoxication. I gave him such a thundering box on the ear. Ha, ha, ha! You should have seen and heard it!

In two minutes, pantaloons and columbine were gone. I was suddenly left alone in my glory. Before I could collect my thoughts, a splendid Sardanapalus whispered in my ear that he was the manager of the Park Theatre; and that if I would relinquish any engagement I might be thinking of for the approaching pantomime season, he would take care to make it up to me liberally. He asked me to call at the green-room next morning. I did so; and you saw the result to-night. It's a delightful life, when one has not got the toothache. But our professional columbine at the Park is

neither so young nor so pretty as Clarissa, nor has pantaloons ever asked me to dinner. All that I have seen of the Jinkses ever since, is that they were on a front seat in the boxes three nights ago. At the end of one of my most brilliant scenes (in which I gave the real pantaloons the very same box on the ear which I had previously rehearsed at the fancy-ball) Jinks laughed heartily and turned rather red; Clarissa, on the contrary, instead of laughing according to custom, looked as if she were going to cry. And yesterday there was an advertisement in the second column of the *Times*, which could only be meant for me, stating 'that the past should be forgiven,' and all the rest of it. An anonymous five-pound note has lately reached me, directed in my kind aunt's handwriting 'to Signor Giacomo.' So, I suppose I shall have to come down to plain 'Jones' again. But I must run the season through, or at least enjoy my success a few nights longer. It would not be fair to Sardanapalus to rob him of his clown at a moment's warning. How the dear public will miss me! I expect every day to receive a deputation from the Jinkses and my maiden-aunt; and if I do yield to their entreaties (which I think I shall for Clary's sake), by George! Wilson, the Temple of Hymen in my wedding-scene shall exhibit a tableau of unrivalled splendour."

GROWING OUR OWN TEA.

In the year 1823, an adventurous British merchant, Mr. Robert Bruce, penetrated to the capital of Assam, at that time a province of the Birman Empire, and almost unknown to Europeans. The traveller's object was simply to barter his goods and to open up a new trade. Fortunately, however, he had also a taste for botany, and thus discovered that the tea-plant was indigenous to the country. He accordingly made an arrangement with a Singpho chief for a supply of young plants at his next visit. But it fell out otherwise. In the following year commenced the first Birman war, in the course of which Mr. Bruce's brother commanded a small flotilla of gun-boats. In this capacity he arrived at Sadiya; and there, to his surprise, was shown the agreement entered into by his relative and the native chieftain, who subsequently furnished him with several hundreds of plants.

No further steps appear to have been taken until 1832, when Mr. C. A. Bruce drew Lord William Bentinck's attention to the importance of this new opportunity for the employment of British capital and enterprise. But it needed the waste of yet two more years before official inertia could be so far overcome as to sanction the appointment of a committee for the purpose of introducing the culture of tea into the British dominions. The delay would no doubt have been still greater, had Assam been directly governed by the Crown. In that case, there is little likelihood that more would have been done to further this object than has been done to develop the resources of other colonies and dependencies. The commercial occupations and utilitarian habits of the majority of the East Indian Directors have rendered them peculiarly capable of judging of the merits of any scheme for the material improvement of the country placed under their control; and they have consequently been ever ready to afford all reasonable encouragement and assistance to useful and practical projects. Not many months after the appointment of the above-mentioned committee, Mr. C. A. Bruce was sent into Upper Assam to establish tea-nurseries and to superintend their management. So successful was the experiment, that in 1839 two-thirds of the Government factories and plantations were taken up by the Assam Tea Company, which started with a capital of 500,000*l.* in 10,000 shares of 50*l.* each. This company already possesses above 3000 acres in a high state of cultivation, and is only restrained from an indefinite increase by the difficulty of procuring labour. At first it was necessary to employ Chinese, as every thing depends upon the delicacy of manipulation. The native Assamese, indeed, were easily

instructed in the method of plucking the leaves, and were made serviceable in the humbler branches of the process of manufacture. But for some time it was found difficult to overcome their repugnance to letting themselves out, which they considered as derogating from their independent position as occupiers of land on their own account. This prejudice, however, is now gradually yielding to the temptation of certain and regular payments in actual money. Presuming on their importance, the Chinese displayed more than their characteristic insolence and insubordination, until their presence became intolerable, and their dismissal imperative. No inconvenience has thence arisen, their place being ably supplied by Europeans. But in spite of all the obstacles which impede a new enterprise, especially in the East, the produce has year by year steadily increased in quantity and improved in quality. The crop of the past season thus amounts to 558,628*lbs.*, or above 80,000*lbs.* in excess of the crop of the previous year. Of green teas no great quantity has yet been made; but the genuine excellence of the black teas—such as Congou Souchong, Orange Pekoe, and Flowery Pekoe—has been acknowledged by even the somewhat severe tribunal of the Analytical Sanitary Commission. The result to the shareholders of the company is a dividend of seven per cent, which in succeeding years will be largely augmented, as the cultivation of the plant is extended, and the expenses proportionately diminished.

The finest tea-districts in China lie between the 25th and 33d degrees of north latitude; in Assam between the 27th and 28th. In both countries it is found to thrive best on a light, porous, yellow loam, belonging to the clay-slate formation, and unfit for the production of cotton, tobacco, or sugar-cane, but not unsuitable for cereals. In Assam the tea-tracts are mostly situated in the plains, though on undulating slopes. "The plants seem to love and court moisture, not from stagnant pools, but running streams." In another place the same writer observes: "There should be plenty of water near the roots, but the plant should always be above inundation." He also speaks of it as being so hardy as to live in any soil, if kept in the shade after being transplanted until it has taken good root. Black and green teas are often gathered from the same bush; but the choicest green varieties are produced by superior culture and soil, and are influenced by the age of the leaves, as well as by being prepared after a peculiar method. There are usually three, occasionally four gatherings in the year. The earliest, which takes place in April, is the most highly esteemed, as it consists of the young leaf-buds while still covered with a whitish down. The second gathering comes off in the early part of June. The leaves are then of a dull-green colour, and are plucked in great quantities; but are inferior in delicacy and aroma to those gathered in April. A third crop is obtained in July, when the leaves are dark-green, and are only fit for making the coarser kinds of teas.

Mr. Bruce tells us, that "the sun has a material effect on the leaves; for as soon as the trees that shade the plants are removed, the leaf, from a fine deep-green, begins to turn into a yellowish colour, which it retains for some months; and then again gradually changes to a healthy green, but never becomes thicker; and the plant throws out far more numerous leaves than when in the shade. The more the leaves are plucked, the greater number of them are produced; if the leaves of the first crop were not gathered, you might look in vain for the leaves of the second crop. The tea made from the leaves in the shade is not nearly so good as that from leaves exposed to the sun; the leaves of plants in the sun are much earlier in season than of those in the shade; the leaves from the shady tracts give out a more watery liquid when rolled, and those from the sunny a more glutinous substance. When the leaves of either are rolled on a sunny day, they emit less of this liquid than on a rainy day. This juice decreases as the season advances. . . . If the large leaves for the black tea were collected on a

rainy day, about fourteen pounds of green leaves would be required to make two pounds of tea; but if collected on a sunny day, about eight pounds of green leaves would make two pounds of tea. . . . The leaves of the green tea are not plucked the same as the black, although the tree or plant is one and the same. . . . The green-tea gatherers are accommodated with a small basket, each having a strap passed round the neck so as to let the basket hang on the breast. With one hand the man holds the branch, and with the other plucks the leaf, one at a time, taking as high as the Souchong leaf; a little bit of the lower end of the leaf is left for the young leaf to shoot up close to it; not a bit of stalk must be gathered. This is a very slow and tedious way of gathering. The black-tea maker plucks the leaves with great rapidity with both hands, using only the forefinger and thumb, and collects them in the hollow of the hand; when his hand is full, he throws the leaves into a basket under the shade of the tree; and so quickly does he ply his hands, that the eye of a learner cannot follow them, nor see the proper kind of leaf to be plucked; all that he sees is the Chinaman's hands going right and left, his hands fast filling, and the leaves disappearing."

The Assamese are not equal to the Chinese in quickness of touch; and their plants are allowed to grow to double the height, which increases the fatigue of plucking. In China the plant seldom exceeds three feet, so that the gatherers pursue their calling while squatting down in their usual manner. But the Assamese has to stand up to his work. In the latter country Mr. Bruce fell in with some trees, in a wild state, three feet in circumference and fully sixty feet in height. Seedlings yield a small crop in the third year, but do not arrive at maturity under six years. The plant will live to the age of forty or fifty years. The green-tea Chinamen cut down their plants every ninth year, so as to have abundance of vigorous young shoots. The process of preparing the leaves for consumption has been too often told to need repetition in this place.

The similarity of temperature and of vegetable productions in the lower range of the Himalayas and in central China induced Dr. Royle to recommend the introduction of the tea-plant into the former locality. With its usual liberality, the Indian Government at once sanctioned the experiment; and a considerable number of young plants were accordingly imported from the southern parts of China, as being the most accessible. These, however, being found inferior to the teas grown in the interior, the Court of Directors sent out Mr. Fortune to obtain plants and implements, and even manufacturers, from the best districts of the celestial empire. That gentleman acquitted himself most successfully and satisfactorily; and under the superintendence of Dr. Jameson, the tea-plantations in the north-western provinces of India have become a permanent and profitable branch of the local agriculture. The principal Government plantations are situated in the Deyrah Dhoon, Eastern Gurhwal, and Kumaon. The Dhoon is a valley, sixty miles in length from east to west, and sixteen miles broad at the widest part. It lies between the Himalayas and the Sewalick range, in north latitude 30° 8'. In 1854, about 400 acres had been planted, of which only 150 were in a condition to make a return. These yielded between 10,000 lbs and 11,000 lbs of tea, or 70 lbs per acre; about 85 lbs of raw leaves, or 20 lbs of prepared tea, being obtained from 100 full-grown plants. According to Dr. Jameson, the Deyrah Dhoon is admirably adapted for the cultivation of the tea-plant. Grain crops are not remunerative, and the land at present lets for 1s. 8d. per acre. Labour is also cheap and abundant; both land and water carriage at hand; and no want of materials for manufacturing chests and implements, and for packing tea. At this plantation only black teas are prepared, which sell readily on the spot at prices varying from 1s. 3d. to 5s. per pound. The second-class teas are mostly purchased by natives, "partly for home consumption and partly for retail and barter with the Bhoctas, who visit the Bugaissur Fair in considerable numbers in the cold weather."

In Eastern Gurhwal, also in 1854, about 200 acres were devoted to the cultivation of the tea-plant, yielding 5000 lbs of tea and 20,000 lbs of seeds. The site of this plantation had been previously covered with a dense jungle of oak, rhododendron, &c., assessed to Government at 2l. 8s. per annum. When properly cultivated, this land will give from 100 lbs to 230 lbs of tea per acre; and a vast tract may be turned to equally good account which at present is almost valueless. The Government nursery extends in terraces up the mountain, from an elevation of 4300 to that of 5300 feet above the level of the sea. Only black teas have yet been manufactured in this locality, averaging 5s. 10d. per pound.

In Kumaon there are two Government plantations. The one at Hawulbaugh is situated on the banks of the Kosila, on gently undulating land 4500 feet above the sea. No more than 52 acres were under cultivation in 1854; but excellent land abounds on all sides. Both black and green teas are made here; some of the latter averaging 6s. 4d. per lb, and the former from 4s. 4d. to 5s. 10d. The Bheemtal plantation consisted of about 80 acres, 4000 feet above the sea-level, producing the same teas, and commanding the same prices, as the preceding.

Tea-plantations have likewise been introduced into the Punjab with every prospect of success, but too recently to afford any substantial data. Indeed, it is obvious that the Government has nowhere pretended to do more than facilitate private enterprise and speculation. It has borne the heat and burden of the day, and now invites its subjects to gather the fruits of its experience. Already several native landholders have been induced to engage in the cultivation of tea, and most of the local prejudices against its introduction have gradually disappeared. The advantages offered are such as none but a native would hesitate to accept with eager alacrity. The Government has guaranteed that "no tea-lands shall be assessed at a higher rate than those otherwise cultivated, and that the rate shall in no case exceed one rupee per acre." The profits, however, are enormously greater than those derived from any other article of agricultural produce; and as well-grown plants may be readily procured from the nurseries, no long delay need occur in realising the due reward of a judicious application of labour and capital. It is strange, however, that no Europeans have yet been tempted to embark on so certain and profitable a speculation. The temperature at the elevation of 4000 feet is delightful throughout the greater part of the year, and at no season oppressive. Nor is any large amount of capital required either for the cultivation of the plant, or the manufacture of the leaves.

"The tea-plant," says Dr. Jameson, "is now thriving over 4½° of latitude and 8° longitude; or from Hazarah in the west to the Kali Nuddi in Kumaon in the east, and from Deyrah Dhoon in the south to Ramaserai in the north, over a tract containing upwards of 30,000 square miles. In this mighty tract there is such a quantity of land fitted for tea-cultivation as, if so used, would not only produce teas capable of supplying the whole of India, but the whole European market. . . . Nor is it necessary to occupy lands now used in growing grains. Let but the forest-land and the waste land be employed, and from them alone will be produced a supply equal to the consumption of Europe." Hemp, a plant indigenous in the Himalaya, can also be cultivated to any extent in the same localities; though at present it is in no great demand.

CHATTERTON.

(See the Engraving, p. 33.)

I.

"TWAS night, and like a pall the unstarr'd sky
Hung o'er the sleeping city; and the loud wind,
Shrieking and hissing like a curse, went by,
Leaving a fitful solemn pause behind,—

So wild, that beauty started from its dreams,
And misery from sleep's oblivious balm,
And listened trembling to the dirge-like screams,
And to the ghostly silence of the calm.

II.

In a garret, in sad keeping
With the weird and woful night,
Like a watcher o'er the sleeping,
Faintly glimmereth a light;
And near it is bent a stern pale face,
Heavy with sorrow, yet full of grace;
The burning gray eyes are flashing with scorn,
And the trembling hands in their fever have torn
Some locks of the flaxen hair.
He seemed a part of the storm that hurled
Its wild moan over the startled world—
That boy and his great despair.

III.

"Tis well, 'tis well! this wailing storm and I
Are meet companions in a voyage of doom;
Let us shriek out our two despairs and die.
The fame that ever from my hopes doth fly
Will hang all halo-like about my tomb.
The world that sees me die,—that does not see,
That reck's not, cares not, how my heart doth break,—
Shall one day praise itself in praising me;
But not before my heart hath ceased to ache.
O God! O misery! how have I tried,—
How have I dreamed and worked and hoped in vain,—
Seen the gold dreams as they have paled and died,—
Myself a thing of glory, yet, like Cain,
Walking the earth wrapp'd in my hopes and pride,
My only two companions by my side!
Unloved, in this vast city all alone,
To make my memory pregnant with a glory
That will not live till I am like a stone
Unglowing with the magic of its story.
How I love life! and yet I would not live
Now that my dreams are scatter'd like a mist;
Not one is left for which to hope and strive—
Dead ashes that my burning lips have kissed.

See the black mass! a city full of souls
Not one like me—'tis better I should go—
Without a sympathy between our goals:
A God ungloried would be held a foe
Among these men of traffic. Gold, O God,—
Gold, gold would buy Thy throne amongst this throng!
Rather oblivion, lifeless as a clod,
Than sing, uncared for, all my heart's wild song
To these clay puppets as they cheat and plod.
How very sweet my dreams were;—like that speck
In the cloud-struck sky that seemeth bright and blue;
How bright and sweet! and now all, all a wreck,
A heaped-up mass of black, no speck of blue;
Nothing to love or hope or dream withal;
Not one sweet breast to pillow my hot head.
I feel my soul is broken in the fall;
'Tis but a ghost that babbles o'er its dead,—
Dead! ay, it must be so; I too must die,—
Die that the world may wake and weep and wonder,
And desecrate my ashes with a lie.
Hark, how the wind shrieks, heralding the thunder!—
Fit dirge for my dead hopes all uncarress'd.
And whilst it rocks the unloving world asunder,
I'll sleep—my anodyne its great unrest."

IV.

Fair woke the morning: storm and night and sadness
Slept in the tomb;
And the crimson sun, with all its life and gladness,
Crept round the room,
Revealing the broken spirit and its madness
Gaunt in the gloom.

F. R. N.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

BY WALTER K. KELLY.

EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO RISE,

MAKES A MAN HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.

"The early bird gets the worm;" and "The cow that's first up gets the first o' the dew" (Scotch).—All languages bear similar testimony to the value of early rising. *E.g.* "The morning hour has gold in its mouth" (German).—*Morgenstund hat Gold in Mund.* "The fox fears not the boaster at night, but the early riser" (Servian). But there is another side to the question, since "For all one's early rising, the day dawns none the sooner" (Span.).—*Por mucho madrugar no amanece mas aina.*

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE. "Four eyes see more than two" (Span.).—*Mas veen quatro ojos que no dos;* and "Pope and peasant know more than the pope alone,"—*Su più il papa e un contadino che il papa solo,* as they say in Venice.



MUSIC IN EDUCATION.

WHETHER we English are or are not a musical people, is a problem that is perpetually being solved, but has never yet been satisfactorily or consistently settled. We are driven to widely different conclusions on the subject almost daily. Crowded oratorios, concerts, operas; the vast increase in the demand and supply of musical instruments; the cheapness of music, and the fact of its forming an invariable constituent of modern education,—all this would seem to decide the question at once in the affirmative. But, on the other hand, when we consider the nature of our "popular" music,—that which is performed at evening-parties, is whistled in the streets, and finds favour on barrel-organs,—can we maintain our position? Can we maintain it when we listen to the playing on the pianoforte of nineteen out of every twenty school-girls just "finished," and having had the advantage of lessons from experienced masters? Above all, when we hear the comments of their general audience, who applaud the "splendid execution," "firm touch," &c.; by which terms they recognise Jane or Laura's scrambling achievement of the showy difficulties invented for them by the *maestro* of the hour,—ponderous dashings at grand chords, with sublime disregard of right or wrong notes, the loud pedal happily mistifying all sounds in one fog of uproar and vagueness? All this is, in fact, rather to be looked on as an athletic exercise than a musical performance. It may, and doubtless does, develop the muscles of the elbow and wrist; but not one whit the taste for music that we hear so much about. The untaught child who goes singing about the house, or finds for himself the notes of "The Lass o' Gowrie" on the piano, which he plays with one finger all through to a self-invented bass, has more innate love of "the science of sweet sounds" in his soul than three-fourths of the accomplished young ladies who enchant society with their cadenzas, variations, *morceaux de salon*, and other elaborate trifles.

There is no good reason, however, why this should be. It seems to be simply one of the many cases in which people sacrifice reality to show. Music is regarded as inevitably *de rigueur* in a polite education as geography or the languages. But music, being a matter of taste and feeling, and not only of intellect, can by no means be learned in the same manner as French verbs or Pinnock's *Catechisms*. There must be a spontaneous delight in its study, an instinctive passion for that special form of beauty which we call harmony, or the student of music will never become a musician. It is waste

of time, therefore, when one who is indifferent on the subject is set to practise three or four hours a-day on the piano, in order to become a finished player. Granted sufficient perseverance, the mechanical difficulties may of course be overcome in time. But what is gained? Not music, be assured. Feats of dexterity may awake our wonder, but will never touch our feelings. Dreary "scales" and interminable "exercises" are as interesting to the ear of a true lover of music as the meaningless flourishes and *tours-de-force* with which too many accomplished pianists are content to spend their time in wrestling; for indeed it were a mockery to call such real hard work *playing*.

Among professed artists this style of performance is rapidly falling into desuetude; and we would hope that the fact argues a corresponding improvement in public taste. The "classical" style, as it is called, is gaining ground daily in all kinds of music. We confine ourselves to the pianoforte at present, however, as being the most domestic and universal "music-maker" of our English homes. And the music generally in vogue for this instrument affords an apt illustration of the wider general truths. We no longer at concerts hear those lengthy airs *con variazioni*; nor those tremendous fantasias, wherein one poor little tune used to be dragged in like a prisoner, guarded by a detachment of fierce chords, and was straightway subjected to all possible twistings, jerkings, and other tortures, till he died at the end of the piece with a bang and a crash and a fine *tremolo* on the key-note. Difficulty is no longer the only or predominant feature of all performances. The greatest pianists of Europe count it enough to fill their ambition if they can worthily interpret sonatas of Beethoven, concertos of Mendelssohn or Weber, which, in point of mere manual dexterity, may be mastered in one quarter of the time necessary to spend on the laborious brilliancy of the old school.

Let private performers, let both teachers and pupils, take a hint from this. There is doubtless an average amount of musical taste and ability existent among our educated classes. The mistake is in over-taxing and forcing it in individual instances. Laura,—who practises four hours every day before she can execute her grand piece in the murderous manner we have adverted to,—who either hates the very sight of the piano, or at the best looks on it as an enemy to be struggled with rather than a dear friend to talk with and to receive delight from,—Laura, if she were not compelled into attempting difficulties she cannot conquer, might very possibly succeed in deriving and bestowing some amount of real music by means of her misused pianoforte and much-tasked fingers. She has an amount of taste, which, properly cultivated, might become a resource and an enjoyment to her in future years, difficult to over-value. But under the present system of things, the germ of taste, not strong enough to burst through opposing influences, is smothered with what is supposed to be the necessary drudgery of a musical education. Take heart of grace, Laura; begin anew with some sweet simple strain of Haydn or Mozart, or even of Donizetti or Rossini. Let your capacity extend beyond the limits of what you attempt. Music is not to be fought with, but to be tenderly welcomed and cherished. Throw by those ponderous "pieces" thirty pages long; abjure those uninteresting *études*, which profess to exercise nothing but the fingers, and on which you spend so many precious morning hours;—unless your love of the divine art be powerful enough to make even *exercices pour les doigts* pleasant to you as means to a great end, throw them aside. By themselves those said fingers are nothing, though they have all the exercises ever invented perfectly at their control: they are but—as the dictionary to the writer, the colours to the artist—tools; worthless in themselves, valuable only inasmuch as they are soul-directed.

But Miss Jane, on the other hand, has no inclination whatever for music. Her ear is defective, she cannot sing the simplest air correctly, she has the vaguest idea of time. It is sheer absurdity to apprentice her to Euterpe, as it were, in the same way as a boy is set down to learn car-

penting or watchmaking. As reasonably might the latter be attempted in a case where the boy lacked fingers or eyesight.

In a word, let the taste and feeling for music, where it exists, be fitly cultivated, but never forced. In the rarer instances, where it is altogether absent, have the grace to resign peacefully what can never be possessed worthily. Let all musical efforts in such cases be at least strictly confined within the tolerably wide area of *dance-music*. Quadrilles and polkas in such cases are advantageous, in the same way as empty rooms, wherein children are allowed to play because they cannot do any mischief there. Besides which, it must be added, that they are susceptible of giving a considerable amount of pleasure to many classes of listeners; a result never to be obtained under the ordinary conditions of ambitious young-lady performances.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSTRUCTION AND USE OF SPECTACLES.

DEAR MRS. HOME,—As you invite in your prospectus any contributions that may add to the improvement or welfare of your family circle, I send you my little offering, which, though small as a grain of mustard-seed, contains a germ which I know (as an experienced old man) will grow in value, and become of national importance; and therefore cannot be scattered better than in the good soil of the *National Magazine*.

It is a simple suggestion regarding the *right use of spectacles*, or rather the *right construction of spectacles*, for the purposes of reading, writing, &c. I am not going into the subject scientifically like an optician; but from my own experience and common sense, I gather that ever since spectacles were invented,—which, I believe, was in the year 1300,—they have been till very lately badly constructed, and the mode of wearing them injurious to the eyes. Nearly twenty years ago, it occurred to a friend of mine that, though he required the magnifying power of glasses to read or write or see objects that were near to him, but did not require them to see distant objects, it might injure the natural powers of his sight to be constantly looking at all objects through the artificial medium and wrong focus; he therefore had a pair of spectacles made of two semicircular lenses (instead of circular), by which means, when he looked down to read or write, he saw through the half-circular glass; but when he raised his eyes to look at more distant objects, he looked over the half-glass, and thus enjoyed his natural vision. This plan he also thought likely to prolong the powers of sight. He has since told me that his anticipations were realised. This important idea of my old friend has been caught up within the last few years by some opticians, who have better applied the idea than my friend did by his semicircular lenses.

Spectacles may now be had with nearly circular glasses (the top part of the lens being only a little flattened); and the desired object of being able to look over them when not reading is effected by making the bridge, which rests on the nose and connects the two lenses, to stand higher than the glasses, by which means they sink below the eye, thus:—



THE NEW FORM.



THE OLD FORM.

I have myself worn spectacles for thirty years; and though necessary for reading and writing, I always found them very trying to the eyes when I was obliged, by having them on, to look at every object, distant or near, through them for perhaps twelve or fourteen hours every day; and, as every one does, found them excessively annoying in moving about the house or walking down stairs. I have for the last twelve months made use of the new glasses, by which I find my eyes greatly relieved; and the absence of all annoyance from wrong focus, and the pleasure of enjoying the natural sight when looking up from the paper or book, is beyond expression: for, be it remembered, that though it may be necessary in the study or the counting-house for the author or the merchant to have his spectacles on his nose for twelve hours, ready for the action or the word, yet the actual use of them on the paper off and on may not exceed four hours; the eyes during the remainder of the time being taken off from the book or paper for purposes of meditation, reflection, exchange of books, &c.

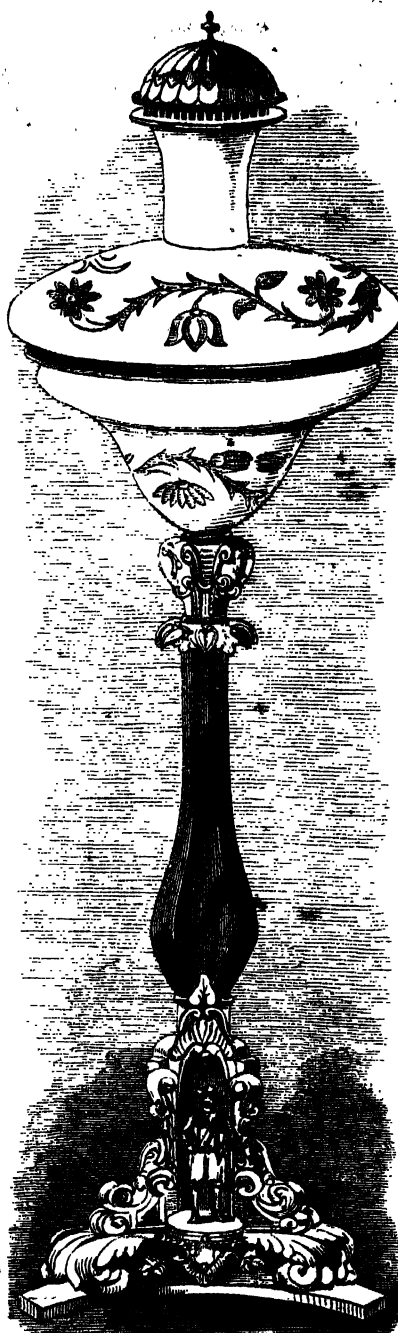
My remarks, and my experience on the importance of this improved spectacle, of course apply more particularly to long-sighted people, which the aged generally are, and not to those who are short-sighted, and possibly require the glass more continually for objects that are distant as well as for those that are near.

To be deprived of the natural freedom of vision by totally surrounding the eye for twelve or fourteen hours with an artificial lens and an absolute focus, for a definite distance only, is, I believe, injurious to the mind, and must have some effect upon the character.

That there is a reciprocal action between the eye and the mind, which it is childish to suppose can be arbitrarily dispensed with, might easily be shown by every-day experience; but which, perhaps, for my purpose, is best verbally and definitely borne witness to by the acknowledgment of Sir Isaac Newton, who, in writing to Locke on what he suffered from looking too long at the sun, says: "The spectrum of the sun began to return as often as I began to meditate on the phenomena, even though I lay in bed at midnight, with my curtains drawn!" I will only add, How destructive such a mere organic effect must have been to the otherwise free meditations of the great philosopher!

CONTRASTED LIVES.

We know something of the lives of those around us; but our knowledge is very partial, our experience very limited. There are griefs, as there are joys, into which even the dearest friend rarely enters, the outside world never. Yet even with vision thus clouded, how much there is to consider thoughtfully in differing fates; how much might be learned



INDIAN MODERATOR LAMP. [GARDNER.]

of faith, patience, and contentment, did we regard our fellow-creatures with more sympathy, and meditate more earnestly upon what we saw!

But we blindly judge by appearances, or at the best argue from circumstances. Where these are favourable, we find it difficult to imagine other than happy results. We do not remember that we all of us bring more to circumstances than they can possibly bring to us. The spirit that receives is the true fate. In other words, it is only inasmuch as we are in harmony with the Giver of all things that we can be truly blessed by His gifts, whether they be of flowers or thorns.

"They must be very happy," we say, mentally enumerating and summing up certain external advantages and possessions. And we are astonished when, the veil being suddenly lifted, we some day catch a glimpse of shadow and gloom, instead of the radiance we had presupposed to exist.

On the other hand, we equally wonder when we see cheerfulness and contentment going hand-in-hand with trial, poverty, or privation. That affliction must make people miserable, that difficulty must inevitably include anxiety, incessant, wearing, and depressing, are propositions which to many logicians appear incontrovertible and only reasonable. It is in the natural order of things that it should be so, they maintain; and lift their hands, as at a miracle, when they plainly see this "natural order" subverted.

And how often it is so, many a one will testify. How many can recognise in the brightest serenest person of their acquaintance some invalid, necessarily exempted from two-thirds of those pleasures and enjoyments which the most ordinary life possesses in itself, and bearing besides the ever-chafing burden of weakness and suffering! Either the negative or the positive ill were enough, we say to ourselves, to darken a life. Yet it is not so. Look farther and deeper, and we shall see, far below the sharp stones and tangled herbage of the surface, the fountain of peace springing freshly up, making beautiful and fruitful even that which to our careless eyes looks so desolate and bare.

We pity the poor in purse, the weak in limb. But rather should we com-

passionate that poverty of the soul which neither affords a fit welcome to prosperity, nor possesses the cheerful courage with which to encounter adversity. Strength of spirit causes the life of the cripple to be more truly happy than that of many a one who glories in the lusty vigour of his manhood. The riches which make life valuable are not contained in gold-mines or coined in earthly mints. Contrasts enough there are in human existence, but we are apt to mistake very often on which side turns the balance of happiness.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness,"—ay, and its own sweetness too.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. V.

PAINTED BY ARTHUR HUGHES.

APRIL LOVE.

Love is hurt with jar and fret,
Love is made a vague regret;
Eyes with idle tears are wet,
Idle habit links us yet.
What is love? for we forget:
Ah, no! no!

Alfred Tennyson.

APRIL LOVE.

This picture of Mr. Hughes's, which was exhibited at last year's Academy, is one of the sweetest love-poems that has delighted England since Coleridge's "Genevieve,"—a poem which was indeed written with the feather from an angel's wing and with ink distilled from the brightest amaranths that grow beside the everlasting gate.

Story Mr. Hughes has none; but he has done better than being merely dramatic or picturesque—he has painted for the heart as well as the eye. His scene opens in a bower, and the season is that portion of spring which melts into summer. Some quarrel has hurt "love" with its "jar and fret;" but it has passed now. The lover bends in anguish under the weight of her too sweet forgiveness; and she, with at once the tear and the smile in her face,—is she not a perfect embodiment of *April Love*?

In detail the picture is full of quaint beauty and grace. The knotted and wrinkled bark of the woodwork of the arbour, the heraldic ivy-leaves, the glimpse of bright foliage through the doorway,—all conduce to the painter's effect. As for the maiden, she is the most ladylike and sweet of pictorial creations. Her head is most beautifully poised, and its curls hang lightly and airily. The eyes are very tender and tearful, and the fine chiselled mouth seems to quiver as the planned grass in the meadows does when the breeze simmers through. The jewelled heart round her slender neck, and the flower in the lover's hand, are excellent poetical thoughts, and not the less so because they are obvious. Love, so difficult to paint and describe, has been done justice to by Mr. Hughes.

EPISODE OF HORROR

IN THE LIFE OF A STRONG-MINDED FEMALE IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

My name is Clementina Sparesbanks. I am a single gentleman, possessed of high bird-like aristocratic features, and a spare yet athletic person. My age is thirty-seven years; but I do not call myself an old maid, as I hold it presumptuous to anticipate Heaven's decrees in that respect. And though I am at present, and have been for the said thirty-seven years, self-sustaining, it is by no means definitely settled that I should always remain so. I have been always considered a strong-minded woman. My poor dear mother, who is dead and gone, thought so. I entertain the same view; indeed, it has ever been my aim so to regulate my life that perfect dignity combined with extreme affability, a strict observance of the most rigid propriety balanced by benevolence to the weakness of poor humanity in others, have hitherto characterised me.

This very summer my nephew, Jacob Sparesbanks, returned from school for the vacation. He was fifteen, and uncommonly intelligent. Though he often used expressions which I failed entirely to comprehend, he assured me they were much in fashion, and perfectly understood at school. One morning this dear boy proposed to me that we should together make a short pedestrian tour (I was to pay the expenses), urging that Jack Harles and his sister had done so, and derived both instruction and amusement. Dear Jacob I he evidently felt as if I were a sister to him, and dwelt unceasingly and in glowing terms on the delights of being like wild Arabs, with no trunks, free as the air, and never certain where to dine, leaping like roebucks up the magnificent mountains of Scotland, and again crouching in the heather.

I resolved to enter into his ardour. I had studied Scotch so diligently as to be able, by the aid of the glossary, perfectly to understand the dialect as represented in the Waverley Novels. I had also perused with attention *Christie Johnstone*; and though I had never attempted to pronounce the language, nor had I, indeed, heard it spoken, I had no doubt

of being able to catch the accent after intercourse with the natives. I had more than once walked seven miles in one day. Every one agrees that under excitement all powers are doubled, and should I not be excited? My costume was modelled under Jacob's directions. A pair of boots were made for me, laced in front, decorated with drab cloth and brass; the toes were worked in hieroglyphics; their weight and beauty were excessive. I was unable to practise walking in them in the house as I had at first intended, as the nails which studded the soles either rooted me fast to the carpet or tore it up by handfuls. After several falls, therefore, I reluctantly relinquished this idea. For the rest, my gown was as short as my views of propriety admitted, and on my head I poised an enormous brown hat. I carried a sandwich-case, and Jacob bore a knapsack and small flask.

Thus armed to the teeth, we commenced our travels; and early one fine summer morning we alighted from the railway-carriage at an obscure station situated on the north coast of—shire in Scotland, and made our way over what appeared to me exceedingly rough ground towards the sea. I must confess, that within the first half-hour my new boot hurt my right foot dreadfully, and I went rather lame. Jacob said, however, that this inconvenience would soon wear off, which it did, after a fashion; for before long my left foot was even worse, so as materially to lessen the visible limp, and make me devoutly wish to take a turn on my hands. My nephew, innocent of the reason, declared with delight that I was "right as a trivet, and stepped out like an old game screw." I hardly understood this phrase; but as it was evidently intended as applause, I held my peace. Why should I tell my dear boy that every step I took made me feel as if I had two great gimlets boring holes in my heels? We walked eight miles, Jacob said; but I think he was mistaken; *I know* it was eighteen; and then we sat down to dine within view of a small row of mud cottages, which closely overlooked a swelling black sea. Unluckily Jacob took it into his head to sail in a boat, to see the caverns and rocks to better advantage; and I was to clamber up on to St. — Head, whence I might look out for him, if I would.

The day was lovely, so I ascended the height in question. I thought twenty times that my beating heart would break my ribs as I panted up the steep. At last I cautiously crawled to the edge of the precipice which overhung the sea, and inserted my heels and elbows so dexterously into the soft nooks as in some fashion to nail myself safely on, in the form of an impaled bat or spread eagle. Two steep crags lay to my left, one in the arms of the other, if I may be pardoned the impropriety of the simile; gashes of white quartz lay across them like snow-wreaths in the hollows; a pale scanty green clothed the dentilated tops; then came a stratum of rock, of purple-pink hue, mottled thickly with grass; then an abrupt black wall, and sobbing and hugging the sides was the dark gurgling water. Upright blocks of granite rose in the midst here and there to a great height, being, I doubt not, as many feet above the sea as their base was below its level. They stood their ground, isolated and self-supporting. Thousands of sea-birds were on the wing, whirling and screaming. Two or three were riding on the waves, floating over each swell like water-lilies sleeping in the sun. Now and then a seaweed-covered rock was left bare of water for an instant; I should hardly think it saw the sky for more than a few seconds each day; and round, and beyond, far and wide, for many and many a Scottish mile, lay the vast expanse of dim blue waters, specked by scores of white sails puffed out by the wind. Those sea-birds distracted me sadly; they flew above my head in circles, uttering long plaintive wails, and anon sharp impatient bitter cries, which sounded like "Go back, go back!" What did they mean? What could they want? Why were they not self-supporting like me? Below, to my right, the high cliff, chiefly composed of red sandstone, sheltered a miniature harbour for fishing-snacks, some dozen of which were anchored therein after their night's voyage. Women

and children were visible at times, and fishermen lounged about inertly, mending their nets. In addition to the visible abodes, the cliff was hollowed out and channeled in such a manner as to afford dwelling-accommodation for more of these amphibious mortals. I endeavoured to compose and elevate my mind, as well as securely to fix my person. I contemplated the dreadful yet interesting fate which awaited me in case I slipped and sank into the cold embrace of the never-satisfied ocean. I depicted to myself the horror of my friends on learning my tragical death. Presently this train of reflection was broken through by the appearance of a small skiff rounding the point. A couple of fishermen in scarlet caps were urging it on, and dear Jacob was gracefully reposing in the stern. He afterwards told me that he could at first hardly believe his eyes, beholding me perched like a female osprey on so inaccessible a spot. He waved his handkerchief; I would have done the same, had I dared to take my elbows out of the hollows. The vessel then rounded another corner, and was lost to my devouring eyes.

I hope I am not tiring my reader by this apparent lingering over minute details of little interest; but I shrink with natural bashfulness from approaching the horrible termination of that day.

When Jacob rejoined me, we started again, and for several more weary miles we trudged on. Whenever we got down on to the shore, the cliff uniformly rose up so abruptly, that it was at the hazard of my life that I attempted to ascend it. More than once I seemed to myself to be wriggling in the air, supported solely by Jacob's hand; and proceeded otherwise we could not, as where the cliff projected the sea was many feet deep at the base. No sooner were we on the "brae-head," and it was impossible for us to descend again, than a ghastly ravine stretched itself across our path, with briers and furze at the sides, and a bog at the bottom. A sea-mist likewise came on, which first hid the sea and then the cliff; it obscured alike the sky and the track, and would, I believe, have hidden Jacob himself, had I trusted him for one instant from my side; but this, I need hardly say, I did not do, but persisted in firmly holding his hand. Our motto was ever, like Excelsior, "Onwards, upwards."

It was about 8 p.m., that, thoroughly tired, we tramped into the village of —. It may be that my step was less elastic, and that Jacob's young moustache drooped so pensively as to be nearly invisible; but in me my native energy bore me bravely up, and lifted me nicely over the stones. We addressed ourselves to a decent road-side inn, but learnt that it was more than filled with travellers. It was, I ought to mention, Saturday night; and I found that the folks were disposed to regard with small charity and cold looks any unlucky pedestrians likely to cause trouble on the Sabbath-day. We proceeded further up the place, followed by a troop of children in a savage state. At the only other place which bore the semblance of an inn we were sturdily assured, that "Yil we might hae, but beds we shouldna." "They thoct that Tibbie Mackie up the toon let lodgings to travellers, but they were no sure; and she mightna care to be fashed wi' tramps on the Sabbath-e'en." On we journeyed to Tibbie Mackie, an aged and cankered female, who came out of her house to "glower" at us, and inquire, "where the, puir soger-lad and that daft woman had come frae;" and then informed us that "her house was let to kent folk." So we proceeded further up this odious village, attended by an escort which increased momentarily in numbers. Every one refused to take us in, until I could have sat down and wept over their hardness of heart.

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity!"

as poor Hood says.

At length, among the silent gazers around, one grave dark woman, after staring steadily for some minutes into a waterbutt, as though to collect inspiration from its depths, uttered in a solemn voice this remarkable sentence:

"I aye lets lodgings to decent bodies."

"You are the woman for us, then," exclaimed Jacob.

We did not hesitate to consider ourselves "decent bodies;" and, in the hope that our hostess might prove the same, we followed her into her house.

"Ye'll be man and wife noo?" she said interrogatively.

I answered with dignity that we were otherwise connected, and required accommodation accordingly.

We entered her kitchen, at the further end of which were two box-beds. My readers north of the Tweed will understand what these were; but for the benefit of the uninitiated, I would remark, that they are beds inserted in the wall, like shelves in a wardrobe, or an oven, with this difference, they can't be drawn out. Between them was the passage down which it was presumable the other apartments were to be found. A great turf and wood fire blazed in the wide chimney, old, black, rambling, and vast as it was. About a dozen herrings were swimming in grease and frizzling in a frying-pan, filling the air with their odour. Eight wild-looking young people, with their long hair dangling about their necks, were crouched round, eyeing us askance, and pushing each other into view.

Mrs. Jean pulled out a black pipe, exceedingly short in the stem, and having lit it, composedly puffed away. I was resolved to be accommodating, at any rate for that evening; so when she stuffed and handed me a similar article, I placed it between my lips, having previously explained to her that I preferred it without the tobacco being ignited.

Presently, an oldish man with a pack on his back entered. He was attired in a suit of rusty black, and had a very red nose.

"Can I have a bed here?"

Mrs. Jean responded, without taking the pipe out of her mouth, in precisely the same words as before, "I aye lets lodgings to decent bodies."

So he likewise seated himself; and the scene appeared to me to resemble more or less an Arabian Night's Entertainment.

Being, I confess, sorely tired, I requested to be conducted to my bedroom. Mrs. Jean arose, and we proceeded along the passage,—which I discovered was only four feet long, and without a door at either end,—into a small room, in which were three beds; and the floor of it was of mud, or dirt, as children call it. One little window, composed of a thick pane of green glass, was fastened into the whitewashed wall, so as to give small hope of light, and none of air. Not another article of furniture was visible; and the good woman set down her candle, and, with her arms a-kinbo, looked round with an air which said, "Now what do you think of that? Are these not lodgings to set before a queen?" Now, my heart sank within me; but having the fear of man and also of woman before my eyes, I merely said, "Is this *my* room?" To which she answered cheerily, "Ye'll lie i' that bed; for women aye lie safter than men (parenthetically), and your lad will lie i' that bed, and the packman—decent mon—will lie i' the corner;" whereon she quitted me.

Some dreadful moments passed in dumb horror on my part. Violated propriety, injured modesty, stood aghast. Long venerated conventionalities were to be set at naught; and I, a single gentlewoman, against whom scandal had never yet lifted its forked tongue, was to be placed in the most delicate and questionable position. However, I recalled to memory all the suffering that had been endured by my sex since the creation, and braved my nerves to face the dread inevitable. I first rolled away the pillow and sheets, which looked as if they had afforded shelter to some score of decent bodies and their travelling companions. I was firmly resolved that not fear of torture or death should induce me to undress. I rolled my gown as tightly as possible round me, lay down, and drew the counterpane over me up to my chin. My first trial was Jacob's entry.

"Aunt Clem, where have you put yourself?"

"Here!" I exclaimed, dashing off my covering and sitting erect on my couch, so as to show him at once that I was in full dress. I then recounted to him our fate.

Poor nephew Jacob seemed a good deal more overcome than I anticipated or even wished; for he turned away, sitting down on his bed, and hiding his face in his hands. From the convulsive motion of his shoulders, he was evidently sobbing. At length, a kind of hysterical laugh warned me to recall him to actual life.

"Jacob," I said, "turn hither."

"Yes," he said, "Aunt Clem;" and his eyes were betrayingly bright, and the tears actually stood in them.

"Yes, Aunt Clem; what am I to do?"

"Do?" I said desperately; "do as I have done, and get under your counterpane dressed as you are, and pray that we may neither of us be eaten up alive before morning."

"Nor burnt," he added piously; "for that pedlar's nose in the kitchen looks red-hot enough to set the bedclothes on fire; and spontaneous combustion is a common thing in this country."

"Wake me," I said, "if you think such a fate will really befall that disreputable wayfarer."

"I can kick you in a friendly manner," returned Jacob; "for I see my feet are close to your head."

Before long, the packman really came in. Under these trying circumstances, I braved the immediate dread of being smothered, and modestly drew the coverlet entirely over my head. In less than one minute his clothes were deposited in a little stack on the floor, and he was in bed. I was a prey to the most agitating thoughts and fears. However, the night sped on, and I slept.

It seemed the middle of the night, when a heavy tramp broke on my ear, approaching nearer and nearer. Mrs. Jean entered in her night-clothes, followed by what was undoubtedly the largest militiaman I ever saw in my life. Jacob kicked me violently about the head and shoulders; but it did not need that to call my attention to this gigantic apparition. Mrs. Jean again quitted us; and once more I shrouded myself under the coverlet, but this time in speechless terror. I cautiously uncovered one eye. There stood the young colossus in the centre of the room, raw-boned, large-cared, with his yellow hair shorn half-way up his head behind to allow of his leather stock.

Moments flew on; still there he remained, apparently quite undecided where to bestow his huge person. Desperation nerved me. I had often heard of the powerful effect of the human eye. There was a hole in the counterpane the size of half-a-crown, and to this I applied one orbit, firing it with as much of a Van-Amburg expression as I could call up, and kept it unblinkingly and sternly on him. He gazed at it in return for full five minutes like one spell-bound. Exhausted nature could not have endured much longer, and that very eye was *just about to wink*, when he made a startling noise, and commenced flinging off his things at last, to my extreme relief, depositing himself in the "decent mon's" bed. The tossings and groanings of that unhappy son of Mars were something wonderful. He snorted and snored, turned and writhed, until I heard the pedlar exclaim:

"Hech, you wearyfu' mon, you gar me gang clean daft. Can ye no refrain frae daen yer mawnual exerceese i' bed?"

While I was trying to think whether this adventure could ever be so shaped as to admit of its being written even in my private diary, I fell asleep, and slept, I confess, soundly.

The woman appeared again, attired as before, in dusky white, and shook up the soldier, saying with a sort of pathos, "Get up, my bonnie laddie; you've a weary tramp afore ye."

So he thrust himself into his uniform, and cast one awe-stricken glance at my couch; but my one eye again glanced fiercely at him out of the porthole, and he disappeared.

Now, when the fresh sun streamed broadly into the little mud-floored, low-roofed chamber, I just popped out my head, thinking I would have one glimpse of the pedlar; and I hope I may be pardoned if I laughed at aught which was unwomanly and derogatory to behold. On his head was a conical white night-cap. His nose hung over the sheets

like a rich ripe tomato. It is to be supposed he found the atmosphere warm, for he had thrust his feet out at the bottom of the bed, and at that very moment was engaged in reconnoitring his toes, fanning them gently backwards and forwards, wagging them separately, and regarding them stedfastly, probably with admiration. I counted their number,—ten toes, as black as ink, and distinct as obelisks,—and having noted their colour and appearance, I hid myself again, feeling that if the packman were airing his dusky extremities, it was no business of Clementina Spareshaunks to spy into his recreations. When he vanished, which he did in due time, I summoned courage to leave my restless couch also.

Never, never shall I forget the nature of that night's reflections! It has ever been a consolation to me to think that under those trying circumstances I bore my part with fortitude and courage. That day I transferred to Jacob my purse, and returned home more than satisfied with that eventful episode in the life of a strong-minded gentlewoman.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted, must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer and stamped.]

ART AND NATURE, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By GEORGE W. THORNBURY. Hurst and Blackett.

THE author of this book prefaces it with the intimation that some of its chapters are the result partly of "notes made on the back of his passport during many tramping artist-tours." For other chapters he sought his inspiration no further than in a Cheapside-walk, beginning them when the "ice was jostling and grinding against the great Thames bridges, and concluding his work when the old City lay panting, open-mouthed, for air under the blaze of a summer's sun." These miscellaneous influences are all vividly reflected in his pages.

Mr. Thornbury has the eye of an artist; he beholds pictures in every thing, or rather suggestions of pictures; and with a few bold strokes of his pen—we were about to write pencil—he makes us see what he sees, and enjoy what he so evidently enjoys. His very preface (and we all know what it is to shudder at a preface) is in itself a pleasing little chapter. Who does not feel a sympathy with the man who, in a hot August afternoon, casting longing glances at the corner where leans his old notched and worn Alpenstock, builds up strawberry-ices and imagines them "Alpses" crimson with sunset? Who has not shared with him the delusion that the gratified bow of the smiling landlord was an honour peculiar to himself? Who would not glow at the remembrance of his "first palm-tree," his "first view of the Tiber?" Nevertheless, we had rather turn over the contents of our artist's portfolio, his sketches with their broad contrasts of light and shade, his effective little touches of scarlet, so dear to all painters, than we would stand before his finished picture. Elaboration, whenever displayed, is at present with him too visibly an art, and we cannot join at present in his longings for larger canvas and larger brushes.

Mr. Thornbury is a Londoner, and a worthy and admiring son of his great parent, whose face he has known and loved from childhood. Let him speak for himself.

"Do you know a city, reader, with miles, thousands of miles of streets; with houses—huge blocks of brute matter, pierced with holes, no more, as far as regards any hidden laws of beauty; yet at twilight toning down into grandeur, and at midnight massing into mountains of black marble, with a monotonous splendour of repetition worthy of Hades, and not to be matched this side of Purgatory. For buttresses of shadow, and rank and file of colossal darkness veiling life, is there any thing to equal

London by night? It may be ruin, it may be dead empire; but there it is, eluding the eye, mocking the sense, and filling the brain with a repotition which is incontestably sublime.

Talk of Paris, with its glittering whiteness, its fountain-squares, its columns and arches, its monster domes, its swift narrow river, chained and subjugated by bridges, its stainless sapphirine air, and light, laughing, restless crowds,—what is that to London, on a bright March blustering day, with its million chimneys, each one with its own banner of white smoke, its torrent-rush of endless crowds, rough and tumultuous, and its great canopy of vapour, fire-veined, now sun-smitten, now driven up in tempest-heaps, now thinning and growing glorified with light?

What pictures by night! Walk for hours, walk till the foot grows sore and the brain grows weary, still lamps, lamps, and floods of men and life, rushing, toiling through a thousand veins. Set your face westward, and determine to tear through this wearying seeth of life, and get into the green fresh fields, for which you gasp like a parched Lazarus—you cannot do it. Three hours—still houses and lamps and streets; you turn back and obey your doom; for the country flies you, or you are pursued by the houses."

Where there exists strong moral contrasts there will be always poetry. Nor can we wonder that our author finds so much of this kind in London. We must add, however, that much of it exists in the moral suggestiveness of the objects described, rather than in such forms as directly express beauty, and the charm of which is independent of their associations. The expression of London may be poetical; but, with rare exceptions, as much cannot be said for its physique.

The chapter on indoor and outdoor life,—the life of London and the life of the continental cities, with Paris at their head,—is sketched with spirit, and on the whole with discrimination. For example:

"English life is domestic, French is social; and in these epithets we characterise their best aspects. English life being more concentrated and restricted, has a tendency to become narrow and selfish; French life, too diffuse and too varied, has a tendency to become frivolous and restless. The English tradesman wanting dinner, paces slowly to the murky dining-room, say of an alley in Fleet Street, dives silently into his walled-up stall, in a place dark before two o'clock, at least in winter. The Frenchman goes, say to the Palais Royal, and sits down with four strangers at a marble table open to all eyes. Ladies are there, unstarved at and unheeding; crowds of soldiers are laughing and chatting; the room is elegant and the ceiling painted. It is no more like Wine-office Court than an Esquimaux hut is like the Louvre. But the Englishman likes the comfortable,—that wonderful word foreigners admire, but laugh at. He likes the snug home-feeling, the old waiter, the fireplace, the sandal floor: his fancy is one of association, and deals with the past as much as the present. But the Frenchman is altogether a being of to-day.

The Frenchman is gay and vivacious, so are his theatres, his statues, his shop-fittings, his manners. Abounding in animal spirits, his work appears effective and unstudied. The Englishman is dull, heavy, and laboured, weighed down by a dyspeptic sense of climate, air, and diet. The wine-drinker carols the songs of Béranger, all about love and the *danse* and *la belle France*. The beer-drinker flies to gloomy declarations of freedom, and ballads with tragical conclusions. Contrast London and Paris: the one with its many bridges, sable river, miles of dark roofs and smoky clouds, through which emerges one mighty dome crowned by a glittering cross; the other, a sunny mass of brightness, with fountain-squares, roads lined with trees, triumphal arches, columns, showy statues, and stately buildings;—the one city full of quaint nooks and odd surprises; the other of broad piazzas and records of greatness; the one all smoke and fog and blackness, the other all gold, azure, and sky and sun. The one city drives us indoors to escape melancholy, the other out of doors to participate in its bounty. Imagine rows of little marble tables down Cheapside; imagine black walled-up shops, like so many private vaults, stretching along the Boulevards. A Frenchman is educated by the society of the café, by its elegance and splendour; there he learns to prefer others to himself,* to respect the weak, and he does not elbow or tread on toes, or bully waiters, merely because the waiter is polite and well-mannered as himself. There is no position to earn, to fight for, or to maintain.

Clubs and cafés: here are the two nations sketched in two words—aristocratic and republican,—the splendour of the nobles, the splendour of the middle-class. Plate-glass mirrors,

marble, and gilding, for twelve pounds a year, and for three-pence a night. . . . Pride is rich, and content with private reality; vanity must have every building an altar to its own glory. Pride is the idol of London, vanity of Paris. Two or three Wollingtons, Sir Robert Peel, a king or two, a duke and a queen, are almost all that London can set against all the records of national glory that adorn the city of the Seine."

The substance of this has often been said before, but there is a freshness and piquancy in the manner of saying that makes it new.

Further on, under the heading of "English Manners and French Manners," Mr. Thornbury recurs to what is evidently a favourite topic. He observes:

"A Frenchman seems gratified at an opportunity of being polite; an Englishman to regret the trouble it costs him. An Englishman grows tired after the third bow, and looks vexed, sullen, and impatient; the Frenchman's desire to please seems strengthened by habit. His back is india-rubber, his hams enrouche, his hat-brim is metallic, and looks never the shabbier for repeated handling. His courtesy at the first meeting does not imply eternal friendship, yet is as sincere as the cold cautious bend of the Englishman. John Bull, if he can, considers it a clear gain to slip round a corner and escape shaking hands; Monsieur waits ten minutes at a café-door in hope of meeting a friend. . . . Long ages of trying to please has made a Frenchman disposed to bow upon very small provocation—too small we think. Long ages of stiff-neckedness and doggedness have made us rather inclined to break than to bend. If you shake up a Frenchman from a sleep, the first word that he murmurs will probably be 'merci!' I should be sorry to repeat the exclamation that a surly Englishman would most likely utter. We regret to say it, but duty impels us, French politeness is an instinct, English politeness a lesson badly learnt."

This extract at once illustrates the writer's merits and his faults. He is quick to perceive, but in too much haste to classify. True politeness, we apprehend, is pretty much the same in essence every where; and we think Mr. Thornbury somewhat undervalues his countrymen in those cases where the quality really exists.

Allowing a little for a lively imagination, is the portrait above drawn quite unknown to us? O my countrymen, have you never slipped round the convenient corner when you saw Smith with pre-occupied air proceeding up the street; or had Smith been the first to catch sight of you, could he have resisted a favourable opportunity to do likewise? We inquire of own conscience, and it answers "guilty."

On his own artist-ground we are indebted to Mr. Thornbury for showing us the nicer varieties of Dutch art. The amateur is apt hastily to regard a Dutch boor as a Dutch boor, whether painted by Teniers or by Ostade; but it is not so.

"The world of Teniers is a disreputable, second-rate alcoholic world, very far on this side heaven. His men do not love, they lust; they do not drink for society's sake, but to get drunk. They are mean, selfish, dirty, and despicable. Yet such were the men who tore De Witt to pieces, and shouted as William steered towards England. Louis XIV. longed to have them as his subjects; and such men as Vane and Bradshaw yearned to make Holland and England one republic. The fact is, it is only a nest of oddities that Teniers paints—men that he has seen through windows in dusky streets, startled by their sudden shout as he mused by, looking out for stray sunbeams and chance glooms lurking all day under archways. . . . In the streets, Ben Jonson himself could not be more alive to humour. His characters are almost as individualised as those of Dickens. His ale-houses have a jug hung up for a sign, with sometimes a spoon beside it—a sufficiently obvious allegory to the traveller. Not unfrequently there is a garland round the jug, and often, too, a sign with an heraldic bearing. Below always the same large-nosed toothless men, with loose breeches and looser morals, play at bowls, shoot at the butts; and dwarfish men eye them with dull eagerness, their hands behind their backs, and heads thrown forward. The storks who build in Dutch roofs are passing in the air careless of the arrows. In the distance is a spire, where the men once a week pray. At Teniers' dances there is always a man asleep and snoring, a pair of lovers, a man filling his pipe, a group of critics, a wealth of vegetables, and the immemorial brass-pan. The man who fills his pipe does it with protruded lips and arms and face, and the man who sings over his ale does it with wry mouth and shut eyes. The Dutchman does not care much for natural things done naturally, but prefers odd things

done oddly. Still his world is a dismal world, noisy with pots hammering on a thousand tables, noisy with drunken Dutch shouts and curses, the upsetting of barrels and chairs, and the angry tearing of cards. There is no blue sky, no children, no pure love, no fathers, no home, no religion. Ostade is gold, and Teniers is silver. One is clear; the other full of gloom and mystery, and suggestions of scenes without, above and below the spectator. From his rooms in some dim corner you always see a staircase winding up to another room, where the fancy will wander; or a corridor is flung open, and we have a glimpse of veined vine-leaves and an azure sea of air. He loves children too, and paints them as a father would. There they stand gaping at the Jew spectacle-seller and the knife-grinder, and have not moved on for two hundred years. He does not seem to despise his boors so much as Teniers does, and paints them with more appreciation, more lovingly, and less as abstractions. His Sir Toby Belches are merry disreputable fellows that you long to know. They are not always boozing and setting by themselves; but we see them feeding their children, saying grace, or leaning over their door-hatches in a quiet noontide of contentment. Ostade seems a happier man than Teniers, and lives in purer air with more sun in it. We are glad to escape from that constant stench in Teniers of smoke and ale. . . . Even in a hall at an inn, Ostade must widen the scene by a glimpse of outdoor nature, and so brings in a pile of boughs to decorate the room. Always kindly is this Dutchman; his large eye warms and dilates when he sees a poor man thanking God for his loaf and soup; and he always smiles unconsciously when he sees a child, the bud-man just fresh from God's hand, a creature wearing still a little of the angel, its breath having something of the fragrance of our lost paradise. . . . We are indebted to these Dutch painters for fitting up a fresh chamber in the palace of art. A snug fire-lit place, sunset-lit or fire-warmed with Ostade; wintry and bright with Teniers,—a strange place full of disreputable toppers, with ale-mouthed flagons and pewter-lids, old beer-jugs, and long fathom-deep ale-glasses, and short fat pipes, and sabot clattering dances, and matches of quilles, and fringed drums and banners, crimson and blue. Doves of calm dappled kine in quiet rich meadows, with gleams of level bright canal, and clumps of silvery willows, and bathing glows of Cuyp sunniness, and dashes of black and white-horsed troopers, and flashes of red pistol-smoke, and drifts of jangling troopers hewing and slashing, and rooms piled up with flowers and bas-reliefs, and glimpses of a kitchen full of a wealth of brass pans and white-rooted onions, and coming down a dusky winding stair a gallant in gray and blue, and a fair Friesland girl nestled up in a scarlet bodice trimmed with puffy snowy swan's down."

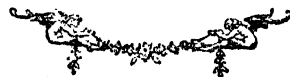
Hogarth has a long chapter to himself, and the great painter of dramas is evidently treated *con amore*. After a biographical and anecdotal introduction, we leave the man, and pass to the painter.

"Hogarth was rather a great satirist who chose to paint, than a great painter who chose to satirise. He is essentially the painter of London life, and as arrant a cockney as was ever wakened by Bow bells. Yet gifted with a divine and piercing insight, London became to him as a mirror in which he saw reflected all those passions and follies of the great world that make the angels weep. His characters wore wigs and cocked-hats; but they are of all time, and are as like Adam as they can well stand. He is a caricaturist, yet always true to nature. His works are enough alone to prove the truth of physiognomy. He is, however, by no means a mere buffoon. There is, indeed, a certain lurid atmosphere about his pictures that always makes me regard them with a cold creeping of the blood that is almost a shudder. His vice is very vicious, his black badness intensely black. . . . His pathos is rare, but deep. When he sheds a tear it moves us, because it is a tear sullenly and reluctantly shed by a strong man. There are always children to calm his crowds, and his deepest vice has some touch of innocence to keep up our faith in the possibility of goodness. His madman laughs, but the nurses sorrow; his idle apprentice curses, but the broken-hearted mother weeps. When the sea of beggary and vice seethes and roars about the wretched praying man in the hangman's cart, there is one woman to shed tears on his coffin. . . . Hogarth's minute touches of humour are innumerable. What can be more admirable than his 'Ten Commandments' with the crack running through them, the poor-box with a cobweb over the slit, the miser's shoes soled with pieces of the cover of a Bible, and his poor poet's scheme for paying the national debt! Few things are more felicitous than his speculator's complicated machine, all wheels and pulleys, for drawing a cork, and the starved cat looking wistfully for food in the open plate-chest. . . . Hogarth has had no imitators because he is inimitable; he had no predecessors, therefore he was original. He taught us all, painters or not, one lesson—that seeing deeply one age is to know all ages. Of Hogarth alone of painters it may be said, that

he was never monotonous, never wearisome, always in earnest, always in good-humour, always English."

It is an ungrateful task to find fault where we have received so much pleasure; but truth compels us to state, that though a pleasant and brilliant gossip, our author shares the weakness of most gossips, and pays too long visits. He has dropped in with the intention of spending the evening with you. For the first hour you are delighted, you laugh, you think to yourself you shall never tire of so pleasant a fellow; in the second, the talk loses somewhat of its point, the interest becomes strained, and perhaps evaporates altogether. So with *Art and Nature*. For some time we read because we can't help it; we rub our hands, put our feet on the fender, and congratulate ourselves on having got hold of a good thing. And though this is quite true in the main, later on we read because we have been pleased, and cannot yet realise that we are not quite so much so.

Curiously enough, one reason of this abated interest is the unrelieved picture-writing in which Mr. Thornbury indulges. Every page sparkles and glows, or at least aims to do so. One who understands the laws of art so well should have avoided this monotony of brightness. Still, whoever takes up the book at intervals will find much to arrest, charm, and even to instruct. True, all that is valuable might have been compressed into much less space. "Where to end—eternal difficulty of writers!" exclaims the present one. It is a difficulty which he has not yet surmounted. Nevertheless the present volumes display a sense of beauty so fresh and individual, with powers of observation and comment so keen and vigorous, that we shall gladly hear Mr. Thornbury wherever he begins again.



THOUGHTS ON LIFE, BY ONE WHO HAS SEEN IT.

If, in love, "the woman who hesitates is lost," the man who hesitates *has* lost; how much, he will learn the next time he tries.

Is it wicked to suppose that virtue is easier to the gentler sex than charity? Women are, however, doing more for women in these days. See the Institution for Governesses. Moreover, woman never looks so like an angel as when she is forgiving one of her own sex.

ALWAYS cut up savagely a man who announces that "he makes a point of speaking his mind," as he is sure to have a disagreeable one to speak. A good fellow may speak his mind, and be a good fellow still; but he will not state it beforehand.

I AGREE with a certain old writer, who maintains the hood is the legitimate head-gear for females in England. The old ecclesiastical flowing robe and hood, lined with rich soft white silk, would make a pretty girl look irresistible. Depend on it, also, that the hood is as flirtatious an instrument as a fan.

As a general rule, a speculative mind will not be prone to intensely metaphysical writings, such as the two Coleridges. They prefer hard sayings on which to speculate for themselves. The book of Proverbs and Bacon will be their favourites. They do not want to be carried along, but set a-going.

WOMEN have an aptitude—nay, a positive liking—for being oppressed, provided it be done with skill and discernment.—N.B. Let not every stupid fellow think, therefore, that he is able to do it.

I CONSIDER sherbet a rascally acid potation, which no one who has a regard for his stomach should ever touch. For a summer beverage, I recommend the following: Into a large

crystal goblet, half-filled with spring-water, pour a frothed glass of red champagne, then drop a lemon-water ice into it.

He has not thoroughly enjoyed tobacco who has never smoked the hookah of the East. The oil which exudes from the cigar on to the lips is a nuisance. This is all left floating on the perfumed waters of the hookah, and the smoke is further cooled and purified by the amber *narguilé*. For the sort of tobacco, I prefer the Latakia as most fragrant and creamy, if it can be procured genuine. Then, O what luxury for a true believer! As the intoxication of inhaled ether is to imbibed brandy-and-water, as love-making is to matrimony, so, O reader, is the hookah to a cigar.

I'm inclined to think the real difference between a man's and a woman's heart lies in the woman's power to trust. All else may be masculine—understanding, pursuits, &c., even a freedom from the usual category of female vanities; she may have forgotten how to blush, and learnt never to fear; but so long as she can trust, she has not lost the true woman's essence. Women may fairly claim an exemption from the native suspicion and selfishness of men in this respect. There is about their loves a fearless *abandon*, a genuine exemplification of "making idols to find them clay." I knew a woman who had a masculine intellect, an indomitable will, and ambition sufficient to remove mountains, could ambition have stood for faith. And yet in one solitary instance trust was even there—it lay like a gem enshrined in her heart, bright and pure; and in this very one weak part she was deceived. Alas for woman!

ANALYSE some brilliant talkers, and they will be found purely reflective. A man of this description, properly to develop his powers, requires more than one listener. The greater number the better. Like prisms, the many-sided are the most effective. In a *tête-à-tête* they become monotonous, and resemble a looking-glass that reflects only one image.

NEXT to a lover's love, there is nothing like a lover's hate.

DESIGN FOR A COUNTRY HOUSE.

By E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHTROT.

THE idea of the external character of this house has been taken from that dreamy style of architecture which marks the last vital period of Gothic art prior to the return to classical models, or what is phrased the Revival. It is not for us here to comment on the anomaly of no style of *our own* existing. Perhaps, after all, it is not an anomaly; perhaps it may be clearly traceable to the confusion of ideas which at present prevails in art,—to the hesitation between reverence for antiquity and the natural impulse to *think for ourselves* independently of antiquity. We cannot, however, enter into those considerations; they would occupy too much space. We have given a design for a dwelling,—a *home*, in a form of tangible expression which will still appeal to the sympathies and feelings of many in the land, as it formerly did to those of our forefathers who originated it. Our last villa was in Italian architecture; this country-house is in Tudor, so called from the race of kings under whom it was developed. There is an irregularity in the buildings of this period as singularly conducive to picturesqueness of effect as to convenience of disposition; and perhaps they are, above all others, those which harmonise most finely with the luxurious wildness of natural scenery.

Although an olden style has been adopted, we have not adhered to the internal dispositions of the period, as quaintly described by a certain Dr. Boorde in his *Dyeterie, or Regiment of Health*, published in 1547. "Make the hall of such fashion that the parlor be annexed to the head of the hall, and the buttyre and pantrye at the lower ende thereof; the cellar under the pantrye sett somewhat at a base; the kechyn sett somewhat at a base from the buttyre and pan-

trye; coming with an entrie within by the wall of the buttrie; the pastrie house and the larder annexed to the kechyn. Then divyde the logginges by the circuit of the quadriviral court, and let the gate-house be opposite, or against the hall doore; not directly, but the hall doore standing abase of the gate-house, in the middle of the front enteringe into the place. Let the provye-chamber be annexed to the great chamber of estate, with other chambers necessary for the buildinge; so that many of the chambers may have a prospecte into the chapell."

If modern civilisation and requirements have not originated new styles of architecture, they imperatively demand very different internal arrangements from those which suited the tastes and mode of life of peoples who have for centuries passed away; leaving, however, behind them, in their domestic habitations, much that casts an instructive and deeply interesting light on their customs, ideas, and inner life. With us it will not be so. We build for ninety-nine years, smiling in our selfishness at the idea of an ancestral home, in which our descendants might say:—"By this fire-side our ancestor mused; that terrace was his favourite walk; in this oriel he loved to sit and gaze at the glories of the setting-sun, bathing in a mystic glow the much-loved distant hills." The wigwams of Indians will not be more completely swept away in two hundred years than English domestic habitations of the nineteenth century. But it is good for *trade*, say some. So let it be: the mistake will some day be discovered; in such commercial absorption all the finer feelings of humanity must disappear.

The accommodation in the design under description comprises, on the ground-floor, a spacious hall and open staircase; a passage leading from the former to the kitchen-offices, the door at the entrance to it cutting off disagreeable noises and odours arising from cooking and cleaning operations. The dining and drawing and secondary drawing rooms are so planned that, on opening the doors, a view is obtained *en suite*, terminating at the bay-windows, commanding prospects into the grounds; and the library is conveniently placed for quiet and retirement. In the servants' department are kitchen, scullery, and closets. In the basement below is ample space for dairy, wine and coal cellars. On the first-floor level, five bedrooms, a boudoir, one dressing-room, and closets, are conveniently arranged. It will be at once perceived that there are principal and servants' staircases. Two bedrooms for servants, together with a lumber-room, are proposed to be formed, partly in the roof, over the kitchen-offices at the rear part of the house. The house is intended to be erected of brickwork, with stone dressings to the quoins, windows, &c.; and the average cost may be set down at 2300*l*.

In our next we shall try what can be done for persons of more limited means than we have yet considered.

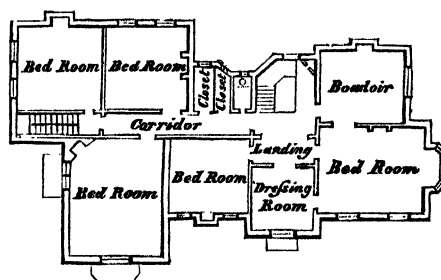
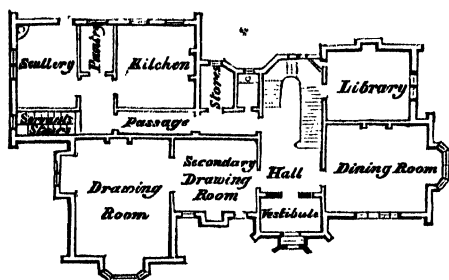
SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

At sunrise he went forth, his ladye-love to meet;
At sunset still he came not, tho' his step was light and fleet.
At sunrise she looked forth, smiling o'er the castle-wall;
At sunset she looked forth, and fast her tears did fall.
At sunrise he had donned his suit of purple pall;
At sunset it was sullied with a dark stain over all.
At sunrise her fair maidens filled with wine a cup of gold;
At sunset still it reddened in that massive goblet old.
At sunrise his joy-song was echoed far and wide;
At sunset he lay mute with an arrow in his side.
At sunrise she had braided her locks with meikle care;
At sunset she tore wildly that long and flowing hair.
At sunset she had wandered upon her mournful quest;
At sunrise she had found him, and lay dead upon his breast.

F.



DESIGN FOR A TUDOR COUNTRY-HOUSE.



Scale of Feet.

GROUND PLAN.



FRONT ELEVATION.



SIDE ELEVATION.

A TALE OF THE LOTHIANS.

"Ye are out late on the hills the night, Jean; why are ye no at hame? It's a wild night."

"A wild night ye ca' it? ay, it's a bonnie night, wi' the wind whirling and screaming round ane. As I crossed the brig a while syne, it scoot under it in a fearsome manner."

"But it's ower late for ye, Jean. Ye'll be happening some harm."

"Naeboddy wad harm me; for I'm mad, ye ken. They ca' me daft Jean, ye mind;" and a cunning smile stole over her worn features.

"Come hame wi' me, then," returned the girl, laying her hand coaxingly on Jean's shoulder, "and sup brose wi' us. Father and mither wad be blithe to see ye."

"I canna doo that, Miss Annie," said Jean; "there's mair wi' me than ye ken o'. I maun be doon i' the craigie by this. He suld want me. He ye no hear him ca' 'Mither, mither'? The water drips sae; come wi' me, Miss Annie; I hae business for ye. It was your hair was sae gowden, and your e'en were sae blue, they made his heart sair to see them," she continued dreamily.

"No, no," said the girl hurriedly; "I winna come to night, Jean; my father wad be fashed."

"And ye'll no come, Miss Annie Cameron?" returned Jean, peering wistfully in the girl's face. Then she sprang off singing, "Heeh, he lies doon, doon i' the craigie-hole, doon i' the burnie, and the green rushes grow aboon him." Then she snatched both the girl's hands. "Miss Annie, ye maun come syne or late; there's great scant o' water."

Annie released herself. She was not frightened. Who would be frightened of "daft Jean?" "Puir Jean, gude night, Jean. I'm vae for ye; gang to your hame."

The mad woman stood looking for a moment vacantly after her, as she walked with a blithe stately step rapidly on. On the left rose steep a high hill of slaty stones, with here and there a patch of long heather and foxglove. On the right was some sedgy ground, and then an abrupt fall; and, from the gurgling monotonous noise audible, one would guess a mountain-stream held its course below. Black moor-hills stretched away again on the other side. By and by the ground grew less rugged and stony. Annie Cameron descended swiftly down into a hollow, crossed a slender foot-bridge, then came to a copse of stunted birch and alder trees hung with pale-green moss. From this she emerged into a lovely glade of fine soft herbage, bordered with wood; fairy rings and many-coloured fungi lay around on the stained damp ground. She carefully avoided stepping on these. And now she was on the moor-hills again, following the sheep-track, which was her sole guide. Her feet bruised the whortleberry, and crushed the wild thyme; and this last, like many another thing, gave out in dying its most fragrant odour. As if a thought had suddenly struck her, she turned round, and looked intently back. Her eye ran along the course of the burn until it rested on a high dark prominence, with a very steep fall on the left side. There against the sky was the dim outline of a human figure, tossing its arms and walking to and fro. The girl seemed half undecided. She glanced upwards; the gray clouds were drifting fast over the sky, and evening was rapidly closing in.

"The creature's glowering ower that craigie-rock again," she muttered. "It's an awfu' sight. She's sae fond of the place, puir body, syne Geordie was found there. I'll ask father what turned her mind sae; for he ance said he kenned, and that he minded when she was the bonniest girl i' the village." She came by the burn-side once more here, and turning suddenly round a corner, was at once on a spot of great natural beauty. A low thatched rambling farmhouse lay in a sort of hollow; and the light in the window, and the strong smell of turf burning, spoke of warmth and comfort.

At sight of home, the girl sprang forward, and in another minute she was in the house. A large peat-fire blazed on the hearth. One or two bare-legged high-cheek-boned

laddies were clustered round, with half-pages in their hands, conning busily, and accepting with wary discretion the dogmas therein inculcated. A delicate-looking woman, with a sweet comely countenance, welcomed her with, "The laddies have been worrying for you, Annie; they wanted you to read them their bit lessons." The girl removed her bonnet, and masses of sunny yellow hair fell thick and heavy on her neck. A pair of calm, trusting, soft gray eyes were quilo in unison with a very lovely and pure-looking young face. One would say her features told of Puritan fathers and forefathers. The wife's eye brightened as a well-known foot-step was heard on the threshold. The door opened, and a man entered, with his plaid round him, and his dog at his heels. He was a tall man, and might be a score of years older than his wife; but time had not bent his wiry athletic frame, though it had sown his dark hair thickly with gray. As he unbowed, in spite of the shaggy eyebrows which half hid keen bright eyes, and the rigid square setting of the jaw, his face bore a strange though rugged resemblance to his daughter's. This was old Willie Cameron. For near three hundred years his family had lived and toiled on that land, and had gone to dust in the same kirkyard. There he stood, a genuine descendant of his old Covenant ancestors,—of the men who had struggled and bled and died for their stern quaint creed, given for it their heart's blood and soul's travail,—of the women, who had been quietly martyred, and had died gladly. Well, their faith might be gloomy, but it supported them gloriously when death stood at their right hand; and hardly any creed can do more. Annie took her father's bonnet and plaid, and set for him a roughly-carved oaken chair with a reverent grace which became her well. The supper was placed on the table, and the young ones drew round. It was not long before Mother Eve prompted Annie.

"I have been round to Stratherglen, father; and as I came round by the burnie-stanes, who suld I meet but daft Jean. Was she always sae miserable in her mind and sae sadly demented, puir thing?"

"Nae, Annie. It's a sad tale of wrong wrought by man, and suffered by woman. I'm an auld man now; but it seems like yesterday that I remember Jean the fairest, merriest girl in the hills of —. She had dark-blue e'en and a sort of chestnut-coloured hair; she has them still; but her e'en are wild, and her hair is tint wi' gray, and her face is strewn and scared wi' sorrow. She was a slender bit of a lassie then. Angus M'Kenzie played false to that poor girl; and the wee bairn which she bore into the world had a graceless father and an unwed mother, who with such shame and grief could hardly lift up her stricken head. Then it pleased the Almighty to lay his hand heavily on her; and her mind was distraught with strange fancies. Day by day she bided about the kirk-door, waiting, as she said, for Angus M'Kenzie to keep his promise to her. He never came; and soon he left the village entirely, where, indeed, he was ill looked on by all. Her boy Geordie grew up a fine bold boy, and his mother's heart seemed wrapped up in him. She often greeted; and the doctor said that was a gude sign; indeed, her raving fits came not so often, and not so fearsome to behold. In the coldest winter blast, when the snaw was driving, or when in summer the thunder and lightning and storm were heavy in the hills, and a' folk were glad to bide at hame, she wad be the night long on the muir among the heather, skirling ower the linn and fens. They said a full moon or a wild wind made her sae she couldna bide in doors. It came frae all this that the white slim girl grew into a meagre, gaunt, weather-worn woman, fleet o' foot, and muscles strung and knotted like the tawse. She lo'ed her bairn weel; and, considering she was out of her mind did just wonderfully by him. He had black e'en like his father, and was a wilfu' laddie. You can all remember when the unfortunate laddie was found drowned in the deep pool under the Black Craigie? How it happened nane can tell. He was sixteen years auld then, and weel able to take care of himsel'. One doctor hoped that the shock of seeing his body

taken frae the waters, wi' the white face and lang dripping black hair, wad be of service to her mind; but she didna greet much then, and I wondered at it. But frae that day to this she's always hanging ower the craigie; and there's a strange glint in her e'en."

"Do you no think medicine wad heal her?" asked Annie.

"The hand of the Lord is on her," answered her father solemnly; "and He who has laid the burden will remove it when He sees fit to do so."

The remnants of the meal were laid aside; the usual simple prayer offered up; and soon all beneath that roof slept in peace.

That cold wan light which betokens the break of day appeared over the hills, as a female attired in somewhat patchwork costume walked quickly along the sheep-track. Presently she quitted it. Hill or plain, rough or smooth, she never relaxed her pace. She crossed a bog, and splashed in ankle-deep unflinchingly; then out again, crossed a mountain-ravine, leaping with the activity of a goat from point to point. At last, she approached a group of cottages; she passed them, and then reached two straggling hovels at the far end of the village. She stopped at the door of one of these, put her finger through a hole in it, and unfastened the inner latch. It opened into a narrow passage, with a door again to the left. A voice was heard over the stairs, "Hech, Jeannie, where hae ye been, woman? Ye suld keep better hours;" and a hard, anxious, though kindly face appeared.

"Dinna harry me, Maggie, wi' your daffing; I'm sair weary, and I'll just gang to my bed."

She turned into the room. The walls were painted some dark colour, so that dirt might there repose unobtrusively; and the brick-floor was some inches thick with accumulation; the ceiling was black with smoke; and the smell close and unwholesome. Some peacock's feathers were fantastically arranged against the wall; and a three-cornered cupboard, that had once possessed glass fronts, contained some marvellous specimens of pottery. Jeannie took off the article that did duty for a gown, and then the poor creature knelt down before the glimmer that lingered in the fire, and chafed her hands, talking to herself as she peered wistfully around her. Her scanty clothing revealed a wonderfully emaciated skeleton-like figure; and hanging from a bit of string round her neck, a half-sixpence lay on her withered breast. In a few minutes she was in her bed, but not to sleep, apparently; for she leant out, and addressed an imaginary audience:

"Hech, sirs, and ye are kind to come and see the puir body; but ye mair keep your distance, for I am, ye ken, to be treated with respect;" and she waved her hand with a strange dignity. "The auld wives ca' me daft Jean; but I'm no that; I'm just mair gleg than they who ca' me sae. Many a crooked skein hae I unravelled; but stann' back, beggars and gentlemen all. I'm Lady Jean o' the Isles, ye ken; and I wad speak wi' ye aunt my son, the king o' the Isles." Then she sobbed, "But I'm whiles gran' and I'm whiles puir;" and she rocked herself to and fro. Then she suddenly demanded angrily, "Gude woman, what gars ye peer over the Black Pool sae? I'm just seeking my puir son, laird, and I never had but one. Hech, auld wife, dinna rive the lang weeds i' that gate! It's his black tup ye hold sae tight, and it's his hair twining 'mang the burnie-stanes. He lo'ed so weel the lassie wi' the gowden hair; and noo he lies sae gran' and still." Then she sang, "Green grow the rushes, O, ower my laddie; and the water-lily blows, and the dead leaves twist aff the trees and swirl ower his head." There was a pause; and she recommenced much more rapidly and in a higher key, as a red flush stole over her face, and the veins swelled in her temples and neck: "Black-e'd Angus was a rare thief; he took all frae me that I had to gie, and he said I was to be his ain wife; and lang, lang I bided by the kirk-gate; but it's many a day syno, and he has no come. What, ye here, Gowiepe o' Strathpen? and ye, too, Dame Elpeepe?" and she pointed her skinny fingers.

"Aye geck, and aye girn, ye auld randy wives, ye taupie ne'er-do-weel that ye are. Bide wi' ye, ye tell me? I'll bide nae wi' ye;" and more than one imprecation mingled with her raving. At length she leant back exhausted; her mutterings grew almost inaudible, her wanderings were gradually hushed, and soon the poor maniac sank to rest; and we will hope sleep brought peace to her poor heart.

High on the hill-side, a gray stone building reared itself modestly. The plantation of Scotch fir-trees which flanked it were all one-sided, showing by the bare leafless aspect which they presented that north-east winds in their pitiless storms affected even fir-trees. Patches of corn and potatoes were close round the garden, not perhaps exhibiting the appearance of high farming. Facing the house the ground broke away abruptly. At the foot of the hill was a little thicket of birch and hazel trees. You could not see the silvery trout-stream which they sheltered; but you might hear its low-toned song. Beyond this lay the vast range of — Hills; those near looking craggy, terrible, and black; while the far-off ones were softened and rounded by distance, and shaded with purple by the mist. This building was the manse,—a word dear to many a Scottish heart. No beggar ever went thence unrelieved; no heart was turned away quite uncomfortable. Many a young love-affair has been advised on there by the minister's wife, who, austere in principle, but so gentle and womanly in practice, has counselled still to wait and still to hope, still to love, until at last two glad hearts have blessed her.

She was seated in the parlour. Now to describe her. As soon as she turned her face, we don't know how it was, but you loved her; she looked so good and so comely. Her hair, which, it must be owned, was more inclined in hue to red than golden, was now threaded with a few gray hairs; a broad forehead, and large benevolent joyous blue eyes, were further set off by a peach-like complexion that many a young girl might have envied.

Mr. Hume entered. He was pale,—not a strong pale, but an asthenic paleness,—with a relaxed system and excitable nerves. His light hair was brushed carefully back, revealing a rather narrow but venerative forehead; his uncertain glance and weak voice completed the description. He fidgetted about. "Mary, you'll do that?" and "Mary, do this? and put me in mind to call at Wilistonlaw?"

"Yes, James; I'll bear it in mind."

Then, "Mary, you will put on your bonnet; the kirk-bell will soon be in."

She knew it was full early, but complied with his wishes, and was soon slowly wending her way down from the manse. She sighed once or twice; perhaps she reproached herself for feeling a little impatient at her husband's perpetual fears and warnings. She wished he had a little more unconcern and courage. All women love courage. He was not, perhaps, the *beau idéal* which her girl's dreams had shadowed forth; but she had married him, and had done her duty, reverencing him as a minister, and trusting and loving him as a woman should do her husband, shielding his defects, and folding an angel's wings over his weaknesses.

Mrs. Hume entered the church, with a kind word for each person in the little waiting crowd outside; and the service commenced. Annie Cameron stood there, humbly bending her head like a drooping lily; and many an old shepherd wrapped in his plaid, with his hard bronzed face, was there too. These had walked a dozen Scottish miles that day, and now stood with unbending knee true to their Puritan observances, but reverential, quiet, immovable. Several dogs were crouched about, remaining on sufferance, and their behaviour was so good as to deserve the favour. Some dozen verses of those ancient paraphrases had been sung, when the door opened, and a woman came in with a scared air, and dropped into the nearest seat. It was "puir Jean;" and Mrs. Hume bent forward and gave her an encouraging glance. The minister, with that sort of frank simplicity which is often found where, in country districts, pastor and people are

much bound together, spoke out his thoughts, and continued his prayer:

"Lighten, O Lord, we beseech thee, if it please thee not altogether to take away, the sadness of heart and the distress of mind of the one on whom thou hast more especially laid thy hand. Let not her night last for ever, nor her punishment be more than she can bear. Thou hast directed her feet to thy house this day; as a sorely-afflicted woman, O God, have mercy on her."

There was a solemn pause; Jean bent down her head, covering her face with her hands, and the tears oozed between her bony fingers. Then she rose up, and tottered out. Mrs. Hume was returning along the same path to the manse an hour later. The sun had withdrawn itself, and the air was heavy with coming rain. She heard a voice singing "Green grow the rushes, O"—not a Sabbath chant, certainly—and instinctively she started forward to stop it; then checked herself. It could be no one but "daft Jean." She turned the corner, and beheld, seated on a rock, the expected culprit. Her naked feet were wet and bleeding; and in her hands was a garland half-twisted; a few autumnal flowers, faded and pale, some dead leaves and bright nightshade-berries, with a handful of rushes, were gathered and laid by her side. How to finish the garland with these was apparently what Jean was puzzling over.

"I was glad to see you at the church to-day, Jean; but why did you not stay for the blessing?"

"My mind aye havers; I canna bide lang onywhere," said Jean, with a weary air.

Poor Mrs. Hume! she had intended to have administered a rebuke, and likewise to have glanced at the sin of fashioning a garland on the Sabbath; but it all died away on her lips as she met the glance of that mindless eye.

"How have you cut your feet, Jean?"

"I dinna ken; the stanes i' the burn, may be. Ye see I was hurried; for Geordie called me frae the kirk; and I was greeting, too; the minister made me greet; it's lang syne I hae dune that. And yet Annie Cameron wadna come. My bounie white lily, wi' its yellow threads on its white leaf. She does ill to say 'Nay, nay;' she's to be Geordie's bride, ye ken."

"But, Jean, poor Geordie's dead, you know; he was drowned in the craigie-pool. How should he have a bride?"

"He's nae dead; an if he were dead, sal he nae hae his gowden-haired lassie that he lo'ed sae weel? But he sal." And she sang "The craigie hole shall be their bridal-bed;" adding, "I hae smoothed it this many a day; but the waters aye pit the stanes out o' their place." Then the expression of her eye changed. Something that poor creature saw,—a spectre, perhaps, but real enough to her. "Do ye see Geordie, Mrs. Hume, close by ye? O Geordie, man, dinna glower sae at me."

Mrs. Hume felt a strange thrill. "Jean, my woman, Geordie has gone to heaven, where you must look to follow him."

Jean answered not, but gazed sadly into space; then suddenly sprang up, saying, "She maun come; he shall hae his bride yet!" and almost fled out of sight.

When Mrs. Hume returned home, she told her husband what she had seen, adding, "I'll warn Annie Cameron to be wary with that poor crazed creature. She's always hanging after the girl; and Annie is but a slender bit of a thing."

"You will do well," said Mr. Hume. "I think all the parish would sorrow the day any harm came to Annie Cameron."

That craigie was a fearful and yet a beautiful place. The little river, which ran noisily and merrily elsewhere, was hushed here. It fell into a deep basin, where it lay stilled and cold, and its depths were clear and deep. The gray rock jutted out steep and precipitous, hanging over it with jealous care that none should profane its haunts; and from out of the clefts sprang wild grasses and straggling hardy shrubs; and its garment of gray and green lichen clothed lovingly its rugged and naked sides. Far off, black hills spurred into the sky, crowned with heather, strewed with torrent-washed stones. But here the green moss hung tangled and forlorn

to the birch-trees; the wind swept in its sighing and dying notes, like the moaning of an Æolian harp. But not one ripple passed over the haunted pool. Its waters seemed to be unstirred, as though the wind had no power over them. Well might the wind sigh and moan. A swallow flew sharply zigzag over it twittering, and hurried to rest its wing on some less eerie place. Then came a murmur of voices that grew louder each instant, and in it were mingled children's cries and the deeper tones of men and women. There was a little crowd hurrying along in the direction of the craigie, and foremost, leading them on, came "daft Jean," dancing, springing, and wildly tossing her arms. She advanced so swiftly, that even the men were breathless. But one slender figure kept pace with her untiringly; that woman was Mrs. Cameron.

They were close to the craigie-pool now. Strained and fearful eyes peered into its depths. What did they see? Would that its waters had been less clear! A fair girl was enshrined there. Her long yellow hair was tangled among the stones, waving like river-weeds; and her face was turned upward, and the waters moving over it made it wear a strange smile. Her hands were crossed peacefully; she slept quietly enough. Then there rose a shriek such as those rocks had never heard before, and I pray to God my ears may never hear again.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

(To be continued monthly.)

The records of English science at this period of the year usually resolve themselves into a description of practical applications, to which, therefore, our remarks will on this occasion be chiefly directed. The process of iron-refining discovered by Mr. Bessemer is still running the gauntlet of cavil and objection, after the manner of most new discoveries, and, so far as we can judge, with every chance of passing well through the ordeal. It will be remembered that one of the earliest and strongest objections made to the process of Bessemer was to the effect that the iron produced by it would not roll. In reply to this, we are enabled to say that a sheet of iron no thicker than paper is now in our possession, having been rolled out from a mass of iron prepared by Bessemer's process. We are furthermore able to say, that, having been thrown into communication with the overseer of perhaps the very largest iron-works in these isles, he informs us that Bessemer's process has been tried on the premises in question with favourable results, and this under circumstances of much collateral difficulty. Whilst we now write, arrangements are being made in that establishment for trying the process on a very large scale, subjecting it, in point of fact, to the *experimentum crucis*. We probably shall witness the experiments, and shall of course take care to make known the results, whatever they may be.

Reference has been previously made (p. 60) to the process of Captain Uchatius, and the difference between his and Bessemer's mode of operation. Equally great, to our appreciation, is the functional difference between the process of Bessemer and another patented (we think in 1849), which consists in blowing a mixture of atmospheric air and steam upon molten iron in a reverberatory puddling furnace, though the plea of similarity has been set up. A legal decision has, however, just been given, affirming Mr. Bessemer's distinctive right.

The autumn of 1856 will hereafter be associated with much of importance in connection with the electric telegraph. Some experiments recently performed on the premises of the telegraph office in Broad Street, under the superintendence of Professor Morse, have demonstrated the possibility of transmitting electric power without relays through a subterranean conductor upwards of 2000 miles long; hence, assuming that the inductive retardation of water is not greater than the inductive retardation of land, the question whether it be possible to transmit electricity to the extent of affording practical telegraphic indications

across the Atlantic is solved. Those persons who are merely aware of the dictum, as popularly set forth, that electricity travels with at least a velocity of 200,000 miles per second, will perhaps think that the passage of electricity through an insulated wire aqueously submerged to any distance was a matter of course. This very natural mistake results from incorrect popular notions of electricity. The electric fluid is still spoken of as if the existence of such fluid had been really demonstrated; when, on the contrary, every successive advance into the domains of electric science adds proof to the testimony already existing, that what is popularly termed the electric fluid is a mere condition of matter, and not something added to matter. At any rate, the expression, that electricity travels at the rate of at least 200,000 miles per second, is only true for one kind of conductor,—copper-wire, one particular gauge of copper-wire, and under the specific proviso that the copper-wire be surrounded with atmospheric air. If an insulated conductor be surrounded with water, Professor Faraday demonstrated, what might have been theoretically inferred, that the complex laws of electrical induction come into play, and that the flow of electricity (still to adopt the conventional idea of a fluid) is retarded.

It may here be observed, that a ready means of transmitting electric or electro-magnetic telegraph indications for any distance is afforded on land by the relay-battery system, as it is called, which may be described as a process by means of which an expiring current of electricity, far too weak to work a telegraph, is made to turn on more electricity, and thus bring aid when required. Evidently, the relay-system is unavailable in the instance of submarine telegraphs. Whilst on the subject of electric telegraphs, it is only just to mention that practical Englishmen have begun to see and to admit that the needle-system of Cooke and Wheatstone yields in every important element to the printing telegraph of Professor Morse.

Not the least amongst recent telegraphic achievements is that of laying down, under the auspices of Dr. O'Shaughnessy, an efficient network of telegraphic wires throughout our Indian Empire, even to the confines of Birmah. The fact cannot be denied, that we, in our little isle, have not adopted the electric telegraph to such an extent as both its merits and our own comfort and well-being demand. The day may perhaps come when towns, and perhaps even districts of towns, will each lay on their several mains for time and telegraphic purposes, as they now lay on mains for the supply of water and of gas. Switzerland is in advance of all other European states in the facilities it gives of telegraphic communication. Twenty-five words for one franc, whatever the distance, is the Swiss tariff.

Brother Jonathan has been recently letting Britannia see the extent to which he has been going ahead in the construction of heavy ordnance on the *canon obusier* principle, ordinarily translated by us as the *Paixhan gun system*. The *Merrimac* U.S. frigate, for some time anchored in Southampton water, is armed exclusively with the so-called Dahlgren ordnance. They are Paixhan, or shell, guns, only differing from the ordinary cannon of that description in their enormously increased thickness at the breach, where alone the brunt of explosion has to be borne. The *Merrimac* has not one solid shot on board, and is therefore committed, à l'outrance, to the Paixhan, or incendiary, principle. Whilst on the subject of cannon, it may be well to intimate that Mr. Abel, chemical director of the War Department of the Arsenal at Woolwich, has returned from Silesia, whither he had been sent by the Government to examine and report upon a system of iron-refining by means of gaseous fuel. Mr. Abel's report to the Government has not yet been presented; but we have reason to believe that it will be expressive of satisfaction in respect of the process.

A correspondence has been going the round of the newspapers relative to the probability of discovering coal near London. The unsuccessful issue of artesian boring for water near Highgate originated this curious discussion. In defer-

ence to the opinion of Mr. Prestwich, that the green-sand strata might yield a profitable water-supply, the artesian boring in question was carried on. Instead, however, of meeting with the green-sand, anomalous strata were encountered, which some geologists imagine to be of the new red-sandstone series. If this hypothesis be borne out, coal may be found after the new red sandstone has been pierced through.

Glancing to the progress of continental science, we find that the inhabitants of Zurich are preparing to light their town with gas distilled from wood. This has already been done in Munich, where the resulting gas is not only more free from disagreeable odour than coal-gas, but its illuminative power is greater in the ratio of six to five.

The recent instances of poisoning in England by the combined agency of strychnia and tartar-emetic have induced the German philosopher Von Sicherer to examine the influences which tartar-emetic exerts in modifying the agency of strychnia and embarrassing its chemical discovery. The assertion had been made, that strychnia could not readily be discovered in the presence of tartar-emetic. Von Sicherer proves this notion to be unfounded.

Admiral Du Petit Thours has availed himself of an official voyage to Peru to make investigations relative to the process of mummification followed by the Incas, and to obtain some interesting specimens of pottery from Peruvian tombs. These specimens he has consigned to the keeping of M. Adolphe Brongniart, already so well known for his researches in the chemistry of ceramic art.

In the department of foreign agricultural chemistry, M. Bobière has arrived at the conclusion that the ammoniacal part of guano, which is usually dissipated and lost, may be effectually retained by mixing it with animal-charcoal; he therefore recommends this practice to agriculturists. We hardly think, however, that a material so expensive as animal-charcoal will commend itself to the good graces of British agriculturists, when peat-charcoal, so much cheaper and nearly as efficacious, is close at hand. Finally, in the matter of foreign science, we have to intimate that the theory of endemic and epidemic diseases, said to be correlated with the presence or absence of ozone, will want looking to. In Italy, Professor G. Campani has written a paper *Sulla carta ozonometrica a ioduro di potassio*; and in France, M. Cloez has presented a thesis to the Academy of Sciences;—both monographs going far to prove, if not absolutely proving, that the ozone test-paper is affected by the sun's rays, moisture, and other agencies besides ozone: hence it is not worthy the reliance hitherto placed in it.

DYSPEPTIC FANCIES.

I AM no diner-out. My digestion is not good enough; and I have often thought that my soul knows more of my gastric juice than pineal gland. In fact, dinner is the death of my thick-coming fancies. They are exhaled, killed, and leave nothing behind but a *caput mortuum*, an empty flagon, a dry wine-cask, a pumpkin with no seeds, a lantern with no light in it, Roger Bacon's brazen head without its voice. When I have dined, draw, O draw the curtains close, and wheel me to the fire; then let your conversation murmur like a summer brook, and I will, in half-sleep, half-dream, make mind-pictures of the past, and believe that when I was young I was both healthy and happy. For dinner is to me now the *pièce de résistance* of the day.

I conquer, but am beaten; I do ignominiously succumb before the fierceness of mine own attack, and only handle my arms valiantly at last to cry quarter shamefully. O grief, an empty platter gets the better of a full stomach! I retire from the wreck of the feast helpless and discomfited; the *disjecta membra* of fish, flesh, and fowl, mock my futile triumph and combine to haunt me afterwards. For I bear down upon the table like an Arab charging his foe, but I go away from it like a heavy Dutchman full of cabbage and

sour kraut. I have the lack-lustre eye of the stupid man, the slow tongue of the modest man, and the dull wit of an unfeeling lawyer. I confess my torpidity. Norfolk dumpling shall have his heavy jest at me, and I will not answer; jokes as flat as his own fields shall not stir my bile; I will hear without understanding; I will smile without knowing why; my comprehension shall not even rise to the height of a gross story, which, like a musk-rat or a fox, is filthiest at its tail.

If I had at such a time enough imagination remaining, I would curiously divide my stolen wits among the dishes on the table. Here a piece of salmon ran away with my best joke, there a slice of beef blunted the point of a smart saying; I lost the thread of an argument among the nice intricacies of a partridge's wing; and was reduced to plain yes or no in the battery of a dansson-cheese. Even much wine awakes not my drowsy spirits; my understanding lies like a log by a winter's brook, and all of good it contains is a dead residuum of defunct jests and extinguished witticisms. If any one accosts me, my brain lumbers up heavily in an answer; if I attempt a pun, 'tis nothing but a flash in the pan; and while the piece hangs fire, my questioner turns to his neighbour, and asks him who that silent gentleman is. Then as I sip my wine, and hear politician-tinkers boasting of their power to mend the old state-kettle, young men impertinently flippant, old men lugubriously dull, I think, shame be to me, of nothing but sleep; yes, I think also of roses, and waterfalls, and little birds singing their madrigals, and fountain-heads, and pathless groves, and a soft couch in the meadow-grass, or a loving lounge on my own sofa before the fire. By and by these after-dinner voices come to me as from a distance; my mind enters the vestibule of sleep, and catches only the far-off echoes of a prosaic world. Then I make odd blunders in connecting the dim sounds which reach me. A sober piece of philosophy ends by declaring that Miss — has fine legs; and I catch a line of poetry industriously quoting the last Mark-Lane prices. Somehow or other, the question of who did what, and what somebody else said, mingles itself with volcanoes in the moon and the correct longitude of Kansas on the American Question. Words, too, cease to be signs of thought, or shape themselves into preposterous meanings. Louis Napoleon last week knocked down two policemen in the Strand; and the Emperor of Russia is enjoying a six weeks' relaxation at the treadmill.

But it is when I am alone in my own chamber that I relish mostly these vague after-dinner reveries. With a powerful sense of the importance of my reasoning faculties, I feel an odd pleasure in catching now and then glimpses of the strange realm of fancy. I have not patience enough to pursue an idea to any length, but am conscious of passing from one state of dreamy imagination to another with what would be a most ridiculous celerity, were I not absolutely incapable of feeling surprised at any mental inconsistency. Sometimes the hedge which separates the two strips of fairy-land is a short doze, a true sip of the Lethæan draught; or, it may be, a noise in the street, or a knock at the door. Sleep, however, at such a time is an inconstant mistress, and at one moment kisses your eyes, and at another runs from your embrace, anon lulling you into the preparatory hush of supine slumbers, and anon leaving you to start up, take an idle glance at your book or newspaper, and straightway subside into your former dreaminess. O, then I have pressed the remembrances of years into the limits of a passing thought! Then have I waved back the shadows of the too-busy present, and stood face to face with my other self—the self of the past—the vague dreamer on those heathy wilds, or cleaving the blue lake-waters, or rambling with thee, O M——, thou brave and kindly heart, together frightening the green gods of those antique woods by wild laughter-shouts at our impossible German. Ah me, what blissful memories rise up and do obeisance in the charmed circles of youth! Love was not all madness or delirium, fair —, when, in the wild tangled wilderness,

thy brown eyes launched with each glance an argosy of hope upon my sea of life; thy sighs the winds which filled their sails, thy eloquent blushes the sunbeams filling their summer sky. Shipwrecked I remain, and the dust of years has passed over thy head, soiled the amaranthine locks of youth, and buried thy beauty in the narrow touch of one short memory. Well, perhaps, it is so with us all, that we may learn to discover in our dearest thoughts, in all enchantment of our feelings, the winding-sheet and cements of their own death. Youth is but a transition period, and the present but the sheath of that chrysalis, the future. And now

"Sigh softly, ye summer breezes; and sing
Your faint melodies, ye mystic horns!"

for I am in my unreal remembrances—the trance of unearthly memories, the dreams of some mysterious past. I believe with Plato in the pre-existence of the soul; else why should I have recollections of a life of which this seems but an after-birth? For methinks at some time I have lain upon the slopes of wondrous hills, turreted by flames of sapphire and of gold; sweet voices have mingled round me in the liquid music of immortal song; while hands have pressed my own, soft cheeks have been laid to mine, and on my bosom have I felt the thrill of her celestial life pulsing against me like the tide of the sea upon the shore; or again, it is as a little child running alone down a leafy lane. I come to a white cottage, cool in the fiery flashes of hot noon; therein at night the pale moonbeams lie across my bed. But who stands at the gate; what little hands are clasping mine; what soft kisses are showered upon my lips and cheeks? I see a face that life has never seen. I hear a voice that never smote my ears on earth. A graceful shadow runs in my walk, or chases with me the undisappointing bubbles of impressive youth; or standing both together, looking on the western sun, I feel her tearful face pressed close to mine, and then we weep, for that sun journeys to another sky, and I must follow it.

I am willing to account for some of these fancies by supposing them to be chance recollections of books read to be forgotten. It may be by the help of my own imagination I keep up the delusion. Yet, take them for what they are, I would not exchange them for all the prosaic grandeurs of kings and princes that wisdom ever chose to moralise on. They are my *terra incognita* whereon I rule sole lord; my fortunate isles, and the sea is ever mild and the skies ever blue; they are a centre of quiet in the vexed Bermoothes of this world, the true succedaneum of life's toothache, the elixir of youth's decrepitude, the shadowy sunshine of a mournful day.

Let ill-natured people sneer, and call them the freaks of the fancy when reason sleeps, the giddy frolic of children who have an empty house to play in. I am too happy to care; for these my dreams, if dreams they are, are sworn friends and fairy playmates with other beauteous children of the mind. And as I wave my ideal wand, through half-shut eyes I see the landscape of a fairer world: a lovely maiden lying by a singing stream; a meadow sloping downwards to a lake; forest-ground barred and crossed by moonlight; a silver swan looking on its moveless shadow; a cave lit up by fairy lights; a torrent dashing fiercely through some mysterious glen; still rides the brave knight with his vizor up; still heavenly Una leads her milk-white lamb; still shines the treacherous heaven of Armida's smiles; still dance the cloven—"Eh, eh—what, Susan? Coffee? Yes, you may bring me a cup."

POIYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

By WALTER K. KELLY.

* HE IS MY FRIEND WHO GRINDS AT MY MILL, that is, who is profitable to me; a vile sentiment, if understood too absolutely. But the proverb is rather to be interpreted as offering a test by which genuine friendship may be distinguished

from its counterfeit. "Acts are love, and not fair speeches" (Span.).—*Obras son amores que no buenas razones.* "If you love me, John, your acts will tell me so" (Span.).—*Si bien me quieres, Juan, tas obras me lo diran.* "In the world you have three sorts of friends," says Chamfort; "your friends who love you, your friends who do not care about you, and your friends who hate you."

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN IN THE BEST-REGULATED FAMILIES. "There is a skeleton in every house," or, as the Spaniards have it, *No hay casa do no haya su talla, talla.*—There is no house but has its "Hush! hush!"—The English proverb is generally used in a jocular sense.



CORRESPONDENCE.

NEIGHBOURLY SYMPATHY

HOUSES, particularly country-houses, might often be surrounded with a happier and more congenial neighbourhood, if those well off knew better how to evince the sympathy they perhaps really feel for their less fortunate brethren. It is not enough to urge the *principle* of sympathy; its details must be studied, its manifestations guided with judgment and delicacy. In my own experience, for instance, I have seen labouring boys and young men, with gloomy faces and reckless bearing, who were treading an even course of ignorance, neglect, and hard work, to be continued on into old age, downward to the grave,—I have seen such awakened to the consciousness that they were men, otily by speaking a friendly word, and giving them a smile now and then. I have watched the progress of these friendly salutations, and have more than once seen such youths emerge from amidst their lower and more wilful associates, and take a higher stand, as if all at once their better thoughts and feelings were brought into play; and thus, by aiming at being respected, they have themselves become "respectable."

How often, also, do we meet the older man who was once in "good circumstances," but who "failed," and is now reduced; who was once courted and smiled upon, but who is now passed unnoticed by all his "respectable" but cold-hearted neighbours. How shabby and sad and disconsolate he has looked, all the less able to bear his present privations and neglects from having once enjoyed prosperity and flattery! Now he lifts his head only to see others turn from him; but in the midst of his dejection, how often have we seen the drooping spirit raised, the haggard look cheered, by some one of kindly heart among his wealthy and respected neighbours stopping to greet him, to speak a few words, or, if riding by, give him a smile or a nod.

It is astonishing (till we think of it) how much of blessing such little attentions may bestow on the otherwise neglected and fallen. In his now reduced condition he may perhaps get his loaves from the Union; but man cannot live by bread alone. How many cold silent minutes are there when the heart yearns for a genial glance and sympathising word,—when it longs to feel that it is not spurned or forgotten by every body!

Thus we see that the benefits we can give to others are not limited to those which are bought with money. Comforts like these cost the giver nothing, and they are among the choicest fruits of benevolence. Let no one say he is too poor to give. An occasional meal to the hungry, a letter written for one who cannot write himself, advice or information to those who need either,—such manifestations of sympathy and kind feeling will cheer a neighbourhood, however poor, and lighten and sweeten the air of many homes—none

more than that from which the kindnesses emanate: for it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive. D.

ART IN THE DWELLING.—No. II.

WHAT inscrutable blindness, obtuseness, or obliquity of vision, could it have been which caused our ancestors for long generations to be contented with such ungrainly furniture, such hideous decorations, such ugly household articles of all kinds? The wealthy were perhaps worse off in this respect than the poorer classes, inasmuch as the latter could not attempt to adorn their dwellings. Wooden plat-ters and brown pitchers are not pretty things, it is true; but their sturdy simplicity redeems them from contempt. Where there is no assumption, failure cannot follow. But the more ambitious of those days ran after fashion even as do we of this present lustre of this present century. They expended much money, time, and thought in fitting up their houses. Those heavy mouldings, those funereal recesses, were not planned without due deliberation; those tall awkward mantelpieces were decided on in wise conclave; the narrow windows, letting in as little of the light of heaven as might be, were adopted advisedly. So with the furniture. The massive angular chairs, the mammoth sofas, were in accordance with the "taste" of the age, even as was painted china and huge-patterned chintz. Happy the dame who could ornament her withdrawing-room in the magnificence of two or three of those great jars, whereon and around which, dragons, butterflies, beetles, and flowers marvellous to the botanist, disported in aerial abandonment, or were ranged in dignified procession! Window and bed curtains, chair-covers, and cups and saucers, followed after the same style of art. Grotesqueness in form, gaudiness in colour, incongruity in pattern,—such was the ideal which the artists of those days so felicitously realised.

Who was it that first ventured to step in and work by slow degrees a change in the existing order of things? Who dared to make the first attack on the staunch conservatism of taste, by hinting, and then showing the advantage of such inventions as French windows, low mantelpieces, light cornices, pretty-patterned paper-hangings, and chintzes of a livelier pictorial interest than the dragon-haunted ones of yore? Who suggested the idea of curved chair-backs, sloping sofas, and circular tables? Who originally lifted up his voice and declared the wonderful doctrine that other forms of ornamental design were possible besides the great orders of the griffin, the pseudo-Greek, or Egyptian, the monstrous floral and entomological, and that (best loved of all by the tasteful decorators of the period) of the scroll and isolated head—sometimes a man's and sometimes a lion's—which frequented the centre of sideboards and pier-tables, the arms of chairs, and the knockers of doors, grinning defiance to all beholders?

But perhaps fully as much as to these great reformers do we owe to him who first endeavoured to make the common things, the daily requisites of life, beautiful. The manufacture of cups and saucers, jugs, plates—the whole range of household crockery—has undergone a great change within the last five-and-twenty years. It is the fault of the purchaser, not of the manufacturer, now-a-days if the utensils on table and sideboard are not graceful and fair to the eyes, in shape, colour, and pattern. Beauty, in this respect at least, is as cheap as ugliness, and is even more easily obtainable. It is quite a matter of difficulty to procure a cup and saucer of such uncomeliness as the example here given. But some years since, they thronged the shelves of china-shops—they, ay and worse than they. Tall and awkward, or short and thick, with straight and angular handles, they seemed to revel in their uncompromising hideousness of pattern and form. Large scarlet flowers occupied the centre of each, or a black butterfly or huge beetle added interest and lent pleasing associations to the breakfast or tea table. But now the cheapest of such things are fashioned gracefully, as in fig. 2, which, in its chaste simplicity of form and



DOMESTIC UTENSILS AS THEY WERE AND AS THEY ARE.

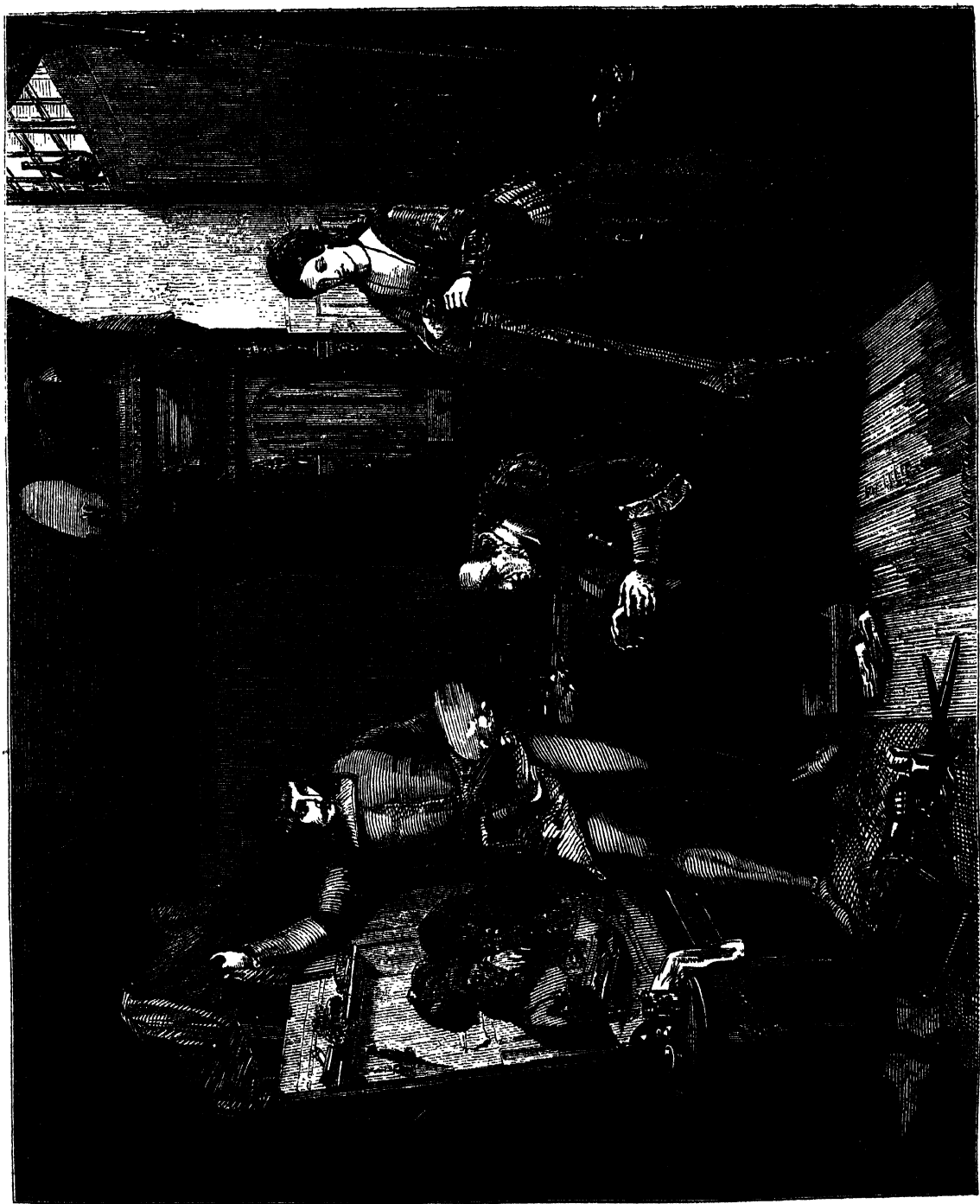
colour, puts to shame the uncouth elaboration and gaudy tinting of the costly tea-services of twenty years ago. Fig. 3, again, is a pattern generally adopted in more expensive china; the handle twisted like a tree-branch, the pattern, a slender twining wreath in gold round the rim.

To revert to jugs. The history of jugs, if there were time to discuss it, might afford some instructive examples. *Could* any thing in so innocent a material as pottery, be more uncomfortable to behold than the ancient ewers which held water, or their gaunt and grim younger children which contained milk or cream? Midway between these two was the jug specially furnished for the dinner-table, of which fig. 4 is a portrait. This, in its day, was doubtless considered rather admirable: it was manufactured of handsome ware, and much tracery and other ornate decoration was expended upon it. Other jugs were fashioned on the model of fig. 6, which were made in "sets" of three or four, and for many years seem to have been the popular "useful" jug. Who does not recognise its familiar yellow cheek? It abounded in kitchens and sculleries, whence it oftentimes emerged into parlours or bed-chambers, so wide was its range of duties. Such a good thing could scarcely be too generally adopted, it was evidently thought.

In the present day, however, the china-warehouseman would probably offer pattern fig. 5, or something similar to it, for a table-jug; while for hot-water or milk, one like fig. 7 would be found as strong and useful as a less graceful article. Moreover, the jugs for kitchen use may now be had of far comelier appearance than those which in former days

sufficed for drawing-room or sideboard. Even those, dear to the housewife's eyes, wherein the neck is wide enough to admit the insertion of the hand in cleansing, are not so unmitigatedly awkward, or so absurdly rotund, as of yore. Improvement, in fact, is making way. The world is to be congratulated thereupon. A few years ago, a teapot on the model of fig. 8 would not have been received with disfavour. There is a manifest ambition after beauty and dignity in this design, but with a result that reminds us of the gait and aspect of a cock of the Cochin-China breed. It is of choice porcelain, tenderly finished in every particular, and has doubtless been accustomed to be spoken of as a very handsome teapot. One almost feels compassionate towards even a piece of pottery that has lived beyond its day, and finds itself in an uncongenial world, where its best points are not understood. People's ideas of handsome teapots have undergone a change since that was designed and executed; but we must not allow ourselves to exult too soon. Among metal teapots there is abundant opportunity for reform. The best of them are much lacking in grace of form and harmony of proportion, while most of the commoner kinds are altogether at war with any thing like symmetry or elegance. The example we give in fig. 9, though a great improvement, still shows how much is left to be done in this department of domestic art-manufactures.

*** A CHRISTMAS NUMBER is in preparation, of which full particulars will be duly announced.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. II.

QUENTIN MATSYS.

PAINTED BY R. REDGRAVE, R.A.

QUENTIN MATSYS.

ABOUT the year 1470, when our English barons were foolishly picking handfuls of white and red roses to wear in their helmets instead of blanch and crimson plumes, there lived in the rich town of Antwerp, not very far from the lazy Scheldt, a young blacksmith and his aged mother.

Now by blacksmith we do not mean one of those swarthy fuliginous sons of Hercules, with ten-horse power of arm, who, in our English forges, crunch up iron-bars as boys would wheaten straws, and drive fire out of glowing horse-shoes; but rather a sort of armourer, who to-day tempers a poniard to give the *coup de grace* to some cut-throat Burgundian or bullying Switzer, and to-morrow is delicately moulding the iron flowers for an abbot's chapel-door, or the iron lace-network for a lady's pearl casket.

The strong lad, whose father has gone the journey from which no traveller returns, toils hard to support his mother, who is one of those dear cheery old souls, with rosy withered-apple cheeks and perpetual knitting, that the Dutch painters long afterwards delighted to sketch on sunny afternoons. Poor boy! he grows thinner and paler; works so hard that he looks prematurely old; up early, up late; never goes to the guild-banquets, where the burghers dip their beards in the red wine that gleams in the golden cups. He has no eye for the fair maidens who watch him at his work. His mind is ill at ease; for the black wolf Poverty howls at the door, if his weak arm rests hammering but for a moment. Poor Quentin! he so kind and true and fond, has grown harsh, almost fierce, in his short quick answers; and he sighs and sighs, and stops for a moment only to press his forehead with his hand. There is a weight and a gnawing at his heart, and his head seems of evenings as if it would burst. The sunlight, to him is muddy, and the moonlight fog. At last his strength fails, for three months he is sick, and then recovers but to find there is no work!

"Ah, my dear son," says the old woman, "three weeks ago,—the day before the blessed Saint Basil raised you out of the bed your father died in,—Master Walter Huygens sent for his breastplate, finished or unfinished, and off it went; for he, good master, was going to the weaponslaw in the Scheldt meadows, and needs must have it, good soul. The Lord who feeds the ravens will feed us—the widow and the orphan."

A knock at the door.

"Is Master Matsys, the ironworker, in?"

"I am Matsys."

"I am John Artevelde, the chief master of the Glovers' Guild, and we want an iron covering of Gothic work for the Glovers' Well in the market-place, for which we are ready to pay handsomely, so the thing be good and well fashioned."

An hour after comes an order for an iron staircase for the college at Louvain; and the day after, a commission for twelve small statues of the Apostles, for the solemn annual processions of *la Confrérie des Lépreux*. He toils night and day, beguiling his spare time with trying to paint. Sometimes he thinks he really has genius, and may perhaps do something after the manner of Van Eyck.

The great day comes round, as heat drives out cold, and cold heat. It is an April morning, and again earth grows into a transitory semblance of paradise. To-day the well-case is to be uncovered, and the procession of the confraternity, bearing the wonderful images, will pass through the city to visit the cathedral of our Lady, and to present offerings at her shrine.

The crowd rolls and sways like a wheat-field when the wind is on it. Like a ninth wave comes the murmur announcing the masters of the Glovers' Company.

Cries every where, as the hoarding falls to pieces under the hammers, of "Most exceeding admirable!" "Marvelously wonderful!" and "Very pretty piece of work!" Over the iron network stands an iron knight holding an iron glove. This Matsys,—there he is, pale and weak,—shapes

iron as if it were clay; his metal leaves are crisp and of delicate shape; his boughs strong, twining yet massy. "Excellent craftsman!" is the cry. And now the procession passes, look at the little statues they throw to the people:—his work again. An eddy in the crowd, and a woman's scream. The young blacksmith has fainted—some say from joy, others from exhaustion of his long toil.

"Who is this wonderful craftsman?" said a blue-eyed daughter to her father, the rich painter.

"I think they call him Matsys; but they're low people."

From the slight trouble visible in those eyes, there is, I should augur, some interest in the maiden's heart for the young blacksmith who has swooned. They meet very often, and quite by chance—quite;—in the market-place, at mass, in the dim chapel, where a rain, as of saint's blood, glorifies the floor. There have been blushes, eyes bent down, and low whispers. The youth has taken to painting passionately day and night; for Ann tells him her father has promised her hand to one of his pupils, and will marry her to none but a great painter. He has seen through a broad window, which a stone shaft cut in two, two misers croaking and chuckling over their ill gotten gains,—pearl-brooches for hoods, stray jewels from prodigals, and fat bloated bags of round gold-pieces, all stamped and lettered. Through the foggy-yellow lattice-panes he heard them count and laugh and rub their dry claws of hands, till "Red-cloak," the Indian parrot, learned by heart their "five and four's nine and four's thirteen;" and he determined that that should be his first great picture. He began to paint,—really hoping to do some enchanted thing with his golden oils, brushes of hog's bristles, and purple and yellow earths.

Six months after the procession, the father is manoeuvred into coming to see some new work by the ambitious blacksmith; and all unconscious brings his daughter with him. Our readers will readily divine what follows—the earnest admiration of the father—the pause and agitation of the lovers—the avowal—the momentary anger—the gradual yielding—the full and cordial union at last.

A century after that day, long after the hundred bells in the great four-hundred feet steeple of our Lady's church had hushed their clamorous approval of these two hands—the white and the brown one—joining, a wise man of Antwerp wrote upon the blacksmith's tomb, in golden letters, this line—

"Connubialis Amor de Mulciber fecit Apellem,"

"Love made an Apelles out of a blacksmith."

Now this is all very well; but in sober truth, Matsys, though good for his time, painted in a somewhat hard, Chinese manner. His chief works are, the "Descent from the Cross," painted for Antwerp Cathedral, the "Mary Magdalen," of which Dr. Waagen speaks very highly, in the gallery of Corsham House, and the "Two Misers" his best known picture, which is, we believe, in the Royal Gallery of Windsor: this last is the painting shown in Mr. Redgrave's own picture. Matsys' well also remains, and the iron knight has not yet dropped his glove.

Mr. Redgrave's picture is worth all Matsys ever painted. How admirable is the bleared wonder and senile chuckle and delight of the old connoisseur, who is so purse-proud and overbearing! how infinitely good the proud pleasure and gratulation of the Italian-eyed painter! As for the daughter, she is the pearl of Anvers, and is as lovable a piece of womanhood as ever wore sunlight for hair.

Mr. Redgrave was the son of a manufacturer, and destined—if destiny had not set her back against the counting-house-door—to have entered his father's office, and spent his life in compiling ledgers. His good star, however, led him, in the course of commercial travels with plans and designs, to roam about moors, watch wild flowers, and, in fact, draw from nature. Dissatisfied in all other directions, but hopeful in this, love of art soon led him to the Royal Academy as a student. After some struggles, and much climbing of other

men's stairs, which always bruise the shins of genius, this amiable and gifted artist achieved a success in his "Gulliver on the Farmer's Table," which was bought and engraved. He was now fairly before the public, and could not be again forgotten. He had commented on Swift's pantomime of satire, and revived the old lampoon which delights us in every age. In 1838, he painted "Ellen Orford;" a pathetic scene from Crabbe, in which the tender and warm heart of the painter began at once to beat visibly. In 1839, came "Olivia's Return;" and he proved his sympathy with the true homeliness and pathos of Goldsmith. "The reduced Gentleman's Daughter" and "The Governess" were of the same excellent and universal school.

In 1840, Mr. Redgrave became an Associate. Nor was the honour prematurely bestowed; for his delicate sense of the poetry of the domestic sentiments was now well known. In 1842, his old love of landscape worked through again, and has since continued the master-passion of a busy and anxious life. Perhaps a life in London has, as in other painters, only made the passion for open nature and pure fresh colour a thousand times stronger. No dead weight of circumstances—while a chance remains—can crush out the life of a strong purpose. In 1842 he produced his "Woodland Glade," and in 1846 "The Brook." Away melted his "Castle Builders," "Poor Teacher," "Sempstress," "Departure," "Governess," "Sunday Morning," and "Country Cousins;" and in came "The Moorhen's Haunt," "The Forest Haunt," "The Solitary Pool," "The Lonely Woods," "A Poet's Haunt," "The Wood Mirror," "The English Homestead," &c. Even the superintendence of the Department of Practical Art, the cares of students, and lecturing, have not prevented Mr. Redgrave producing such pictures as "Griselda attiring," &c. It is perhaps by the "Country Cousins," now at the Vernon Gallery, that this artist is best known to the public. We need scarcely remind our art-loving readers of the excellent contrasts of that picture,—of the bashful boy and the hopeful mother, of the supercilious patron and the sneering women. It is a pity the picture is so hot and chestnutty in tone.

In landscape Mr. Redgrave is remarkable for his minute and graceful poetry. His nature is domestic, he loves repose, and soothing scenes, not of sensual drowsyland, but of leafy solitude and balmy calmness. He is perhaps a little too minute in manner; yet he is a prodigal of trouble, and works with a patient white-heat of love impelling his hand. His leafage is rippling, and has a strange depth and multitude about it. His brooks run to the sweetest and most pastoral tunes. His woods are never preyed on by wild-beasts of winds and wave, but rustle with perpetual summer. He is the Shensstone of painters, and sometimes runs into falsetto; but his is not the strain of the overtasked throat—it is not affectation or want of judgment. There is about his painting something of the old ballad feeling, an almost conventional purity, and a deep sense of inlying and unshakable repose.

THE TILT-YARD.

By G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD,"

Noisy ran the blue and orange;
Noisy ran the red,
Like a flight of crimson birds
With their broad wings spread;
Lusty, all in scarlet,
Ran the sturdy grooms;
And O, wherever broke the spears,
The tossing of the plumes!

Then the black and silver,
Then the blue and brown;
But John of the Beard in yellow
Carried away the crown.

He rode—the spears in shivers
Flew up. In ran the grooms;
And O, wherever spurred Sir John,
The tossing of the plumes!

Then came the black and russet,
The murrey and the blue;
Never to any tilt-yard
Rode such a merry crew.
The ladies laughed—a rippling wave;
Smiles spread through all the grooms;
And O, wherever snapped a spear,
The tossing of the plumes!

SHEERNESS REVISITED.

By JAMES HANNAY,

AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENAY, R.N."

AFTER a certain amount of continuous residence in London, —however much you value the old town,—a peculiar weariness of it comes over you,—an undefinable cockneyism has stolen upon your spirit; your nerves are not what they ought to be, and you fight shy of harmless droves of cattle; you wake languid, after sleeping restlessly; a book of travels makes you "spooney" about the East, and you long to be strolling in Malta, at the risk of meeting Belphegor. But what if private *désagrément*s just tumble on you while in this state? A Mr. Snobson lays claim to the authorship of your favourite novel, and involves you in a correspondence with a country-paper. The sight of a great library oppresses you. What's to be done? Why, pack up your traps, and remove yourself, the *placens uxor*, and young Iulus somewhere within smell of the sea. *On revient toujours*, &c.; and there is nothing like a dose of salt for the purgation of the Scandinavian blood.

So this, you see, is what your humble servant did in the commencement of this last summer. But as, like a kite, one cannot fly farther than the string of London allows, I went to no more distant place than the village of Mouthend on the Nore. A pretty little village it is, just opposite Sheerness, some eight miles across, commanding every thing that goes in or out of the river, set in a rural neighbourhood, green, rich, leafy, and flowery, and kept fresh by the rolling tide from the North Sea. The Cockney proper has a kind of notion that it is not salt enough (a point on which he is naturally a judge!), so goes further, and swelters at Margate. One thus, to some extent, escapes him; tries the water, and finds just the regular acrid and vivid salt stuff one wanted; and settles in comfort on the "Marine Parade" for the summer.

Ah, how one enjoys the sniff of the breeze! The tide is on the move to come in, and its flow (the tide being the exactest image of life you can get) makes every thing seem alive again. First, there is a long clear line of silver across at right angles with the pier, and you hardly see it move. Presently you look up from your book through the window, and see the old stranded smack *Duke* all encircled with it. Gently and gloriously,—just lightly rippling in the breeze that is coming up too,—the waters find their way every where, and make a magic transformation of the place. In an hour or two all is afloat; the sprit-rigged boats wake and move, and go prettily bowling through the water. The influence extends to yourself, and brings you out too; and night finds you better already, oblivious of Babylon and its cares, and watching the pulsing of the Nore light as it comes and goes through the dark with a cheerfuller heart than you have had for many a day. You resolve to pitch your tent here, and make the best of it.

Mouthend you find, though naturally a pleasant, is artificially a dull place. Society—there is as good as none. The county, like other counties one knows, has been long

cut up like a cake, and sold in slices to all comers. There are fellows called "lords of manors" (who stick up boards on the beach warning you not to meddle with the periwinkles); but their business is to own the place, it seems, and not to improve it. Like other big men of little places, they are mighty particular about their rights; and I am told that no Mouthendian of an improving turn can get land to build on or other similar encouragement. The railway company is vigorous; but of course a railway favours locomotion rather than residence, and prefers a thumping good excursion for the day to the comfort of a handful of quiet families. So, somehow the village has never fulfilled the promise it once gave, when the late Queen Caroline took up her abode there,—I suppose, to try and forget her husband. By the way, the old woman who dipped the Princess Charlotte is still extant, and ready to dip the loyal who may be interested in that reminiscence. But—alas for the vagueness of tradition!—the queen's country-house was pointed out to me as having been occupied by *Queen Elizabeth*! Poor old "Bess in the ruff,"—whose birthday was kept by the London 'prentices almost till the other day,—have you come to be confounded with a Queen Caroline? Yet, a few miles off, is an old place that belonged to Queen Bess's mother's family,—the Bullens, or Boleyns,—and where Nan Boleyn had no doubt been in her time; indeed, the old woman who shows it asserts (tradition again) that she was beheaded there!

However, our present business is with the sea and the seaside-life. Those blue fellows in Guernsey frocks are, of course, the boatmen; for the working-classes (barring the traders) are divided into—1st, watermen; 2d, donkey-drivers. Two standing amusements (after you have bathed, strolled along the cliffs, and lounged in the shrubbery) are open to you—to take a boat, or to take a donkey. The visitors generally—guided by what subtle sympathy I cannot say—prefer the donkey. All day long they gallop these animals without mercy; and the *asinarii*, or donkey-drivers, are prosperous men. Indeed, the boatmen grumble—and I must say with some justice—at the indifference of the visitors to the water. If there is a sea "a baccy-pipe high," observed my favourite *employé*, they are terrified. Won't even this fine afternoon tempt them? I wonder, as I haul aft the main-sheet and shoot out of the corner under their noses. Sometimes one's boat did serve as a decoy-duck, and got some of the honest fellows a job. But if not, why how one enjoyed it oneself all the same! A more pleasant hour spent in a May afternoon I cannot fancy, than lounging in the stern-sheets, with the tiller under your arm, with a fresh breeze, going clean full,—turning down to windward, say, and passing the fleet of shrimpers,—or, with the sheet eased off, running away to look at some fellow who, with studding-sails aloft and aloft, is passing up or down. The summer lights up land and water; and in its white glare you see the batteries away at Sheerness shining, and the sides of the distant line-of-battle ships in the harbour seeming to glitter with fire. Not to omit a vulgarer consideration, viz. the appetite attained thereby, and which a gray mullet caught up the coast this morning is well calculated to reward. The gray mullet wants, indeed, the romantic beauty of colour,—he wants the classic reputation of his *red* kinsman (him for whom in olden days one went seining in the Mediterranean), but is he really inferior? The red, however, are sometimes to be got out of a mackerel-boat; for (as the well-informed reader knows) they are found among the mackerel-shoals, like gentlemen among common people.

Well, we are bowling along, and chatting with our boatman, and of course we hear something of his news or views. They are a simple race of men, the Mouthend boatmen, who in summer keep these boats, and in winter go fishing in smacks. They have a most wholesome indifference to politics, and the common blackguard-story literature does not seem to have reached them at all. Simple, civil, hard-working men, who talk about boats and about nothing but boats; whose only notion of literature is an account of a yacht-race,

and their only ambition to have a fine fast galley. Indeed, they have a point of view which, while respecting it, I must nevertheless admit to be but narrow. Their fixed idea is, that every gentleman ought to keep a yacht, and that the whole duty of the British aristocracy is summed up therein. "Let him set an example," they observe of the squire. Of course, however, they laugh at certain personages who, by meddling with the sailing of their own vessels, have been known to lose a race,—or at Stodge, Esq., who, wanting to have the *éclat* of a yacht without pecuniary disbursement, keeps two or three old men in his cutter *Pomposo*, who have scarcely strength enough to hoist the mainsail among them. You see we had the elements of comedy at Mouthend as elsewhere. One met on the pier a smart young man, looking like a French cook, who proved to be the owner of a most lovely foretopsail schooner; a grocer from my own neighbourhood turned up in a moustache and glazed cap (I thought he had been from the Crimea at first); one Pigskin swaggered about immensely, on the strength of a small cutter, which I suspect he got for a bad debt, &c. But I felt the true satiric thrill of old days when a naval gentleman from Sheerness, who was going to dine in the neighbourhood, came over in a *gunboat*. "Gad," said I, "the service must still be going to the *dévil*, as it was in my young days! I'll have a run over to old Sheerness, and see how the place looks."

So, there being a leading wind and the tide serving, we "up stick" and off. It is a small boat that we are in, but as stiff as a church; and as the puffs come down she shoots ahead gallantly, and the long black pier seems to shut up like a telescope as you leave it behind. You pass all kinds of craft, large and small, on the way. The shrimpers alone from a fishing-village a few miles up form a large fleet, and dart about, with the wet nets paying over their sterns, and the bronzed rough fishermen attending to them. Generations of these men have fished this coast, and year after year have come out with the tide from their ancient village, to go in again with their brown heaps of shrimps wet and dirty, and boil them. There is a fish-train now by the railway; and if one of the fleet is late, perhaps he will engage that tug which you see lying off the pier waiting for a job. A very different craft is yon ponderous barge with immense copper-coloured sail, laden with hay, which is beating up the river. What a tub! you think;—but "bless you, sir, the way barges is built now, they'll sail as well as many a brig or schooner." Improvement every where—in any thing where money-making is the object—you observe; but do we improve quite as fast where it is the national honour and the position of England in Europe that is at stake?

As we drew nearer the harbour, the hull of the flag-ship loomed large, and her checkered side grew distinct. The breeze from the Kentish shores was full of the smell of orchards and gardens and sweet country. The martello tower looked as white as Lot's wife after her transformation. The water was rippling and forming itself into whirling eddies as we crossed the harbour's mouth. We were in a few minutes in all the full animation of the scene. Two line-of-battle ships were before us, in all the tranquil magnificence natural to them. There is the little admiral's yacht, tidy and trim. Far away you see old dismantled vessels; to the right a batch of gunboats, with black hulls, raking masts, and small funnels. Gunboats were not in fashion in my day, so I viewed them with curiosity, and found them astonishingly neat and light-looking after the nonsense that I had read about their unwieldiness in some newspapers.

I cast my eyes over the harbour, and felt that it was quite a kind of sentimental journey that I was making. It was here that, in 1840 (pardon the egotism of this paper, gentle reader), I joined the service. 1840 is yesterday to the old generation of course, but to me it seems an age ago. Was it oneself or somebody we seem to know imperfectly that came here a little green lad—all full of happy ignorance?—rapture that, however ignorant, one secretly prefers

to the knowledge and experience of to-day. You hardly realise it, yet it is true. Here fitted-out the old *C*—, Captain E. B— commanding; here stood the old *Howe*, where we proved that we could spell from dictation; here was the *Vengeur* hulk, so ugly and comfortable, where we slept our first sleep aloft, having been received at the stove-fire in the gun-room by H— and Lord E. C—, both mates then, both dead years ago. I did not ask for the *Vengeur* this time; but they don't seem to cherish antiquities at Shoerness. The *Ocean* is there, which so long bore Collingwood's flag. "*Ocean*, off Cadiz," dwells in the memory of all who have read the great good admiral's letters. Well, the *Ocean* is a coal-dépôt now! Are we so badly off for ships fit to be coal-dépôts that we must fall back on these bits of historic oak? I rather thought we had plenty of vessels just fit for the business. However, it does not matter now to Lord Collingwood; and he was a man who was glad in any way to benefit "the service." I dare say his spirit does not grudge her to the coal-business; but it would become us a little better in England if we paid more respect to the past, and the relics and symbols of the past.

On landing, I am bound to say, the difference between "now" and "then" struck on me very distinctly—through my organs of smell. There is a kind of seaport smell, which defies analysis, but which takes hold of your nose with insinuating tenacity. Yet this smell must always have been here, and to my young enthusiasm was probably grateful as otto of roses. At least, it seems as if I had never felt it then, for it now appears as new as terrible. On this spot we—the youngsters—used to land often during the fitting-out; so I make for a hostelry which was rather popular in those days. Hither came B— and I, and tasted the ale critically, and flirted with the landlord's daughters. B— is in Australia now; the landlord dynasty is long gone; the lovely daughters,—where are they? I think of a walk which B— and I took with them along the shores of the poluphoisbois, and in pensive mood partake of refreshments. The hostelry itself seems to have lost caste since those days; or was it that we endowed it with imaginary dignity? I find myself quoting Sir Walter:

"The tower, the hill, the stream, the tree,
O, are they now as once they were;
Or is the dreary change in me?"

I suppose it was our animal spirits that made this inn seem an abode of comfort and gaiety, just as I recollect we thought it the height of humorous tradition to hear that in former days somebody had capsize the sentry in his sentry-box and left him imprisoned there till the morning. Where is our relish for this class of feats gone? The long dockyard-wall seems to me now the most prosaic of prose things. Is it possible that one is becoming "one of the old school"? Is it possible that the young fellows who have joined during this last half-dozen years look upon my old set (now lieutenants and commanders) as grim tyrants and their natural foes? The thought is enough to make a man feel wrinkles creeping over him.

But yet you meet old gentlemen at Sheerness who have been lieutenants since the time of my set's grandfathers,—men who remember Sir Richard Strachan,—who talk of the Walcheren Expedition and Lord Chatham's turtle-soup (for Lord C. had his turtle as carefully as some of our own "heroes" their yachts to-day), as things which happened quite lately. And when you meet such an old gentleman you feel more juvenile. He can tell you how the service has changed; and he will, too. Midshipmen were not gentlemen in those days; they had not servants, but cleaned their own shoes. The changes since our time seem insignificant when you hear facts like these; and yet the changes in our time have been considerable, too,—as I feel when I happen to meet an old friend and hear his chat. The only thing which does not change seems the system which leaves the unlucky lieutenants of twenty, thirty, forty years' standing, and more. Families take their turns

to enjoy the good jobs of the Navy. Once it was the Es, now the Bs have it. The Es were in their glory in my time; but somehow none of the connection emerged to renown during the late war. Nor did the Bs for that matter. But there were one or two young gentlemen heard of who were no kin to either Bs or Es, and these fared accordingly. Do you think I have not heard the story of young Pullet,—how he lost his leg, and how they delayed his promotion to lieutenant, so that for the said leg he only got *a mate's pension* (was this a wise bit of economy?): Now Somebody who ought to have influence in these realms tried to give Pullet a lift, and did not prove so powerful *pro* as the Admiralty *con*? And don't I know that much about the time Pullet was faring thus, Fitz-Rat was shot up over every body's head without even a pretence of right, justice, or decency? Such stories wander about naval places, like the smells mentioned above, and aptly represent the corruption which dishonours our country. To be sure, there was no cant about Fitz-Rat's promotion; it was a straightforward bit of the old favouritism. Even *it* was an improvement on the canting style of the favouritism of Balder Dash of the *Pestilent*, who used to pretend that his conscience forced him to reward the merit of the sons and nephews of cabinet ministers.

However, ten-years' mates are rare now, at all events; and my thoughts turn to old H—, our senior mate in the *C*— when I was last in this harbour. A red-faced, hasty, eccentric man H— was, fond of his independence, fond of his port. A younger brother (said rumour) had stepped before him into his property, but sent him at intervals bank-notes, which H— pocketed hastily, leaving the letters in which they came for perusal at some leisure-hour. He always, I remember, did me the honour to use my basin and other toilette-materials of a morning. I was rather his favourite; and when he flung a camp-stool at me, I don't think that he meant me any harm. *Apropos*, I hear that "bullying" is on the decline, and becoming unknown now. No youngster has the tip of his nose slit and salt rubbed in any more. "Cobbing" is rare; "colts" are few. Horseplay is left to the sister service, where what remains of it seems likely to be extinguished by his Grace of Cambridge. There was less of this kind of thing in the *C*— than in some other vessels; but that it raged fiercely in more than one craft is so certain, that there are men who, having left the service years ago, retain a perfect horror of it from the memory of this one item only. The old mates were rather a ferocious class; and it is a good thing for youngsters that men who "stick" now on the road up stick more generally at the rank of lieutenant. If I recollect right, assistant surgeons from the Highlands were a bullying breed once on a time; but now they have their cabins and mess in the ward-room, so that danger is over. Time is probably modifying altogether the state of things in which the "oldster" and "youngster" were natural foes. Under the old *régime*, it was hard to believe that the severity of the oldster was all for our good, as he constantly insisted. Probably he was wise in allowing us no grog but on Saturday nights; yet, for the life of us, we could not but believe that he rather meant to deprive us of the pleasure than to shield us from the dangers of that indulgence. I remember that I for one could never comprehend why, if M'Grumph thought rum-and-water "pernicious," he was so fond of a tumbler himself! And I could not but think that he took a pleasure in "wallowing" a youngster altogether apart from his praiseworthy wish to improve the lad's morale.

In mingled recollection and reverie, I paced the streets, and then skimmed over the harbour. Old faces and old stories rose up in my mind's eye. A smart man-of-war's boat passed, and I suddenly thought of that exemplary disciplinarian who, in his anxiety to have his ship neat, performed an act of detail which merits the admiration of the profession. A goose which went loose on board attracted his curious eye, and what must he needs do but whitewash him! Whitewash the goose! . . . And between ourselves, reader, we laugh, but there are some recent vindications pub-

lished of our warriors which may well remind us of this fact. *Whitewashing the goose* is one of the standing employments just now of the well-wishers of our admirable "system." As one story suggests another, I am here reminded of an anecdote of the old *C*—days, which I may as well put on record. The *C*— was not considered in very brilliant order; in fact, was once or twice in my hearing called "slummy." But she was better than the *Harold*,—an odd illustration of the state of which vessel came out in a curious way, in a letter to one of the youngsters from his aged and respectable aunt: "Ah, my dear boy," were the old lady's words, "what were our feelings when we saw your noble vessel starting for the mighty deep,—when we saw your sails falling one by one!"

I forget how the letter came to be read to the *Harold's* mess, but have often heard of, and can well fancy, the roar of laughter raised by the unconscious testimony of the venerable gentlewoman to the *Harold's* state of discipline. To be sure, much could not be expected from her captain, whose senility and debility required that he should be unrolled for duty and rolled up again after he was done with, like a turn-up bedstead.*

So this is old Sheerness! I exclaim for the sixth time; and mentally call over the names (as I used to muster the watch, though my watch-bill was not the most accurate in the profession) of our mess. Poor old H—, the ten-years' mate above-named, dead. Lord Edward C—, a polished kind-hearted gentleman, dead. M—, one of the clerks, a fellow with a great deal of fun and shrewdness, dead. So with several others. Of the five youngsters appointed when she was commissioned, two only are now in the service. Others who belonged to her in the higher ranks have left the service likewise. *Tempora mutantur*, to make an original quotation. There is this to be said for naval acquaintanceships: the very life of a ship, still more of a mess, is such that you know men well, and remember them vividly. I sometimes fancy I can see old H— rushing about in a huge seedy uniform-coat, with a bit of glove over a finger, which I fear he had bruised in a row; or the long, fair, handsome E—, who came up to muster his division with a little Thomson's *Seasons*, which looked like a division-list, and to whom a well-known tyrant behaved so ill at Beyrout. Still more vividly I recall dear K—'s cabin in the cockpit, and how he corrected my false quantities as he lay on the bed, and I sat and read Latin to him.

The old *C*— was not in the harbour. She never returned to it after a fine cold spring morning in 1840,—a morning, by the way, when I paid my first visit to the foretopmast cross-trees at the polite suggestion of a superior. A modified kind of mast-heading was still in use in those days, and probably is yet. We youngsters, having read Marryat, rather thought it fine to be mast-headed, and were, indeed, ultra-nautical for the first year or so; but this wore off.

But, hillo! the *C*— is not here; but another vessel that I know pretty intimately is. What is that fine two-decker with the round stern? I thought I knew her. The *Preposterous*, by Jove! "She is one of the best sailing-vessels afloat," says an acquaintance; "but screws are all the go now, as you know." Again I reflect on time and change. A paltry ten years have passed, and have achieved a revolution. It is not that assistant-surgeons have attained cabins, or that they call pursors paymasters, and clerk's assistants underwriters; it isn't that No. 1 "provides" a different batch of things from what he did. These changes are bagatelles. Whole classes of ships are out of fashion; and what is called a ship is a kind of cross between a ship and a steamer. Your man-of-war carries fire in her belly; and I hear that to sleep now in a cockpit is to be stewed alive.

I look hard at the *Preposterous*. The last time I saw you in Malta was not an auspicious occasion, my friend.

* It would be brutal to laugh at infirmities as such; but when a man chooses to take a command, he puts himself forward as fit for it—he provokes remark.

But never mind that. One of the blessings of memory is, that the disagreeable things fade away faster than the pleasant ones; or, indeed, why should a man wish for the faculty otherwise? Nobody vexes himself about his school-floggings, but for the most part remembers his school days as agreeable, and generally regards the past as a pleasant land he is travelling from. Were you in trouble then? Why, if so, your pluck and spirits seem, viewed in memory, to have been higher than now,—to have borne you up well. The instinct lies deep in humanity, and is a valuable and sustaining one; it helps to reconcile man to life.

My reminiscences of the *Preposterous* were fresher than of the *C*—; and besides, here she was—in the flesh, I was almost saying—let us say, in the wood. I resolved to board her, and visit her in the capacity of T. G. Of course, I was handed over to the quarter-master as "a gentleman who wanted to see the ship." In this capacity I might moralise my fill.

How dismally empty and cold your guard-ship "in ordinary" is! It is a little deserted village. What a contrast is the *Preposterous* to the ship I remember in Malta harbour, buzzing with human life, as she lay, roofed in with snow-white awnings, in the calm blue water! Then her mighty spreading yards were clothed with sails, furled neat and clean, and seeming to keep them warm; now they are black and bare as wintry trees. Then, she was all alive with blue-jackets and marines, and officers moved briskly about, and the boatswain's pipe sounded; and bright green and yellow shore-boats, with grapes, oranges, and melons in them, came alongside at noon. Now, she seems cold and empty; a few officers, chiefly clerks, are on board, looking after details about provisions, &c. The bright gilt board at the end of the booms has a glitter as of a hatchment about it. Every where reigns the deadest prose. The old ship will never be at sea again, you feel at once, and imagination grotesquely pictures a card hanging from her—"To let." What makes the contrast worse is, that she is not an old-fashioned vessel,—like the *Ocean*, for instance, where the spirit of Collingwood hovers about the coals, as above mentioned,—no, but a fine modern vessel, and a good sailer. The melancholy is not in the change only, but in the change being so quick.

The quartermaster conducts me round the main-deck, with a little cane in his hand. "The main-deck, sir; that is the ward-room, sir, where the officers mess. The guns, sir, you see—32-pounders. This is the way they are fired." And he steps up to the breach of one. Yes, think I. And I mentally repeat, "At the word 'fire,' No. 1 fires with a turn of the wrist, springing up to the safety-position on the left; makes up the trigger-line hand over hand," &c. "He provides also two priming-wires, two tube-boxes, four spare flints, two trigger-lines, a vent-bit, and sees the lock fixed and fit for use."

For the life of me I shall never forget those little bits of gunnery knowledge; and while the unconscious quartermaster goes chatting on, my thoughts have flown back to the old days. There used to be a cabin here, on the larboard side, which I don't see now; but in which we used to lunch at Malta on the ice and plum-cake brought on board during the ship's company's dinner-hour at noon by old Colet. He was a lean wizened old Frenchman, an ancient *émigré*, whose head they said had once been in danger, though a more harmless head I cannot fancy. The deck does not seem as high as it did in those days somehow, and strikes me as cheerless and cold with its long row of black cannon which have felt no change, and which glitter as brightly after polishing now as they did when I saw them first. You might rub some of us long enough before we should look as fresh as we used to do! It was between those guns that fellows used to sit and smoke cigars in the evening, and talk about the last general order and the races; and there I have seen old Bobo, who commanded the *Peahen*, sit and drink brandy-and-water while his brig was under sailing orders, and the wind perfectly fair. Bobo is, I suppose, extinct; he would never let the mainsail be taken off the *Peahen*; and he

"carried on" in his life as he did at sea, so has no doubt gone down.

Of course, when we got to the cockpit, my quartermaster pointed out the amputation-table. "Here, sir," said he, "amputations are performed when the vessel is in action." "And here," thought I, "we used to wash; and Pepper dodged his tailor under the hammocks; and old Blimbo was furious at being shot with a soda-water cork when he was shaving." In fact, I could not keep up the T. G. any longer; I felt that I was an impostor, and I unbosomed myself to the veteran as having been in the "old *Preposterous*" when Ricks "had her." This put us on a more honest footing; and we now compared notes about the changes of the time—that fertile theme on which sailors even more than other men are wont to expatiate.

Why should one slide into fogysm so very very soon? Why should I somehow regret the "screw" movement, and shake my head, glance askance at the new youngsters and think them somehow not such fine fellows as we were? The *Populator* sails as well as the *Preposterous*, I dare say, and yet steams too. Young Rasper at Sweaborg did just as well as our lot at Acre. Well, well, that's all right and reasonable. But somehow, revisiting any old scene is for the time a melancholy kind of business. It is like coming as an old depositor to the British Bank. Where, ah where, is the treasure that you had—invested—there in the olden day?

HANDSOMELY REWARDED.

A CLERK'S STORY.

Young, ardent, sanguine, of a poetical and romantic temperament, given to castle-building in the air, and prone to falling in love imaginatively, I hailed, one day in my early youth, an omnibus. The vehicle was going to Clapham, and so was I. On getting inside, I found half-a-dozen people going to Clapham also. One of the half-dozen was an elderly gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat. For some time my companion's manifestations were entirely confined to taking snuff and blowing terrible bass blasts on his nose. Presently he took from his pocket a black leather pocket-book, and opened it. It was full of notes—bank-notes. He began to turn them over in bank-clerk fashion. What did I see? Notes for ten, for twenty, for a hundred pounds; not one or two of each, but in dozens! There might have been ten thousand pounds in that pocket-book! The owner was evidently used to notes; there was nothing of tenderness in his way of handling them. He thumbed them over roughly and carelessly, and now and then tore one. He made no more account of them than I did of the sixpennyworth of coppers which jingled in the pocket of my first tail-coat, and which I had carefully counted to make sure that I had money enough to pay the fare before entering the omnibus. I did not feel altogether comfortable in my proximity to a man who could sport with thousands in this manner. I could not help feeling that he was an "uncanny" person to sit by. I may remark, by the way, that this feeling has increased in strength and intensity as my life has advanced. I have never been able to regard a person who sported pocketfuls of sovereigns as my fellow-man. I have never felt any inclination to make a friend of such a person; nor have I ever observed that such a person has been anxious to make a friend of me. It may be that dissimilarity of circumstances, like dissimilarity of natures, repels sympathy. In this instance, however, I was influenced by another consideration. Apart from the sense I had of the utter incongruity between a man with a pocketful of bank-notes and another with only sixpence in halfpence, I felt that there was a practical danger in sitting so close to exposed wealth. The pocket-book might, by mistake, get into my pocket; a note might get entangled in one of my buttons; the old gentleman might conceive he had been robbed, and I might be suspected and accused. I removed to the opposite side of

the omnibus. A poor woman, who was sitting on the other side of the gentleman with the notes, almost immediately followed me. I have seen the same kind of movement take place in an omnibus, when some one has come in who appeared to have only just recovered from the measles; I have observed dirty people shunned in this way.

The process of counting the notes was resumed, and I contemplated the operation at a safe distance. The old gentleman made a note of something—probably the sum total—on a blank leaf, and carelessly put the book in his tail-pocket. In the course of a few minutes all the other passengers were set down, and I was left alone with the owner of the pocket-book. He took snuff two or three times, following up each pinch with an obligato performance on his nose, and at length poked the conductor with his stick to signify that he wished to get out. I watched him as he walked across the road, until he became lost to my view in the crowd on the pavement. I was just beginning to indulge in some reflections with regard to the possession of wealth, and had made some progress in building a very pretty aerial castle for my own residence, when my eye was suddenly attracted by something black lying in the straw at the bottom of the omnibus. It was a black pocket-book—the black pocket-book! My heart seemed to leap into my mouth; I trembled from head to foot with agitation, my head swam, and I felt a momentary faintness. Suddenly recovering myself, I stooped down, and with a trembling hand took up the book. It was the same book beyond question. To satisfy myself, I undid its india-rubber band, and opened it. There were the notes—ten-pound notes, twenty-pound notes, hundred-pound notes—notes to the value of thousands. For some minutes my brain was a perfect Maelstrom of conflicting thoughts. I held the book almost unconsciously, and stared vacantly at nothing. At length it occurred to me that I must do something. Should I give it to the conductor? Should I call a policeman? Should I keep it and advertise it, or wait for its being advertised? Whilst hastily revolving these various courses, a sudden impulse impelled me to signify to the conductor that I wanted to get out. Hastily handing all the coppers I could grasp in my tail-pocket—which I have already said amounted to sixpence, neither more nor less,—I rushed off frantically in the direction in which I had seen the owner of the pocket-book disappear. I carried the precious book in my hand, holding it aloft, as Rolla does the child; and though I did not think of it then, the good citizens must have wondered not a little to behold me. I ran a long time, until I was nearly out of breath, and was beginning to think the old gentleman had turned down some by-street, or found his home in some of the houses in the road. I was slackening my pace, and cooling down to the determination of waiting to see the loss advertised in the newspapers, when, in a little lane diverging from the main street, I caught a glimpse of the owner of the pocket-book. I turned aside at a sharp tangent, and ran off in pursuit. Just as I got within a few yards of him, he stopped suddenly, slapped his pocket, appeared to remember that something had been forgotten, and abruptly turned round to retrace his steps. At that moment I met him face to face. It was a striking, a startling situation. For a moment neither of us could speak; I, because I was out of breath; the millionaire, because, probably, of his emotion. So we gazed upon each other in mute but expressive silence for just a moment; when the old gentleman opened his arms, like a father in a play, and I fell plump into them, as a herring may be imagined to drop into the mouth of a whale.

"Young man," said the millionaire, in a gruff but tremulous voice, and gently disengaging me from his embrace,—"young man, let me—" He did not get any further just then; but with a sort of elephantine emotion pervading his whole frame, took the pocket-book from my extended hand opened it, and grasping a handful of the notes, perhaps 5000*l.* or so, appeared to be about to offer me that amount, as a trifling acknowledgment of my services. Before, however, I had time to decide whether I should magnanimously



THE FIRST THORN IN LIFE. BY P. MACDOWELL, R.A.

prefer the acknowledgment in the shape of eternal gratitude, he thought better of his apparent intention, shut up his precious book, and put it in his pocket.

"Young man," he repeated, again seizing my hand, and apparently still too overpowered with emotion to give intelligible expression to the sense of obligation under which he felt himself,—“young man, I—I can never repay you. Such noble conduct as yours is not to be measured by the common reward of money; I shall remember you, respect you, young man, as long as I live; and I hope, I do hope—but there, there is my card, young man; call upon me to-morrow at six precisely—at six precisely. For the present farewell, farewell, young man.” As he turned away he appeared to be about to give vent to the tears of emotion which had choked his utterance.

He had no sooner left me than the Maelstrom once more engulfed me, and twirled me down to its lowest depths, tossing me up again to the surface, stunned and confounded; I was the toy and sport of that Maelstrom all the way home, and it was not until the performance of a variety of the functions incident to daily life had in some degree calmed me down, that I was enabled to review the events of the day with any thing like an equal mind. It was quite clear to me, or rather it was not quite clear to me, that my fortune

was made. When I say that it was and it was not quite clear to me, I mean that I had a strong presentiment of the fact, without having any clear perception of the means. Here was an old gentleman, evidently a millionaire, to whom I had restored an immense amount of wealth, and who was so deeply grateful to me, that he did not conceive a handful of notes, amounting perhaps to 5000*l.*, an adequate reward for my services. Well, he had given me his card and invited me to his house. This at least was no dream—no fantasy of the imagination; there was his card before me—“Mr. Joshua Lobb, Paradise Villa, Clapham.”

“Call upon me, young man, to-morrow, at six precisely:” these were his very words. What did they mean? What did they portend? I saw it in an instant. He meant to make a friend of me—to introduce me to his family—to point to me as his benefactor—perhaps to adopt me as his son. Then he said, “I hope, I do hope.” What did he mean by that? It was as clear as day. Mr. Lobb had a daughter, a lovely daughter; I felt certain he had. On thinking about it, I came to the conclusion that I had never known a stout, rich, old gentleman, who took snuff and blew his nose like a trumpet, who hadn’t a lovely daughter; besides, his paternal manner vouched for it. Nature would never have endowed him with feelings, which were evidently the feelings of a

parent, if nature had not intended that he should be a parent. It was conclusive, therefore, that Mr. Lobb had a daughter, a lovely daughter,—a dear delightful creature, who was the sunshine of his home, who had sweet blue eyes, a most amiable disposition, a pretty figure, and neat ankles. It was clear also, that Mr. Lobb intended and designed that daughter for my wife, provided—we happened to like each other. Ah! I saw it all. That was what he *hoped*. To be sure!

That night the witchery of sleep was confounded and brought to naught by the bright image of Emily Lobb. I was sure her name was Emily. That sweet name had ever been associated in my mind with every thing that was beautiful, and elegant, and amiable, and charming, in woman. It was associated with simplicity of manner, with tenderness of love, with neatness of figure, and—excuse me—with natty boots fitting well at the ankles. What a man, I thought at this point, is Mr. Lobb to give up such a treasure, to sacrifice so much for my sake! But I would not be ungrateful. No; he should dwell where we dwelt; and Emily, though mine, should still be his; she should tend him in his old age, and smooth his declining years. Emily should play him old favourite tunes, and I—I should walk by the side of his bath-chair. Bless him!

Next morning I was up and dressed at an unwonted hour. My toilette gave me some uneasiness. A shooting-coat was clearly not quite the thing for an evening visit; nor was a check-waistcoat. I had certainly a pair of black pantaloons; but there were uncomfortable symptoms of shininess about the knees, and of raggedness about the feet. Then my laced-boots,—clearly I required a new suit. But how? I was very short just then, and quarter-day was yet a week off. Simpson suddenly occurred to me. Simpson was not a relation in any sense, but he was a very good fellow; and he had frequently offered assistance in various ways. I applied to Simpson accordingly for the loan of ten pounds; and it may be interesting to state, that the request was *unhesitatingly* complied with.

"Simpson, my boy," I exclaimed, grasping his hand, "you have made my fortune." And as I rushed down his stairs, I caught a glimpse of his honest generous face staring after me in amazement.

Ten pounds and a ready-made clothing establishment satisfied all my requirements,—all, save a pair of patent-leather boots, which I bought subsequently of the Court-bootmaker at an alarming figure, on the strength of their being a royal misfit. The hour arrived, and I was set down in what I may call, as I no doubt then thought, "gorgeous array," at the end of the turning where I had restored the pocket-book. On inquiry, I found that Paradise Villa was situated near the end of the lane. A few minutes brought me to the gate. It was a charming spot. The windows of the elegant Gothic cottage peeped out through clustering honeysuckle upon a neat lawn, studded round with flowers and shrubs. There was a fish-pond, a conservatory, a dovecot, and a weeping ash.

"With seats beneath its shade,

For talking age and whispering lovers made;"

that was, for Emily, myself, and the old gentleman. It was Paradise indeed; and with a sensation of being there, I pulled up my shirt-collar and rang the bell. It was presently answered by a female domestic, who showed me into an apartment and took up my card. There was an odour of dinner, which, as I was hungry (having, through excitement, forgotten to eat any thing since morning), might have gone to my heart, had that organ not been already occupied in throbbing for sweet Emily Lobb. Still the hint of dinner was promising. It was an evidence of substantial regard on Mr. Lobb's part, which I should no doubt have appreciated, had I been in a less ethereal frame of mind. I had just time to erect my collar and arrange my hair, when the servant re-entered the room.

"Please, Mr. Lobb says, are you the man from Bulb's the florist's?"

This was addressed to me—to me! "Was I the man from Bulb's the florist's?" Was I the *man*?—the *MAN*? You might have knocked me down with a feather, with a hair, with nothing! To have found a pocket-book containing a fortune; to have restored that fortune, and redeemed a person from bankruptcy, beggary,—the workhouse perhaps,—and then to be called "a man." O, the terrible coldness, the crushing ingratitude of that word! I gasped for breath, and said sternly:

"Young woman, I am not the man from Bulb's the florist's. Tell your master that I am the *gentleman* who found his pocket-book."

To be called "a man"—to be supposed capable, perhaps, of carrying roots in a basket, or of calling for a bill! I looked at the royal misfits and drew a dagger—in the air.

Presently the tide of my indignation was arrested by the rustle of a silk dress on the stairs.

It was she! Emily! ha! coming herself to bid me welcome—perhaps—perhaps to embrace me. Just one glance at the glass, and I was ready to receive her. "Where is he?" I heard her ask in the passage. What rich melodious tones! what sweet utterance!

In another instant the door opened, and a female figure appeared in the entrance. I stood rooted to the spot, speechless, confounded. She advanced towards me, holding out her hand, and ere I could rush forward to meet her, she spoke:

"O, you are the poor man that found papa's pocket-book. Papa is very much obliged to you, and desires me to give you this."

I held out my hand mechanically and allowed something to be dropped into it; but the horrible obliquity of Miss Lobb's vision, the redness of her nose, and the fearful scragginess of her neck, kept me spell-bound. At last I looked in my hand, and found reposing in its palm HALF-A-CROWN! How I found my way to the door, how I gained the open air, I know not; but I found myself on the gravel-walk, still holding the half-crown in my left hand. Awakening, as it were, from a dream, I looked up to the drawing-room windows, blazing with light; and without a moment's thought, and in obedience to a sudden and irresistible impulse, I seized the half-crown between the finger and thumb of my right hand, and throwing all the humiliation, indignation, and passion which struggled within me into my right arm, I pitched that half-crown right through the centre window. I heard a crash, a shout, and a scream, and the next instant I was in the lane.

* * * * *

I feel that this veritable history should carry a moral; but if I were to offer the moral which the adventure of that memorable day suggested to my wrathful mind at the time, I fear it would scarcely be one that could be considered to "adorn my tale;" since on my way home that evening, the best result of my dire experience was the making of a hardened resolution, never again to restore a pocket-book until there should be a distinct understanding that I should be adequately and HANDSOMELY REWARDED.

Nor will it be thought surprising that I should have remained unrepentant while the weary, and inconvenient, process of repaying, by instalments, my friend Simpson's loan of ten pounds periodically set before me the folly of which I had been guilty. Here, at least, is a good moral—the folly of counting one's chickens before they are hatched.

RICHARD FARQUERSON'S FORTUNE.

RELATED TO HIS CHILDREN.

By HOLME LEE.

I.

It was in the fever-time, that dreadful season which you must all remember, that I left home.

I came in one night to my tea as usual, at half-past six,—a rainy, unwholesome night it was,—and found my father

sitting over the fire with his head aching, and deadly sick: he was just beginning in the fever. Ten days after, he was in his coffin. There we all wore—six of us at home, little and big—and nobody to earn bread for us. What were we to do? My mother,—she was a high-spirited proud woman, who had been decently bred and used to comfort in her young days,—looked at us dry-eyed. I distinctly remember her saying, the evening after my father was buried, as we sat about the fire just after tea: "Children, there must be something done; your father has left us nothing but debts, and we cannot starve."

Some of us were old enough then to dislike the mad speculation my father had undertaken; I say *mad*, because it was impossible we could know so early how well it would turn out for us. The first idea was, of course, to close the shop, and seek some quiet private occupation. My mother thought of dress-making; but several people came and asked her to try it,—selling the fish and game, I mean,—and after a few days' consideration she determined to do so. I don't know that any of us objected, or that our friends fell off in consequence. A man who understood the trade came from London and managed it, and my mother kept the books. She was a very clever upright woman; and though I have come across many clever women in my lifetime, I never yet met one who was her equal. In the course of eight years she brought up her family,—Willy, the youngest, died four months after my father,—paid off every farthing of previously accumulated debt, and laid by a sufficient maintenance for her old age: then she shut up the shop. Are we ashamed of it now? Most certainly not. If ever—being a man of property—I am carried away by the vanity of imitating my betters, and desire to bear a coat of arms on my carriage, I shall take for my crest a crayfish with the motto, "By this I rise."

The young ones got a better education than I had the chance of. I was fifteen when my father died, and had just been apprenticed to a printer. I hated the business, and asked my master if he would cancel my indentures. He said he would if my mother agreed, thinking that I was going to help her in the business, though that was a long way from my intentions, and from hers too; for she never suffered any one of us to go near the shop. My sisters went to the best schools in the town (and here, let me acknowledge, that, knowing our former position and our present difficulties, every where friends turned up for us); they had all they wanted as far as books and masters went. My mother used to say, "Children, I cannot give you a fortune, but I will give you an education suitable to the station in which you were born, and you must each work your way back to it for yourselves." We have all done so, thanks to her. I had no distinct idea when I left home of what I wanted to become. Adventure and change were the vague hankerings in my mind; at all events, I did *not* want to be a printer. I told her so one Sunday night, when all the children but Maggie had gone to bed. She looked rather puzzled, and asked, "Then what do you want to be, Richard?"

I said I did not exactly know, but thought I should like to be a merchant. She did not speak decidedly, but conveyed that to get into a merchant's office required a very high premium. Now, in some book or other,—I ought to recollect it, but don't,—I had read of a man earning his way to great wealth from a beginning of half-a-crown. I started in life with threepence-halfpenny. No more was said then; but I gave my mother two kisses instead of one that night when I went to bed; and, as soon as it began to dawn in the morning, I got up and ran away from home.

II.

And this is what I began life with. My black cloth Sunday-trousers with threepence-halfpenny in the pocket, black jacket and waistcoat, one shirt on my back and another in my bundle; also two extra pairs of socks; and

Maggie's present to me on my last birthday—a little shilling Testament;—that was all, so far as I recollect.

It did not enter into my head at first what sore hearts I should make at home by my flight; but Maggie has told me since that great was the dismay when it was found out that I was gone. My mother hoped for a week or two that I should come back, and fretted continually; but at length she made up her mind to it, and said: "Richard is an honest lad, and he has a good spirit; he will not starve."

I did not starve, but very near it, as you shall hear. It was a Monday morning in September when I ran away; a very raw morning, drizzling and misty. I could not have chosen a worse time if I had looked out for it. I started straight along the road, stopping now and then to look at the guide-posts. The first said, "London 189 miles;" that was a long tramp; but I kept my eye on the end of it, not on the hardships by the way, or I should never have got there at all. I took my breakfast in a wheat-field, where the grain was half ripe, my dinner the same, and my supper the same: it did very well, only I am afraid it was not honest, though I had done it fifty times before without a qualm when I was not hungry. At nightfall I was at a distance from any village, and the drizzle had changed to an even down-pour. I was glad to come in sight of a roadside inn. I meant to beg shelter for the night in some of the out-buildings. I was big enough and strong enough to rough it and not care, looking to the end—mind, always to the end. There were some grooms and people hanging about the doorway, waiting for the night-coach, which changed horses there; and besides them, a gentleman with a carpet-bag, waiting to be taken up by it. He stared at me very hard, as many people had done in the course of my day's journey, and at last said very snarlingly, "You're a runaway, my lad, aren't you? Tell truth, and shame the devil! I ran away from school myself; it is enough to make a fellow run away! Are you going to sea? I went to sea—runaways always do; but I came back." He took it all for granted, asking his questions and answering them in a breath. The coach arrived as he was speaking; and he immediately bustled off, and mounted to the only vacant seat on the roof; and then called to me to hand him up his carpet-bag, which I did, and he threw me sixpence for my trouble, thus increasing my capital to ninepence-halfpenny. The coach drove away in a few minutes, but stopped before it had gone fifty yards, and the strange man screamed out at the top of a stentorian voice, "Here, you runaway lad, take that; it'll be of use to you, may be;" and as the vehicle rolled on, a scrap of paper fluttered down into the mud. I took it up, thinking of bank-notes, but the paper was too thick for that; and when I brought it to the lamp over the inn-door, I saw that it was merely the outside of a letter, with a name and address—"Mr. Morley, 18 Great Walton Street, London." I put it into my pocket, and asked the ostler if I might have shelter any where for the night, in the stable or barn? He said he would ask his mistress. She was just within the doorway, and met the request with a very curt refusal, and turned round to look at me, as I stood outside in the rain, dripping at every angle and point. Having considered me a minute or two in silence, she said, "You've run away, have you, young man; how old are you?" Now, even at that age, I was averse to questions. I was not going back; and therefore I determined to stop interrogatories which might lead to my being discovered by one decisive answer: "I'm old enough to be my own master; if you'll give me a shelter I'll be thankful; if you won't, say so, and I'll go elsewhere." She immediately said that I might go in.

The place where I passed the night was the kitchen, clean, warm, and cosy. I slept like a top on the long settle, after a gratuitous supper of bread, cheese, and ale. I had only to answer one more question—was my father living or dead? and the woman was like a mother to me when I said that he was dead. In the morning, rested and refreshed, I started on my second day's journey.

I thought of them at home a good deal that day.

III.

I got to London on Saturday. I cannot say that I was very dilapidated; for I had slept under a roof every night and had fed in the cornfields by day. It is surprising how much you can go through with a stout heart, youth, and health. But having got into the great Babel, I found myself alone. Think of that: *alone* and penniless,—for all my capital was gone now,—*alone* in London. There was no ripe corn growing any where near the steps of St. Martin's Church, on which I slept that night. Fortunately it was fine, though frosty and chill; and I don't care to acknowledge now that I shed some tears on the old stones, thinking of my mother and the rest of them at home; perhaps, also, I was rather hungry: it is most likely. I can't throw any romantic glamour over the prosaic facts of that Sunday if I were to talk till doomsday. When I woke, stiff and cold, the sun was rising, and the houses looked taller than they have ever done since; and my last idea on falling asleep was my first at waking—an idea I did not get rid of all that day—that I had got nothing to eat. I attended service at St. Martin's Church in the morning: not looking quite a mendicant, but very nearly so; in the afternoon I had a siesta in one of the parks; and towards evening, memory quickened by appetite, may be, I bethought myself of Mr. Morley and Great Walton Street. I inquired my way, lost it, found it again, and finally came to a stand opposite a large important house; then I felt profoundly that I did not look what is called "respectable." I was not a weakling, so that a four-and-twenty hours' fast had not exhausted me; but my clothes had a week's dust on them. However, up the steps I went, and rang the bell; a livery-servant opened the door, and I asked if Mr. Morley was at home. Yes, he was; but he never saw company or transacted business on a Sunday. I was not company and I had no business; but I took the back of the letter and asked the servant to carry it to his master, which he did. I have heard since that he thought I was one of Mr. Morley's poor relations from the country. I waited on the step for five minutes or more before he returned, and when he did, looked very anxiously for his message, as you may think.

"Master says he'll see you; come in." And in I went. "You'd better leave that there," indicating the bundle, "and rub your shoes on the mat."

The man was quite civil, being, I believe, familiarised with folks coming for help. Mr. Morley was a good man.

I followed him upstairs, and into a room where Mr. Morley and two children were sitting at a table covered with dozzert. Doffing my cap at the door, I made a pause there.

"So you've got here! I said you did not look like turning back," cried Mr. Morley. "When did you come?"

"Last night."

"Found your friends?"

"I had none to seek."

Mr. Morley turned full round and faced me. "Come and sit down, and tell me all about it. What school was it? Here's Tom means to run away soon; the amusements are so mild. At his school they take them to teetotal meetings by way of fun. Now what's your grievance?"

"I've not run away from school," said I, rather diffidently; "I've run away from home because there are too many of us for my mother to keep, and I want to keep myself."

"What's your name?"

"Richard Farquerson."

"I knew a Farquerson once—James Farquerson; he was a rich merchant at one time, but he failed. He had a son Richard—any thing to you?"

"My grandfather lived in London, but he died long ago; it may be the same. He was unfortunate in business I have heard my mother say—"

"His son Richard was unfortunate too, I should think; he was a man whose vocation it was *not* to succeed in the world. How about your father?"

"He was very good-humoured and fond of company. My mother's fortune was lost in my grandfather's failure."

She had money left her too, but it was wasted; my father lent some, and I don't know how the rest went. My mother does not speak much about it. We were in debt when he died, but she means to pay every body in the end."

"Richard Farquerson—the one I knew—liked racing and betting. He settled at Warleigh when he married, intending to carry on business in connection with his father here; but they both came to ruin together."

I blushed. Warleigh I had come from, but I would rather have kept my secret. Mr. Morley had his eye upon me.

"You're Richard Farquerson's son; I know you by that turn of the lip. He stood my good friend more than once."

"How so, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"He was a warning to me," was the abrupt and very unexpected response. "Where have you got your pith and spirit from? not from father or grandfather, I vouch for it."

"From my mother, sir."

"She must be one in a thousand. I remember your father. I was a lad then in James Farquerson's office. The most lively, thoughtless, reckless young fellow he was; looking forward to a handsome competence, and throwing his money about as if it had been chucky-stones. We were at the same school; and there he was all for tops, kites, marbles, and alecampane. We proposed to run away together; but he could never make up his mind to climb the playground-wall, and I ran away alone. He was successively apprenticed to a civil engineer, an architect, and an attorney; and each master was so obliging as to cancel his indentures after the lapse of a few months. Then he went to sea, and turned up again, like a bad halfpenny, at six weeks' end: a sea life did not agree with him; indeed, nothing did agree with him but his ease and his pleasure, so he subsided upon a stool in his father's office. I have heard him tell the story of his youthful mischances as an excellent joke, and have laughed with him and thought him a fine fellow, though I had begun to go steadily in the mill, and work there. He never worked; he used to lie in bed till half-past ten or eleven o'clock, and be threatened through the keyhole with cold pig by his Aunt Jane. He had expectations from her, but offended her."

"Will you have a piece of cake?" asked the little girl whom I had noticed at my entrance into the room. She was standing in front of me with a great wedge of it in her fingers offering it to me. I took it, and ate it slowly, not as if I were particularly hungry, though every crumb was precious; and she watched me with a very earnest attention as if she had never seen any thing like me before. I was rather ogreish, no doubt. Her father ordered the boy who sat still at the table, cracking filberts and listening with all his might, to pour me out a glass of wine, which he did reluctantly. He was a pale small creature, with mean features, and not more than ten years old to look at, though he was thirteen; the girl was pretty, and prettily dressed in a white muslin frock and blue sash. They were cousins; Cousin Tom and Cousin Nellie they called each other. After I had drunk the wine, and was listening again to what Mr. Morley talked about, his words grew involved and indistinct. Will it be believed that I fell asleep?

When I woke up with a great start, the children were gone, and a servant was bringing in candles. I sprang up, and began to stammer an apology.

"Sit down again, I have not heard all I want to hear, or said all I want to say," Mr. Morley interposed. "How many of you did Richard Farquerson—did your father leave? Tell me all about it."

So I began and told him all I knew: how things had not prospered with us, and how we were getting behind-hand with the world when my father took it into his head to open that shop; what a grievance it was to my mother; and how he died of the fever a fortnight after it was begun, and left six children unprovided for.

"Richard Farquerson all over! he was one of those careless ne'er-do-wells, who are kept by a social providence for the encouragement of charitable and indulgent persons. I

remember how he used to rave against skittish fortune, and swear she had a spite against him, when he was doing every thing in his power to spite her. And he is dead?"

"Two months ago."

Mr. Morley was silent for several minutes; at last he said suddenly, "What do you expect from me; what do you want with me? I know nothing of you. You've not come begging—I can't offer you a shilling."

He evidently expected me to say something more, but I did not; I only got up to go away: indeed, I had no claim on any one.

"Where are you going to-night—nowhere particular perhaps? then you may stay here, if you choose. As I said before, your father did me a good turn once, and I'll pay it to his son," said Mr. Morley. "Now the first thing you'll do will be to write to your mother."

"I'd rather not, sir, until I see my way," said I. I did not want them at home to know any thing about me until I could say that I was above need and getting on.

"Not see your way! It's straight forward; every body's way is straight forward, if they would only keep to it, instead of edging off in search of something grander or pleasanter than what they see before them. You'll write to your mother, Richard Farquerson, and tell her that you are safe and have found a friend; even if you don't tell her more. It is your plain duty, sir; quite as much your duty as it was in the first instance to run away. Then we will have up the cold beef."

I wrote the letter with pen and paper that he gave me there and then; but it never went. Well, I've been sorry for it since.

After the cold beef I went to bed in the "cousins' room." Mr. Morley had hosts of country relatives who came up to town periodically to be helped on in the world by him; and until they got a step, they occupied this little green bedroom at the back of the house. When I entered Mr. Morley's office it was supposed that I was one of these many poor country-cousins, until Tom let out the truth.

IV.

It was not until I had been away from Warleigh six years that I let them know at home where I was and what I was doing. To be sure, once in every few months I dropped them a line to say that I was in the land of the living; but I wanted some day to surprise them all. It was a very foolish ambition, and by the time I had been six years on the world I found it out. I was not going to be rich by any sudden stroke of fortune; and if I waited until I grew independent in the ordinary course of events, why, I thought, I may wait until I am a middle-aged man, and there is no mother left to rejoice over me. So just before I went abroad, I wrote her a long letter, telling her all about my doings since I left Warleigh, and promising to go down and see them all when I came back from Rio, whither I was sent on Mr. Morley's business. Her answer did not come till I was just on the point of sailing; and the nearest word to a reproach that she said in it was: "You would have spared me many a sleepless night, dear Richard, if you had written earlier." I knew her quiet way, and how much pain it hid; and I declare those few words cut me up more than any others I ever heard.

Well, I was away at Rio two years,—a long two years they were, I assure you,—and when I came back to England I got a holiday, and went home to Warleigh for a month. The changes in those eight years! In the first place, there was the old house converted into a respectable place again; the shop had vanished, and was become a parlour, where my good mother sat in her easy-chair, with her knitting on a little round white marble table, which she told me had been the slab once upon a time. Maggie laughed about it, calling it her mother's "vanity," and, "Indeed," says my mother, "what would have become of you children but for it? You ought to feel a respect for it." And so in our hearts we do. Maggie has many a jest about what she calls

our "aquatic origin." "Like Venus, we rise from the sea," she cries, and my mother bids her hush. My mother sees no fun in it; to her it was a hard trial, and as such will always be remembered.

Maggie was grown up, and looking old for her age, which is only two years more than my own; but you might see she was a predestined old maid, even if the mourning-ring on her finger had not let you partly into the poor girl's romance. Marian, my second sister, was married and gone from home; and Lena, the youngest, was out as a governess in a great family. But it was Christmas-time, and they both came to Warleigh for a few days, and also Henry, from his situation in Manchester.

"I shall perhaps never see all my children around me at one time again," said my mother; "I am getting old in the world." But she has had us all around her many happy Christmases since then; and some of us with very considerable additions, or incumbrances,—which shall we call the great boys and girls that are growing up about us into men and women so fast, that our own youth is quite thrown back into the shade? Not incumbrances, I think.

V.

I had managed Mr. Morley's affairs at Rio, which had got into some entanglement, so much to his satisfaction, that when I went back to town he let me have a small share in the business, and make ventures on my own account. I began to get on then; for my speculations, though on a small scale, prospered, and paved the way to greater: every body must have a beginning. Long before I went out to Rio, I had vacated the little green "cousins' room" for lodgings of my own, but had still continued a very frequent guest in Great Walton Street; and I had not been there more than twice after my return before I made a discovery which did not please me, indeed it made me a miserable disconsolate dog for months: it was that Mr. Morley destined his daughter Ellen for her cousin Tom. Mr. Morley told me himself one night when we were alone in the dining-room; perhaps the old man suspected; but no matter.

Tom Fletcher was one-and-twenty then; a pale-faced, undersized, insignificant, poor-spirited creature. I could not abide him. Ellen was eighteen: a rosebud, a merry, laughing, kind, warm-hearted girl she was as ever breathed; and quite as friendly towards me as she was that first night when she gave me the big lump of cake out of her hand, and my boy's heart was vowed to her for ever for the kindness of the act.

When Mr. Morley and I went upstairs after I had heard the news, I was naturally very dull. Tom came in soon after from dining at his club, and had tea. Ellen did not like Tom any more than I did; and when she was not ridiculing him mercilessly (she had a sharp tongue—as what woman who is worth a chip has not?) she kept him at such a distance that he did not dare speak to her. She was in one of her icy moods that night, and Tom would have been much more comfortable in a shower-bath than he was under her sleety civility. She had fathomed him long ago; but she had promised to marry him when almost a child, and before she knew what marrying meant. She began to change her mind now, and I was the cause of that change. I was as much in love with her as a man could be; and if she had a fondness for any body besides her father, it was for myself. We were both well aware of this some time before we ventured explicitly to say so. It was on this particular evening, if Ellen had not found me out before, that she made the discovery of my affection for her, though I had not my assurance of hers so early.

Tom asked her to sing; and instead of making any of the thousand-and-one excuses that girls are generally so ready with, she simply replied, that she was not in the humour. If Tom had not been such a mean scoundrel, I could have pitied him for the contemptuous coldness that Ellen threw into all she said to him, though that was little enough; but Tom knew that her father was on his side,

and bore it philosophically enough. He confided to me,—I could have beaten his infatuated vanity out of him with relish,—that Nellie was crazed in love with him; but as she was quite safe for him, he should take a little longer time to sow his wild oats. He had set up a house of his own at a short distance from town, and there he received his own kind of company that he could not bring to his uncle's house—very low company it generally was. It used to throw me into the wildest rage to think that my pure little Ellen could ever be the wife of such a creature; and if I had not seen her so thoroughly set against him, I don't know what I might not have done.

Tom left before me that evening; and when he was gone, Ellen recovered her good humour; she would sing for me with once asking. I cannot exactly tell how it came about, but Mr. Morley having dropped asleep in his easy-chair, we began to talk together in an undertone by the piano, and I told her about all of them at home, which I had never done before. She listened with a great deal of interest, and asked a good many questions respecting my mother and sisters; and how I had enjoyed going home after so long an absence. And I said, "It was very pleasant to be there, Nellie; but I was glad to come back here; it always seems home to me most where you are now." She turned very red, and looked away as she shut up the music-book. I was startled at what I had said, for she seemed frightened, and I did not know whether she was angry or not. "Nellie, are you angry with me?" I whispered, catching one of her hands in mine and holding it fast.

She was very white now, and her eyes were shining as if there were tears in them; but "You had better go away, Richard," was all she said, and she gave a hurried glance at her father. I was very much disposed to linger, but she reiterated, "Go, Richard; go now." She remembered her miserable tie to her cousin Tom; while I, for a moment, felt that I was not acting right by my benefactor. Afterwards, when it came to the point of seeing the woman I loved sacrificed to an evil-minded man, who would break her heart, I threw that and every other consideration to the winds, and spoke out. But the time was not yet ripe for that.

VI.

Another year went over our heads, during which interval Mr. Morley retired almost entirely from the management of his commercial affairs, leaving them in the hands of Tom Fletcher. I was surprised how my good friend, who, in other matters was an acute far-sighted man, could be so hoodwinked to his nephew's real character and pursuits. Perhaps it might be that he had become habituated to him by long dependence, and the young man was too cautious ever to let his vices become obtrusive; that Mr. Morley was deceived there is no doubt, for Tom had entire possession of his ear, and influenced him to undertake several speculations, which, if hinted at by another, tenacious as he was of his commercial credit, the old man would have scouted as rash in the extreme. The firm was "Morley and Fletcher" then. Mr. Morley hinted to me that it might be "Morley, Fletcher, and Farquerson," if I had a mind; but I have never regretted the lost opportunity. Tom certainly possessed business talents, if he could have kept straight; but I disliked his course of proceedings so much, that I withdrew from Mr. Morley's office, and began on my own account. There was in consequence a slight coolness between us for a short time; but it wore off, and our friendly relations were again resumed. It was on the first evening that I dined in Great Walton Street after this temporary coolness that Ellen and I spoke openly to each other. I found her looking ill and depressed; and by dint of a few questions, extracted from her an admission that Tom Fletcher was hateful to her, and that the thought of a marriage with him was most repugnant to her feelings. Her father had been desirous of hastening it, that he might resign all business anxieties, for which he began to feel himself un-

equal, into the hands of his son-in-law; and she, fearful of encountering his displeasure, had not dared to speak out her abhorrence. It was a very critical moment; I could by no means be sure of Ellen's feelings, and a rejection would have mortified me beyond expression. That she liked me, I knew well enough. Well, there she sat, drooping before me, her cheeks all lily-white, and the tears glittering in her pretty eyes; and I stood shifting restlessly from one foot to the other, not venturing to bring my fortune to the test, to win or lose it all, until she looked up at me and began,

"You know, Richard—"

I only knew one thing at that moment,—how much I loved Nellie; so I cut her trembling little phrase short, and told her so. She blushed, and made no answer; but she did not pull her hand away or bid me go this time, so I stayed. And presently, "But how shall we tell my father?" asked she.

"Leave that in my hands, Nellie," I said. "I will tell him when he comes up from the dining-room. You can run away, if you are afraid."

"I am afraid, Richard. His heart was so set on my marrying Tom, that if you had not spoken I think I should. I don't like to grieve him. But, Richard, what if he is angry? He never was angry with me in his life. How can I bear it?"

I cheered her, and bade her have courage.

"I will have courage for you, dear Richard," said she; and though she was trembling like a leaf, a colour came into her face and a sparkle into her eyes, that told me love for somebody put that courage into her shrinking little heart.

When Mr. Morley came in, she went away to her bedroom, and I spoke to the old man, and told him all. He was a fiery man and an obstinate man, notwithstanding his many good points, and at first he went into an awful rage, calling me all manner of traitors and serpents and knaves; refusing to listen to a single plea, and finally forbidding me ever to set foot within his doors again, or to hold with Ellen any correspondence either by word or letter. He fetched Ellen from her room, and tried to make her, in my presence, promise never more to hold any communication with me; but the brave girl, though she wept bitterly, refused to do that.

"I should break it, father; I should break it the first time I saw Richard," sobbed she; "and indeed I cannot marry Cousin Tom, for I hate him."

Mr. Morley threw upon me a withering look. "This is your doing, Richard Farquerson," said he bitterly; "this is the sort of requital you make to me who took you out of the streets. You are a base ungrateful scoundrel, sir, and I wish never to see your face again," and much more to the same effect. Then to Ellen he said, "If you don't marry your cousin Tom Fletcher, while I live you shall with my consent marry no man; and if you marry without my consent, I will throw you off and have no more a daughter."

His voice sank at the last words, and Ellen clung weeping to his arm. "Don't say any thing more, father; don't say hard things of Richard," cried she; "I never liked Tom. He does not care for me, and he would kill me soon, I know he would. Richard, can't you say something?"

To see her stretch out her hand to me, as if for help, threw the old man into a terrible fury. "Begone!" he exclaimed. "Out of my sight, hound—"

"Mr. Morley," said I very quietly, but in a way that checked his vituperation, "you will be sorry for this one day, but yet not half so sorry as you would have reason to be did you force Ellen to become Tom Fletcher's wife. But you will not force her; you will be true to me, Ellen, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, Richard; but go now."

And as my staying seemed only still more to infuriate her father, I reluctantly departed, sore enough and angry enough, as you may well imagine.

I tried to see Ellen the next day and the next after that, but was always refused admittance; I wrote, but my letters

were returned to me unread, so that I knew they had never reached my darling's hands. At last I found out that she had left town; but where she was, gone was a mystery. Four months elapsed, and I was still in the dark about her, and very wretched at times, when one night the post brought me a very tiny billet written in pencil: "Have patience, dear Richard; I know how you have sought me, and am ever your faithful Nellie," was every word it contained. But that was precious. The post-mark outside was "Dawlish;" and off to Dawlish I went, and mooned about the sands morning after morning for a week, but never caught a glimpse of my Nellie; so I supposed they were gone away again from thence, and returned to London.

I met Tom Fletcher a few days afterwards; and from the sullen hang-dog look he gave me, I knew he had received his final dismission by Ellen; and that was some comfort to think on, where there was so little else that was cheering.

It was not until six months, or rather more, after the fiery scene in Great Walton Street, that Nellie and I saw each other again, and that was across from opposite sides of a crowded concert-room. Mr. Morley was beside his daughter; so, though I got as near to them as I could, I had no speech of her. I thought she looked rather graver, but prettier than ever. The next day I risked another letter, which got into her hands, and she sent me a reply. "You may write to me openly, my dear Richard," she said in one part of it; "for though my father is still as firm against you, and as angry as ever, I have told him my resolve; and he says, 'You may take your own way, Nellie, to a certain extent, but marry any body but Cousin Tom you never shall;' so we must live in hope of better days, dear." Bless her kind heart! that "hope of better days" made me quite my own man again; and I went to work in my commercial concerns with a vigour and spirit that prospered well. There were just at that juncture fine openings for enterprise in the Australian trade, and I took a very successful advantage of them. I used to say to myself, "My Nellie is my good fortune;" and so she has been all my life through since the moment her father took me out of the streets.

VII.

For the next two years I progressed steadily; but Tom Fletcher, who had a larger capital to work with, made several splendid speculations. I knew how proud of him Mr. Morley would be, and how his praises would sound in my Nellie's ears. Experienced people spoke of Tom as a rising and most fortunate man; and the firm of "Morley and Fletcher" was of the highest standing in the commercial world. But unhappily Tom grew top-heavy in the bewilderment of his successes, and was smitten with the dangerous and seductive ambition of building up a colossal fortune in no time. He took into his foolish head some belief of his having been born under a lucky star, and predestined to immense wealth. I have been told, that he thought nothing in which he embarked could fail; and that he was in the habit of encouraging timid speculators to join in a hazardous scheme by saying, with insatiable assurance, "Throw your doubts to the winds. Why I am in it: the thing *must* succeed." But Tom's lucky star turned out a treacherous Will-o'-the-wisp, which led him considerably out of his depth, and sunk him in irremediable quagmires of difficulty. The whole City was electrified one fine morning to hear that "Morley and Fletcher" were in the *Gazette*. Their liabilities were enormous, and several smaller firms fell with them. Tom had been in much too great haste to get rich to be careful of his own means; and several disgraceful transactions came out in the examinations before the court. Mr. Morley was heart-broken; this close to a long and honourable career, this assassination of his good name and his credit, almost killed him. Nellie wrote to me in their distress, and begged my help, which, indeed, I was only too glad to give. But nothing was saved out of the wreck: Tom Fletcher was penniless, and Mr. Morley had nothing left but his wife's fortune, which had been settled on his daughter. They left the house in Great Walton

Street therefore, and went to reside in a small cottage at some miles from London, near Richmond.

One might have thought that this catastrophe would have opened Mr. Morley's eyes to Tom Fletcher's misconduct; but instead of that, he only seemed more than ever bound up in his interests. This was the period of the railway mania; and Tom turned sharebroker. With his natural genius for gambling, he made his thousands one day and his tens of thousands another, and has said since that at one period he did not know what he was worth. Mr. Morley himself was bitten by the popular frenzy, but not until the bubble was on the point of bursting. He drew Nellie's little fortune out of the funds, and entrusted it to Tom to double; but Tom, aware that the golden day was at an end, and having realised nothing out of his speculative gains, took possession of his poor old uncle's money, and decamped. This was the cruellest blow of all: but no pursuit was made after him. Mr. Morley only said: "Let the graceless scoundrel go; he was my sister's son;" and he escaped accordingly.

VIII.

My Nellie was a gem. Instead of pretending to think I might wish to break off our engagement as some would have done, she showed a perfect confidence in me, and wrote: "Dear Richard, you are my only hope; will you come to me? My poor father is almost mad, and I know not on which hand to turn. But you will not fail me, will you, Richard?" Directly I got that pitiful little letter, I posted off to Woodside, where they were living, glad in my heart, I believe, that they had only me to look to.

I met them walking in the sunshine on the road outside their garden. Nellie's arm supported her father, whose bent head and uncertain gait betrayed how terribly he had been shaken by recent disasters. I saw them some minutes before they perceived me, and had time to observe Nellie's face, which, pale though it was, showed no traces of anxiety. I cannot tell you how proud I felt to know what a sincere faith she had in me; and seeing it so happily expressed in the midst of real troubles was better than all. When she saw me coming towards them hastily, a brilliant colour flew into her face, and she put out her hand long before I was within reach, as if, dear soul, she were catching at a forlorn hope. "I knew *you* would come, Richard," said she; and then to her father, "Father, here is Mr. Richard Farquerson come to see you, and to ask after your health."

My kind old benefactor lifted up his face, and held out a trembling hand. "I am very glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said he. "It is a fine morning out in the fields. My daughter and I are breathing the air for the first time to-day. Have you walked far?"

"It is Richard Farquerson, father," reiterated Ellen, slightly raising her voice. "An old friend, father; not a new one."

"Richard Farquerson, is it? I remember his father. There are great changes, sir, since then. We will go home, Nellie; perhaps Mr. Farquerson would like to sit down and rest a short time." He mumbled his words indistinctly, and his thoughts seemed all astray. I was most painfully shocked to see this fine mind so unstrung, and to see Ellen's eyes fill with tears as she listened to him. We turned back, and all entered the house together. Ellen led the way to a little parlour overlooking the garden, and Mr. Morley sat him down in a great chair by the window. As I removed my hat, he looked at me earnestly, and a dull red suffused his face. He remembered me then, and appeared embarrassed; but suddenly catching at another idea, he said in his old strong voice: "You know my nephew, Tom Fletcher, my sister Rosie's son? Well, sir, he has robbed his poor old uncle! He has taken his last penny, and left him to starve with his daughter."

"Not while I live, Mr. Morley," said I. Ellen came and stood by me; she was very pale, and trembled excessively. "Listen to Richard, father," said she. And then I spoke, and asked him to give me Nellie. The old man began to cry.

"Don't, father, don't; you break my heart," supplicated my dear girl. "Look at Richard, and speak to him."

"Would you have believed it of Tom Fletcher, sir? I loved that lad as if he had been my own son; I did indeed, sir."

"Let me be your son, Mr. Morley; let me pay you back one title of the great debt I owe you."

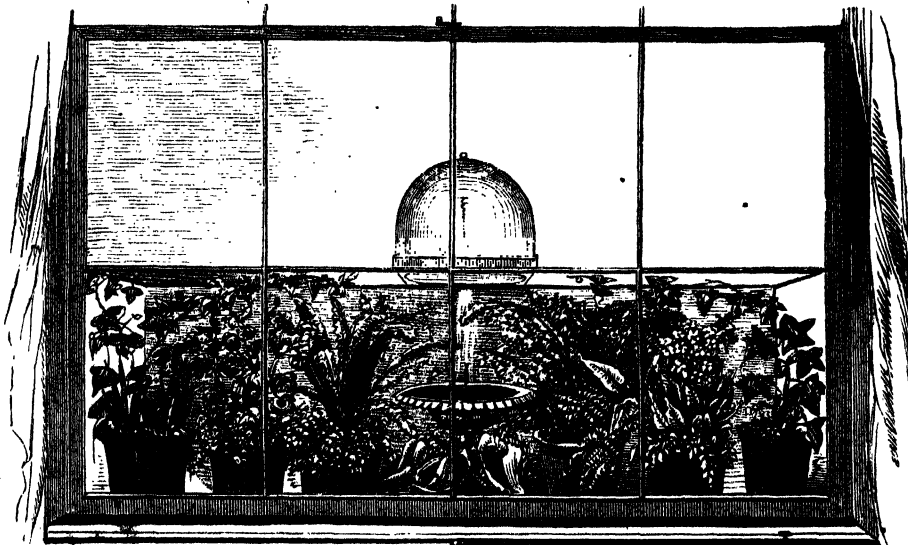
"Nellie has not sixpence, Richard Farquerson."

I was only too glad to take her as there she stood clad in her simple cotton gown and her fresh maiden beauty. I drew her to my side, and put my arm round her; while she leant her face on my shoulder to hide the tears that would come. When Mr. Morley saw us standing thus, he under-

stood all. "She is a good girl, Richard Farquerson; mind you use her well," said he tremulously. "If I have said anything harsh before, I beg your pardon heartily, sir. I was mistaken; I was deceived."

"Don't say another word; this moment cancels all," cried I.

And so Nellie and I were married; and she has been to me for nearly ten years the best, truest, kindest wife that ever man had. Mr. Morley lived with us long enough to see four of you about his knees; and then died in his daughter's arms very happily and contentedly, as you all know. And that is all I can tell you of my fortune, children.



A WORKMAN'S WINDOW-BLIND.



CORRESPONDENCE.

I HOPE you will not think me presumptuous in addressing you on a trifling Home affair that will perhaps be interesting to your readers, should you think it worthy of notice. The subject is a blind for the window of a workman's cottage. You well know that there are in use in every house blinds up as far as the top of the first row of panes—some of wood, some of wire, cane, calico, &c., and some of plants growing: it is on the last of these that I wish especially to speak, so far as relates to growing them in a manufacturing town. My house is situated in the midst of cotton-factories and chemical works; and I am delighted that I have not only overcome the difficulty of growing healthy plants, but that they answer every purpose of a blind, simply by a modification of your illustration on window-ornament,—a modification that is adapted to the purse and ingenuity of nearly every working-man. I enclose a sketch. [Upon this sketch our drawing is founded. Ed.] By it you will see that it is merely a slight wooden frame erected on the window-sill, and

glazed; the window forms one side, so that it makes a sort of Wardian case. It is so constructed that you can slide the sash up and down as usual to clean it and the plants. You will observe, too, that I have put a small fountain inside, supplied with water from a box placed on the window-sill above; a gallon of water lasting three or four hours, continually running. I may here mention the plants that I grow to perfection in it, viz. crocuses, hyacinths, primroses, snowdrops, ferns (of native growth), mosses of all kinds, wood-sorrel, ivy, musk, and fairy-rose. I may also mention a circumstance worthy of notice. It is a custom very common in Manchester to buy a bunch of flowers in the market on Saturday; but you will see them quite faded by Monday. Now if they are put into this case, they will keep very well for a week; I have kept some sorts fresh for a fortnight. The ivy is a piece I got, about four inches long, from an old crumbling ruin about twelve months back, and it is now about two yards long, and looks green both winter and summer. Some of my ferns are small roots brought home in a glass ginger-beer bottle when on a Whitsuntide ramble to Bolton Abbey.

When the case could not be made outside, it would only deprive the interior of about ten inches of room to have it inside. Make it the breadth of the window, and so that no dust can get in.

T. N., MANCHESTER.

* * * A CHRISTMAS NUMBER is in preparation, of which full particulars will be duly announced. Among its contents will be "THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT," a Christmas Tale in four Chapters, by WESTLAND MARSTON.

In the current Number of the same week will be commenced a TALE by SHIRLEY BROOKS, Author of "Aspen Court," "Miss Violet and her Offers," &c., and which will extend through several Numbers.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. II.

WILLIAM LUTHER & CO.

PAINTED BY PAUL DELAROCHE.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

DELAROCHE.

"The Death of Queen Elizabeth," which serves as frontispiece to our present number, had been prepared to exemplify the works of a great living artist in France.

We look at its composition, then turn the page, and, that page becomes a barrier between the living and the dead!

While the engraving was in course of preparation, the great master, of whose original picture it is the record, has suddenly died. He has just been borne to his last home by that phalanx of men—writers, savans, painters, sculptors, musicians, and certain statesmen—who are never absent when one of their brethren, even the humblest, calls them around his tomb. To a funeral they are more faithful than to the gayest feast; neither business, nor pleasure, nor even ill-health, can prevent them from rendering the last honours, or uttering the last sad farewell to the dead. It is indeed a very noble and touching spectacle to see the long file of uncovered heads, whose fine and powerful developments bespeak the elect amongst the great intelligences of the French metropolis, following in bowed-down reverence the bier of a brother or a sister artist or poet, and giving the sacrifice of their time to the heart, as they stand in unrestrained sorrow around the open grave of one of their brethren.

These funereal and melancholy solemnities have of late followed each other in too rapid succession in Paris. In little more than a year these same groups of mourners may have been seen winding through the thickly-crowded and undulating avenues of the cemetery of Montmartre, and standing at the graves of Madame de Girardin, of David d'Angers, of Adolphe Adam, and now, of the distinguished and lamented Delaroche.

He has been taken from his two young orphan boys, from his admiring pupils and his numerous friends, unexpectedly, although his health has long been delicate and vacillating. It received a shock in the death of his young wife, which was the signal, although long since given, of his own decease. She was the only child of Horace Vernet, and was the idol, as well as the ideal, of her husband; and never, from the time of Beatrice, has poet or painter dreamed of a purer model. Her features are portrayed in the head of "Saint Cecilia," in that of "An Angel," in "A Madonna," in "A Mother's Joys;" but her most perfect resemblance is in the *Hennicycle* of the *École des Beaux Arts*, under the symbolical figure of Gothic Architecture.

Paul Delaroche was one of the many who rose from an obscure origin, and who, after battling with necessity in all its shapes, succeeded in acquiring honours, reputation, and fortune. He earned them most legitimately by working out with continuity and conscience his own personal tastes and tendencies; by thinking, reading, feeling, and observing, not with the schooled eye of a follower, but by taking the initiative in a new order of ideas and of study. Delaroche was the first who deserted the school of David, with its antique and classic subjects, and who inaugurated that which is called the romantic school; that is, the choice of subjects drawn from events and personages of modern times. It is to England and English literature that French art owes principally this disenchantment from the frigid laws of classic art. The works of Shakspeare, of Scott, and of Byron, were, at the commencement of the career of Delaroche, read and revelled in by every young lover of literature in the French capital, and exercised a constant influence on French authors. The commotion they produced was carried into art, and *romanticism* was the order of the day.

All the early paintings of Delaroche prove how much he was attracted by English literature, and that he was influenced by the same idea which caused Scott to teach history through romance.

One of his earliest pictures exhibited, and which attracted impatient crowds to the spot where it hung, was the "Execution of Lady Jane Grey." She is represented

in all her beauty and innocence, with bandaged eyes, stretching forth her hand to find the block on which she would lay her young and lovely head. The pathos of the scene is felt at a glance; and the picture extorted admiration even from those critics who opposed, with all the spirit of party, the then new school.

"The Children of Edward" was another theme taken by Paul Delaroche from English history; and perhaps may be reckoned amongst the most perfect of his works. The young princes are sitting on an old carved-oak bed. They are in close contact with each other in their forlorn youth. The youngest has an illuminated missal in his hands; but his eyes are turned away, as if some strange and sinister sound had diverted his attention. A lurid light seen under the chink of the door seems to give a reason for the fear written on his knit brow; while the loving and true instinct of a little spaniel, which is watching that light in an attitude of surprise and terror, shows that danger is near. Nothing, however, draws the elder brother Edward from his fixed melancholy. His coming fate is written on his pallid death-like face; the fair eyelashes half cover his dark eye, heavily borne down by his weary prison-life. His whole figure, his pendent legs and arms, have lost all elasticity, and he seems to have sat motionless since he last sought to wile away the hours in hacking, with boyish awkwardness, his name on the oaken bedstead, "King Edward V." The two heads are finely contrasted; the linen of the bed, its hangings, the oak panelings, and the whole story, have reality and truth in them.

"Miss Macdonald and the Pretender," "Cromwell contemplating the remains of Charles I. in his coffin," "Charles I. insulted by soldiers in the house of Cotton," "Jeanne d'Arc interrogated in her prison by the Bishop of Winchester," "Strafford, on his way to execution, receiving the blessing of Archbishop Laud," with the "Last moments of Queen Elizabeth," show how much the mind of the artist was attracted by the tragic scenes of English history. They are all *chefs-d'œuvre* in which many distinct qualities meet—truth, finish, and elegance in the details; noble and elevated expression in the figures; and a poetic feeling suffusing as with an atmosphere the whole.

The "Queen Elizabeth" is a picture of the largest dimensions that Delaroche ever painted; but therein is not its merit. That is seen in the mode in which he has treated his subject. If he had wished to write a moral with his pencil on the vanity of earthly power and grandeur, he could hardly have done so in more vivid and effective language.

The Queen's state at this period was thus described by the French ambassador Beaumont in his letters to Paris: "It is certain that a deep melancholy is visible in her countenance and actions. . . . She will take no medicine, nor can she be persuaded to go to bed. For the last two days she has been sitting on cushions on the floor, neither rising nor lying down; her fingers almost always in her mouth, her eyes open and fixed on the ground."

There she lies, that mighty queen of England, on silken cushions it is true, but very low. The varied draperies of velvet and ermine, of fine lace and lawn, which envelop her, cannot conceal the lank withered limbs beneath, nor the crown those thin gray hairs, nor the rows of costly pearls the faded wrinkled neck. She is dying, but in anger. Her queenly command has been disobeyed, and the dearest wish of her woman's heart frustrated. . . . Her own royal signet, which would have saved her favourite Essex, if it had not been detained by the faithless Lady Salisbury, is brought back to her; and she, the queen, is as impotent to recall him to life as to repeal her own death-warrant. Her ruffled features bespeak her powerless fury while she exclaims, "God may forgive her, but I never will!" and yet she is about to appear at that bar where she will have to answer for the death of Mary of Scotland.

The picture is full of suggestion, and speaks to the thought as well as to the eye. The head of the queen is very characteristic. There is much skill in the position in-

to which her figure is thrown. There is nothing of studied attitude in it, but it is truthful as difficult in its drawing. Some hardness of outline may be traced in the heads of her women, who are standing behind her, feeling or feigning grief for their dying mistress. The earl has a fine head, and the personages in the background have the bearing of functionaries of a court. The mass of light thrown on the principal figure has nice gradations, and joins, by intermediate colours, the dark background. Paul Delaroche in this picture, as in many others, shows himself a master of a great difficulty in the distinction of the nature of *white* draperies, which he paints most carefully. The colouring of this, as of most of his paintings, is energetic, sober, and, although without glowing vivacity, not deficient in harmony. He does not take rank high as a colourist. In that respect, as in other characteristics, he stands apart from any class or school.

Two pictures, which are pendants, and which are known in every capital in Europe by the very beautiful mezzotinto engravings which have reproduced them, have still higher qualities than any of the preceding, and show Delaroche's prolific invention, and in this instance, *par exception*, his success in colour. These are the "Death of Mazarin" and "Richelieu conducting Cinq Mars to execution." They are two pages of French history, with ample annotations. The wily cruel Richelieu, himself almost dying, and on whose face is read "the ruling passion strong in death," is gliding in his gilded bark down the brilliant Rhone, towing after him another vessel, in which his victim Cinq Mars is seated, at whose execution the cardinal intends himself to preside at Lyons. The gorgeous sunlit river-scene, so bright and pure, and the rich habits of the gay courtiers in Richelieu's barge, contrast powerfully with the two principal personages—the one pallid in his terror, the other placid in his triumphant cruelty.

In the pendant to "Richelieu," it is Mazarin,—another of those priest-ministers who governed France at that period of its history with such subtle sway. He, too, is dying, but on a bed of down, cheating the approach of death by playing cards. He is surrounded by courtiers and ladies, amongst whom are his seven famous nieces, whom he sent for from Italy to make their fortunes under his own eye;—girls of low origin and of no education, but who, once in France, soon learnt the *courtisanneries* of the palace. Their ambition was equal to that of their uncle, while their rich Italian beauty aided them in making the first and noblest alliances in the French court. It is said that the princes who derogated from their rank by marrying the nieces, did so to secure the protection of the all-powerful uncle; and, as said the Prince de Conti to one of his friends who reproached him for the misalliance, "It is the cardinal I married."

"The Murder of the Duke de Guise" is another subject taken from the dark history of France, and treated by the master with a Shakspearian hand in dramatising the event. The dead body of the duke lies extended at full length in one side of the picture. The aggregation of murderers is on the opposite side, amongst whom is the mean King Henry who has instigated the crime. What is seen and felt at a glance is, that the moral strength and majesty is with the corpse; its expression, even in death, is "sovereign sway and masterdom." In all that group, combined of assassins and a sneaking king, there are weakness, pusillanimity, and baseness;—and thus Delaroche has so wielded that powerful weapon in art, expression, that he has given by it the power of life to death. On the brow of the Duke de Guise ought to be written,

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

There is one other work to which we must refer. Those who know the magnificent engraving by Henriquet Dupont will acknowledge that that work is in itself a host—the Hemicycle of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, the largest fresco-painting which exists, and which occupied four years of the life of Paul Delaroche.

It was like a great public calamity, that terror which burst upon Paris one day in the month of last December. "The *Ecole des Beaux Arts* is on fire!" "Paul Delaroche's fresco is reduced to ashes!" There was a panic from one barrier to the other. The people knew the Hemicycle of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. Happily alarm exaggerated the misfortune, and that magnificent painting, although burnt and defaced, was not destroyed. Artists of talent have been for several months engaged in its restoration. They perform their task *con amore*, for the love of the master, and for the love of art. It was confidently hoped that when they had restored its subordinate parts, Delaroche himself would have completed the work by repainting the heads. Providence has not permitted the realisation of this hope; but Delaroche has left a reduced copy by himself of this celebrated painting, from which, as well as from the engraving of Henriquet Dupont, the heads can be restored.

The subject of this magnificent fresco is Poetry and the Fine Arts. These noble themes have their personifications in those great men who have given them their material form in picture or in poem. All those mighty names that have covered England, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Flanders, with their glorious works stand grouped, not formally yet with precision, in this hemicycle. Three centuries full of genius! There are women too, as symbols of history and architecture,—beautiful forms and divine faces; fit themes for Dante and Petrarch, Ariosto and Tasso, in whose company they mingle; models for Raphael and Correggio, brilliant enough to be those of Titian and Veronese, fair enough to sit for Rubens and Vandyke, gentle and lovely as the wife of the great master who has displayed to our eyes genius *en masse*, and beauty in its noblest and most perfect aspect.

This admirable fresco is with one accord pronounced to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of Delaroche. There is so much breadth in its composition, that the eye takes in the *ensemble* at once; and so much clearness and precision throughout each part, that it becomes a delight to study the portrait of each figure, the costume and every detail of character.

A hundred other works might be named of this indefatigable master. Like Ingres and a few other fellow-artists, he had not exhibited his pictures for several years, owing to over-susceptibility, and what was certainly a very blamable impatience of criticism. It was only in his studio that his works were seen by a chosen few; so that many of his pictures are less known to his fellow-citizens than to the more favoured amateurs of different capitals in Europe.

The physiognomy of Delaroche had something of the old Roman and Stoic combined,—a great regularity of noble features with much severity of expression. Severity, too, belonged to his character, though tempered by a kind heart. His forehead was lofty and expansive; his eye dark, and often veiled by melancholy or dissatisfaction. He was cold and reserved in manner; indeed, his disposition seemed scarcely in keeping with the fervid *romanticism* of which he was the early apostle, and showed him more of the reformer than the impetuous revolutionist.

His was a life of labour, study, and progress. He never, to his last moments, wearied of his pencil; and his capacious forehead hinted an almost exhaustless power of creation. He dies at fifty-nine, having crowded into thirty-nine years of occupation the labours of a century for any ordinary artist-life. He leaves a rich and encouraging example to his numerous pupils, and a noble heritage to his orphan children.

HOW TO ENJOY A COLD.

By STEPHEN LEIGH HUNT.

Arr-choo!—In spite of the utmost provocation to discontent, we have an immense notion of making the best of all things; not mere difficulties and annoyances, but grievous bodily afflictions, no matter what:

"Look always on the sunny side,—
 'Tis wise and better far;
 And safer through life's cares to glide
 Beneath hope's beaming star.
 The springs of rosy laughter lie
 Close by the well of fears;
 Yet why should merry fancies die
 Drown'd in a flood of tears?"

Why indeed? even though, as now, they—that is, the tears—are rolling involuntarily down our cheeks in all the incorrigible exuberance of what people foolishly and nonsensically call "a bad cold." A "capital cold" it would be, if they did but know how to enjoy it. Christmas-parties, balls, and pantomimes will afford ample opportunity; and therefore we venture to offer a few suggestions, hoping at least to deserve the thanks of our readers.

First, let us observe, as regards all kinds of illness generally, and colds in particular, that people are ever prone to make the worst, instead of the best of them. The greatest soother of sickness is patience; and the wisest thing that all persons can do, when suffering pain, either acute or otherwise, is to endeavour to forget it; simply because the mere effort, earnestly made and persevered in, will materially assist whatever more direct and efficient means may be adopted to get rid of it. Brooding over any bodily suffering only gives it encouragement, inasmuch as the mind is then actively assisting and aggravating the ailment of the body; but let us make the most of a temporary cessation from the infliction, and there is a probability of its being dispelled altogether. Now the pleasure of getting rid of pain is undeniable; and having achieved that, the best thing we can do to render the cessation permanent, is to enjoy sound sleep, which, though a very simple and ordinary gratification at other times, becomes now an extreme luxury, such, indeed, as we never should have known except for the previous suffering. The same may be said of many of the remedies used for the alleviation of pain: a hot bath, local applications of an exceedingly cold nature, or a delicious draught for cooling fever and quenching thirst,—a draught like that of hock and soda-water,

"Worthy of Xerxes the great king,"

and not to be equalled by "sherbet sublimed with snow."

Here, then, we have a positive pleasure that could not be enjoyed unless we were ill; and we now proceed to show how, bearing in mind the broad theory applicable to all kinds of illness, a cold in particular may be rendered a source of the greatest gratification.

You have one all over you, as "violent" as may be—one that is not to be sneezed at, that will confine you to your bed, compel you to take medicine, and restrict you to broth and barley-water. There you are, then, ill—happy fellow!—very ill! You have not the least conception how much you are to be envied. The mere fact of being in such a condition renders you an object of interest and anxiety. Every body in the house is ready to wait upon you, and all you have to do is to lie still and enjoy your bed, while other people are bustling about indoors or out of doors all day, undergoing the fatigue and irksomeness of their ordinary avocations. You are ill; you are to do nothing, not even to get up to breakfast, but to have it brought to you in bed,—occasionally a very welcome indulgence, even in warm weather, and a positive luxury in winter, when the coldness of the mornings, evinced by artistic delineations of frost on the window-panes, often suggested to you the idea that to have a fire for the grate, and a cup of chocolate for yourself while the fire was burning up, would be a very pardonable, if not commendable, delectation. Now you are not only compelled to revel in it, but are made an object of sympathy on that account; it is so very lamentable to see you propped up with pillows, and cosily encased in a warm shawl around the throat and shoulders. You are not to be hurried over your breakfast; there are no engagements to fulfil; the note you have despatched implies an exemption from them all. You have nothing to think of but the enjoyment of

your chocolate aforesaid, or perhaps tea and muffins, which you may munch and sip as leisurely as you please, while reading a magazine or newspaper. At last breakfast is over, and you have become tired of reading; down go the pillows to their usual position, and after some gentle hand has smoothed and placed them comfortably, you sink back upon them overwhelmed by a delightful sense of mental and bodily indolence. What a blessing it is to have escaped the ordeal of shaving, even for one morning! only think of that; and remember also, how the warmth of the bed will encourage the growth of your beard, compelling you, of course, to send for the barber when you have got well enough to leave your room again. Hark! there's a knock at the street-door—somebody you don't want to see, probably: "Master's very poorly, and obliged to keep his bed." Ha, ha! keep his bed, eh? no such thing; it's the bed that keeps him—snug and warm, and in a blessed state of freedom from all annoyance. Every body is agreed that you are very poorly, and are not to be disturbed about any thing. You complacently abandon yourself to the idea, nestle your head luxuriously in the pillow, pull the bed-clothes over your chin, and resign yourself to a delightful doze. You awake feverish perhaps, and thirsty. Well, there is some barley-water at your bedside, delicately flavoured with a little lemon-juice and sugar,—a sort of primitive punch, pleasant to the palate, and not at all likely to prove provocative of headache. You raise a tumblerful to your lips, and drink with intense gusto. What a pleasure it is! well worth the infliction of the worst of colds. To that alone you are indebted for the intense enjoyment of such a simple beverage;—but you are so feverish, you say; so much the better.

Now just endeavour to recollect to mind the wildest fiction, either in prose or poetry, that you have ever read—something very pleasing and highly imaginative: a fairy-tale will be as good a thing as any. Go to sleep thinking of it, and you will dream—dream, said we? We were wrong, for the fiction will become a glorious reality, as complete as any opium-eater ever realised! But, alas, you wake once more, and return to the vulgar commonplaces of mundane existence! A sharp rap at the bedroom-door makes you further conscious that you have been revelling in what is termed a delusion; but never mind, reality has its enjoyments, and here comes some one to console you for the loss of the ideal—another corporeality like yourself—intent on feeding you with chicken-broth and boiled custard; much more substantial fare than the fairies would have set before you, and extremely enjoyable now that you are ill, though at any other time you would have rejected it as insipid. O, it's a fine thing is a bad cold for teaching people not to let the palate become vitiated by luxurious living! "Very nice," eh? but you would "have liked a basin of mullagatawny better, and some wine-sauce with the pudding." Shocking depravity! the pleasures of a cold are simple, and you must learn to enjoy them, remembering that the malady is one of frequent recurrence. Probably you will remind us that you may have to take medicine—and what of that? Many medicines would be found extremely palatable, if we were not prejudiced against them. We have seen an infant drink cod-liver oil as if it had been milk. Why, what is the matter? you have upset all the broth over that beautifully white counterpane! It was our fault, but we did not intend to shock you. Come, try the pudding, and do not let your imagination combine any medicinal sauce with it. You have eaten it all; that's right.

Now allow us to suggest that a very little ripe fruit will not hurt you; in the winter, a few grapes, roasted apples, preserved pears, or sweet oranges; in the summer (should a cold then visit you) some strawberries, raspberries, currants, peaches, apricots, nectarines, or a few slices of melon—a variety which will hint to you that perhaps the best time for taking a cold is in the summer, especially as the heat of the weather will enable you to get rid of it whenever you may think proper, while the winter colds sometimes tend to deny you that privilege. But to return to

your present condition: you must not lie there and allow your mind to get either into a wearisome state of vacuity or unpleasant reflection. Send for a book from the library—some novel that you have never read; and if it is too much trouble to read it yourself, get some one to read it to you. It is a capital plan always to endeavour to forget an illness by means of some quiet and absorbing enjoyment. Doubtless you are fond of music; and if you hear any good band strike up in the street, we recommend you by all means to detain them. You will get up perhaps in the evening, and prepare yourself for a refreshing night's rest by having your bed made. Should a friend drop in who can give you a game of chess or cribbage, be sure to avail yourself of the opportunity, if you feel inclined for such recreation. Do not sit up late, or get into any exciting conversation; but go calmly and quietly to bed, take your basin of gruel, finish with pills or globules according to preference, lay your head on the pillow, and go to sleep. Tomorrow it is most probable that you will be well, or only sufficiently indisposed to render it prudent that you should stop at home; when you will indulge in a stronger and more relishing diet, pass the day in a dreamy state of inactivity, or enjoy yourself vivaciously in any reasonable manner you may desire.

Should you think proper, reader, to adopt our philosophy, you will find that this paper only contains a bare outline of the enjoyments or alleviations (if you prefer that word) to be gained from a cold, or any other among the host of ailments that do not bring with them positive pain; and even among these there is scarcely one, however acute, which will not admit of some mitigating enjoyment. Finally, let us remember, that the mere circumstances of being watched and most carefully tended by those we love, the kindness with which they bear our peevishness, and the desire they display to do every thing they can, either to diminish our suffering or to aid our convalescence, are pleasures that can scarcely be too much valued, not only because we either are or ought to be duly impressed with them at the time, but for the further and more substantial reason that they become delightful reminiscences and bonds of affection for the remainder of our lives.

The National Magazine.

Papers to be returned if not accepted, must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer and stamped.]

LIFE OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

[Chapman and Hall.]

WHAT do you know about him, O well-informed General Reader? "Not much certainly," replies that amiable many-headed monster, with becoming candour; and then, with his usual unmisgiving self-satisfaction, he adds, in an off-hand way, "Of course I know that he was a great impostor, pretending to impossible arts; and getting money out of people, and honours from princes, for casting nativities, predicting future events, and searching after the Elixir Vitæ and the Philosopher's Stone. Besides, I know that he was found out at last to be a trickster, and was disgraced and ruined. He died of starvation, I think."

Such is the sum and substance of the General Reader's information concerning one of those learned and high-souled philosophers who were the pioneers of free thought and free citizenship in Europe. It was their patient labour in learning, and their martyrdom for teaching what they believed to be truth, that made the great sixteenth century the mother of the nineteenth.

Mr. Morley, who wrote the *Life of Palissy* and the *Life of Jerome Cardan*, has just published a *Life of Cornelius Agrippa*, which we, having some previous knowledge of the

subject, have read with hearty admiration and interest. Paraphrasing a line in Sheridan's "Ode to Scandal," we must apply it to Mr. Morley's literary works:

"At every book a reputation lives."

Now such a result is worth writing a book to attain. All authors are not creative geniuses; but one of the very next best things to a new, true, and original book, of any kind, is a book which destroys error, and restores a man who has been maligned to the good opinion and respect of mankind.

In his *Life of Cornelius Agrippa* Mr. Morley has done this completely. No one henceforth who reads English can blamelessly speak of poor Cornelius as a charlatan and impostor. Incited by reading Mr. Morley's charming book, and to the intent that others may be incited to read it too, we venture to say a few words about our old favourite.

It is hard to part with a preconception. But if you wish to know what Cornelius Agrippa really was, you must begin by banishing from your mind all ideas of him as a grim, histrionic wizard, poking a furnace, or muttering incantations over a caldron,—as a Faust-like recluse, sitting in a Gothic chamber, wearing a dark robe and long beard, with a book of magic open before him, a divining-rod in one hand, a crucible in the other, and the *Abra-cadabra* written on parchment hanging round his neck. Lovers of *Hudibras*, too, must forget some of Butler's abuse of the *pseudo*-alchemists of his day, as well as the passage about Cornelius which contains the lines:

"Agrippa kept a Stygian pug,
I' the garb and habit of a dog,
That was his tutor; and the cur
Read to the occult philosopher,
And taught him subtly to maintain
All other sciences are vain."

It may, however, be remembered, *cum grano salis*, since Agrippa did write a remarkable book on the Vanity of Sciences and Art, and another on Occult Philosophy. Also, he was as fond of dogs as Charles II. or Anne of Denmark. Moreover, among his household pets was a pretty little black dog, called *Monsieur*, who used to sleep in his bed room, sit on his study-table, or on his knees while he read, and play about among his manuscripts at its pleasure. In short, little Monsieur seems to have been to Agrippa what Diamond was to Sir Isaac Newton.

The main facts of his life are these. He was born of noble parents, named Von Nettesheim, in the then powerful and commercial city of Cologne, in the year 1486, just three years after the birth of Raphael. The ingenious compiler of *Things not Generally Known* may put among his A's the following piece of information, and its classic root. All children born with their feet foremost were called *Agrippa* by the Romans. To this circumstance of his birth Cornelius Von Nettesheim owes his surname. At a very early age he showed great intellectual power, and his natural gifts were improved by the best culture of the time, especially in languages. Printing had only just come into practical operation; but there was a press in Cologne, and the young Cornelius, like all boys who love reading, devoured every book he could lay his hands on; and as most of these treated directly or indirectly of magic, alchemy, and astrology, he read them as he would have read *Le Grand Cyrus* in the following century, or the works of Dickens and Thackeray in our own. But when he came to read for something more than curiosity or pastime, seeking in books the knowledge most congenial to his own mind, it was to the newly discovered Greek classics that he devoted himself,—to them and to the Hebrew Bible and Cabala, and the Christian Fathers. Greek had long been, in every sense, a dead language to the Latin Church. The fall of Constantinople, in 1453, drove into Western Europe learned Greeks, who did what modern refugees do to earn a livelihood—they taught their language. Before he was nineteen, Cornelius seems to have acquired a great deal of the knowledge, false and true, which was then to be got from books; and had mastered all the personal

accomplishments befitting his rank. He then went to the court of "Kaiser Max," as he was familiarly called, the great, rough, jovial, and decidedly clever grandfather of Charles V. He was sent by him on a mission to Paris; and there, with his friend Landulph, he arranged a queer plot for securing a part of Spain to Austria. It involved much personal peril to himself as a military leader. He was seven years a soldier in the emperor's service; but the life of a scholar was his heart's desire. For this he strove, while fate was always adverse. But "conduct is fate," and Cornelius's conduct was not calculated to procure him peace and competence in a university, or any where else, in those days. He stood between two fiercely raging parties. He was a Catholic by education, habit, and instinct, yet he denounced bitterly many abuses in his own Church; he sympathised with Luther, Melancthon, and Zuinglius, was their personal friend, yet could not take part altogether with the Reformers. Like the bat in the fable, he was done to death between the beasts and the birds for belonging exclusively to neither section of creation. This is the real reason why Cornelius Agrippa's reputation has been so maligned. He belonged to no party, therefore no party was interested in his defence, and all parties were ready to attack him.

In all minor matters, too, he seems to have shown want of tact and business-like sharpness in perceiving how and when to do a thing. He was just the opposite of his acquaintance Erasmus, who knew how to keep himself out of harm's way, and to turn every thing to account.

Cornelius wrote a treatise to prove that women are by nature superior to men, and addressed it to his patroness Margaret, governess of the Netherlands; but he did not publish it till he had left her service. His work on Occult Philosophy was written when he was under twenty-three years of age. Magic, in the ordinary sense, is not taught in it; but the highest and purest religion pervades it. Mr. Morley says, the text of his "three books on Occult Science" might be, "In all things have God before your eyes;" and Cornelius concludes the whole work with these words:

"For you only have I written whose souls are uncorrupted and confirmed in a right way of life; in whom a chaste and modest mind, a faith unwavering, fears God and worships him; whose hands are removed from all wickedness; who live with decency, sobriety, and modesty;—for you only shall be able to find the doctrine set apart for you, and penetrate the arcana hidden among many riddles."

Mr. Morley gives a compendious account of this work, from which a thorough knowledge of its contents may be got. As he truly remarks, "the science halts over the earth, but the philosophy flies heavenward." There is much in this book of his to arouse the *odium theologum*. But his chief offence against the Church of Rome is in his satirical and destructive book on the Vanity of Sciences and Arts. This was written some years later, after adversity had begun to take the joy and hope out of his happy, impulsive, generous nature. Mr. Morley gives also an abstract of this treatise, from which most readers will learn more of what Cornelius meant than from the original itself.

If Cornelius had been bold enough in thought to carry out his principles to their legitimate issue, and firm enough in will to act in accordance with that result, he might safely have published this book as a Reformer. As a communicant of the Church of Rome he could not publish it without bringing a life-long punishment on his head. *It was une des choses qui ne se pardonnent pas.*

Every body is tired of Galileo, and the half-dozen other great men whose stories are always cited as instances of the tyrannical suppression exercised by the powers of this world against the discoverers of a new portion of the Universal Truth. A reference to them on the present occasion is so obvious, that we avoid it, and offer Agrippa instead as a stock-martyr. But Cornelius differs from them in one essential point. They were martyrs, he was only a victim. Martyrdom was evidently not his vocation; he did not utter his opinions and stake his life for them; he would gladly

have escaped the worldly consequences of exposing what he conceived to be the errors and the corruptions of the dominant power of his generation. Yet he was far too keensighted not to be aware that his work on the Vanity of Sciences and Arts dragged the supports from it. He was prepared for a sort of circular duel, as he had hit hard all round the encyclopædia. Listen to the words of Cornelius himself:

"They will all run me down," he says, in a preface to the reader, and conjures up a pleasant vision of himself, with the followers of every art and science clamouring against him, every pack with its own cry. "The obstinate theosophists," he says in his climax, "will cry me down for heresy, or compel me to bow down to their own idols. Our scornful magistrates will demand of me a recantation, and I shall be proscribed under the great seals of the world supporting men of the Sorbonne; but I write this because I see men pulled up with human knowledge condemning the study of the Scriptures, and giving more heed to the maxims of the philosophers than to the laws of God. Moreover," he adds, "we find that a most detestable custom has invaded all or most schools of learning, to swear their disciples never to contradict Aristotle, Boethius, Thomas Aquinas, or whoever else may be their scholastic god, from whom, if there be any that differ so much as a nail's breadth, him they proclaim a scandalous heretic, a criminal against the holy sciences, fit only to be consumed in fire and flames." He urges, accordingly, his apology, if he should seem to speak too bitterly against some sciences and their professors. "How impious a piece of tyranny it is to make captive the wits of students to fixed authors, and to deprive their disciples of the liberty of searching after and following the truth!"

Is not this admirable? Yet a man like this was accused of the meanest tricks of the charlatans and conjurers of that age. A glorious age it was, for all its errors,—glorious through the very men whom the next low-minded age turned into ridicule. In that age, men like Cornelius and his friends struggled hard to get at truth; with earnest unworldly minds they strove to see through the thick Cimmerian darkness which had so long enveloped the region in which man's best faculties should find exercise. Their greatest difficulty was this, that they had to find out for themselves (and for us) what was possible and what was impossible for them, with their limited means, to know. Great, noble, pure hearts! How patient and wise with the best wisdom were many of that race of experimental philosophers, now so glibly condemned as visionary enthusiasts or mere impostors! How many of them worked on through life unrewarded but by the work itself; and that work but the work of an intellectual navy—digging out the rubbish and laying the foundation of the beautiful palace of science, which is now rearing its glorious pillars and beginning to reveal its true proportions to the patient and highly-gifted experimentalists of this generation! The so-called dreams of the alchemists may one day be realised; and schoolboys in the twentieth century may perform with ease that transmutation or *reduction* of metals which was the *summum bonum* of science in the imagination of the wisest men of the sixteenth. The old philosophic alchemists did a good stroke of the world's work, and the world is beginning to understand it. Useless as most of their labours seem to be, they were yet indispensable; because it is clearly a part of the Divine plan for man's life that we should learn with great pains many unnecessary things, in order to ascertain what things are really of importance. We forget who was the wise man who has said this truth in better language.

Cornelius was a Rosicrucian; one of that Christian brotherhood of philosophers who fought with all weapons, secretly and openly, against stupidity, ignorance, sensuality, and worldly vices. The Rosicrucians receive their just praise at the hands of Mr. Morley. They were originally real philosophers, actively seeking and communicating wisdom, often following false lights, but doing so with pure hearts and lives.

Cornelius was three times married. His two first wives were all that he could desire, though the first was the superior woman. His last wife was bad in every way, and he was obliged to divorce her. By the two first he had

children. Through his opponents, the dignitaries of the Roman Church, he was deprived of every appointment which he was able to obtain by his learning and uncommon endowments. Driven from city to city, without means of supporting his motherless children, embittered by the cruel malevolence of his foes, Cornelius, during the last years of his life, is a melancholy testimony to the instability of human fortune. He died alone, of care and want, away from his children, and ignorant (as the world is to this day) of what was to become of them. A scurrilous epitaph was inscribed by the monks on his tombstone at Grenoble.

Cornelius appears to great advantage in his domestic and social relations. His friends and his wives loved and honoured him above all men. A pretty picture of his household may be conjured up by reading the following passage in Mr. Morley's book. How much it tells of the goodness and affectionate disposition of the philosopher!

"While Agrippa was away from home attending a wealthy patient dangerously ill at Mechlin, his secretary wrote home-
news to him. His little wife—no rare thing in those days—could neither write nor read. The tone of these letters, in which even the scribe writes affectionately, shows how peacefully and pleasantly his home was ordered. Let us dwell upon it, for it is the last glimpse of his happiness that we shall have. The wife had been in weak health since her last confinement. 'All is safe at home,' ran one of the reports; 'your wife becomes stronger and stronger every hour; the children are happy, chirrup, laugh, and grow. Mary,' (that was the nurse, called in the household Mury the Greater; there was another little maid, called by her master Mary the Less) 'Mary sedulously watches over your wife's health; Tarot, Franza, Musa, with the concubines,' (those are his dogs) 'day and night make themselves heard, and threaten torture against thieves; but they trot so constantly about the lawn that I fear lest they be changed from dogs to garden deities, or husbandmen, or at any rate, philosophers,—that is to say, of the academic sort. For the rest of the company here, the nurse nurses; Hercules' (a man-servant) 'is herculean; Aurelius works in the laboratory. All, in fact, goes well. I set at rest your notary, who came here in your name. I wonder that you did not give me any kind of hint about him. Every thing else I have done to the best of my ability. Your wife bids me write this that you may address yourself with an easier mind to the healing of your patient, and be able to come back to her the sooner. She wishes you fortune, health, and all the happiness you ask, and desires to be very much commended to you.' Agrippa replied in the same tone,—these letters were passing in the middle of July,—especially inquired about the progress of a slow distillation that he had left behind him to be watched carefully in his laboratory, and, in a postscript, said that if the young servant to be sent by the master of the oratory came, he was either to be received into the house, or sent to him at Mechlin. 'Your most ancient wife, Mary the Greater, and the host of dogs salute you,' was the answer. 'We were on the point of sitting down to dinner when your note was brought; how sweet it made the dinner of your little wife it is beyond my speech to tell.'"

Who can believe, after reading such things, that Cornelius Agrippa was a man whose memory the world should willingly let die? His was not a very great and original mind; but he was a philosopher and a truth-seeker. He was not a man who practised the arts necessary to succeed in the world, and be honoured of men.



THE CONVALESCENT TO THE PHYSICIAN.

A SONNET BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

FRIEND, by whose cancelling hand did fate forgive
Her debtor, and rescribè her stern award,—
O, with that happier light wherein I live
May all thine after-years be stunnèd and starred!
May God, to whom my daily bliss I give
In tribute, add it to thy day's reward,
And mine uncurrent joy may'st thou receive
Celestial sterling! Ay, and thou shalt thrive

Even by my vanished woes: for as the sea
Renders its griefs to heaven, which fall in rains
Of sweeter plenty on the happy plains,
So have my tears exhaled; and may it be,
That from the favouring skies my lifted pains
Descend, O friend, in blessings upon thee!

THE WEDDING-DRESS.

BY MARGUERITE A. POWER,
AUTHOR OF "EVELYN FORESTER."

"So the year's done with!
(Love me for ever!)
All March begun with,
April's endeavour;
May-wreaths that bound me
June needs must sever;
Now snows fall around me,
Quenching June's fever
(Love me for ever!)."

"Ay, love me for ever!" The poor soul closed the book that lay open on her knee, and, through tears that made the landscape swim, looked out of the lattice by which she was sitting.

It was early autumn—autumn at the time it is sobered but not yet saddened by the thought that winter is coming. From the casement, round which clustered heavy masses of odorous clematis, spread, in the foreground, a little lovely garden, checkered with sun and shade and glowing flowers, among which the brown bees roamed all through the bright hours, while beyond, a broad, blue, distant landscape stretched itself away to the far horizon.

In the quiet room within all was hushed and still as without; such a pretty room, so English, so peaceful, so homely, yet with such a touch of elegance in its simple old-fashioned arrangements. Its polished oak furniture, its dark wainscoting, its Indian china cups and bowls, its wide fireplace with steel dog-irons, its deep latticed windows,—all belonged to a time gone by, and yet all were kept in a state of neatness and careful preservation, that made them as fit for service as on the day of their completion.

In a corner, the tall clock ticked its "ever never, never ever" drowsily; a blackbird sat still on his perch; a great tabby cat, that had long ago given over glaring at him, subdued, as it seemed, by the passionless atmosphere of the place, lay winking with her paws tucked under her; and the very flies ceased to buzz and torment as they are wont to do in autumn, once they get within the stilly precincts of the room.

And outwardly quiet as the rest sat its mistress, looking out with unseeing eyes towards the horizon.

She was one of those women of whom we have little experience, but who our instinct tells us at a glance have survived a great sorrow that has altered their nature, and that is ever present with them as their shadow, which they have learned to bear from sheer necessity, but which they have never accepted or got resigned to. She was not young, nor handsome, though she might once have been so. Her dress was dark, simple, strictly neat, and put on with that unconscious taste and care that marks a sense of innate propriety and refinement, totally apart from vanity or the desire to attract; and her smooth dark hair, marked here and there with a single thread of silver, was braided under her quiet white cap.

"Ay, love me for ever!" she repeated, compressing her lips over her teeth till they became bloodless. "The last words I said to him the last night I ever looked on him. O, if I could but see him once more, tell him to his face, calmly, as I could now, what a hell he has made of my life; how he has turned the current of my nature, blasted all that was best, nourished all that was worst in me, taken from me the love and trust in God and man,—O, if I could do this, then I could die in peace, were it even by his hand! Peace!—for twenty years I have been pining for the only peace I can ever hope for—that of the grave, and it will not come.



THE DANCING-LESSON. BY R. T. ROSS, A.R.S.A.
[Purchased by the Glasgow Art-Union.]

Now I know, that till I have seen him, spoken to him, *cursed him*, I cannot even die. But that thought is something to live for: it is a fearful thing, a life without an object. No hope, no aim, no tangible desire, good or bad; and twenty years of this existence have proved too much for me, strong as I thought myself. I do not pray. God does not listen to the prayers of such as I am; and indeed I have no thought to ask any thing of Him. He has afflicted me too heavily; He has laid on me a burden He knew I was not able to bear. I was proud; yes, and He has smitten me just where I could least endure to be smitten.

'There may be heaven, there must be hell;
Meanwhile there is our earth here—well!'

She got up, replaced the volume of poems on the shelf where it stood with several others, and, taking her knitting, began working with the outward placidity of one whom the habit of strong self-command for years has enabled to perform the routine of daily occupation with ease and skill.

We must go back two-and-twenty years. Esther Eyre was then eighteen, the only child of a rich farmer, who, as well as his wife, doted on her, and fully believed her to be a marvel of all human perfection.

She was very pretty, not without cleverness, proud, wilful, headstrong, though possessed of qualities that reasonable and wholesome culture would have nurtured into virtues. Her affections were deep and strong; she was generous, unselfish, sincere, and self-devoted.

But this culture was denied her. Every caprice of hers was accepted; every wish gratified, every word and act tolerated, if not applauded; and worst of all, perhaps, she received that dangerous degree of education which calls into play a woman's vanity and love of display, which renders

her unfit for the exercise of simple duties, and leaves her mind as uncultivated as before. She acquired, in short, a smattering of accomplishments at a provincial boarding-school, and at sixteen returned to her father's house, a *genteel miss*, utterly unsuited to take her place in any station in society.

Poor Esther! her motto might have been, "I know nothing, and despise all things"—all things, at least, within her reach. Profoundly ignorant herself, she had no patience for the ignorance of those around her. She turned up her nose at all homely interests, occupations, and pleasures; and she had no resources within herself to supply her with others. The consequence was, an endless pining for a change of position, a discontented longing after excitement of any kind, above all, a craving to enter that paradise of fools of the middle class yclept genteel society; that mean, trifling, struggling, truly vulgar medium between the society of the unpretending grade, which comprises all who honestly and simply gain their bread by their labour, of whatever nature that labour be,—a class from which it originally sprang, and which it affects to despise,—and that of the upper walks in the social scale, the members of which, in turn, despise and ridicule it, while it seeks to ape their ideas and manners in preposterous caricatures, and cringes at the feet that contemptuously spurn it.

And thus two years of Esther's life passed after her return from school.

During this period she had had various opportunities of marrying well, and settling in the position to which she was born; but such a destiny was, of all others, the one least suited to her ambition. The farmers' sons who sought her alliance had coarse hands, talked agriculture, and could not, any one of them, sing Haynes Bailey's ballads. She

must have a gentleman, that is to say, a man who performed no manual employment to earn a livelihood, and who was eminently genteel; Esther's notions of a gentleman going little beyond these limits.

And at the end of the two years she found a gentleman such as her dreams had presented.

James Stowell was the son of a man who had begun life as a small attorney in a country town, who had scraped together—no matter how—a certain capital, and who had finished by establishing himself as a money-lending lawyer in London. The trade thrived, and the elder Stowell, in order to secure a consideration that would insure a fresh supply of clients, adopted a style of vulgar luxury that, to a certain degree, achieved his purpose.

His son soon outstripped him in the course he had adopted. Good-looking, plausible, and with a peculiar talent for suiting himself to the ideas, peculiarities, and weaknesses of those with whom he came in contact, James Stowell twisted and wheedled and wormed himself into the society of the youth of a class considerably above his own. Gaming, the turf, and other such amiable devices for the dispersion of money and credit, soon made very considerable breaches in the Stowell possessions, and led to an interview between the father and son, which terminated in the former assuring the latter, by no means politely, but very energetically, that the present debts of honour (so called) once paid, he, the son and heir, must contrive as he best could to live on a certain, and not very liberal allowance.

Of course James Stowell had not the slightest notion of living on any thing of the kind, and fresh debts were contracted, which Stowell senior resolutely declined to pay. The consequence was, that James found the atmosphere of London, Newmarket, and Goodwood, wholly unsuited to his constitution, for the time being at least, and that he considered the air of Yorkshire (there is a good deal to be done there in the horse-dealing line) likely to be of some service to him.

So to Yorkshire he went, and somehow fell in with Esther Eyre.

Times must have been very hard indeed, or the notion of marrying a farmer's daughter would have been the very last to have entered the head of our hero.

However, they were hard, and the notion therefore found admission. It was an idea that cost nothing to take into consideration: nothing better at present loomed in the horizon. He might try the thing cautiously, and if the hope of a more favourable or satisfactory *dénouement* presented itself, James Stowell was not the man to let any foolish considerations, any quixotic scruples, interfere in his arrangement of affairs.

So Esther Eyre's little fortune was soon, in imagination, stowed in the very empty pockets of our youthful adventurer; and to Esther herself, as the key of the coffer, nothing less, he began to pay assiduous court.

And so at last she had found the prince who was to free her from bondage! This was perhaps Esther's first thought. It may seem strange that the earliest impression of a girl of eighteen should be a selfish and a worldly one. But I think most people who have carefully studied life, and bought their experience thereof, will have discovered the mistake which exists in supposing that it is ever in early youth that the most pure and unworldly and golden-age ideas are uppermost.

Early youth craves pleasure, excitement, the enjoyments that proceed from the lust of the eye, the gratification of the senses, as children prefer butterflies to nightingales; and all that tends to insure it these fancied treasures it grasps at eagerly. A few years later, the dormant soul awakes, and demands possessions of more solid worth. It learns that Love walking in the mire may be happier than Indifference in a carriage,—that a *tête-à-tête* over the fire may possess charms such as the crowd in the ball-room never know,—and that certain words of earnest heart-spoken prose

may sound incomparably sweeter than the strains of all the *prima donnas* in civilised Europe.

But in the meanwhile, before the woman's heart has awakened, it is apt to think complacently of being Mrs. So-and-so, with a house of its own, and freedom to come and go, and dress itself, without mamma's dictation and papa's grumbling at its milliner's bills.

The hour of waking is ever a critical one, and generally decides a woman's destiny; for it is not all women—far from it—who ever do come to the second birth, that of the heart and soul. Those, the many, that are not destined to arrive thereat possess the same notions, somewhat hardened, somewhat solidified, somewhat more materialised even, at the end of their career than at the beginning.

Esther began by admiring James Stowell immensely, and by being extremely pleased and flattered by his marked attentions. Such a man was not often met with in the society to which she belonged, but in whose circle she felt herself degraded by moving; and vanity was the first sentiment awakened in her breast.

Soon this gave place to a real and intense affection, into which she rushed with the headlong impetuosity that marked her character. Stowell saw his advantage at once, and sure of her,—for like many women, proudly intractable in all other relations of life, she was ready to be made the slave of a lover,—he began playing a game of fast and loose that bound her yet more to him, from the insecurity of her tenure, at the same time that it rendered a withdrawal on his part, should he deem it advisable to adopt such a course, all the easier.

Finally, the speculations in horsecflesh, that principally led to his bending his steps to that part of the country, not proving so successful as he hoped, and duns becoming dangerously impatient, he finished by making up his mind to propose to the farmer's daughter. What her reply to the proposition was need not of course be stated. The views of her father, however, were not quite the same as her own. Apart from his blind affection for his daughter, Mr. Eyre was a sufficiently shrewd and sensible man, and much of what he saw and heard of young Stowell led him to mistrust his motives and himself, and to look on the notion of his becoming the husband of Esther with any thing but satisfaction.

For this emergency our hero was quite prepared; but he well knew Esther's influence in the household—on it he counted, and on it he worked, exciting the chivalry and flattering the pride of the poor foolish girl, by laying all his cause in her hands, and leaving her to fight out the domestic battle alone. As usual, she conquered by alternate prayers and reproaches, entreaties and sulks; and very unwillingly indeed, and with sorrow and mistrust, was the paternal consent accorded.

And so the wedding-day was fixed, and the wedding-dress ordered; and Esther was perfectly happy.

It was the night before that great and memorable day, and James Stowell spent the evening as usual with his bride-elect. Things having come to a crisis now, the father had resolved to make the best of the matter. The mother, who saw only with her daughter's eyes, good woman, and had never therefore objected to the match, was shining in the reflected radiance of her child's felicity; and Esther was too deeply happy to be demonstrative of her joy.

At half-past ten, a late hour for the farm, James Stowell rose to go, and Esther accompanied him to the porch, lingering over the last "Good night." It was June, with June's white moonlight and faint night-winds stirring the climbing roses in the trellis, and bringing the breath of new-made hay from the meadows. A pensiveness stole over her, which James tried to laugh away; sentiment sat ill on him, and it was always the last resource to which he resorted. Nay, any one but that poor blind girl might have seen there was a touch of railery and even impatience in his mode of treating her.

"Good night, my dear," he said; "you must let me be

off now; for I have letters to write, a quantity of things to do, before I can get to bed. Don't you let yourself be getting into the dolefuls, my little wife; that's right!" as she looked up smilingly at the magic syllable. "Keep up your spirits, and be looking in beauty to-morrow, do you mind? Good night;" and he kissed her hastily, and was off without replying to the last words she whispered in his ear:

"Love me for ever!"

The morrow came, and Esther was up and dressed in her bridal attire, and prepared to start for the church. Shall I confess it? even then a little touch of vanity, of conscious superiority over her somewhat awed and deeply-admiring bridesmaids, over the good simple people assembled to the wedding, had its place beside the deep love, the solemn sense of the duties of her new position, in her mind.

A letter was brought her, and she paled and started at sight of the well-known hand.

"My dear Esther," it ran, "matters, which it is impossible for me to explain at this moment, render it *indispensable* for me to go to town by this morning's mail. How unfortunate! I'll write as soon as I can, but I don't know when that may be. Keep up your spirits. Yours affectionately,
J. STOWELL."

No date, no address given, no means of communication afforded, no hope held out, and for regret—"How unfortunate!"

She felt the bitter mockery of every word in the very inmost recesses of her soul; she knew at once that all was over for ever, that there was nothing to be done or hoped for, or wondered at even; and in an instant there passed before her opened eyes a vision of those thousand minute instances of heartlessness and indifference on his part that had hitherto escaped her.

She took off her wedding-dress, and packed it in a little trunk quietly and silently. All the other relics and tokens of this shattered love—they were neither costly nor many—she burnt with his few letters; and then she announced to her parents that she meant to leave the place for ever. Prayers and tears having failed to move her, she went, accompanied by her mother, to an aunt in London, with whom she remained, visited constantly by her parents, till their death, followed by that of her sole remaining relative, left her to take up her abode alone in the world.

At the age of thirty she came, a grave, staid, middle-aged woman, to settle in the cottage where I have first described her; and here, under the maiden name of her mother and aunt,—for she had cast aside her own with every other vestige of the past, except the wedding-dress, fading and yellowing in the trunk,—she resided with a little servant-maid; shunning all society, all companionship, without a friend or an interest in the wide world, and finding in the monotonous routine of her every-day employments, performed only for herself, varied with a little desultory reading, sometimes of good books, sometimes of bad ones, a very insufficient resource against the wearing bitterness of her spirit.

Truly "it is not good for man to be alone," when the solitude is peopled only by such phantoms as those that crowded round Esther's hearth; and worst of all it is for any human creature to abdicate the duties, hopes, labours, and sympathies that God in mercy gives to every one of us, however barren his lot.

We all grow better or worse as we get on in life, softer or harder. Esther Eyre got worse and harder.

Of all the relics of the past, Esther had reserved but one—her wedding-dress. It seemed strange that among the *souvenirs* connected with that past, that which of all others was calculated the most to recal the agonising pain and mortification of her life should be the sole one to be preserved. But it was done in that very intention.

As she took it off on the day that was to have been her bridal one, she made a silent vow to keep it precious as a memorial of that suffering, and the hatred to which it had

given rise; so that if ever a day came when the recollection of what she had undergone should soften in her heart, a look at it should steel her again. In the little black trunk, in which her hands had that day placed it, it now lay; and often—not that there was any need to revive the cankering bitterness of her soul—she would, when alone, unlock the box and gaze at the poor, crushed, yellow garment, once so fresh and pure, and muse and bitterly philosophise over it. This was generally at night; for her nights were often sleepless, and when the vexed spirit refused to let the body rest, she would rise from her bed, open the trunk, look long at its contents; then closing it, and restoring the key to its usual place under her pillow, return to her weary couch to brood over her wrongs and her sufferings till daylight.

And this was the life she had led for years, and the life she looked to leading, without change or break or improvement or mitigation, till the day should come, might it be far or near, that would call her away, she gave no thought whither.

Latterly, however, a new thought had dawned upon her,—a feverish desire, vague in form, intense in degree, to see her former lover, accuse him of his perfidy, and relieve her long pent-up concentrated suffering by pouring it out, not in the hope of gaining pity or sympathy, but as a relief to the bitter burning hatred and vengeance that devoured her.

For years she had heard nothing of him; she knew not if he were alive or dead; she had no possible means of communicating with him, or of obtaining information concerning him; but the passionate desire for this supreme occasion worked in her a superstitious conviction that it would be brought about, and to it she looked daily with strengthening assurance.

And this was the only hope and aim she had given to her existence.

"And you shall see how the devil spends
The fire God gave for other ends."

The drowsy clock had slowly struck eleven when Esther left the hushed and quiet little room to go to her bedroom, which adjoined it.

The white window-curtains had been left open, and the moonbeams lay still and spectre-like on the bed. She opened the lattice and looked out. Though the season was different, the aspect of the night was strangely like that of the one when, upwards of twenty years ago, she had last parted with James Stowell; there was the same repose, the same pure light; and while she gazed with hard dry eyes, a breeze brought the same perfume of new-mown hay, of which the second crop was ripening.

"Love me for ever!"

her parting words that night, how strangely had they come before her again this very day! Did all this mean any thing? Perhaps so.

It was past twelve when she went to bed, and near daylight before she fell into a deep slumber.

From this a faint noise, yet more, a vague consciousness of some unusual presence, disturbed her, and, without moving, she opened her eyes; they fell on the figure of a man, whose back was to her, and who was stealthily engaged in forcing the lock of the little trunk that contained the wedding-dress.

Her nerves were hard, and she saw all the dangers and all the requirements of the position at once; so she lay motionless, watching him, and striving to regulate her breathing so that he might not become conscious of her waking, assured that when he perceived what were the contents of the box, he would, if not disturbed, retire without injuring her.

At last the lock yielded, and the lid was opened; the man paused, evidently disappointed; then silently raising the dress, he began to search underneath it. Nothing! He rose from his knees, and turned towards the bed. The pale light of the night-lamp fell on both their faces as their eyes met, and they recognised each other.

Like a vengeful spectre, Esther rose in her bed, her face ghastly, her teeth gleaming from between her strained lips, livid circles round her glaring eyes.

"Then the time *has* come for our meeting!" she said. "Traitor, robber! truly you have worked out your destiny! O, I have thirsted, craved, yearned for this moment; and now it has come, I cannot find words to convey one-tenth part of the hatred, the loathing, I have for you! It was not enough that you robbed my youth of love, hope, peace, home, happiness; that you trod my pride under foot; that you made me a by-word in my own place; that you turned every wholesome feeling in me into venom; that you drove me forth from hearth and kindred;—this could not suffice you; but now you come, a midnight thief and house-breaker, to steal my wretched substance! Yes, look at that dress!—my bridal-dress!—such a wedding-garment is fit, in sooth, to introduce me into heaven, is it not?" and she laughed a fearful laugh, sitting up in the bed with pointing finger.

"At all events," she went on, "you have now given me the means of exercising material vengeance on you. Yes, my lover! yes, my betrothed! the country-girl you spurned did not die of love for your sweet sake. She has lived to—"

A wild choking yell interrupted her speech, as Stowell, seizing her throat, forced her down on the bed, crushing the pillow over her head, till sound and movement had entirely ceased. Then he removed them, and saw the blackened visage with its starting eyeballs glaring up at him, but fixed and sightless.

A few weeks later, the county-papers announced the execution of James Stowell, with an account of his career, for the wilful murder of Mrs. Esther Eyre, an elderly lady of somewhat eccentric habits, who had long resided at Linley, —shire, under an assumed name; the adoption of which could only be accounted for by her general singularity of deportment, there being nothing to conceal in her perfectly tranquil and blameless life.

SOLDIER, POET, AND BEGGAR.

SCHILLER, in his poem "The Sharing of the Earth," relates how, after the husbandman, the merchant, the abbot, and the king had claimed and received their respective portions, last of all the poet came, and found that nothing remained for him; and that Jove, then, pitying his grievous despair, graciously invited him to enter the heavenly abodes as often as he would. Hence it is, perhaps, that Fortune seems ever to have had a peculiar spite against poets. While she has showered down rewards and honours upon statesmen, warriors, and churchmen—for them, the eldest-born of the creation, she has a dark and frowning face. Who does not know the old story?—Dante exiled, threatened with the stake, and dying of grief and disappointment; Marlow slain in a quarrel by a jealous rival; Massinger living in poverty, and buried as "a stranger;" Otway suffocated by the bread which charity had bestowed to save him from starvation; Savage yielding up his last breath in a prison, and indebted to his gaoler for a grave; Chatterton, famished-smitten and desperate, choosing self-murder rather than beggary. Such are a few names only from the long list of those whom the world *has* "willingly let die;" and whom it has afterwards striven to bring to life again by the vain oblations of a tardy homage.

There is another notable instance of life-long martyrdom, another witness to the truth that poets must

"Learn in suffering what they teach in song."

We speak of Luis de Camoens, at once the glory and the shame of the country which gave him birth,—soldier, poet, and beggar. Surely it must be he to whom Beattie referred in those well-known lines of "The Minstrel":

"Ah, who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an eternal war!"

The very time and place of Camoens' birth are unknown. It is conjectured that he first saw the light in the year 1525. His parents were poor,—for they had had no lucky venture in the golden Indies,—and proud, for noble blood flowed in their veins. Yet, though oppressed by genteel poverty, they sent Luis to the University of Coimbra, where he seems to have read to some purpose. He thoroughly mastered the Greek and Roman mythologies, of which knowledge he afterwards made ample use in his great poem. He studied also classic history, little more trustworthy than the mythology. He not only read, but wrote. There is very good evidence to prove that he joined in the general admiration for Petrarch's *Rime*; for he composed sonnets, and fell in love, though the latter accomplishment was not fully displayed until after he had left Alma Mater.

During his residence at Coimbra, Luis attempted to gain the friendship of Ferreira; but the "Horace of Portugal," who deemed no poetry worthy the name which was not polished down to the last degree of smoothness, treated our ardent student with contempt. For some years this disdain seemed justified. Camoens was unknown, unnoticed; Ferreira was winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Posterity has somewhat altered this judgment. Horace II. has probably never been heard of by some of our readers, while the author of the *Lusiad* is mentioned with Dante, Tasso, and Cervantes.

Luis soon became anxious to see more of life than a quiet old university city was able to show. So, from Coimbra he proceeded to Lisbon. There he fell in love with Dona Catharina de Atayde. Those who are interested in the "loves of the poets" will like to be told the day and the place of the first meeting of these lovers. This has been the subject of a close investigation; from which it appears that it was at a church in Lisbon, and on a Good Friday, or the preceding eve, probably in the year 1545, that certain bright eyes met each other and flashed unconscious sympathy. Behold them, dear reader,—this young man and this maiden,—spectators of the most solemn rites of the most solemn fast of their church. Yet, though spectators, every thing is forgotten. All passes before them like an unremembered dream. The supplications of the priest draw from them no response. The low wail of the *Miserere* rises unheeded. They see not the multitude on bended knee, nor the curling incense filling the vast vault with its cloudy wreaths. He with "saffron" hair and honest frank countenance, as yet free from grief's deep furrow and war's cruel scars; she with "soft radiant gentle eyes" and "unclouded air;"—they cannot choose but look and love.

Luis never did any thing by halves. Where any other lover would have made sonneteering but one of his employments, or perchance amusements, Camoens made these musical utterances of his affection his sole occupation. His passion uplifted him from every other thought. He renounced all literary and worldly exertions. How an idle young man who is both a lover and a poet would spend his time is not hard to guess. There is another problem not quite so easily solved: how did our hero support himself? Spite of Sir John Suckling's dictum, that

"Love's a camelion that lives on meere ayre,
And surfeits when it comes to grosser fare,"

we cannot help supposing that Luis lived on something beside this atmospheric diet.

However that may be, Luis got into trouble. "His attachment," says Sismondi, "gave rise to some unpleasant circumstances, in consequence of which he received an order to leave Lisbon."

Critics have not been able to discover what these "unpleasant circumstances" were. We hear of an "indiscretion," but no farther. Catharina was one of the ladies of the court; and doubtless the laws of etiquette were very rigid. This throws doubt upon another point. Did Catharina really love Luis? Here writers are not agreed, though the best authorities incline to think she did; there is even mention

made of a certain fillet wherewith she bound her hair, which she presented to her lover. This was the first and last favour which she granted. Luis was banished to Santarem; where he strove to assuage the pangs of absence by incessant outpourings of sonnets. Yet every line, we are told, did but add fuel to the flame, and at the same time increased the danger of his situation.

At length, finding this mode of life become unbearable, discovering, too, that his passion had powerful opponents to contend with in the lady's parents, who were rich as well as high-born, all the man rose up within him and rebelled against this ignoble thralldom. There were foes to be fought, and here was a soldier ready to do battle with the fiercest of them. Here he might win renown, and with renown his love:

"The warrior for the true, the right,
Fights in Love's name.
The love that lures him from that fight
Lures him to shame."

So he joins the fleet then employed against the African enemy; and like Maud's lover, rendered valiant and loyal by true affection, he sets forth ready to face the sternest trials, willing to meet death itself.

But though Luis became a soldier, he did not cease to be a minstrel. He entered upon his new life with no little pride. He felt that he united the characters of hero and poet. At length, after long cruising in the Mediterranean, he saw war in earnest. A battle took place before Ceuta. He fought as a brave knight, a true poet, a faithful lover, should fight. But fortune, who had hitherto shown herself very little propitious, afflicted him with a sore disaster. A cannon-ball struck the deck where he was standing. A thousand splinters flew up in all directions; one fragment struck him in the right eye. Thenceforth he was deformed and semi-blind.

After the battle he returned to Lisbon, thinking that his services might procure him some employment; but in vain. One project after another was tried without success, and his scanty resources daily dwindled away. The eastern world seemed the only field open to him. He had no wish to go thither, for he deemed it "the grave of every honest man;" but, with an indignant protest against the country which had treated him with such ingratitude, he left all that was dear in the old world, and turned his face towards the rising sun.

In the spring of 1553, a little fleet sailed down the Tagus, under the command of Commodore Fernando Alvares Cabral. The *San Bento*, in which Camoens had embarked, was the only ship which reached its destination. The three other vessels foundered long before they reached Goa. In this fortune seems to have manifested unwonted kindness; but the "injusta noverca" was merely preserving her step-child for future miseries.

Luis landed at Goa in September, and at once cast about for an employment. Yet even in this land of untold wealth he was destined to taste the bitterness of being "out of work." His heart did not fail, for he was a brave man; brave not only in fighting with an armed foe, but in wrestling with want and poverty. He encouraged himself in the words of the great Roman poet, who was hereafter to become his model:

"Tu no cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."

After some little time, Camoens joined the armament which, at the request of the king of Cochin, was sent by the Portuguese against the Pimenta Isles. The campaign was short and decisive; yet the victors suffered as severely from the deadly climate as the vanquished from sword and gun. Next year Luis volunteered under Vasconcellos against the Red Sea pirates. He passed the winter in the Isle of Ormuz, which was like "the Garden of the Lord" for richness and beauty. Every thing around tended to soothe the wounded spirits. Once more the pen was taken up, once more a bright vision flitted before him in well-remembered grace.

But even in this voluptuous eastern paradise there was other work to do than sigh. While staying at Goa, Luis had seen, with all the indignation and shame of a true patriot, the manifold abuses and corruptions of government. Too honest to be worldly wise, he wrote a bitter satire upon the governor and his administration: at least the *Disparates na India* ("Follies in India") was considered very sharp at that time; though the reader of *Punch* would find it difficult to discover where the point lay. The viceroy felt sufficiently wounded; and to mark his high displeasure, banished Luis to the island of Macao, on the coast of China, 1556. Slight punishment indeed for a poor author who owned scarcely a moidore in the world.

From Macao the exile, with sword in one hand, pen in the other, made an excursion to the Moluccas; but in vain. Neither by soldiering nor by versifying was he to win this world's riches. He returned to his place of banishment, and there obtained the office of "Provedor dos Defunctos," or commissary for the effects of the deceased. The profits of this appointment were, we may believe, not very large, or they would never have fallen to his lot.

It is well for posterity that Camoens' engagements were not numerous. During the abundant leisure which remained to him, he wrote the greater part of that poem, which, inasmuch as it preceded by some years the *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Tasso, was the first of modern epics. He had previously bestowed much time and attention upon it, and was now anxious to bring it to perfection.

For five long years he wandered among the stupendous rocks and caverns of his prison. There is one particular grotto that still bears his name. Travellers describe the varied landscape of forest, sea, and shore, as seen from thence, to be beautiful beyond all fancy. Here Luis was learning "in patience to abide," was gaining day by day

"The equal temper of heroic hearts
Mado weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield."

At the end of the five years, Luis obtained permission to return to Goa. On his way he had once again to wrestle with wind and wave. His ship foundered, he himself was scarcely saved by clinging to a floating plank. Of all his hardly-earned fortune, nothing was left him—nothing but his own dear child who was to hand down his name through most distant ages. The *Lusiad* was borne to land by its almost exhausted author, who, shivering and breathless, looked about for trace of human being. For once he seems to have met with no little kindness from the dwellers on the Mecon river-side.

Soon after Luis had returned to Goa, the governor, who had been on friendly terms with him, left India; and another Pharaoh arose who knew not Joseph.

Our poet had not been in India many months, when his enemies (for enemies he had, though apparently without reason) accused him of misappropriation and malversation of the funds which he received in virtue of his office. He was arrested, and thrown into prison, in the year 1561.

In canto vii. of the *Lusiad*, the author makes a touching allusion to the hard trials which every where awaited him:

"Woes succeeding woes,
Belled my earnest hopes of sweet repose:
In place of bays around my brows to shed
Their sacred honours o'er my destined head,
Foul calumny proclaimed the fraudulent tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary goal."

He soon proved how unfounded were the assertions of his accusers. Yet, though no longer considered a criminal, the prison-gates must still be shut upon the debtor. His creditor was a rich man, the debt was small. Luis besought the viceroy to liberate him. Even here, in this first request which he ever urged on his own behalf, there was no fawning, no servility; but a manly petition, coupled with a satire upon his persecutor.

Once more at large, our hero devoted himself again to

the great pursuits of his life—poetry and warfare. During the winter, the pen was rarely out of his hand; in the summer, he joined various expeditions, and showed himself bravest among the brave. About this time, it is supposed that, having already lost his few nearest and dearest friends, he received intelligence of the death of Catharina. He had never ceased to cherish the memory of that first meeting, when one form alone was visible amid the crowd of celebrating priests and kneeling worshippers.

One would like to know more about this lady. History does not tell us whether she died as Catharina de Atayde, or whether she took another name. Imagination would picture her remaining unwedded, refusing all offers of marriage, that she might dwell upon the dear remembrance of her first and only love. But whether a husband closed her dying eyes, or whether the name of Luis de Camoens was sighed by her last breath, to the poet himself she was still the same, tender and true—his ideal during life, and now his guardian-angel.

The *opus magnum* was at length completed. Its author knew its real value, and, hoping that others would know it too, determined to go back to Portugal. There was but one hindrance. He had no means to defray his passage.

Just at this time, a seeming friend, though really basest among the treacherous, Pedro Barreto by name, and recently appointed governor of Sofala, invited Luis to accompany him to his new province. He readily consented. Too late, he found that all the fair promises which had been made to him were as false as fair; that Barreto had only been anxious to retain the brave soldier-poet in his service, and having once ensnared him, treated him with contempt and all "the insolence of office."

In this condition of dependence, Luis suffered more than under all his previous ill fortune. Poverty, and even a prison, were easier to be borne than

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely."

But friends were at hand. Landing at Sofala, on their homeward-bound journey, they offered Luis a free passage to Europe. He gladly assented. Not so Governor Pedro. He, finding his prey about to escape from his toils, arrested Camoens for a trumpety debt, but which he knew the poet had not wherewithal to pay.

The friends, indignant at this manifold baseness, subscribed the sum amongst them, and bore the prisoner off in triumph. This time there was no shipwreck, for Luis was to be preserved for the final act of the life-long tragedy.

The *Santa Fé* reached Lisbon in the year 1569. After an absence of sixteen years, the wanderer again sets foot upon his native soil. How many other travellers were thus returning each day, laden with the lightest of all burdens, untold piles of wealth! But no such good fortune had befallen our adventurer. For others, indeed, he had sought favours; for himself nothing. He scorned to use a venal pen, and always held up to ridicule or reproof corruptions in high places. Thus he came back to his country as poor, indeed poorer, than when he left it; only he bore with him that whose worth could not be counted in current coin: he had sailed from Lisbon as the scribbler of a few sonnets; he returned to Lisbon as the author of the *Lusiad*.

But sorrow and disappointment await him here as in all other places. The capital is smitten with a sore disease. The plague is carrying off its hundreds of victims. No one is now in the mood to listen to poetry. Epics must give place to litanies, dirges, and funeral masses. It is true that the young King Sebastian did grant permission for Luis to dedicate his work to his royal self. In 1572 the poem made its public appearance. It even excited some attention, and passed into a second edition in the same year. Regal munificence granted a pension of, allowing for the decreased value of money, twenty pounds. Surely Camoens must have been an ungrateful grumbler not to have been satisfied with so generous a gift. He was not content. He even found it difficult to "make both ends meet."

Worse than this, he suffered a poor black servant, who had accompanied him from India, and who remained faithful to him through all these hard times, to go begging about the streets. Truly a most undignified proceeding for any one making pretensions to literary celebrity. Yet for all that, Sambo would pace the thoroughfares, beseeching passers-by, for the love of the Blessed Virgin and Child, to bestow a few crumbs on Luis de Camoens. And who is Luis de Camoens? Alas! not even the poor black himself could have answered that question. He knew only that Luis was a very good master, very poor, very kind, and nearly broken-hearted.

One more scene ere the curtain falls. The king, young and headstrong, is bent upon an expedition against Africa. His counsellors warn him of the danger, Camoens beseeches him to remain at home. In vain. Sebastian levies an army to fight against the Moor. Knights from all parts of Portugal come flocking to the royal standard. The proud host crosses over to Morocco. They fight, they fall, and with them the glory of Portugal.

Camoens, who had endured so much personal and private distress, could not survive the disgrace that had befallen a country which was no fatherland for him. He was seized with a violent fever, and then, wifeless, childless, friendless, surrounded only by a few monks, he dies in a public hospital, 1579.

Shortly before his death, he wrote these touching words: "Who ever heard that in so small a theatre as that of a poor bed Fortune should wish to represent such great coldnesses? And I, as if they were not sufficient, place myself at her side, because to endeavour to resist such ills would appear effrontery."

Luis was buried by charity. His shroud was borrowed, to be repaid with hundredfold interest on the day when the "cup of cold water" shall not be forgotten.

Sixteen years after this pauper-funeral, a certain sculptor was ordered to erect a statue to the memory of a certain Luis de Camoens, whom people were beginning to think was something of a poet after all. True, he died in obscurity and poverty; but ample amends can be made. Alternately persecuted and neglected in his life-time, still all can be atoned for.

True, the fathers have slain the prophets; yet the sons will build their sepulchres.

A FULL PURSE NEVER WANTED A FRIEND. An empty purse does not easily find one. "The best friends are in the purse,"—*Die beste Freunde stecken in die Beutel*,—is a German view of the matter, somewhat too broadly expressed. There is less exaggeration in the Italian saying: "Let us have florins, and we shall be sure to find cousins,"—*Abbiamo pur fiorini, che troveremo cugini*.

WALTER K. KELLY.



MISTRESS AND MAID.

It is good and pleasant to see the right relation existing between these two members of the social family. Why is the sight so unfrequent? To which side belongs most blame?

"Bad servants" proverbially form a common theme of conversation among matrons; and bad mistresses are no doubt discussed with equal freedom and emphasis in the kitchen. Often enough, it must be admitted, there is actual incapacity or ill-behaviour on the part of the maid. Among

a large proportion of this class there is a sad lack of that integrity which, in the first place, would not allow a woman to take a situation for which she was not qualified, and secondly, would prompt her when "in place" to do her utmost willingly, and as a matter of simple honesty, for the mistress she has engaged herself to serve.

But, on the other hand, so much depends on the mistress herself, that she can scarcely be held blameless in the majority of cases. She seldom considers that her duty to her servants is as morally onerous as her servant's to her. Very few would allow that they have failed in that duty quite as signally as the maid they so bitterly complain of has failed in her's; and yet how often is this the case! To be all that the mistress of a household, the ruler of servants, *ought* to be, does indeed require a combination of the rarest and most admirable womanly qualities. Patience, ~~foresight~~, discretion, firmness, clarity, forbearance, and an impeccable temper,—all these are needed. How many women are there in the world, with every advantage of education and refinement, who possess these qualifications for being in the true sense *good mistresses*? Yet almost every woman marvels greatly when her maids fall short of the standard of perfection, although the maiden should surely have additional allowance made for her failures and shortcomings in proportion to the slenderness of her social and educational opportunities.

There is injustice here—unconscious or thoughtless often—but a kind of injustice that pervades society in more directions than one. A mistress should strive thoughtfully and earnestly to *rule well*, that is, kindly, consistently, and firmly; it is her duty to do so quite as much as it is her servant's duty to *serve well*. Failure in either of these mutual obligations involves the risk of failure in the other; and inasmuch as the mistress, it is to be fairly supposed, from her superior mental and moral cultivation, her position and her power over the other, has the most responsibilities, it is simply right that she should bestow some thought and study upon the question, and at least be mindful of the fact, that the duty is not all on the servant's side, nor the claims limited to her own.

A conscientious and sensible mistress will often make a good servant out of very unpromising materials, and must always necessarily exert a considerable influence upon her domestics. The worst of them recognise, that though gentle, she is not weak; though strict in demanding their fulfilment of duty, she is carefully mindful of her own; while the better among them would at once appreciate both her kindness and her firmness. And it may be noted that perfect kindness to servants is not only quite compatible with undeviating firmness, but is, indeed, comparatively worthless without it.

Consistency is the magic sceptre which alone rules and orders worthily and felicitously, whether in kingdoms, republics, or the household commonwealth we speak of now. Thus, the good mistress is able to feel and manifest all kindness and sympathy to her servants without in the slightest degree impugning her dignity or swerving from her rightful position as mistress. Familiarity between persons of such relative social degree can never be productive of any good result. The self-respect of both is forfeited when either steps from out the individual limits of her duty, or forgets "her proper place." The handmaiden's vocation is as honourable as her lady's, and she should be to the full as jealously mindful of its proprieties, and as careful to maintain its dignity. In dress, manner, and speech, she should alike be cautious never to *presume*, but to maintain her *own* position worthily. From the highest to the lowest, we all lose ourselves when we forget this golden rule, and strive to seem what we are not. Though a mistress be exacting, unreasonable, capricious, or fretful, or combine all the cardinal sins of mistresshood in her person, it by no means necessarily follows that the maid should meet them by insolence or carelessness. Rather it should be her worthy ambition to proceed quietly with her own duty, under what-

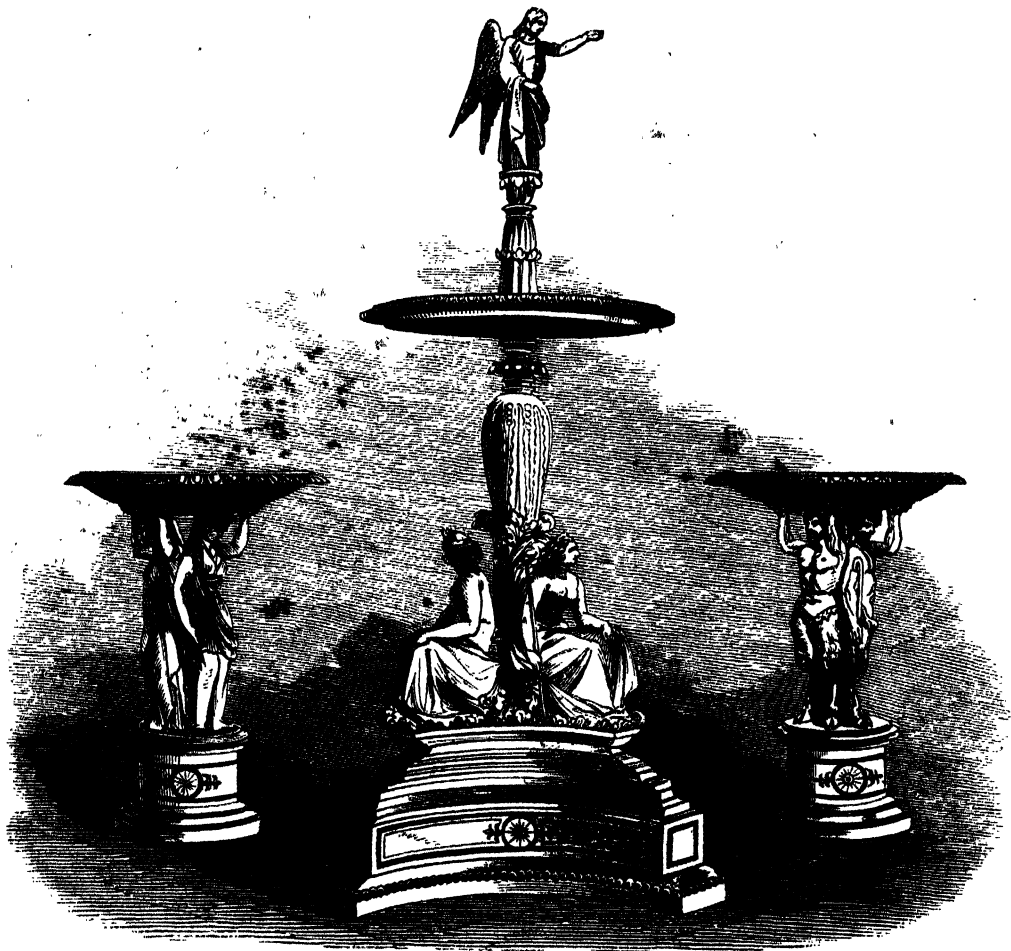
ever provocation, while it continued her duty, and abide by the issue.

On the other hand, though a lady be tormented with bad servants, she need not be utterly distracted from the even tenor of her way; she need not condescend to the loud-voiced displeasure, the incessant fault-finding, and interminable complainings, we so often hear under such circumstances. Granted that the maid is really idle, dirty, deceitful, or careless, as the case may be, *scolding* is not the weapon with which to encounter such household enemies as those ill qualities. A few earnest words of remonstrance have at least a chance of being remembered, which the long tirade of fretful lamentation *never* has. A rebuke, firm but not harsh, and couched in as short a sentence as possible, may leave some impression; while, though you scold for the whole day, you will never make Martha penitent for the falsehood or neglect which has aroused your indignation. Scolding causes human nature to feel angry, not sorry. It is thus that we so often hear, in the recital of the mistress's wrongs, "Not only did she do so and so, and spoil such and such things, but when I spoke to her about it she became quite insolent." Yes, your scolding aroused her indignation; and insolence is the natural form which indignation takes with the ignorant and ungoverned; as natural to her as scolding to you, and both equally wrong, equally unwomanly. If, therefore, the lady's instinctive sense of womanly dignity does not hinder her from *scolding* her servant, surely the higher Christian principle might do so, which would enjoin that she should not cause another to offend.

Let the mistress, in the first place, decisively and clearly lay down to her servants the rules she desires shall be observed. It is a good plan to have these rules, together with the distinct duties of each servant, &c., written down as tersely as possible, and numbered, so that easy reference may be made to any one of them. Where these rules are broken, the fact being clearly ascertained, point out the infraction at once, gently, but with sufficient emphasis to constitute a warning to be more careful in future. Make every allowance for a first breach of discipline, and even afterwards, have patience for many times following, where you can detect the wish to improve. In all such cases it is important to nicely hit the balance between severity and necessary strictness. Servants must of course know that they cannot be disobedient with impunity. Due time should be allowed, due caution given; but if all such indulgence prove ineffectual, if the fault remains unrectified, and the negligence becomes persistent, there can result but one issue. Wilful carelessness or disobedience is not to be tolerated. Justice cannot deal with it; it must be left to mercy to excuse and palliate it and other utterly insurmountable disqualifications—falsehood, drunkenness, and dirt. Short of these, much may be borne with.

But it is remarkable that the turpitude of domestics, as revealed in the mistresses' dismal chronicles, rarely reaches this point. Smaller faults swell the huge list of servants' misdoings. Jane is saucy, Martha is careless, Rebecca does not get up in the morning, Sarah goes out on Sunday with flowers in her bonnet and flounces to her dress. Now there scarcely exists the woman who, rightly and judiciously dealt with, might not in time be cured, or at least made to improve, in regard to any or all of these faults. To commence with the sauciness. Jane is never saucy twice to the mistress, who knows how to show quietly and decisively that, while it cannot ruffle her own dignity, it infinitely lowers Jane herself; that impertinence is, in fact, not only wrong but foolish; and that, finally, it is the most dangerous test to apply to a mistress's patience, howsoever gentle she may be under other provocations.

Carelessness and want of method, again, are matters of discipline, and may assuredly be drilled into all but the most hopelessly stupid, provided the mistress has the ability, the time, and the will to be the teacher. Example will shame the most sleep-loving into earlier rising in the morning; and if you object to the hardship of trying this plan,



DINNER SERVICE. [MADAME TEMPLE.]

remember charitably, that sleep cannot be so precious to you as to the one tired night after night with the day's active labour. And, for the flounces and the flowers! Be indulgent in thinking of the folly; be instant in pointing it out to the foolish girl herself. Show her that it is not *you* she injures by such vanities, but her own self-respect and respectability. You are not angry with her; but you are sorry for her. Personally she does you no harm; but relatively, as your servant, and one of your family, it vexes you to see her making this one first step in a wrong direction. How many a young woman might have been saved from all the long list of ill consequences so often accruing from and commencing with *love of dress*, by some such firm but kindly remonstrance from her mistress at the first! But too generally, it seems, we actually expect more virtue from our "maidens" than we are prepared to render ourselves in regard even of this specially feminine foible of vanity. It is preposterous, it is unbearable, it is quite shocking to see Sarah with flounces and furbelows! &c. O, take heed ere you cast the first stone! We women, who at least have been taught better things, and ought to entertain worthier aspirations, should be very tender and careful over our less fortunate sisters. Even were we ourselves immaculate, still to them we should be indulgent—slow to condemn, gentle to reprove. But as the case really stands, let us ask ourselves if we really have any claim to "lay down the law" in these matters. Are our consciences quite clear of such

things as vanity, frivolity, and the like, whereof we discourse so severely when we perceive them in Sarah and Jane? We all share the one woman's nature. It is apt sometimes to be a hasty, wilful, pettish nature; and its very yearnings after something more ideal, ill-directed often, lead to the empty pride, the love of admiration, the vanity and vexation of spirit we deplore.

Mistress and maid are alike *women*. Do not forget, silken-clad lady in the drawing-room, and be merciful to trespasses in temper, speech, and behaviour of your sisters in the kitchen, even as you hope for mercy.

**** An extra CHRISTMAS NUMBER, richly illustrated, is in preparation, of which full particulars will be duly announced. Among its contents will be "THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT," a Christmas Tale in four Chapters, by WESTLAND MARSTON, with Designs by WILLIAM HARVEY.**

In the current Number of the same week will be commenced a TALE by SHIRLEY BROOKS, Author of "Aspen Court," "Miss Violet and her Offers," &c., which will extend through several Numbers.

In the same Number will appear a full Page Engraving of "The Rescue," by J. E. MILLAIS, A.R.A.

New arrangements calculated to give a more practical character to the contents of "THE HOME" will be then explained and begun.



Wm. Lloyd Garrison

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

MR. JERROLD is now in his fifty-fourth year. Born in 1808, at which time his father was manager of the Sheerness Theatre, he went to sea, when twelve years of age, as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. His last voyage in this capacity was when the ship on board of which he served brought over a portion of the British wounded from Waterloo. After the Peace of 1815, he left the Navy and was apprenticed to a printer in London. He had worked as a compositor for some years when he made his first attempts in literature as a theatrical critic. At the age of twenty he wrote his *Black-eyed Susan*. During the four-and-thirty years which have elapsed since that well-known play first moved and delighted the nightly crowds at the Surrey Theatre and at Drury Lane, Mr. Jerrold has continued to act on the public with his pen, as a writer of drama after drama,—as a writer of essays, sketches, and tales for magazines, and for separate publication,—as one of the chief contributors to *Punch* since its second number,—and as the editor, in succession, of several monthly periodicals, and two weekly newspapers. The result has been that we now possess, as the collected body of his writings, a considerable number of volumes; and that whosoever, either in Britain or out of Britain, knows any thing of contemporary British literature is familiar with the name of Douglas Jerrold.

Very few celebrated men stand the test of being personally seen and listened to. It ought not to be so, but such is the fact. Most decidedly, however, it is not so with Mr. Jerrold. Personally he is one of the most impressive men in London. His eager, courageous, somewhat wild, but sensitive face—with a dash of Nelson in it, as well as in his spare figure—would arrest attention even where he was not known. And then his talk, wherever he is known! By this time it is no secret that he is reputed in London literary circles to be the wittiest man going. In grave, downright, or discursive conversation, or in eloquent and varied monologue, there may be others of our metropolitan men of letters who come up to him, or surpass him; but in the one quality of wit, and, above all, in the faculty of instant, pungent, flashing, blasting retort, he is believed to have no equal. Not that he is a peculiarly argumentative or combative man, far less that he is really cynical or ill-natured. His ordinary or spontaneous talk is bright, free, various, anecdotic, fanciful, and often very earnest, though still characterised by the play of wit. But the fashion of "wit-combats," even among friends, has not yet gone out; and often where there is no difference at all, or where, if there is a difference, it is a perfectly amicable one, something will be said by some one present containing within it the elemental possibility of a jest,—a jest confirmative, a jest critical, a jest sarcastic, a jest dissolvent, a jest personal to the speaker, or a jest purely arbitrary and fantastic. Then is Mr. Jerrold's moment. A flash, and it is out! Away somewhere among the affinities, ere one could count two, the thing has been caught; a word has been doubled up, an analogy seized on the wing; two ideas that had lain apart since chaos are suddenly brought together; the quickest hearer has it first; the laugh goes round like a cracker; and, just when the rest are done, the metaphysical Scotchman at the end of the table cries out, "I see it," and sends round the laugh again. When the jest is confirmative or fantastic, all are pleased; when it is critical, or sarcastic, or dissolvent, the speaker may go on at the peril of another; when it is personal and no harm is meant, a good fellow will keep his temper. There is, perhaps, no conversation in which Mr. Jerrold takes a part that does not elicit from him half-a-dozen of supremely good things of the kind described. To recollect such good things is proverbially difficult; and hence many of Jerrold's die within the week, or never get beyond three miles from Covent Garden. Some, however, live and get into circulation—a little the worse for wear—in the provinces; and not a few have been exported. One joke of his

was found lately beating about the coasts of Sweden, seeking in vain for a competent Swedish translator; and the other day, a tourist from London, seeing two brawny North Britons laughing together immoderately on a rock near Cape Wrath, with a heavy sea dashing at their feet, discovered that the cause of their mirth was a joke of Mr. Jerrold's which they had intercepted on its way to the Shetlands. A collection of *Jerroldiana*, we should suppose, would be found as good, of its kind, as a similar collection of the witticisms of Sydney Smith; not so numerous, perhaps, nor so rich and unctuous individually, but many of them fiercer and more keenly barbed.

All this is so well known, that there is no harm in saying it here. And on this score alone Mr. Jerrold would be remarkable among his contemporaries. The power of saying brilliant and truly witty things is in itself a form of intellect. And in whatever degree of estimation this form of intellect may be held, as compared with others, it is so rare in its higher varieties, that those who possess it pre-eminently have at all times been men of mark. But it would be a great misconception of Mr. Jerrold to think of him solely as a wit in this narrow sense. If he is to be described by the word "wit" at all, then the word must be understood, not in its present restricted sense, but in the larger and more general sense in which it was used in the days of Ben Jonson, and for a century afterwards. We have already said that even his social talk, out of which his witticisms are scattered, by no means consists of witticisms, but is only seasoned by them. They are the glittering particles of his talk, but not its substance. He is a man of keen, strong, energetic intellect, taking interest in a wide range of topics, and not holding the gift of his wit, as is too often the case, on the miserable constitutional condition of always flying low. In the course of a varied, and often hard life, he has acquired a large store of experience,—many reminiscences of men and events, an intimate knowledge of the weaknesses and follies of the world, and a sharp perception of characters and motives; but he has preserved through all a fresh and enthusiastic spirit, an unspoilt faculty of scorn, and an admiration for what is fine and heroic. He is the very reverse of a *pococurante*; and in an age of commerce, it is not Plutus that he worships. Add to this that, though in the main a self-taught man, his culture, even in the scholastic sense of the term, is more extensive than that of many who pass as scholars. While a printer's apprentice he was a hard and diligent reader. He taught himself French and Latin, and read enough in both to be quite at home in allusion to what is best in the classic literature of either. But it was in English literature that he revelled. From the age of Chaucer, down through that of Shakespeare to the later ages of the Restoration, Queen Anne, and the Georges, he read with ardour and with no stinted choice, though preferring naturally the poets and their nearest kinsmen in prose; and to this day there is no greater lover of Shakespeare and our higher poets among us, and there are few whose acquaintance with English literature as a whole is more effective and genuine. Very few either keep up so steadily with our contemporary literature; and his tastes and preferences there are not for what is common or low in intellectual pitch, but for what is high, beautiful, or original. Tennyson has no more appreciating reader, and his admiration for Browning is something special. In short, there could be no greater mistake than to think of Jerrold primarily or exclusively as a wit or humorist. The basis of his nature is fire, fervour, or what seems to be such. On this, by the exercise of a strong and inquisitive intellect, he has piled a number of opinions and acquired ideas on social and other topics; and wit, after all, is but his intellectual instrument in the act of expression. Only in this way will his wit itself be understood, or his writings properly interpreted.

By a large proportion of his compositions, Mr. Jerrold

does belong to the class of humorists, or comic writers. It has been said, and said truly, by a great critic, that the predominance of the humorous at any time in a literature is an omen of its approaching decrepitude; and certainly the tendency to the comic has at present reached such a point in our British literature, that a check might be administered with advantage. But humour in due proportion has its function: every free nation ought to have its *Punch*; and in humorists like Dickens, Thackeray, Jerrold, and some others that might be named, we have—even were their genius solely that of humour—not only such functionaries of the class as we can afford to have, but such as every healthy literature ought to have. It is needless to say that, as humorists, the three writers whom we have named have their characteristic differences. Every one knows that the humour of Thackeray differs essentially from that of Dickens, and that the humour of Jerrold is unlike either. In Jerrold the fiery element of personal feeling is more continually present; the imagination is not permitted the same passive and prolonged exercise of itself, but is more trammelled by an immediate purpose. His humour, as compared with that of the others, is as cognac compared to wine; less of it at a time serves. They may be read on and on to almost any length by those who enjoy their respective styles without a sense of satiety; he sooner chafes and fatigues even those who relish him most by his pungent and abrupt sentences. Hence, while his shorter sketches—such as his inimitable “Caudle Lectures,” and some of his other contributions to *Punch*—have been so popular; while he excels in brief single delineations of character; and while all his writings abound in sharp and delicate observations, and in the truest turns of wit and comic fancy (and it is observable how rarely his wit in writing takes the mere verbal form of the pun),—he has by no means been so successful as his two great contemporaries in comic fiction on the scale of the extensive novel, where imagination of scenery, imagination of incident, and imagination of physiognomy and character, combine to produce a broad and continuous story. With the exception always of Mrs. Caudle, and perhaps of Mrs. Jericho and Sir Arthur Hommadod in *The Man made of Money*, he has not, by his tales, added to our British gallery of comic portraits characters that remain so distinctly and permanently in the popular memory as the Pickwicks, the Wellers, the Swivelers, and other numberless creations of Dickens; or the Major Pendennis, the Mr. Foker, or the Captain Costigan, of Thackeray. “The truth is,” says one of his critics, “the moralist, the satirist, prevails in Mr. Jerrold over the artist. His creations are in most cases but vehicles for some feeling or opinion” (this is shown, by the by, in the names he gives to his characters, which are often, like those in Ben Jonson’s dramas, rather formal labels than names); “and it is more rarely that, laying aside intention and preference, he revels in his own fancies. As in Æsop’s fables, the moral is often in the mind first, and the fiction is made to order. This very defect, however, is the obverse side of a merit. Consider Mr. Jerrold as a man of thought and feeling working in the element of fiction; and then, giving him all the more credit when he does from time to time contribute an original physiognomy to our portfolio of comic portraits, you will yet cease to regard this as his proper business, and will be content if his tales are so constructed that each of them, the names and figures vanishing, shall leave its impression as a whole.” To this we may add, that the moral fiction, if not so popular a form of art as the fiction pure and poetical, still is a form of art. And in this style of art, not only are some of Mr. Jerrold’s shorter tales, as in his two series entitled *Men of Character* and *Cakes and Ale*, fine specimens, but even his longer and continuous fictions, such as *The Man made of Money*, have striking points of merit. The canons of invention are here different from those which hold in the pure novel; but there are canons of invention here too. When Mr. Jerrold, in his *Man made of Money*, makes the hero literally what the name implies,—a living personage, whose flesh consists miraculously of

bank-notes,—it is clear that he had in his mind a type of comic fiction different from that of the natural comic novel. The type may not be popular; but it is legitimate, and has precedents in Swift and other authorities in our fictitious literature.

But whatever may have been Mr. Jerrold’s success compared with some of his contemporaries in the direct fiction or tale, there is a kindred department of imaginative literature in which his supremacy is admitted. He is almost alone as a writer of genuine English comedies. It is a curious fact, that since the rise of the English novel, the English drama, as a form of true and classic authorship, has declined. Since the middle of the last century, there has been abundance of play-writing and farce-writing to supply the passing wants of the stage; but there have been few men of genius who have applied their genius conscientiously and carefully to the continuation, by sterling new works, of that which was once the favourite form of our national literature. In true English comedy, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and one or two others, break the long interval between us and the days of Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. Of this form of literary art Jerrold, in an age of farce and scenic show and beggarly translation from the French, is almost a solitary representative. The thirteen dramas which he has reprinted among his collective works, beginning in order of time with his *Black-eyed Susan* and his *Rent Day*, and ending with his *Time works Wonders*, and others lately represented, have upheld on the stage, and uphold still, wherever they are acted, the reputation of simple and classic English comedy; and when read at home, they charm equally by their plot and construction, and their brilliant and witty dialogue. Indeed, those very peculiarities of his genius which operate against him in the novel, fit him for mastery in the comic drama. Here also his English style is seen to perfection; the conditions of the dialogue and the rapid action suiting it exactly, and having probably helped to form it.

No more as a writer than as a man is Mr. Jerrold exclusively a wit or satirist or humorist. As Dickens and Thackeray, though from the general form of most of their writings they are called comic novelists, have written much that is not to be classed as comic, and have intermingled their most comic writings with passages and episodes of quite another order (to such an extent, indeed, that they might preferably be spoken of as novelists or writers of prose-fiction, with no adjective appended), so it is with Mr. Jerrold. Many of his writings are rather essays, or descriptive sketches or fantasies in prose, than satires or compositions of mere wit; and in all his writings, even the most purely witty, there are touches and passages of pathos, simple description, criticism, and argument. Some of his shorter tales are pathetic and poetical throughout. His earnest nature, too, is perpetually breaking forth in direct invective; and occasionally he couches his meaning imaginatively in an apologue, or in a species of ghastly allegory, reminding us of Swift’s description of the Strulbrugs, and of similar passages in some of the German humorists. Of course, however, it is in his writings as a journalist that his direct opinions are most explicitly manifested. To almost any man of letters the position of a journalist is a trying one; and this not merely from the necessity which it imposes of hurried writing, but from a deeper reason, inherent in the nature of the position itself. It is the required duty of a journalist to be perpetually saying *ay* or *no* on questions as they arise; whereas a man, left to himself, has many other things to do in the world than to say either *ay* or *no* on questions, and may often meet with cases in which neither the one nor the other would seem appropriate, but only silence or wonder or speculation. Hence the position of a journalist, by an over-cultivation of the *ay*-and-*no* habit, is a sad trial of intellectual sobriety. The proper men to be journalists, accordingly, are those who already, as men, have made up their minds *ay* or *no* on a great number of contemporary social topics. From what we have said of Mr. Jerrold’s idiosyncrasy, it is clear that in cases

tial respects he has the vocation to be a journalist. Not only is he a man of certain pronounced tendencies of opinion, he is a man who has long ago said ay or no to himself on many individual points of current controversy. Hence, as a journalist on what is called the "liberal side," he is consistent with himself from first to last. It is in his nature also, we believe, to limit his emphatic advocacy one way or the other in this capacity to those cases, or their direct corollaries, on which he has independently as a man made up his mind, and so to leave a large margin for agreement, mutual tolerance, and further consideration. Within the field of his fixed social and political beliefs, he gives and takes hard blows; and as the editor of a weekly journal of immense circulation, his influence one way or the other is undoubtedly great. At present this editorship and detached weekly contributions to *Punch* divide his whole activity. One cannot but hope, however, for his return in due time (if even serially, as before in the pages of *Punch*; but, better still, in separate and completed form) to pure and uncontroversial literature. The drama he seems to have given up as thankless; and we hear of no tale that he has on hand. Why not break new ground in literary biography? Nay, why not in autobiography?

ACTINISM.

THE nature of light remains a profound mystery. Notwithstanding the many delicate experiments which have been made by the most accomplished investigators with a view to ascertain its nature, the problem remains yet unsolved, and we continue profoundly ignorant in regard to it. Two opinions in regard to this strange element have divided the scientific world, both of which are supported by a nearly equal amount of authority. One class of philosophers asserts that light consists of inconceivably minute particles of matter, thrown off from the luminous body with great velocity and in all directions. The other believes it to be a fluid diffused through all nature, in which waves or undulations are produced by the action of the luminous body, and propagated in some such way as sound. On this *questio vexata* we have at present no occasion to enter, as the views we have to state are reconcilable with either theory.

Whatever be the nature of light, it is certain that it is not simple or homogeneous, as was formerly supposed, but is compounded of particles which are guided by separate laws, and characterised by very different properties. A beam of common light is now found to consist of rays, or pencils, which can be entirely separated from each other without the character or properties of any of them being changed. The separation to which we refer can be accomplished in a variety of ways, and by the instrumentality of different agents, leading us to suppose that the association of the constituent parts in common light, whilst it fulfils great and beneficent purposes, is not essential to its existence, or in any way necessary to the development of the properties of its constituent parts.

Common light has been found to consist of luminous rays, heating rays, and chemical, or actinic, rays.

We propose to endeavour to illustrate the complete separability of these different rays from each other before proceeding more particularly to consider the *chemical*, or *actinic*, rays, the laws by which they are guided, and the properties of which they are possessed.

The separation of a pencil of common light into its constituent parts can to a large extent be accomplished by its refraction through prisms of different substances. If we take a beam, or pencil, of light proceeding directly from the sun, which has been admitted through a small circular aperture into a dark room, and refract it through a prism of flint-glass, a spectrum is formed upon the wall of the room, composed of bands of different colours, and which are seen to be possessed of different degrees of refrangibility. The luminous ray is broken up or separated into the various colours which,

when united, compose *white light*. But the prism has done more than separate the luminous ray into the colours of which it originally consisted; it has to a large extent separated the heating and chemical rays from the luminous, and from each other. For if a thermometer be held successively in the different colours of the spectrum, it will be found that the heat increases from the *violet* to the *red end*; the heat of the *orange* being greater than that of the *yellow*, and the heat of the *red* being greater than that of the other colours. But what seems most extraordinary is, that at a point *beyond the red*, which is perfectly dark, where not a single luminous ray falls, *the heat is greatest of all*: proving that there are invisible rays in the sun's light, which have the power of producing heat, and which have less refrangibility than red light. Had the heat-producing rays of light been obedient to the same laws as those which produce by their refraction the different colours of the spectrum, then it is obvious we should have found the greatest heat in the yellow band, where the light is most intense, and should have found it gradually diminishing towards the red and violet extremities; instead of which, we find it greatest beyond the spectrum altogether, and apparently existing in the different colours simply on account of their proximity to that point.

The discoveries of Mr. Seebeck* afford us an additional proof that the heating rays of the sun's light have no necessary connection with the luminous rays. That gentleman found that the heating power of the colours of the spectrum depends upon the substance of which the prism is made. Thus with water the greatest heat is in the yellow; with sulphuric acid, in the orange; with crown or plate glass, in the red; and with flint-glass, beyond the red. Now these different points in which the highest temperature is found depend entirely upon the refractive power of the material for heating rays, and seem to have no connection with the refractive indices of the same substances for luminous rays, since the refraction is smallest for heating rays in those substances in which it is greatest for luminous. But the finest and most palpable illustration of the truth that the heating and luminous rays of light are entirely separable from each other is, the fact that the rays of the moon are absolutely and entirely destitute of heat. The experiments which have been made to ascertain the fact place it beyond the possibility of doubt. The rays of the full moon have been converged by large concave mirrors, and by lenses to a point, in which the bulb of the most delicate thermometer has been placed without the faintest indication of the presence of heat being obtained. The light of the moon, although absolutely destitute of the heating ray, is still possessed of the other properties which are understood to characterise light. The prism will separate its luminous rays into their component colours. It is possessed of chemical properties, as is shown by her influence on the insane, by the decomposition of fish-meat, and especially by the fact, that calotypes of her surface of great beauty and perfection have been obtained.

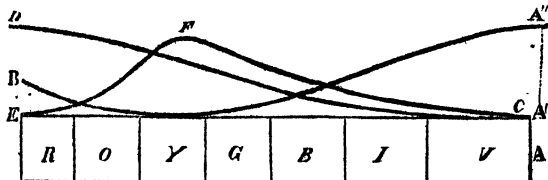
The discoveries of modern astronomy have shown that the sun is not, as was formerly imagined, a blazing mass of fire, but an opaque body, like the planets which accompany him in their wanderings through the fields of space. He is discovered to be surrounded by different atmospheres of great depth, the outermost of which consists of luminous phosphorescent masses, which give light and heat to surrounding worlds. The *lower atmosphere*, laden with dense masses of clouds, shelters his surface from the intense light and heat generated by the *upper*; so that the light and temperature even on the sun's body may not be greatly superior to that of some of his attendant planets. It is now generally believed that the sun's rays produce heat only in certain conditions. In passing through the spaces which intervene between the planets,—spaces, which if not absolute vacuum, can only be filled with matter in its rarest and most attenuated form,—the rays of the sun are believed to

* *Edinburgh Journal of Science*. No. I., p. 355.

be entirely destitute of heat; whilst heat is understood to be produced by some inexplicable chemical change which takes place during their passage through the atmosphere. This opinion is supported by the fact, that on the tops of the highest mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, although the sun's rays fall unchecked, a very low temperature prevails, while in the valleys the temperature is continually high. If these views be correct, they confirm our position that *light and heat have no necessary connection with each other*; that the *heating rays* of the solar beam are under the control of different laws from the luminous, and may be entirely separated from them.

Again, the *chemical* may in like manner be separated from the *luminous* rays of light. If we return to the consideration of the spectrum formed in a darkened chamber by the refraction of a solar beam, we shall find not only that the luminous rays are separated into their component colours, and to a large extent separated from the *heating rays*, but that they are also to a very considerable extent separated from the chemical or actinic rays. The late Mr. Ritter, of Jena, found that the different parts of the spectrum had different chemical properties; and that one part, viz. the most intensely *luminous*, was *entirely destitute of actinic activity*. We have seen that the greatest heating power was found to exist at the *red* end of the spectrum. Mr. Ritter, however, found that the greatest chemical, or actinic, force existed in the violet, and was found active even beyond the violet. Muriate of silver, for example, became *black* beyond the violet, less in the indigo, still less in the green, &c. The diminution of force, however, was not gradual towards the opposite end of the spectrum; for the actinic force being greatest at a point beyond the violet, diminished towards the yellow, where it was nothing, and then increased again towards the red, and was found to exist even beyond it. The varying actinic force might be represented by a waving line, in the same way as the illuminating power of the different bands of the spectrum is shown by Dr. Herschel.

In the figure, the intensity of the chemical force in the



different parts of the spectrum is illustrated: *A* is the point of greatest intensity, a little beyond the violet; *A' A''* is the measure of that intensity; *x* is the point where it is nothing; at *x* it has again slightly increased. The chemical and luminous rays of light may be sensibly separated by a very simple experiment. If a camera-obscura adapted for taking photographic pictures be fitted up with a single convex lens, it will be found, after a few attempts to take pictures, that the chemical rays have a different focus from the luminous. If the prepared sensitive plate be placed at the distance from the lens at which the most distinct image is formed on the ground or shade glass, a confused and indistinct picture will be obtained. Every object in it will be hazy and ill-defined, showing that the rays which printed the image had met at a point different from the surface of the prepared plate. If, however, the plate be placed at a point considerably nearer the lens than the focus of the luminous rays, a sharp and clear picture will be produced. A glance at the figure will at once make the reason apparent. The point in the spectrum where the light is most intense is at *x*, while the point where the actinic force is greatest is at *A*. Even with the best achromatic lenses, the foci for luminous and chemical rays are always different, although the difference in the latter case is much smaller than in the former. Now the fact that the two kinds of rays have different foci, when refracted through the same lens, shows that the luminous and actinic

pencils are obedient to different influences, and are controlled by different laws, and may consequently be separated from each other without the distinctive properties of either being impaired. This conclusion is strengthened by the circumstance that lenses of different kinds—such as double convex, plano-convex, meniscus, and achromatic lenses—which have precisely the same focal distance for luminous rays, have very different foci for actinic rays. The form of the lens lengthens or shortens the focus for actinic rays, while it produces no influence on the focal length for luminous rays; showing that the one kind of pencils is obedient to laws which have no control over the other. A satisfactory proof of the complete separability of the actinic rays from the luminous is obtained by employing a lens of *yellow glass*. If a photographic camera be fitted up with such a lens, although a perfect and beautiful image will be formed by the luminous rays refracted through it, yet not one single actinic ray will be transmitted. The most sensitive plate may be exposed in such a camera for any length of time without the slightest vestige of a picture being obtained. Such a lens will transmit a greater amount of light than any other colour, because at the yellow band in the spectrum the light is most intense; and yet it will not transmit a single actinic ray, because in the yellow the actinic force is nothing. If, on the other hand, a lens of violet-coloured glass be employed, although the image formed upon the shade-glass be much less brilliant, and at the point of adjustment for chemical rays be hardly visible, an intense and beautiful calotype-picture will be obtained; because in the violet light, while the luminous intensity is small, the actinic activity is greatest. This reasoning indicates the kind of lenses which ought to be employed by those who are unable or unwilling to be at the expense of costly achromatic combinations. A single meniscus-lens of violet-coloured glass will, after a few experiments to find the chemical focus, give the photographer far more satisfactory and perfect pictures than many combinations for which large sums have been paid. These remarks also suggest the reason why one lens, or system of lenses, is found to perform more rapidly than another. If the crown-glass selected for combination with the flint have a bluish tint, the lens will be rapid; if it have a greenish-yellow tinge, it will be slow.

Whether the actinic pencils can ever be practically separated from the luminous, so as to be made alone available for the purposes of art, remains to be determined. At present we cannot employ them without their being to some extent associated with the luminous. The possibility of their practical separation, we imagine, has been made sufficiently apparent. Could some substance be found capable of transmitting the actinic pencils, while it rigorously refused to transmit all others, we should then be able to subject them to a more rigorous analysis, and obtain more definite information regarding the laws by which they are controlled.

The same experiments and reasoning show the separability of the *actinic* rays from the *heating* as from the luminous. For as we have the greatest heating-power residing in the red end of the spectrum, while the greatest actinic is in the opposite, or violet, it is obvious that the two kinds of pencils are possessed of very different degrees of refrangibility, and may, like the others, be entirely separated without the nature of either being, so far as can be perceived, in any way changed. The fact to which we have formerly referred is conclusive in regard to the proposition before us, namely, that the rays of the moon, which are absolutely destitute of heat, are possessed of such chemical activity as to give a perfect representation of her surface on a sensitive plate, when an equatorial telescope with clock-work has been employed as the photographic camera.

We have thus seen the possibility of separating the luminous, the heating, and the chemical rays of light from each other, and have found that the points of their greatest intensity in the solar spectrum are widely separated from each other,—that being possessed of such different degrees

of refrangibility, we cannot regard them as controlled by the same laws,—that, so far as can be observed, the separation in no way affects the character of the rays so separated, since they appear to be characterised by the same properties when acting alone as when acting in conjunction with each other. The opinion strongly suggests itself from these inquiries, that the *luminous rays* found in a solar pencil *alone constitute the element of light*; and that the heating and chemical rays found in the same pencil cannot be regarded as an integral or component part of light, but must be regarded as distinct and separate elements, essentially different in their nature, and controlled by different laws. Whether they proceed from the same source—the phosphorescent luminous envelope of the sun—is a question which cannot be positively determined. The heat-producing rays, we have seen, there is some ground to believe owe their existence to the atmosphere, being generated by some process which we cannot explain during the passage of light through its mass. This theory would explain to us the reason why the planets in the vicinity of the sun, and those at the greatest distance from him, could enjoy a nearly uniform temperature; the temperature being dependent, not upon their distance, but upon the density of their atmosphere.

The actinic rays possibly owe their existence to the action of light on the electric atmosphere which surrounds our globe, or to its contact with some other and unknown element in nature. But upon this subject it is useless to speculate. We are too profoundly ignorant to do any thing but theorise; multitudes of facts must be accumulated ere a patient induction can point out to us its nature or its source.

Regarding it as a distinct and separate element in nature, let us come to consider what is known in regard to *actinism*, and, as far as possible, to investigate the laws by which it is controlled. The existence of chemical rays has been long known. The blackening of horn-silver in the light was known to the ancients. To their influence have been traced long ago the various and gorgeous colours of the vegetable kingdom. To them also, in the animal kingdom, have been ascribed the sable hues of the African, and the peachy tints on the cheek of youthful beauty. To their discolouring properties the bleacher owes his art, and the painter his want of immortality. It is only, however, of late years that the chemical properties of light have been carefully considered. The discoveries of Daguerre and Talbot have invested the subject with a peculiar interest,—an interest which every improvement in the beautiful art of photography seems to intensify. The former of these philosophers found that a plate of silver, made sensitive by the vapours of iodine, could, by the chemical change produced by the action of the actinic rays, have a perfect picture of an external object impressed upon it; and the latter, employing as the sensitising agent the muriate of silver, found that various kinds of surfaces could be prepared, on which delicate and beautiful pictures could be painted by the actinic rays. Since these important discoveries, the art of photography has steadily and rapidly progressed; until it has attained its present proximate perfection.

The experience of the most careful and accomplished photographers has determined the fact, that the element (called actinism) on which they depended for their success is by no means constant or uniform in its activity. The photographer naturally inferred that, as it was associated with light, it would be most abundant on those days when the solar beams fell unchecked, and when the sun had attained his meridian brightness. But although this supposition was frequently correct, it was by no means invariably so. It often happened that after making his arrangements to take pictures on a bright and beautiful day, he found that only feeble and imperfect pictures (and that after a long exposure) could be obtained; whereas it frequently occurred, on days comparatively dull and hazy, that pictures of great sharpness and beauty were obtained

with the greatest ease and celerity. Every photographer knows, from his frequent disappointments and failures, that there is nothing more capricious and uncertain than the continuance of actinic activity. At one period of the day it will be found intensely active, and in a few hours it will be found so languid that pictures can scarcely be obtained. An exposure of a couple of seconds will often be amply sufficient to impress a picture: while at another period of the same day, and with the same instrument and materials, a couple of minutes will be requisite to fix the same object, though at both times the light may seem equally strong. The abundance or activity of the actinic rays seems to depend more on atmospheric changes than upon the intensity of the light. When the barometer has fallen very low, the amount of actinism is generally small. If the clouds be surcharged with electricity, and a thunderstorm be obviously impending, perseverance in calotyping during such a state of the atmosphere is useless. The direction of the wind also seems to have a large amount of influence. A south or west wind we have found to be highly favourable, while our experiments confirm the experience of another amateur, expressed in the doggerel

“If once the wind incline to north,
Lead not the wretched sinner forth.”

The different seasons of the year appear also to be characterised by a greater or less amount of actinic energy. In summer, it generally remains more constant; while in winter, although on some days more intense than in summer, it is much more variable. But the most remarkable circumstance is, that in some regions of the globe actinism is found almost invariably active, while in others it scarcely exists at all. Over the whole continent of America it is found extremely active, and wonderfully constant,—a circumstance which explains the great beauty and perfection of American photographs; while in the Indian peninsula, photographic pictures are obtained at all times with very great difficulty. The different countries of Europe are sensibly different also in their general actinic activity. Although the observations which have been recorded are too few to enable us to form a correct judgment, it would appear from the few facts known, that while there are minor changes in the intensity continually taking place in all regions, there are great zones or belts encircling the earth in which it is invariably more intense and constant.

It would be of immense importance for the solution of the interesting questions regarding actinism, and for the advancement of the art of photography, if experiments were made simultaneously at different parts of the earth's surface, with a view to ascertain the *direction, intensity, and variations* in the actinic streams which probably encircle the earth. A careful registration of the amount of actinic force during the times of *atmospherical, electrical, and magnetic* changes, could hardly fail to lead to the possession of much interesting and valuable information regarding this strange element.

The National Magazine.

Papers to be returned if not accepted must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer, and stamped.]

CRAIGCROOK CASTLE.*

GERALD MASSEY entered the royal company of English poets at a single step. He showed the signet, it was recognised at once, and he passed in; a notable exception to the majority of his brethren, who have had to fight their way inch by inch across the charmed threshold. But it is not to be

* *Craigcrook Castle.* By GERALD MASSEY. London: Bogue.

marvelled at. There was a luxuriance in the beauty, a simplicity in the pathos, of the poems included in that first small volume well calculated to win the suffrages both of the critical and general public. The humblest reader might understand, the proudest could admire. His verses had a happy knack of setting themselves to the music of many a homely life, and making themselves a place in many an honest heart, whose own dumb poetry they had rendered into music.

"War Waits," which followed "Babe Christabel," contained some stirring lays, one or two of marked brilliancy. They were welcomed cordially at the time as "the rough-and-ready war-rhymes" they were styled by the writer, who himself appeared to claim no higher distinction for them.

Craigcrook Castle may therefore be regarded as the legitimate successor to that maiden volume of poems which achieved so remarkable a success in 1854. We are to view it as the work of a poet who has to maintain the position on which he already stands. To hold, as we all know, it requires greater strength than to gain; and we are bound to admit that the book before us does not exhibit the proportionate increase of strength which we had a right to expect. The florid prodigality of youth appears in nowise chastened. Sinew and muscle in many places is lacking; and the word-draperies with which the want is sought to be concealed are not always so felicitous as to atone by their grace for the absence of substantive power. It is, indeed, difficult to forgive the occasional lapses into eccentricities of a poet who has proved to us how sweet are his natural utterances, and how perfect in their every-day simplicity. We cannot consent to receive as poetry such epithets as "maternal meek," "mellifluous rest," "saintliest pure," &c. We protest against, such lines as that describing the beauteous company on *Craigcrook lawn* as

"Surging a soul-ache of deliciousness;"

or that in "Lady Laura," wherein is imaged

"A face like nestling luxury of flowers."

Nevertheless, despite these drawbacks (and we would not hide, either from ourselves or Mr. Massey, that they are serious ones), there is unquestionable beauty in many portions of the book,—passages of vivid freshness, touches of simple pathos, that are nothing short of exquisite. Over-redundancy of epithet, or even occasional affectation of style, cannot and should not blind us to the charming "bits" in the opening description of *Craigcrook*—that

"... Emerald Eden nestling in the north."

It stands before us clearly and completely, from its "tiny town of towers," to the "dance and dazzle of roses," that are so intimate a part of its beauty. Or take this picture of a Scottish dawn:

"I rose betimes upon my day of days;
Through faery forests of the lady fern,
Went up the wooded height to see the Dawn,
That new eternal picture fresh from God,
Quickened and colour into perfect life.
Quietly, quietly slept the world beside
The sepulchre of the dark, till Light awoke.
The haunting spirit of each lonely place
Seemed passing through the still and solemn wood.
What breath of life the breeze of morning blew!
What dowy smell and after-sense of showers
Came kissing like rich airs from secret shores
To those who sail in to the eternal dawn!
Bird after bird the sweet sharp stillness stirred,
As earth were warbling some new tune of joy
With which her heart gushed, and its radiance fired
Her face, as she arrayed to meet the morn.
The meek and melting amethyst of dawn
Blusht o'er the blue hills in the ring o' the world;
Up purple twilights came the golden sea
Of sunlight breaking in a silent surge;
And Morning like the birth of Beauty rose
With sunny music up the sparkling heaven,
While, at a rosy touch, the clouds that lay

In sullen purples round the hills of Fife,
Adown her pathway spread their cloaks of gold:
The silvery-green-and-violet sheen o' the sea
Changed into shifting opal tinct with gold:
And like an Alchymist with furnace-face,
The sun smiled on his perfect work, pure gold."

But with most unalloyed satisfaction we turn to the poem entitled "The Mother's Idol broken." This, on the same subject as the "Ballad of Babe Christabel," possesses, we think, touches of even more subtle loveliness, more direct heart-reaching tenderness, than the earlier poem. In its own fragmentary episodic fashion, it tells the story simply and sufficiently,—the sad sweet story that comes home to every woman's heart, and to many a man's also,—from the first joyful greeting of the "pretty softling, the baby-bud rose," the father's proud triumph in his "three little maidens," and the half-fearful delight of the parents in their "wondrous wee white rose of all the world," to the end, when

"Snow-white, snow-soft, snow silently,
Our darling bud up-curled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White rose of all the world."

Nothing can be more true, more natural, or more beautiful in its pathos, than the expression of the after-feelings of desolation and bereavement, the yearning lingering retrospection of the lost one's "little tender ways" and "spirit-smiles." In this portion of the poem there are lines here and there that strike the heart electrically with a keen sense of reality. We forget the poet, the book, and the page; and feel as we might feel on coming unawares to a little newly-made grave, with the fresh free air, the life of birds and trees and sunshine around it, the smiling heaven above, and the agony of the mother's empty heart thrilling through it all.

Our space is inadequate to quote all we could desire; but some passages, at least, we must give.

"This is a curl of our poor 'Splendid's' hair!
A sunny burst of rare and ripe young gold—
A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds!
Our one thing left with her dear life in it.
Poor misers! o'er it secretly we sum
Our little savings hoarded up in heaven,—
Our rich love-thoughts heart hid to doat upon,—
And glimpse our lost heaven in a flood of tears."

We stood at midnight in the Presence dread.
At midnight, when men die, we strove with Death
To wrench our jewel from his grasping hand.
Ere the soul loosed from its last lodge of life,
Her little face peered round with anxious eyes;
Then, seeing all the old faces, dropt content.

The mystery dilated in her look,
Which, on the darkening death-ground, faintly caught
The likeness of the angel shining near.
Her passing soul flasht back a glimpse of bliss.
She was a Child no more, but strong and stern
As a mailed Knight that had been grappling Death.
A crown of conquest bound her baby-brow;
Her little hands could take the heirdom large;
And all her childhood's vagrant royalty
Sat staid and calm in some eternal throne.
Love's kiss is sweet, but Death's doth make immortal.

And there our darling lay in coffin'd calm,
Dressed for the grave in raiment like the snow;
And o'er her flowed the white eternal peace:
The breathing miracle into silence passed:
Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile:
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers;
Never to wake us crying in the night:
Our little hindering thing for ever gone,
In tearful quiet now we might toil on.
All dim the living lustres motion makes!
No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes!
Naught there of our poor 'Splendid' but her brow.

Clad all in spirit-beauty forth she went;
Her budding spring of life in tiny leaf;
Her gracious gold of babe-virginity
Unminted in the image of our world;
Her faint dawn whitened in the perfect day.



THE LESSON. BY H. R. MARTINEAU.

"The child came back directly; and soon occupied herself in preparations for giving Kit a writing-lesson, of which, it seems, he had a couple every week, and one regularly on that evening, to the great mirth and enjoyment both of himself and his instructress. To relate how it was a long time before his modesty could be so far prevailed upon as to admit of his sitting down in the parlour, in the presence of an unknown gentleman—how, when he did sit down, he tucked up his sleeves, and squared his elbows, and put his face close to the copy-book, and squinted horribly at the lines—how, from the very first moment of having the pen in his hand, he began to wallow in blots, and to daub himself with ink up to the very roots of his hair—how, if he did by accident form a letter properly, he immediately smeared it out again with his arm in his preparations to make another—how at every fresh mistake there was a fresh burst of merriment from the child, and a louder and not less hearty laugh from poor Kit himself," &c.—Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*.

Our early wede away went back to God,
Boaring her life-scroll folded, without stain,
And only throe words written on it—two,
Our names! Ah, may they plead for us in heaven!"

To the end of this poem the spirit of quiet simple pathos is maintained. There is infinite sweetness in it all. The narration flows on calmly and naturally as a train of sad tender recollections that are *thought* rather than spoken.

"Lady Laura" has many passages of rich picturesque beauty, but it is defaced in more than one place with the faults we have before adverted to. The story, which is one now worn rather threadbare, of the lowly lover and the high-born lady, is vaguely told; and the love-songs, with their oft-repeated raptures and wealth of superlatives, are somewhat likely to cloy, we should think, upon all but the very hungriest appetites for that class of food.

Of "Glimpses of the War," more than one of the best portions have before appeared in "War Waits." Our readers will hardly need to be reminded of that lyric, earnest and enthusiastic, with its sweeping music as of the very tramp of men trooping onward to battle, beginning

"Our old war-banners on the wind
Were dancing merrily o'er them,
Our half-world hushed with hope behind—
The sullen foe before them."

The "Winter's Night in England" stirs recollections in us all. Who among us has not (but a little while since, though it seems long) felt the influence of that "mute and mighty Shadow" which was ever hovering over us then?

"Life's light burns dim—we hold the breath—
All sit stern in the shadow of Death,
Around the household fire,
This winter's night in England,
Straining our ears for the tidings of War,
Holding our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
For those who are fighting afar."

This has the true lyrical ring with it:

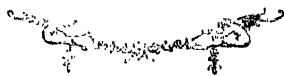
"Old England still hath heroes
To wear her sword and shield;
We know them not while near us,
We know them in the field.
Look how the tyrant's hills they climb
To hurl our gaze in his grim hold!
The Titans of the earlier time,
Tho' larger limbed, were smaller-souled!
Laurel or amaranth light their brow,
Living or dead, we crown them now,
As we sit by the household fire,
This winter's night in England;
From the white cliffs watching the storm of war,
Holding our hearts, like beacons, up higher,
For those who are fighting afar."

The story of the poet, "The Bridegroom of Beauty," though often lapsing into the sin of compound adjectives and accumulated epithets, has many passages of sad passionate music that we could ill spare. But we prefer the closing poem, "Only a Dream," which leaves us to shut the book in a spirit of much toleration for its faults, and admiration of its beauties. This last poem exhibits instances of both: images that are forced, lines that are "profitless,"

words that are "vain;" but, on the other hand, touches of description vivid and fresh as the colours of sunset—instances of delicate perception and intuitive sympathy that claim our appreciation and command our praise.

In the dedication, it is hinted that *Craigbrook Castle* falls short of what the writer intended to accomplish in his second book. "In other years," he says, "God willing, I may win a touch more certain, and a larger reach upon a harp of tenser strings."

We believe that he may; and hopeful and expectant of meeting him again, we bid him good speed upon his way.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

BY SHIRLEY HIBBERD,

AUTHOR OF "RUSTIC ADORNMENTS FOR HOMES."

We are a cosy quiet couple, not frequently haunted by cares or excited by varieties. We live just far enough from town to be free from temptations of pleasure, yet near enough to avoid lapsing into vapid dullness; in fact, we manage to combine town and country life together in our little household, and to adorn our rustic pursuits with a few of the graces of literature, and some touches of homely art. I might perhaps amuse you by a relation of our every-day life, its whims and oddities, and the utter abandonment to impulse to which, since our first wedding-day, we have been addicted; but it is the family we have reared that I think I may most profitably talk about, and, at the risk of being thought egotistical, I shall give you a brief account of it.

I venture to say that few strictly private families are so truly happy as ours, for though it comprises *thousands* of children of all ages,—some older than ourselves, many of them differing in temper and taste as widely as the pole differs from the equator,—yet the most perfect harmony at all times prevails amongst us, and the only anxiety that possesses us is to render each other happy. To be sure, the elements of "a row" are never wanting; and were the heads of the family for one single day to forget their responsibilities, bloodshed and cannibalism would make a total ruin of our model Agapemone.

Ten or twelve may be considered a fair number for any ordinary family, and on such a limited scale, some little generalship is essential for the preservation of domestic peace; but, as I first remarked, our family consists of thousands—in fact, *we* ourselves have never attempted to form an accurate census, and frankly confess we do not know how many within a thousand or two are dependent upon us. If I tell you they are all children of adoption,—for as yet we are unblest with children of our own,—you will conjecture that we are keepers of an orphan-asylum, a workhouse, or a prison; but such ideas will vanish when I assure you that we are strictly private folk, renting a humble country-cottage, with a moderate amount of garden attached, and with a very pretty variety of rural scenery adjoining. The fact is, we are victims of a hobby. How many have gone mad, been ruined, traduced, ay, transported or hanged, for hobbies! Yet we live in no fear that *our* hobby will entail future penalties, for it is simply a love for animals; and the passion is fed and strengthened by a strong curiosity to learn more and more of their histories and instincts, their relations to each other and to the general scheme of nature, and, above all, their capabilities for human companionship. Our little house is a sort of menagerie; not in imitation of the Zoological Gardens or the Jardin des Plantes, nor yet on the plan of the Hospital for Animals at Surat,—for we have nothing about us that is obnoxious, and not a single cripple.

We are just now ready for breakfast, and we sit at the fire surrounded with cockatoos, macaws, and parrots. All the voices of the animal world salute and deafen us. Old

Poll, the pet of the parlour, can bark, growl, bleat, purr, or whistle, and in addition, ask for every thing she wants, and for many things she does not want. She can be insolent or polite; and, as a result of our teaching, she is a very expert thief. I could tell a hundred anecdotes about that one patriarchal parrot: how she takes tea from a spoon and beer from a tumbler; how she cracks nuts and crows like a cock; how she leaves her cage to steal sugar or fruit; how she can recite two complete stanzas of *Johnny Gilpin*, and bandy small-talk with any body. When her noise and impudence ceases, we turn to the cockatoos, of which we have three elegant, docile, loving creatures: one pure white, with a crest that looks like flakes of turbot; another with pale-sulphur crest; and a third with white and crimson plumage—strictly a cockatoo parrot, the most loquacious of the whole family, but so gentle in her demeanour that she never was guilty of a single mischief yet. To visitors, the gray and green parrots, of which we have two each, are a perfect bore: they scream and yell and bark, and, if a chance were afforded them, would dig their pickaxe-beaks into innocent faces and hands; but these gentle crested favourites are determined to be loved, and at the first sound of a strange voice, up go their crests, down go their heads with a soft ejaculatio of "Cock-a-too;" and if they do not get their accustomed tickling on the poll, they seem dejected for the day. As for Betty, the cockatoo-parrot, she says plainly, "Scratch poor Betty's poll; Betty wants her poll scratched;" and scratched it must be over and over again before Betty will turn to her bread-and-milk, and allow an interval for conversation. Then we have a pair of Australian ground-paroquets—two splendid macaws that dazzle the eye with their oriental plumages of azure and vermillion; a pair of slender and brilliantly-coloured lorics, that have never yet, and never will, acquire more speech than the utterance of their names; and a pair of Brazilian toucans, with enormous bills, and plumage more dazzling than the dress of a barlequin.

You would just think yourself in Babel, were you to be spiritually present when we sit down to breakfast surrounded by these, the noisiest members of our happy family. But if you were present in the body also, I would insure complete silence by one clap of the hand, and you should hear a pin drop if you wished it. Then one by one each should go through its performances of imitating a farmyard, a fiddle, a pair of bagpipes, or a series of incoherent but very comical speeches. Old Poll is the only one that would occasion trouble; and she is so self-willed, that you would have to take your chance whether she would take breakfast with us and talk like a Christian, or cough, bark, and growl you into a state of stupid deafness. But if all went well, Polly would be a polyglot; for she can gabble French, German, and Latin with very tolerable accent, and mix with her classical quotations the more familiar sounds of "Beer O," "Ba ker," and the words and air of "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins." When Betty's turn came, she would, in a nasal singing tone, ask you some impertinent questions, such as "Can you spell Istactepetzacuxochitl Icohueyo?" and before you could give her an answer, such is her want of politeness, she would hurry through a whole string of small-talk; ask for tea, beer, cakes, nuts, grapes, and finish off with Quin's "incoherent story," which, with a slight blush, I confess to have spent the occasional leisure of a whole year in teaching her. While this went on the other birds would get jealous; and to keep peace, we should have to scratch no end of proffered polls, and make a compromise with master Tommy, the elder of the green parrots, by the present of a chicken-bone for him to pick and chuckle over. The exhibition always finishes by feeding the toucans, which are the "lions" of the collection; we hand them each a choice morsel—a task which you might think dangerous, seeing that their beaks are large enough for the seizure of a fat baby, and you would think it no trifling matter to appease appetites having such formidable representatives. Yet, immense as are the horny appendages with which the toucan takes his

daily bread, his mode of eating is decidedly pretty and amusing. The food is taken on the point of the bill, it is then tossed high in the air, the immense jaws open like a pair of park-gates, and the descending morsel falls straight into the gullet with "a cluck" that makes one roar with laughter. The conjuror who catches knives and rings might take a lesson from these comical creatures.

It is not every body who cares to be shut in with such a gabbling noisy crew as our parrots; and fortunately we can give our visitors a choice between fountains and water-gardens, tropical and British ferns, and homely songsters; or accommodate them with the scientific seclusion of a cabinet stocked with living and dead insects, aquatic larvae that glide about like ghosts, beetles that kick and plunge in their vessels of water like imps on the verge of despair, together with tame spiders, toads, frogs, and snakes, and a very attractive display of stuffed quadrupeds and birds, and some prepared and mounted skeletons of various animals. This cabinet-room is my own especial pleasure; *cara sposa* only finds her way there occasionally; and, indeed, none but choice scientific friends, who have sufficient enthusiasm to stare themselves tired with a solar microscope, or feed their imaginations into a "fierce frenzy" by discussing the technologies of entomological nomenclature, ever get permission, much less invitations, to enter it. The most attractive things there are the Aquaria and Water-cabinets, which together fill up the window-spaces, and shut out a large portion of the daylight. In the right-hand window stands the river-tank, pellucid as crystal, and luxuriant with many forms of bright-green vegetation. Within it five-and-thirty fishes glide and gambol, and exhibit their several habits and instincts. I should not mention this as a part of our happy family, were it not so in reality. In that vessel more than three-fourths of the finny innocents are as tame as cats; they know me, love me, and not only feed from my hand, but assemble when I call them, and obey my every look and motion as readily as if they were terrestrial kith and kin. There are three splendid tench—naturally the shyest of British fishes—now so familiar with the prison which has housed them for more than two years, and the keeper who has tended them during that time, that they not only flounder out of the dark weeds and rise when I call them to receive a few worms, but without the offer of food they will assemble at the surface and remain still while I tickle them, and seem to enjoy the operation as much as parrots do to have their polls scratched.

I have a whole school of Crucian, British, and Prussian carp, all docile and loving as is their nature; but one huge Prussian carp is the captain of the tank—the special pet, the ancient and trusty friend whom I ever delight to honour. He is a magnificent fellow, plump, iridescent, seven inches in length, and as playful as a spaniel. He commands universal admiration. His easy, gliding, and dignified motions,—for he is never in a hurry,—and his constant association with seven other of his kindred, who to him are as babes to a giant, and above all, his confiding fondness, make him a piscatory marvel. Whenever I enter the room, "the boomer," or "master carpenter,"—for those are the names he severally bears,—at once recognises my voice or step, and straightway he comes "booming" to the side, with his dolphin-like head and splendid eyes, and there poises in mid-water to watch me. If I sit down to write, he remains there, slowly rising and sinking, never leaving the side next me even for an instant; he seems to watch and listen; and I could sometimes bitterly reproach Nature that she does not allow him to speak. As to eating from my hand, or rising to the top when called, or rolling on his side to be tickled, these are commonplace matters; he will nibble my finger gently for ten minutes at a time, play with a stick, dart about at a game of touch, or assemble his little band of juvenile carpenters, and get up a frolic with them for my amusement. But he is a gentleman in every thing—easy, dignified, never put out; and if a shoal of saucy bleak or daring minnows steal the choicest morsel even from his

lips, he yields the point at once, takes no revenge, but looks with expectant eye to his protector for more.

As to chub and bream and dace, I have as many as the tank will support, all of them thoroughly tame. The minnows and bleak are "the fun of the fair," and the tough untamable savages that hold aloof from the general society, and, spite of every kindness, persist in leading a life of their own.

Above the river-tank are the shelves containing my aquatic curiosities. There the ravenous water-beetles and their larvæ, with other creatures of similar habits, plunge and kick in their crystal jars. Give them a minnow, how they plunge their fangs into the palpitating flesh, consume their prey piecemeal without first killing it, dragging the viscera from the trembling creature, or boring into the gills while it yet struggles for life! If now and then a death occurs in the tank, these carnivorous gluttons have the carcass tossed to them to riddle and consume; but as this very seldom happens, they have to remain content with slugs and earth-worms from the garden, which I find answer very well for every one of the flesh-eating aquatics.

In other jars I have specimens of the magnificent *Hydrous piccus*, the largest aquatic beetle found in Britain, and the most docile and harmless of the whole family; boat-flies; lovely specimens of Colymbetes, with jet-black backs and silver bellies; eccentric whirlwigs, that emulate the dervishes in defying giddiness; quaint species of water-scorpion; and that most curious of all the smaller inhabitants of the streams, the diving spider, with its silken cocoons suspended beneath the surface. These occupy a whole shelf; and a curious sight it is to watch their various motions and proceedings as they dive, spin, kick, quarrel, or engage in comical courtships.

But these are not the most prized among the minor members of my family. The shelf above them contains the rare treasures, though to the casual eye it exhibits nothing more than a row of crystalline jars filled with clear water and very emerald-green tufts of starchy vegetation. But here are my *Nitella*, my *Vallisneria*, my sorted species of *Chara*, *Riccia*, and *Lemna*; and if I want to observe the circulation of the sap in plants or the blood in animals, these jars supply suitable specimens, that under the penetrating eye of the microscope enable me to pierce at once to the most secret chambers of nature—to the fountain-head (materially speaking) of life itself, wherein I may observe the development of a cell, or the production of the primal germ of organisation. Some honoured members of my family are here, too. I have thousands of the living ghosts of gnats, dragon-flies, and beetles, that glide up and down in the clear lymph, like souls just taking shape, and with but one film of earth about them. Here, too, are small larvæ of all kinds,—some ravenous as wolves, some that do nothing but jerk themselves into spasms, others that wriggle and twist into all manner of inconceivable forms. Here is a cluster of perhaps a thousand of the larvæ of the common gnat,—a lot of lively jerking imps, that seem as if their bodies were made of spiral springs, and that conduct themselves as if life had but two pleasures to sweeten it—one skipping like Spring-heeled Jack, the other hanging from the ceiling by the tail, a the American adventurer lately astonished us by his antipodean perambulations. Indeed, all the aquatic larvæ that I have here—numbering some sixty different kinds—are given to this same feat of suspending themselves by the tail from the surface of the water; for in that way only do they breathe, by means of the plumes and rays and prongs with which their tails are furnished.

In other jars I have some pretty water-mites that are incessantly on the trot, not swimming or diving, but literally running hither and thither, as if at any depth and any where the water presented to their feet a solid surface. I have thousands of Cyclops, Monads, Vorticellas, wheel-animalcules, a few Hydras, and no end of common and rare infusoria, that, nightly occupy me under the glare of the microscope-lamp, in exploring their inner and outer constructions, their ac-

tions and instincts, and the many marvellous indications they afford of the perfection of the economies in things ordinarily invisible—the work of the same Hand from which the worlds themselves were launched, and which sustains without ceasing the balance of huge incomprehensible forces.

My other window is adorned with a marine collection similarly arranged. The tank contains the choicest of the gorgeous sea-flowers—

"Blossoms that ope in the oozy deep,
And ne'er lure the bee to their green retreat."

I have all the well-known anemones, and a goodly number of new and rare species. Some are like daisies, others like the bundles of hissing snakes the ancients wove around the heads of furies; one kind is an exact imitation of a rosette of blue ribbons, another of a coral-coloured chrysanthemum; but the most prized of all for glorious form and colour is the huge carnation or plumed anemone, which expands its thousands of living fringes into the form of a very fabulous carnation of mammoth dimensions. These are ever changing in form and aspect;—now they are lifeless lumps of jelly, now alabaster columns, now transparent balloons puffed to bursting with absorbed water, and again the flowery form predominates, thousands of petal-like fingers expand; and the sea-bottom, transferred to my room, shows me its floral gems, that rival those of the garden in splendour, but which move and change mysteriously, and show themselves to be endowed with a mute but wonderful life. Lifeless as they may appear for hours, their will at last determines them to prove that they can glide and climb and float and cling, ay, and grasp in an embrace of death whatever livelier creature may unwarily come within reach of their barbed threads and flower-like fingers.

Besides these, I have the pretty *Serpulas*, that make for themselves stony tubes; *Madrepores*, that build up ocean reefs, and that here in the glass vessel are positively manufacturing coral before my eyes; some crabs, that walk sideways on tiptoe, and that carry their eyes on stalks; and hundreds of other things, of which it would require huge volumes to recount the history or do justice to their beauty, and the intense interest they excite in those who delight in preserving them as objects of study.

After all, I think you would perhaps find more to amuse you in a little singing-party, to which we have assigned a room upstairs. This is the special care of my better half, who, indeed, shuts me out from any participation in its anxieties, though I am very freely admitted to the performances of the pupils.

In a snug attic, well lighted, adorned with a fountain and mirrors, the windows and skylights embellished with gay plants, a collection of about forty song-birds pass their time in as jolly a way as one would wish. You will think of happy couples and nest-building, and the maternal incubation of baby-broods of dicky-birds; but we long ago found out, as did Mr. Kidd, the prince of bird-masters, that a bird-room is not the place for breeding. If love sanctifies life, and gives it its noblest development, it also is the parent of strife and jealousy; it ruined Troy, its dark side blots with some vengeance or madness or villany every page of the world's history; and how should a community of such warm-hearted creatures as birds escape the desolating effects of a fire that warms when kept in check by wisdom, but which scorches and blights when passion only fans the flame? Not to philosophise, suffice it that none of the fair sex are ever permitted to colonise here: we have in other parts of the house a goodly number of happy feathered couples that enjoy connubial bliss and connubial cares; but in a general assemblage hen-birds are but a source of contention and bickering.

But what a merry and familiar lot are these bachelor-vocalists! how they

"Ring roof and rafter
With bagpipes and reeling"

from the first dawn of day to evening dusk, and even after

that for hours, if indulged with a lighted lamp! They are all familiar, too; they cluster round their mistress when they have their daily supply of buns and insects and seeds and paste; they swarm on her head and shoulders, and actually chaff at her in impudent tones and gestures, and make such a flutter and confusion and row as would drive a nervous person utterly mad. There are siskins, canaries, white-throats, tits, woodlarks, wagtails, buntings, linnets, gold-finches, redpoles, a young thrush, a pair of Java sparrows; a common sparrow, that has learned a few notes of respectable music, and that delights in quarrelling with every body about nothing; a couple of black-caps, a nightingale, and a most musical brambling, that imitates the note of every other bird, and almost equals the nightingale in some of his finest passages.

The garden is as much a menagerie as the house. I have my triangular Cochins and my squatty Bramapootras, my noble crested Polands and my neat little Sebrights, that look like poultry for a doll's house, besides a herd of tame jays and jackdaws, that drive me crazy by their destructive tricks. These would not interest you, for you see such things every where; but here is a flock of mountain goats that make a daily bleating on the adjoining common; they are pure Angoras, with silky fringes of milk-white hair hanging from their flanks to their fetlocks, and beards that would not disgrace the most hirsute Crimean hero that ever voted razors to be ridiculous. The father of the flock is a noble fellow—such horns, such a curly head and massive forehead, such a delicate splash of fawn on his withers, and, O, the purity of his snow-white back and silky flanks! He hears my voice or footstep; and away flies Billy, clearing the five-foot fence at a bound, and trotting towards me, with a playful air of defiance, and with an evident consciousness of his capability to represent a traditional dilemma. As soon as he comes within a few paces, he draws himself up on the very tips of his toes, then leaps up and curvets sideways, and finally springs forward at me, and butts full at my chest in a manner that would alarm a stranger unprepared for defence. But that is only Billy's mode of romping with me—it is always a rough kind of play; but the noble-hearted fellow always takes care that his frontal *sinus*, not his crescented *cornua*, shall make the bold contact that, were I not prepared for it, would make me measure my length at his feet *hors-de-combat*. His pranks are all of them characteristic; he will leap up and plant his hoofs on my chest, and explore with his nose every one of my pockets to find a hidden bunch of acorns or a few bean-pods, all the while winking his splendid large eyes close to my face in a look of intelligence that is as eloquent to me as the richest flow of human speech. If I move aside, he will mount my back, plant his paws on my shoulders, and continue prancing up and down, and throwing his enormous weight upon me, till I yield the point he seeks and give him a choice morsel. What he will eat in this way is prodigious; yet the fare he seeks when turned out on the common is the dry and sapless leaf, the thorny sprouts of the whin or the hawthorn, half-withered clem-leaves, and, indeed, any thing that appears dry, tasteless, woody, and indigestible. It is a fact but little known, that goats *never drink*! this, coupled with their love of dry scrubby forage, enables them to crop fatness from bald granite, and completes their adaptableness to barren mountain-heights.

If I am bitten with any of that enthusiasm which is popularly called "a fancy," it is certainly a fancy for goats. I have kept goats of every known variety, from the sleepy and fertile Spaniard to the bold and sprightly Welshman, or the real chamois of the Alps. After all, I prefer these picturesque Angoras: they are the goats for the artist—every attitude is graceful, every line, from the beautifully-shaped head to the clean fetlocks and polished hoofs, is suggestive of sylvan solitudes and rocky heights. Of all the domestic creatures that associate with man in the conquest of the earth, the goat is certainly the most ancient and classical.

The earliest records of civilisation mention goats and sheep as representatives of pastoral wealth, and the most cherished property of the simple nomad patriarch; whose flocks were his household gods, his daily and nightly care, and his whole support during his bold migrations over pathless wilds. His great anxiety was to find a succession of "fresh fields and pastures new;" and the sheep and goats were the real founders of the earliest states and dynasties. In the records of later ages the shepherd has ever a high place. And though in the old chivalric narratives the horse is the subject of many a splendid apostrophe, the domestic life of antiquity finds its truest utterance in the associations that attach to flocks and herds; for the shepherd was always the predecessor of the husbandman or the builder of cities. The earliest and the latest pastoral equally derive freshness from the presence of the mountain goat. Longus, the first and most tender writer of pastorals, reaches his highest excellence where he paints the foundlings, Daphnis and Chloe, feeding their flocks together, and at the same time learning to love. Theocritus, the true cottage-poet of antiquity, gives us the most homely and rustic pictures ever sketched in pastoral verse; and in every group he places the goat in the foreground to suggest the flowery hills and knolls of wild thyme, amongst which his shepherds breathe fragrant air in the tendance of their flocks. Horace, thoroughly proud of his garden, was too much of a parlour-poet, and too much addicted to the shadow of Mæcenas, to cultivate the truly rustic. But see what Virgil did in his highly polished pastorals and the graphic *Georgics* in honour of the jaunty, self-willed, strong-limbed, but tamable and affectionate Capricornus; and when John Keats shook the dust of the grave from the inner life of Greece, and rekindled the flame on the altar of Pagan worship, the shadowy pomp of Hellenic mythology received its finest finishing touches in his hands through the help of the sheep and goats and bees, that bleated and buzzed in the brightest of his sublime pictures. Then the goat was intimately mixed up with the origin of the drama: for tragedy, which was at first called *tragœdia*, or "the song for the cask," came to be known as *tragœdia*, or "the song of the goat,"—the cask of wine giving place to the higher prize of a goat in the public festivals.

Are you fond of bees? Here I have them in a house to themselves, aspect south-east, a causeway cut for them through the belt of shrubs that screens them from the July sun, along which they pass in buzzing streams to the bramble-hedges and clover-fields, that divide and splash the landscape round. I am passionately fond of my bees. Many a dreamy hour of joy do I find in sitting beside them on a summer afternoon, to watch them go and come, to note the several labours on which they are engaged, every one of which I can determine as well as a master who keeps a rigid register of the labours of his workmen. Some of my hives are of glass, some of wood, or straw with glass windows; and in times of commotion, when the bees insist on non-interference, I can retire to the rear of my hive-board, and watch all that takes place within the several abodes of concord and industry. You will not doubt the difficulty I have in determining the exact number of the members of my family, if I tell you that my hive-board now contains ten strong stocks, every stock-numbering not less than fifteen thousand bees—some, indeed, containing as many as five-and-twenty or thirty thousand, as I could prove by experiment. Reaumur first hit upon a mode of counting bees: he weighed a swarm; the result was four pounds. Now a pound of bees contains five thousand individuals, and as many as half-a-dozen pounds of bees is the common weight of a strong and prosperous stock. Hence, if I tell you that nearly half a million hard-working folks recognise and love me as a father, you will at least allow I am a true *pater familias*, and, in that sense, more worthy than even old Priam of Troy, who, I think, was the father of *only fifty* children.

Of course I read the *Georgics* of Virgil, and make many a brown study over Columella and Schirach and Reaumur and Huber and Cotton; nor do I forget old Tupper, who has

a grand place in my library—no, nor Wildman, nor Nutt, nor Taylor, nor any other true student of this wonderful insect. Here, indeed, I can verify with my own hands and eyes many of the most startling discoveries that have been made as to the habits and instincts of the bee, and become daily familiar with facts that the majority of those who *only read* about them *must* regard as extravagant fictions. I see the queen, surrounded by her state-attendants, every one of which right loyally faces the supreme female magistrate and mother of the state; never one of that dutiful train turning its back even for an instant to the royal mistress, who represents all, and more than can be imagined, of dignity and command concentrated into the compass of less than an inch. I see the progress and development of new broods, the deadly hate of rival queens, when it happens that two come into contact. As two claimants to a throne cause civil war in human states, so with the bees, that in every thing represent the *serious* side of human life in all its minutiae with wonderful accuracy. But the bees are the wisest; they never suffer the community to waste valuable energies in deciding a personal quarrel. They urge the rivals to single combat, and recognise the victor as their future mistress; the dead body of the vanquished being cast out from the city. There is no end to the marvellous in the history of the bee; and the studious possessor of them may have daily proof that neither classic lore nor modern scientific research has yet exhausted the catalogue of sober facts which in bee-history are every one too marvellous for credence, except to those who claim the bee as a member of the family. That they know and love their keeper, and submit cheerfully to his decrees, repelling the invading stranger from their causeway and neighbourhood, is the crowning mark of their sagacity, humble as they are in the scale of nature, and the trait that endears them to me more than any other; for I can safely say, "My bees know me," and give proof of it to any who shall choose to challenge their capability for distinguishing one man from another.

My catalogue does not end here—O no! I have my colonies of snails. The beautiful Roman snail, that weighs nearly an ounce, and that forms a delicious dish when dressed with parsley. Then I have amber snails in colonies, that fatten and propagate in huge flower-pots; and in my garden-tanks every variety of fresh-water snails and mussels, lizards, cray-fish, and crabs, and a vast number of other curious creatures with ugly bodies and unpronounceable names, that bask in the sun, or find happiness amid the tangle of water-weeds.

How do I get such things? Well, in various ways. I am myself pretty expert in collecting; but I have an agent who beats me hollow, and I think I could match him against any fisherman in the three kingdoms. He is a miserable nondescript of the genus *homo*—a wretched outcast, who has exiled himself from home and every comfort to satisfy some internal longings for a life truly amphibious. He is stone-blind, and has but one companion—his dog. Winter and summer this strange burlesque of Neptune wanders daily to the Lea or New River; and there wades without undressing, and in darkness and solitude captures *with his hands* any kind of fish, crab, or reptile that are known to haunt the waters. He is familiar with every creek and inlet and hollow for miles, and goes straight to his game by instinct, and unerringly takes it, whether in the steam of July or the frost of February. He then wanders, dripping from head to foot, to sell his cold booty to whosoever will have it; and to-morrow wades again, and, as he says himself, shall continue to wade till death clutches him amid the ooze and rushes. This Joe Bradley is in some sort a member of our happy family. We certainly have done our best to win Joe from his wandering ways; but though he is a sane, harmless, and grateful creature, he will not be tamed; and is now, in the bitter November frost, pursuing the calling of a seal or grampus.

All the other folks that cluster round us exhibit traces of contentment. Most of them are knit in strong household

bonds, and are very dear to us for their confidence and affection, and the many lessons they daily teach us of the ways and means of nature. Indeed, we lead a very merry life in the midst of so incongruous an assemblage. We wake to the bleating of goats and the song of birds; we breakfast with our parrots about us like a family-party, each having its own cup and saucer and fragrant allowance of tea and toast. We dine, like royalty, to music; for then the parrots give place to some little golden-plumaged pets that glory in the clatter of knives and forks and dishes. Tea and supper are also musical meals; for we train many of our birds to sing by lamplight. And we sleep very pleasantly with a faint odour of ash-tree fires pervading the house in winter; and all the rest of the year fragrances of all kinds are wafted through the open windows from our little flowery garden, or from the miles and miles of hawthorns and haycocks that stretch around us.

THE BRUSSELS CARPET.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

It was the prettiest scene imaginable. A little parlour, gaily and prettily furnished,—snowy curtains, bright carpet, nice prints; young husband at one side of the fire reading newspaper; young wife at the other sewing on shirt-buttons; tea-things on the table, and the brightest of bright brass-kettles singing merrily on the hob.

(Young wife speaks.)—"And so, Harry, you don't think my new carpet pretty, after all?"

"On the contrary, my love, I think it only too pretty."

"Too pretty! too pretty for what, Harry?"

"For us, my dear. Remember I am neither a lord nor a banker, but a man with an income to make."

"But if it only costs as much as an ugly one, Harry?"

"Still, Lucy, it may do harm by leading to other things."

For some time nothing was heard in the little parlour but the click of Lucy's needle as it flew through the linen, and the singing of the kettle on the hob.

Presently Harry looked up.

"My dear," he said, "I forgot to tell you I met Robinson coming from the city. He promised to look in this evening; so if you have any little preparations to make, now is your time."

"At what hour do you expect him?" asked Lucy.

"About eight."

"In that case I shall just have time to make you a nice hot cake;" and laying down her work good humouredly, she tripped away to the kitchen.

When she was gone, Harry put away his paper, and looked somewhat penitently at the new carpet.

"It certainly is very pretty," said he to himself; "and I'm half-afraid I hurt Lucy by what I said. She's a dear, good, thoughtful girl, and worthy any man's confidence and love; but women are so easily led away to buy whatever strikes their fancy. They require our stronger judgment to guide them. Yes, I was right on the whole to give her that little lesson." And Harry returned with renewed self-satisfaction to his drowsy debate.

Eight o'clock strikes, and Lucy appears, preceded by a delicious odour of hot cake.

"There it is, Harry. Does it look nice?"

"Beautiful (like yourself)! and if it only tastes half as well as it smells, we shall have Robinson dropping into tea every other evening for the rest of his life."

"Flatterer. But your friend has not come yet. What sort of person is he? I hope he's not very fashionable."

Harry burst out laughing. "O, don't be afraid," said he; "he won't overpower you with his personal graces. He is long and lank; and his nose has a twist to one side, as if some one had tried, at some time or other, to wrench it off, and failed; but then he is the drollest fellow you ever saw in your life. Jones says he would make his fortune if he went on the stage."

"Was he not one of your party to Richmond the other day?" asked Lucy, as she arranged her bright tea-things and trimmed the lamp.

"Yes; and kept us in roars of laughter the whole day. He is a capital ventriloquist; and sent the waiters skipping about the house answering imaginary calls, until they thought the place was bewitched. Then at dinner, the fish asked what news from the river, and said it hadn't been there these five days; and the turkey grumbled about the stuffing. The melted-butter told us it was nothing but flour and water; and the ale revealed family secrets that would have made the landlady's hair stand on end if she had been there to hear. After dinner we went to stroll through the fields; and he bet Jones a sovereign he would sail across the river in my silk umbrella."

"In your umbrella!" exclaimed Lucy; "and did he win?"

"Of course he didn't, my dear. He lost both his balance and his bet; for the moment he put his foot in the umbrella down it went and he with it; and the bank was so slippery, he was half-drowned before we could drag him up again."

"Was he frightened?" said Lucy.

"Not he," returned Harry. "The first thing he did was to make a face at us, with the water dripping from his crooked nose, that set us all off laughing again like madmen."

"What a strange man!" said Lucy, with a slight shade of apprehension in her tone.

"But that wasn't all," said Harry in the full tide of his reminiscence. "We had to give him some hot brandy-and-water to keep him from catching cold; and on the way home he insisted on driving; and charmed, I suppose, by his success in that attempt, wanted to get on the horse's back to imitate Franconi in *The Wild Courser of the Desert*. Jones got frightened, and tried to pull him back. He manfully resisted; and both looked so ridiculous, I could do nothing but laugh. That was rather an unlucky prank though," continued Harry; "for the horse, not being accustomed, I suppose, to equestrian feats, ran away, burst from the harness, and smashed one of the shafts; and I had to pay two pounds fourteen and tenpence for my share of the damage."

"And your silk umbrella," said Lucy,—"did you lose that too?"

"Yes indeed—seventeen and sixpence more, by Jove!" said Harry, with a sudden cessation of his smiles. "I did not think the day's pleasure had cost me so much."

"Besides the dinner," said Lucy.

"Besides the dinner; twelve shillings more."

"Well, I declare," said Lucy laughing and clapping her hands, "that is the drollest thing I ever knew. Two pounds fourteen and tenpence, and twelve shillings, make three pounds six and tenpence, and seventeen and sixpence, exactly four pounds four shillings and fourpence."

"Well?"

"Just the price of my Brussels carpet, and fourpence over."

"He—em!" said Harry.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

THE management of theatres has of late years so much improved, that they have become again, what they had long ceased to be, topics of interest to the critic on art. This result is due to the spirit, always productive in "fine issues," of liberty—to the abolition, some years ago, of that monopoly which confined the representation of the legitimate and poetic drama to the two patent houses. With the freedom of the stage an extension of the dramatic arena was achieved, and the light of genius thenceforth permitted to penetrate regions previously condemned by the law to desolation and darkness. The immediate consequences of this reform were the cessation of "the starring system" at the west end of the metropolis, and its corresponding rise in the east. At the period in which we are now writing, Miss Glyn is again acting at the Shoreditch

Theatre, the National Standard, and commanding the sympathies of a crowded neighbourhood by a refined and severely classical interpretation of the sorrows of Hermione in *The Winter's Tale*. One distinguishing characteristic of this actress's style, in the phase to which it has now attained, is, that she never acts for applause, but having formed a fixed ideal, she adheres to it rigidly without reference to vulgar effect. She commands the hushed homage rather than the noisy demonstration of her audience, and consults her own taste rather than their opinion. In the character we have mentioned her acting throughout is sculptile, spiritualised, and chaste. In the statue-scene she now uniformly eschews the theatrical trick of rapidly turning the head on reassuming the appearance of life, and moves it slowly round, thus forfeiting the repeated plaudits that always follow the quick motion from its startling suddenness. In this are shown great judgment and courage. It is a wise reservation of strength, and a laudable sacrifice to high art. Its influence on such an audience, felt though not manifested, must be immense. The reticence of a great artist must teach them to despise the more demonstrative methods of the mere stacy declaimer.

A similar manifestation has taken place at the Norton Folgate Theatre, called the City of London. Two artists, also of the Kemble school, but of longer standing than Miss Glyn, appeared at the beginning of November on the boards of that house. Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff's engagement was limited to three weeks; but during that period, short as it was, they accomplished considerable good. Mr. Lovell's play of *Love's Sacrifice*, Miss Vandenhoff's own drama of *Woman's Heart*, Sir Thomas Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion*, and other high-class productions, were illustrated by the classical talents of both father and daughter. With such exemplars of histrionic art before them, the judgment of the masses by whom they are witnessed must receive sensible improvement and no unimportant amount of poetical cultivation.

Sadler's Wells, under Mr. Phelps's management, is well known as the theatre especially devoted to Shaksperian revivals. *Julius Cæsar* and *Taming of the Shrew* have been the more recent productions of the season. The latter gives Mr. Phelps the opportunity of appearing in a new character-part, that of Christopher Sly, the tinker, in which he is likely to add to the reputation already acquired by his admirable performance of similar eccentric rôles—Bottom the weaver, Justice Shallow, and Parolles. An opportunity may occur of our considering this actor's merits in full.

Such have been the immediate advantages arising from a wise legislative measure. The purification of the stage has been thus, to a very important degree, realised; and the education of the people has undoubtedly been promoted by contact with the histrionic talent that has found it profitable to travel from the west. But as yet no proportionate influence has been exerted on the drama itself, especially in its poetic form, which deserves more encouragement than it has experienced. Its day will come, however; nor is it now far distant.

We have already noticed the performance of *Belphegor* at the Lyceum, under Mr. Charles Dillon. *The Musketeers*, and *Fabian*; or, *the Mésalliance*, have since been produced, in both of which Mr. Dillon has manifested great versatility, as well as the pathos for which he is conspicuous. The actor's benefit introduces him in a Shaksperian character, that of Othello, on which we may comment hereafter. A new farce by Mr. Harris, entitled *Doing the Hansom*, has also exhibited the comic talent of Mr. Toole in a striking point of view.

Since the spectacular production of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, opportunity has only permitted the appearance of one new production at the Princess's. This is a trifle from the French, entitled *Our Wife*; or, *the Rose of Amiens*, which is mounted with exquisite taste. The piece itself has little novelty of design, and is quite of the "drama-to-order" school. But the work has been neatly executed; the acting is good throughout, and the costumes are especially noticeable for their richness and appropriateness.

The Haymarket has just produced a farce from the French *répertoire*, called *Family Failing*, a version of *Embroussa nous Folleville*, by MM. Labiche and Lefrauc, in which Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Buckstone, and Miss Blanch Fane, represent a set of irascible people, whose explosive and detonating angers manifest their fury by the destruction of furniture and china, to the amusement of fashionable audiences. Here, too, an American actor, Mr. Murdoch, has lately established a reputation in such parts as Rover, Vapid, Charles Surface, and Mirabel, in Farquhar's comedy of *The Inconstant*; in the last of which he made his *début*. Though deficient in the ethereal lightness needed for some of these characters, Mr. Murdoch has vivacity, elocutionary power, and sympathetic enjoyment of the characters that he delineates.

A very poetical extravaganza, by Mr. Selby, has been produced at the Adelphi, founded on the Parisian ballet of *The Elves*, by MM. St. Georges and Mazilier. The English sub-title, *The Statue Bride*, explains the subject. The fairies give life to a statue for the gratification of a *blasé* count, who, by means of four magic roses, is permitted to impart to it speech, reason, grace, and love. The attributes are bestowed, but with each ten years are added to the old beau's life; who, when love at last is developed, is no longer an object fitted to requite the tender passion, which is accordingly diverted from himself to a young, rich, and handsome prince. The appointments of this spectacle are magnificent.

At the Olympic theatre the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan is, at the time of our writing, still to be deplored. But the attraction of Robson remains unfailing; and the few novelties produced show how thoroughly the public can enjoy and remunerate dramas which have but their own merits and excellent acting to recommend them. Nevertheless, Mrs. Inchbald's comedy, *Wives as they were*, and *Maids as they are*, has been revived, and a farce produced, entitled *Jones the Avenger*, remarkable only as sheer nonsense, and for the power of Robson to evoke a dramatic meaning from very unlikely elements.



NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

It is proposed in future to divide "The Home" into departments, and place them severally under the care of writers who have made them their special study, and who can thus give to the pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE the fruits of their long experience. The MORALS and CULTURE of Home will be dealt with by a LADY. The NATURALIST, including under that term such study of British natural phenomena as we may all cultivate in the precincts of Home, will be intrusted to the well-known author of *Kidd's Journal and Book of Nature* and *British Song-birds*. The HEALTH-LAWS and matters directly connected with them, such as VENTILATION, have been placed under the charge of a PROFESSIONAL MAN. The articles on GARDENING and RURAL ECONOMY will be from the pen of SHIRLEY HIBBERD, author of "A Happy Family" in the present number.

Other topics that may arise will be similarly dealt with.

To be thoroughly practical will be the leading idea of "The Home," both in its letterpress and in its illustrations.

Correspondence, fresh in matter, direct in aim, terse and brief in style, is invited from all who feel interested in the subject.



NEW DESIGNS IN FLOWER VASES. [WEEKS AND CO.]

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER AND SUPPLEMENT OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

will be ready next week, Price Twopence each. The Supplement is complete in itself, and separately paged. The Two Numbers will contain together Four Page Engravings, and Three smaller ones, with numerous Contributions by eminent Authors. Thus:

Literature.

CHRISTMAS-DAY BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. By LEIGH HUNT.
THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT: A CHRISTMAS-EVE STORY. By WESTLAND MARSTON. Complete in Four Chapters.
PLUM PUDDING: AN ESSAY. By the Author of "A SUBALTERN'S STORY."
THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS. By the Authoress of "ETHEL."
CHARADE. By T. K. HERVEY.
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF CHRISTMAS. By DR. DORAN.
THE NURSING: A POEM. By V., Author of "IX. POEMS" and "PAUL FERROLL."
A CHRISTMAS HOMILY. By the Authoress of the "HOUSE OF RABY."
MILLAIS AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE SCHOOL.

Art.

MILLAIS' "RESCUE" FROM THE FIRE. (Page Engraving.)
JOHN BULL REVIEWING HIS CHRISTMAS TROOPS. By E. MORIN.
THE BEGGAR-BOY AND CHRIST-CHILD: A CHRISTMAS LEGEND. By ELIZA FOX. (Page Engraving.)
W. HARVEY'S ILLUSTRATION TO "THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT." (Page Engraving.)
GOOD DOG! FROM A WATER-COLOUR PAINTING BY W. RUNT.
W. HARVEY'S ILLUSTRATION TO "THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS."
HANDS AND HOURS: A CHRISTMAS CLOCK. By E. MORIN. (Page Engraving.)

Also in these Numbers will appear, among other Contributions, the first Chapter of

A CONTINUOUS TALE BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,

Author of "Aspen Court," "Miss Violet and her Offers," &c.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. III.

PAINTED BY J. E. MILLAR'S, A.R.A.

THE RESCUE.

MILLAIS AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

"THE RESCUE" (1855), which we have chosen for our engraving, as offering one of the broadest specimens of Mr. Millais' composition and painting, represents a scene which may be too often witnessed in London. The house is on fire. The broad glow above casts the lower space into deep shadow; whilst the forms and colours which move under the lurid glare acquire a peculiar sharpness and intensity. Any one can see some such effect produced by his own coal-fire. The painter must have caught the aspect of the grander phenomenon from the real scene. A fireman is bringing down three children from the upper part of the house. The eldest hangs upon his shoulder, passive and resigned, and looks back at the danger he has escaped. One hangs upon his hip; the youngest leans from his arms towards the mother. The whole scene is understood at a glance. The condition of the children perfectly expresses the agony from which they have been rescued. The fireman himself is too strong a fellow to be moved by flame or contagious emotions; nevertheless there is a certain tenderness in his air as he moves the youngest child forward towards the mother. It was upon the mother that critics fastened as the least happy part of the picture. She "had not enough chest," and her face was "too calm"—too little moved by fear—too smiling. Now, if a woman kneels down upon the ground, and stretches out her arms as far as she can forwards and upwards, the extension of the shoulders and the whole movement present the thorax in the very narrowest measure from back to front, and appear almost to efface the chest. Again, the expression of the countenance is not "calm;" it is the expression of perfect helplessness—the melting of the whole heart into one feeling of maternal love, and of the agonising delight succeeding to fear, in which a woman goes wild with tenderness. It is quite possible that many of the critics,—husbands though they might be, and fathers,—had never had the opportunity of seeing the female countenance so much moved by tenderness or delight. The wonderful picture *is* to be seen in nature and in Millais. Against another objection which has been made to the picture, namely, that the hue of the fire-light is "too crimson," the painter might safely appeal to a jury of firemen. Those who have not only looked from a distance on the yellow flames issuing from a blazing house, but have stood within it when its timbers were burning like charcoal, could tell how deeply red is the glare of a great mass of materials in that stage of combustion.

From this brief notice of one of Millais' most successful efforts, we pass to the consideration of that special school of English art in which he holds a foremost place, before noticing the painter's other works.

When the artificial school of poetry had reached its climax the Lake poets introduced the natural style, and with a common impulse they rather exaggerated the simplicity they restored. The history of art in our day presents a repetition of the same phenomena.

Removed to a great extent from active life by the artificial arrangements of the age, surrounded by a society in which the natural feelings are very considerably subdued, the student of art is tempted to derive his materials from schools which have preceded him. The painters of those schools lived in freer times, took the manifestations of nature more freshly from their source, and caught that force of expression and action which the student now finds rarely to his hand. The Greek sculptor, who saw his models in the arena and in daily life, or the Italian master, whose splendid climate assisted penury in guarding the limbs of a fine peasantry from superfluous clothing, was constantly furnished with spectacles of life and action in their most vivid and least disguised aspect. The natural instinct of the artist renders him greedy of vitality; he desires to see it in its strongest form; and if he dwells in a constrained society, he goes from the animated masks which he sees around him to the less conventional forms of Greek sculp-

ture or Italian picture. But the copying of nature at second hand inevitably begets a disposition to imitate *manner*; the student falls into the habit of learning, not that any particular action of a human limb assumes a particular form, but that when that action is to be expressed by himself his outline must take a certain sweep; and thus draftsmanship descends to caligraphy. English landscape has usually had nature for its "sitter;" but the English student of historical painting has been compelled either to take the moving "portrait of a gentleman" in a tamed society, or he has been driven from the respectables to the dissolute who would consent to be his models, with whom he found that nature, discarding restraint, had become adulterated. Hence the artificial tone which had crept over our schools. Hence the reaction which gave birth to the small but remarkable school of "The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren."

[To be completed in our next.]

CHRISTMAS DAY DIVIDED BETWEEN TWO WORLDS;

OR, FRAGMENT OF A DAY-DREAM OF THE FIRST HEAVEN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE reader must not suppose, from the heading of this article, that the object of it is to start questions in theology, or to oppress him with a feeling of seriousness too great for his Christmas enjoyments. Hearty and merry may his enjoyments be, as full of a very forgetfulness of the serious as becomes duties discharged, and the Source of all enjoyments thanked. The moment he has done what he can for others, and it is time for his festivities to begin, let him give thought itself to the winds, and turn his happy and happy-making face to nothing but the pleasures before him.

* As the feelings, however, on which Christmas itself was founded were of a religious, though at the same time cheerfully religious nature; as nothing befits truly religious feeling better at most times than cheerfulness; and as those who are best constituted to make their friends happy have moments nevertheless in the midst of their most social enjoyments—nay, by very reason of those enjoyments—in which the faces are missed that will never join them more, and the shadow of another world thus falls as if in rebuke on the brightness of this (or if not in rebuke, yet with a sudden and horrible sense of difference, and of loss irretrievable)—it is proposed in this fragment of a religious, but very happy, and indeed half-earthly and whole-Christmas vision, to complete the round of Christmas sympathies furnished by the current number of this publication, and fill up the little gap, not unnaturally left by the livelier and more seasonable portions of it, with a thought or two of comfort against the chances of those exceptional pangs.

The article is called a fragment, because it is literally such of a larger account of the dream contemplated by the writer, should he have life and strength left him for its completion. The dream arose, not from meditations on any received religious opinion, but from a domestic sorrow which occurred to him some years ago, and which no subsequent trouble, however surprising or vexatious, has hindered from daily presenting itself to his thoughts, often as a corrective to other sorrows, always in the midst of reflections more cheerful. The power, however, to reflect cheerfully at all, especially on matters connected with religion, is a blessing inestimable; and as dreams have had allowed and great influence in such matters, he would fain give his readers the benefit of certain seasonable portions of a dream, in unison both with religious and with cheerful reflections.

As the peculiar nature of it, however, would produce awkwardness in the narration if continued in the third person, the first person proceeds to speak accordingly.

I imagined myself, then, last Christmas Day in the act of dying, and at the same instant found myself living again, wonderfully light and strong, in a remote region outside our planet, which presented, nevertheless, to my enraptured

eyes a spot containing the ideal of an earthly home, such as I had often pictured it to my mind. It had trees about it, birds, and a hive of bees. A beautiful stream of water, with a boat on it, was at the door. The door was open, disclosing a room containing books, pictures, and musical instruments; and by the threshold, with a book in his hand and his back towards me, sat a young man, who, with an archness in his face of a kind which I had never witnessed before, and containing a wonderful mixture of consideration, tenderness, and joy, turned slowly round; and I beheld—whom shall I say? I have never yet had courage enough to utter his name with my lips, and I now would rather not write it. Let "tears such as fathers shed" speak his importance to me. He afterwards, on a particular circumstance being called to mind, which I lamented, threw himself into my arms; when a most extraordinary thing occurred, and a sensation equally extraordinary possessed me. He disappeared, and yet never seemed to have been so intensely present. I seemed at once to be celestially filled with his very self, and yet I did not embrace him at all, or even behold him. Finding him nevertheless somehow so surely with me, I asked him how it was; when I was answered by a voice out of my own lips, bidding me "look in the water." I did so, and beheld my son's face in my own, so completely was one being absorbed in the other. But the unusual transport was too much for a spirit which had been loosed from earth, not entirely and by death, like his own, but only in the temporary separation of a dream; and he resumed his individuality, and tenderly begged my forgiveness. He had supposed I was dead. Adding the words, "One moment," he again disappeared, not as before, but in separation; yet had scarcely done so but was again visible, and standing in the same spot. He had been as anxious as a blessed spirit could be that the dream which had thus brought me to him should not be disturbed; and in that moment of time, with a speed which our electric-telegraphs will render credible without depriving it of its wonder, he had been twenty-six millions of miles from where he stood, in order to look on my sleeping body, and squeeze a heavenly poppy on the bed. O, if you can believe any thing, believe it of heaven and love!

I now found that I was in the First Heaven, or that to which (as I imagined) blessed spirits first go after passing through certain stages of the earth's atmosphere, where they halt for greater or less portions of time during their transit. And this First Heaven was the planet Venus. The Second Heaven is the planet Mercury; and the "Third Heaven," of the ecstasies in which we have heard so much, I thus for the first time understood in respect to its number, for it is the Sun; which, omitting satellites, the retainers only of other orbs, is the third orb from the earth, the greatest heaven in our system, and the origin of all the terms implying thrice blessed. This Third Heaven, so called in relation to earth, is the first heaven of heavens in relation to the general universe of stars, and the great agent, under God, of all the life and beauty of our portion of it, though itself subordinate to that second and greater heaven of heavens (the next first of how many!), towards which, or round which, it is now speeding with all our planets about it, as if with eagerness to know some new divine purpose. What a speeder, and what a paradise! made of paradises unnumbered, whose hints of themselves on earth are love and flowers. And how well may its attendant orbs roll with a like eagerness around it, being all, though they know not why, bound and borne along on the same heavenly journey, and all partaking of a circulation like that of the very blood of heaven itself!

But upon these mightiest marvels I must not touch farther; nor can I enter at present, hard as it is to withhold myself, into accounts of other spirits who soon joined us, each in the reverse order of its date of departure from earthly life. Love and reverence, full of memories yearning to speak, would not allow me to say little; and the space to which this fragment must be limited allows not even that. Suffice

to observe at present, that in each of the successive heavens, to the first of which my dream had brought me, the inhabitants combine in their natures the choicest portions of the natures from which they have made progression, and some participation of those to which they are to attain. In other words, they bring with them the best portions of their human nature, its form and aspect included, and receive in addition an advanced nature, including portions of that which prevails in the heaven to which they will go next. Indeed, so to speak, the First Heaven is nothing but another and diviner earth, composed of all which it was best and noblest to have and to desire in this. Therefore in part it is humanly perfected, and in part angelically gifted.

The inhabitants lead the same lives, live in the same houses, walk in the same gardens, and behold the same skies, landscapes, and other sights, great and small, as they did on earth; but all of so perfected a kind, that no earthly objection, great or small, could by human being be made to them; and as they possess a share of the gifts, mental and bodily, which are attributed to angels, who are the inhabitants of the next, or Second Heaven (the planet we call Mercury), they are for the most part the real angels, or semi-angels, who visit and comfort earth; adding, by reason of their human experience, this special, though it must be considered inferior, sympathy to their graver ones,—that they enter into the pleasures as well as pains of the human societies in which they lived; enjoy, in a certain superior sense, the hearing of their conversations, and sight of their very pastimes; nay, have, like them, their favourite earthly holidays—one of which is the anniversary of the birth of Christ, our—Christmas Day.

The reader is not to suppose that any thing which is said in this article is intended to advocate such an absurdity as (I blush to introduce the word into it) *spirit-rapping*, or other like mechanical pretensions to the supernatural, which confuse and debase the spiritual standard, and refute themselves by their inconsistency and vulgarity. If the spirits thus introduced to us can rap, why can they not speak? if talk to us with such material things as knuckles, why not with tongues?—things which are also the more spiritual of the two, or at least more conversant with spiritual discourse.

But not to waste the reader's time on that clumsy contrivance, I return to my beloved people of the First Heaven. They divide the holidays to which I have alluded between heaven and earth; and such was the one I passed with them last Christmas Day—the day on which I dreamt that I had died. Such was that never-to-be-forgotten day, and such is the day, if their visits of my dreams prosper, which I hope to pass with them on the Christmas Day now at hand. The whole time was spent in alternately enjoying the identical old Christmas,—not even optimised (as far as they could help it) in heaven,—and in darting down, they and my spirit with them, to the Christmas on earth, smiling at some of the same music, rejoicing even in the good-natured and happy jests, and whispering consolation to "survivors" (*survivors!*) when tender recollections mingled melancholy with their joy, and awoke sighs which Heaven is pleased to hear: for the softest and longest-drawn sighs, or rather the wishes within them (for the sighs themselves are but sorry travellers), can reach heaven at all times with speed inconceivable; and the spirits for whom they sigh can be with them on earth as instantaneously.

O, enchanting beyond expression was that day to me, with the beloved household faces, young and old,—once supposed lost, now found, and known to be possessible for ever,—once breaking up habits and almost the heart with them, now restoring them, never to be broken,—once producing the doubt whether, if ever we could see them again, it would yet be possible for us to see them as they were—see them with the same lineaments, the same smiles, the same emotional aspects and manners throughout, with which we used to sympathise in joy and in sorrow, to laugh and to shed tears, to question and be questioned, and to interchange a

hundred domestic nothings, all great somethings to us; and here now all again realised, never to be so again mourned!

There is nothing great or little in nature, except as the heart makes it such; and therefore nobody must wonder that in heaven as well as on earth the commonest enjoyments of a Christmas Day could be repeated. God made laughter as well as tears, and mirth itself, when it is good, as well as the divine portions of melancholy. All else is owing to the dullness and hardness of the material through which He works,—material necessary and unmalignant, though producing transient effects that appear otherwise, but ending in flowers and fruits as beautiful as their roots appear black. With a wish, therefore, on that day (for as there is no depravity of will in heaven, every wish that can be realised in the particular sphere is indulged),—with a wish on that day, the room in which we sate became, first cold with frost, then warm and bright with a fire, then brighter with lights, then warmer with curtains, then lustrous with the glistening holly and its glowing berries. Even the mistletoe was not forgotten: and as there are deathless little children in heaven, there were veritable Christmas-boxes for them. I wish I could stop to describe them. No princes ever had the like; and yet they were like the good old Christmas-boxes, too.

Very joyous were those Christmas hours in the skies, and hardly less so those which we divided with them, and passed in the Christmas-keeping home on earth,—at one moment being those twenty-six millions of miles above the surface of the earth, singing earthly songs with earthly-sounding though celestial voices; and at another, mingling unseen with the earthly company below, while grace and love made *their* voices semi-celestial too; and the very want of the perfect celestialness made us feel over again the sweetest of earthly pities. Even I, assuming the privileges of the party I came with, ventured to kiss here and there a face that drooped awhile over some tender anxiety for myself; and though I could not suggest the thought as they did, of being perhaps present with those whom I consoled, I too, with spiritual lips, unfelt though not unrelieving, took away a portion of the tears that consoled my own trials.

THE NURSING.

BY V., AUTHOR OF "IX. POEMS" AND "PAUL FERROLL."

How can thy mother be more bless'd
Than thus to feed thee from her breast?
What loss of time can sweeter be
Than thus to nurse thee on her knee?
In days gone by I loved the strife,
The motion, sound, and change of life;
I lov'd to talk, laugh, listen, roam,
And stir with mirth the calm of home.
But now my heart new feelings move,
Unknown when those were in their bloom;
And better than them all, I love
To nurse thee in this silent room.

I steal beneath the lamp, and trace
The dawn of beauty in thy face—
The woman's blessing—which shall bend
Around thee many a sudden friend.
I see thy large eyes, blue and bright,
The lash that shades their azure light;
I see thy finely-pencill'd brow,
Trac'd darkly on thy skin of snow;
Thy long small hand, thy curving lip,
The graceful posture of thy sleep,
Thy locks in infant mazes pil'd—
Alice, my fair and quiet child.
The days will come when thou must go
Free through the world wherein we live;
But, daughter, yet thou dost not know
More bliss than this fond breast can give.

My heart will bound to know thee bless'd,
My eyes will beam to see thee fair;
My hands in fancy oft have dress'd
With its first wreath thy sunny hair.
But O, I love to dream these dreams,
While scarce are lit thy morning beams;
And fed and rear'd by me alone,
Thou'rt all, and nothing but my own.
Twine round my hand thy slender finger,
Let thine eye on thy mother's linger,
Smile to my smile, thou dearest thing,
And wonder while I bend and sing.
Command me with each dear caprice,
Bid sound or silence come or cease,
Demand thy food with eye and lip,
And, satisfied, then sink to sleep;
And I will hold thee on my knee,
Beholding all my joy in thee—
My fairy-gift, my priceless pearl,
My opal-cup, my first-born girl!

HOW THEY KEPT CHRISTMAS AT UPTON MANOR.

A "green Christmas," they say, "makes a full churchyard;" though some are optimists enough to affirm that death so calls the aged more swiftly and calmly to their long home. However, the days of the year of grace 185— were drawing gently to their close; and on Christmas Eve the air was still balmy, the wet grass still green in hue, faded and stained as it was, and the red berries seemed rather dulled and swollen by the rain than bright and crisp with frost. A gentleman in full hunting costume, mounted on a dark, bony, game-looking, thorough-bred mare, of more weight and power than beauty, charged a small fence with as much glee as if he had been a boy. He was followed by his daughter, who sat her own handsome compact little charger in good style as it performed the same feat discreetly and well. She was an uncommonly guileless, handsome, boyish-looking girl—small, square, and yet undeniably elastic in the build; and her hair, worn in the *Jeanne d'Arc* style, which our glorious contralto Alboni patronises, had won for her the patronymic of "handsome Master Tuffnel." A small object was seen busily fumbling at the fastenings of a gate, which a groom hastily unfastened and threw open; and through it, with the dignity and composure of a king in a triumphal procession, slowly issued a small dark-eyed boy, seated on a very pigmy Shetland pony. His skin was of the hue which betokens birth in some warmer climate, and his tiny hands tugged steadily at the reins as he lifted his great melancholy eyes to his uncle. Now, next to his daughter Georgie, who was to him as the apple of his eye, Sir Mark Tuffnel loved his little nephew Patrick. His father had been Sir Mark's favourite brother; and when Colonel Tuffnel died in India, and Sir Mark was himself left a widower, he offered his sister-in-law and her son (the future baronet) a home at Upton Manor; and the presence of her gentle face was a comfort to "Master Tuffnel," as well as to her father.

"If you ride in that style, you will head the field, Patrick," said Georgie.

"Never mind, you'll lay back, save your charger, and surprise us all, my boy. I knew a fellow," continued Sir Mark reflectively, "who rode an uncommonly stubborn horse: Stick-in-the-Mud we used to call him. When Stick-in-the-Mud went, nothing could stop him; and when he stopped, nothing could stir him. He had a peculiar way of twisting his neck right round to stare at those fences he meant to take, and in the same way turning his face from those he intended to refuse. One day Kilham had him out with these very hounds, and came to a wide ditch with a neat little rasping fence on either side. Stick-in-the-Mud turned away his visage, and stood motionless like a *posé plastique*. Over we all went, and left Kilham pounding away with his long spurs and hunting-whip; the horse

standing like the statue in *Don Giovanni*, and its rider like one of the infuriated imps. We had a run of half-an-hour, then came to a check, and back again to the very same spot; and, if you'll believe me, there was Stick-in-the-Mud, and there was Killham, who had been thrashing away ever since. And he actually got the brush; for the hounds killed a quarter of a mile lower down. The horse was quite fresh, though Killham declared that flail exercise in a barn was a joke to that day's work."

"Now, papa, we must push on; indeed we must."

"Yes, uncle," rejoined Patrick, spurring Sheltie in token of vigour.

"Impatience, Pat, is your great fault," said Sir Mark; "why, you leaped the fence just now, when we old people bungled half-an-hour at the gate."

Patrick looked up from one to the other, to be sure he heard aright, and then pondered deeply. No one can divine of what children are thinking. He was possibly reviewing the fable of the hare and the tortoise. Here they passed through a little glade, and then by a plantation on to the moors.

"O, these moors, papa," said Georgie, "I do so love them! What a race we shall have, and no check—I hope!"

The scene had its own style of beauty. Many ranges of black hills spread round. Mists were perpetually floating about them, now clinging to their tops, and again letting the black peaks cleave them, and wrapping only their base. The winter sun gave them colour and a white brightness, causing often a kind of mirage, and making them appear either far or near. In these lonely districts a cockney would have had poor chance. To the left lay two large tarns glittering in the sun, flanked by black fir-plantings. Ragged stone-walls intersected the moors, and the gray-stone huts of the shepherds were scattered thinly about. Not a living thing could you see save a few mountain-sheep; and once a blackcock sprang up, wild and strong on the wing, with its hoarse cry. In the bogs, too, you might flush a snipe, which said "beware" to man and horse. Here our riders were joined by a group of gentlemen bound on the same errand. Foremost was Lord Pountney, with his keen, intelligent, sharply cut features, and his smile, a little "fin." He rode his three-hundred-guinea hunter, and his groom followed with one of equal value. Moulton of Moulton, the most inveterate rider of the lot, and a man who was regularly "spilled" at every fence; though, thanks to a hard head, he had not yet been carried home dead. Andrew Oaklands, a fat little gentleman, thrust rather than placed into his white leathers, with fun and *bonhomie* written broadly on every feature. A most open-handed squire the poor people called him. Then Mr. Cecil Gage, a handsome worn-out-looking man, with lines of bitterness and care scored indelibly on his physiognomy. He had been somewhat of a failure in life; he had missed winning the woman he loved, and omitted to keep the woman he married. He was a *divorcé*; he was without an heir, and people said also without a religion. Mortgaged acres, a slightly-damaged reputation, a jaded spirit, and the memories of a wasted life, were the laurels on which he had to repose.

Wasted!—that word has a peculiar dreariness about it. It is worse than loss; for we may believe, and comfort ourselves with the belief, that what *we* lose others may find; but "*wasted*" means that which has gone unprofitably and carelessly and miserably. "A wasted life!" that phrase has no equal in sadness and significance.

Captain Charlie Vardun rode by Gage. He looked, and perhaps was, one of the most thorough-bred fops that ever stood; and yet it is to be presumed from his honours won in the East, that he was one of "the Duke's puppies who fought well." He was clothed, as far as the lower part of his face was concerned, in a chestnut-coloured beard of extraordinary size; his head was shorn as nearly bare as may be. Large dreamy blue eyes, a long slender person, with almost a woman's hands and feet, were his chief points; and for the rest, he seemed steeped in a languor and non-

chalance so excessive, that he gave you the idea he was either expiring of fatigue, or intended doing so as soon as it was to be done without annoying the company. Lastly came up a fussy, pompous, florid gentleman—Christopher Ridding—the *novus homo* in those parts; and rather behind him, a young tenant-farmer in scarlet, who was, and looked as if he was, more than half-ashamed of his costume. Sir Mark's quick eye caught it directly, and he inwardly determined to touch him up on the subject.

"Well, Sir Mark, and how are the covers, and where are we to find a fox?"

"There are two, Oaklands, they tell me, in the cover by the birches. Have you caught those poachers yet your men were after?"

"Not up to ten this morning," said Oaklands.

"They deserve a month, at least," said Sir Mark.

"I'm not one of her Majesty's justices of the peace," observed Gage. "I have never been any thing half so respectable—or stupid," he added *sotto voce*; "but I should give every man of them three months and hard labour, if I had the committing of them."

"By the way," said Sir Mark, "my shepherd tells me he found a dead fox in the low plantation." (Savage murmurs of "shame.") "I would rather a man forged my name than killed my foxes," said he decisively.

Omnis in chorus, "So would I."

"But permit me, gentlemen, to observe," said the *novus homo*, "forgery is a very serious crime in—in a commercial point of view."

He turned very red after he had said this. Lord Pountney turned and regarded him with an air of the utmost surprise.

"A serious crime, no doubt, sir," said Sir Mark good naturedly.

"And uncommonly on the increase," put in Oaklands, in the broad Scotch accent with which he delighted to regale his friends.

"But to kill a fox," continued Sir Mark, "embraces so many crimes. It is first, wanton destruction; it is also theft, making away with another man's goods; burglary, entering by force into another man's domain" (for Sir Mark was not wiser in the definitions of the law than other country magistrates); "and murder, taking away forcibly and cruelly a life you cannot give back."

"But," urged the *novus homo*, "if you kill the fox sooner or later, I do not see—"

"That is not the point," said Oaklands; "*we* give it law. But to kill it without notice—notice and fair play—O, but it's not like a Christian or a gentleman."

"Fellows forge every thing, though, now-a-days—the Crystal Palace, and all sorts of things," said Moulton, who could not entertain more than one idea at a time, and was of a recurring tendency.

"No one will ever forge a marriage-license," said Gage.

"It's all the curse of education," said Sir Mark; "if people could not write, they would be saved the particular temptation—"

"Of signing I O U's," put in Vardun.

"It is considered a genteel vice," said Lord Pountney.

"And an easy one," added Vardun. "By Jove! I've often thought I would turn forger, but for the horrid trouble they seem to have when they run for it at last."

"You speak less like a man than any one here," said Georgie Tuffnel in a low voice to Captain Vardun. "It needs me to remember that you wear a coat and hat, or I should forget the fact," she continued as an indignant colour mounted.

He reined in his horse close to her side, and said in an undertone, "I've been neither lazy nor backward in running after *you*, Georgie; and in the only thing I ever yet pursued with my whole heart, I have received my first check."

A faint expression of embarrassment and penitence flitted across her face.

"Because your affectation of indolence is a perpetual irritation to me. You were in the Balaclava charge, or I might feel tempted to put you down at your own estimate; and then I should scarcely let you ride by my side."

Charlie opened his large blue eyes. "I assure you, Georgie, that charge was made by me simply because it was too much trouble to pull up my horse."

She looked hurt.

"Ah, Georgie, what is it you wish me to become? A windmill, with my arms perpetually sawing the air; or an eight-day clock, that goes on for the seven days in the clear delight of having done so much work to each minute, and looks forward with rapture to the being wound up and fresh started?"

"I would have you become something I might be proud to know, instead of—"

She stopped short, and lashed her horse forward. Even if the young lady had wished it,—and apparently she did not,—no more private conversation could have taken place; for they were by the cover-side, and all were on the *qui vive*.

Patrick dismounted with much caution, and carefully tightened his saddle-girths; then, rejecting the assistance of the groom, he succeeded, not without considerable difficulty, in hoisting his small person up again.

Hark! There is the view halloo! and the fox is away. Strangely enough, it is Vardun who is first on the hounds.

"Stau'n' bock," roared the old huntsman, at the top of his voice. "O, captain, keep your young blood for the finish; Miss Georgie is the most discreet rider; she disna' harry the hounds and override the scent."

This was with a glance of mingled reproach and scorn at the captain. Charlie flushed all over his face up to his hair-roots; he felt found out. Georgie smiled demurely. Now for it; with teeth hard set, hats jammed down, and sitting well down in the saddle, away they galloped, at first *en masse*, and then tailing off into groups. Beneath this rough black heather lay many a deep rut and treacherous hole, as was testified by the uneven course of the riders.

"Mind, Georgie, there's a bog there," said Sir Mark. "Now, Pat—well done!" as the little Sheltie cleared it in a desperation of fear. They poured down a steep ravine, charged the rocky stream at the foot, and up the broken ground on the other side. Arriving somewhat blown at the top, a rugged stone-wall stretched before them. Each horse was pulled well together, and they went over, in one fashion or other.

"Some one down!"

"Who is it?"

"Only Moulton of Moulton."

Again the cry of the hounds is heard, this time wafted softly in the distance. Another tearing race, Moulton heading it by some twenty yards. Then a sudden bend, and a large freshly-cut clay ditch stopped the way. Moulton came down again, left the impression of his head and face in the clay on the opposite bank, remounted and scudded away.

"Where's Pat?" demanded Sir Mark.

"In the hollow, on the other side of the wall," answered Georgie, ready to laugh.

They came to the ditch.

"That's Moulton's countenance, I swear!" exclaimed Sir Mark, eyeing the cast of that young gentleman's features grimly as he spoke.

"Can't stop to look at it, the pace is too good," said Charlie Vardun, as his horse made a dashing spring over.

Presently they crossed a break of low country, and a thick well-grown hedge presented its defying height. Oaklands rode at it, and into it; and, unable to advance either out or in, there he staid floundering.

"Don't scratch your boots so there," said Vardun, standing up in his stirrups and laughing, "but get out, there's a good fellow; you're filling the only gap in the hedge."

"Get me out," said the little man imploringly.

"Do you mean it, Oaklands? then here goes;" and Sir

Mark rode his powerful mare at his friend in such guise that they all crashed through together.

"Thank you kindly," said Oaklands, as he picked himself up; "never a friend would have done that but you."

"Some one's come to grief in that pond," said Vardun; "he'll be drowned to a certainty."

"Then here we are, in at the death," sneered Gage.

The young farmer was laid in it at that instant, in a position favourable for examining the sky. Good-natured Sir Mark stopped to lend him a helping hand, and pull him on to his legs.

"Who's your tailor, George?" he inquired, glancing at the gaudy scarlet coat and adornments. Then, seeing the shame-smitten face of the young rustic, "Never mind; come out in your old frock-coat and tops. Better luck next time, George;" and Sir Mark galloped away.

At last the scent was lost, the hounds came to fault; and a much-diminished field of riders, with flushed excited faces, and horses lathered and panting, stood in a circle while the huntsman made a fresh cast. Vardun looked half-mad, and Georgie stole little glances at him, thinking, perhaps, that he was not so very idle, after all. The *novus homo* had vanished altogether. To let our readers into a secret, he had missed the hounds rather soon in the day, took to a bridle-road, and seeing a ragged boy, he demanded, "Which way have the hounds gone, my good man?"

"If I had been on you big os, it is not I would have asked that question of yez," was the answer of the ill-mannered youth. So *novus homo* trotted home in wrath.

But to return.

"They're on it," yelled the old huntsman. "Good, Venus; she'll find him yet. Back to the moors; he's away to the glen again."

Once more they settled themselves to their work. The second whip jumped off to open a gate; the horses poured through; and through the impatience of the hunters, his own horse broke his bridle and cantered off. Georgie was good-natured, and as she was lucky, caught the animal *en passant*.

"Bless your eyes! You know what I mean," muttered the enraged whip to the departing troop.

"Take your horse, Will," said Georgie, "and spare our eyes."

Will was taken aback; but no time for thanks. They gained a black summit, and before them lay a steep descent of broken rock and slaty stones. Several gentlemen jumped off and ran down, leading their horses. Andrew Oaklands tore past like an infuriated man, his mare with her head well down, and bit in her teeth.

"Stop man; get off; you'll be killed!" shouted Sir Mark.

"Hech, man, I canna' stop!" roared Andrew; and down he went at a terrific pace.

The hounds were fast leaving them, when the stone-wall before mentioned came in sight. What was that little object? A miniature man and horse, like the demons from the trapdoors, rose composedly out of the ground, and joined the now solitary pack; and when they killed a few minutes after, and the rest rode up, little Patrick had dismounted, and was standing, pale and determined, among the noisy animals, ready with his tip to the huntsman, and modestly demanding the brush.

"Are we to have another run, Sir Mark?" asked the huntsman. "It will be our last for a time, I think; I fancy a frost is nigh."

"Do, papa," urged Georgie.

"With all my heart," answered her father.

The wind had changed, and now blow steadily from the north with an icy breath, and the sky was overcast with a dun gloom. They lit their cigars, and rode leisurely on. Poor little Patrick came in for his full share of chaffing and joking respecting his mode of saving his horse and stealing a march. His pony's mettle was now well up, as its fiery eye and steady pull at the bridle evinced. He would not be left behind this time.

Poor little Pat! there was more ill-luck in store for him than he dreamt of. A wide sort of fosse came into sight, on the other side of which was some twenty acres of uncultivated stony-looking ground. The little boy was some thirty yards in advance, and being in an omulous state of mind, crammed his pony gallantly at it, while the gentlemen were chatting to each other in a desultory manner. Both one and the other lost their balance; the pony turned fairly over in the stream, and its rider rolled off its back; one minute more, and the animal struggled out; but poor little Patrick's leg was fast in the stirrup-iron. A sharp short cry broke from Sir Mark, as the pony, now unmanageable from fear, plunged on, directing all its efforts to rid itself of the little unfortunate object that was hanging head downwards to its side. Georgie, with cheeks like ashes, pointed mutely, and then dashed forward—not before Charlie Vardun though. Bravo, Charlie! where is your *dolce far niente* now? The boy curled his little back, trying to lift his head off the stones, while with one hand he made a vain grasp at the bridle. A rasping drag, during which every one set their teeth and held their breath; then another plunge, and his head dashed on the ground with terrible violence; then a bound off all four legs, and that little white face was momentarily turned, with its imploring drawn look to those who were hurrying after. The pony bent round its fiery eye, and faced its enemy, as if to take aim for one powerful kick which should set it free. It stopped one second as it planted its fore-legs vengefully on the ground; but a strong hand had possession of the reins, and was compressing the bit against its jaws until it bent again.

Charlie Vardun had spurred on, and was now side by side, hanging from his horse so low that his bare head was even with the pony's mouth. Then he hurled himself off on to the ground in front of the animal; and with one hand he slipped the stirrup-leather, while with the other he riveted the pony's head to the spot. But the impetus was too great, and Vardun and pony rolled over together. Sir Mark was first up.

"My God!" he said, "is my boy killed? What shall I say to his mother?"

Tenderly as a woman could have done it they raised the poor child.

"Brandy!" Fortunately fox-hunters carry flasks; and before long the tiny colourless face flushed, and the large eyes opened.

"I'm not much hurt, uncle," was the first utterance of his childish voice.

Poor Georgie burst into tears, and Sir Mark gulped down a choking sensation in his throat.

"You will do, my man," said Oaklands approvingly; "and now put him into a basket, and we'll take him home."

The little group proceeded on their road.

"Charlie, my boy, you have a couple of ribs staved in at the least," said Oaklands cheerfully.

Vardun made a wry face; he was leading his horse by Georgie's side. Presently, "Georgie, have I been industrious enough to-day? I'll never be idle any more."

One or two large tears fell as she bent her head low down; so low indeed, that for one instant that enormous beard hid more than I consider it fair to report.

In sight of the manor, five men were waiting,—two determined-looking fellows handcuffed, an ill-grained old man, and a couple of gamekeepers.

One of the latter stepped forward and touched his hat. "Please, Sir Mark, we've got the chap that killed the fox; and likewise the two poachers, sir. We had a precious fight, too, for it."

Oaklands and Sir Mark exchanged glances; they both knew what each was thinking. Then Sir Mark walked towards the men, who eyed him with defiance.

"To-morrow will be Christmas Day, my men, and God forbid that the mercy which I have this day received should not be shown to others, as far as I can do it. Go home, my

men, and if you will, thank God for me that my boy is spared, and that my sister is not a childless mother. Let them have Christmas cheer without stint," he added to those around; "and their wives and sweethearts, if they have any. I wish every one to have as glad a heart as I have this day."

"It's well done," said Vardun in an undertone to Oaklands. "If we don't relax our game-laws, we must enlarge our prisons."

Little Patrick was laid in his mother's arms, looking almost himself again; and that night there was great cheer at the manor, Sir Mark's orders being that none should be turned away; and certain suspected characters found themselves warmed and filled in such fashion as greatly to open their hearts.

* * * * *
Snow fell heavily that night; and on Christmas morning the earth was softly clothed with its milken splendour. Did she wear the cerement of the dying year, or was it the white bridal garment of the new one? A few flakes were still falling with their noiseless sough, fluttering reluctantly from heaven to earth. Yet from earth that white vapour rose, and to earth it must return; and not till it shall have dissolved to tears in its arms shall it be freed to exhale back to its home in the skies.

The gray tower looked down from its height, steadfast and grim. Beneath its shadow many generations had gone down to dust,—father and son, mother and babe, laid together in the sleep that knows neither dream nor waking. They had died in the faith handed down from one to the other, which had been strong enough to bear so many undoubting and fearless to the shadowy valley; and the spirit of hope seemed to linger round their graves. A knot of men, old and young, stood in the ample porch, clad in their best.

"So Master Patrick is better," said one; "I heard all his brains were scattered on the Twenty Acres."

"Nowt o't sort," rejoined a young man; "but it was a curious chance. It was through the captain it wasn't so, though. I was there, and saw it all."

"Well," said an old weather-beaten man, "it would have been the blackest Christmas Day we've had if that had come to pass."

"And you say Sir Mark has let off Poacher Giles and Big Ben?"

"Ay, that has he," answered the under-keeper; "and main sorry I am, so much trouble as we've had. But let me catch 'em at their tricks again," he said threateningly.

"Shame, lad!" said the old man. "Sir Mark has forgiven them because he would let them have what Heaven has given him,—a glad Christmas,—and not leave their wives with sore and grieving and shame-wrung hearts; and are you going to brew up black blood on this day? Shame on you, boy!"

The young man was silenced.

Just then Sir Mark passed through among them, his sister leaning on his arm; and holding his other hand, still with his infantine dignity of demeanour, was Patrick, his little white face attuned to the solemnity of the occasion, and a broad black bandage covering one temple. Captain Charlie Vardun and Georgie Tuffnel followed. She looked less like "handsome Master Tuffnel" than she did. Something more shy and womanly had stolen over her manner. And as for Charlie, he looked too proud and happy to be lazy.

Then the spirit of peace and good-will, which eighteen hundred years before was heralded from heaven to our world, was again breathed forth. Each man forgave the other his trespass against him; heart spoke to heart; and beneath that holy roof all discord was for that season hushed. And fox-hunter and fox-trapper, gamekeeper and poacher, knelt side by side without enmity.

And so they kept the Christmas at Upton Manor.

HENRY J. BRENT.



GOOD DOG! BY W. HUNT.

The National Magazine.

[Papers to be returned if not accepted must be accompanied by an envelope properly addressed to the writer, and stamped.]

A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITORS.

At this season, when all with one consent turn to genial memories and bright anticipations, we would say a few words on both, so far as they affect ourselves. We (meaning by the pronoun the NATIONAL MAGAZINE) have enjoyed as yet so short a life that it can only be measured by weeks. Brief, however, as the time has been, it has not been too brief for us to experience unstinted kindness. We came into the world, and found it homelike. We met willing sponsors in our contemporaries of the press. We had at once our place by the great social hearth.

Have we justified such a greeting? Have we fulfilled the promises we made?

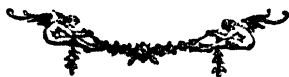
Basking in thought before the Yule fire of the public, with the cheerful logs crackling on the hearth, and the holly-berries gleaming so brightly red, we will have no cold confidence with our readers; still less will we close our eyes to that which we hope ever to be the first to see—our defects.

A demand, large beyond our utmost expectations, caused at first undue but unavoidable pressure on all our arrangements: hence hurry, nightwork, imperfect printing, divided blocks, and all the thousand ills that illustrated books are so especially heir to. What we thought and felt at these disappointments we need not trouble our readers with telling; suffice it to say what we did—we remedied them as fast and as quietly as we could. May we not now point to "Burd Helen" in No. VII., the portrait of Charles Dickens in No. VI., "April Love" in No. IX., and—(we doubt not, though necessarily speaking beforehand)—to the present impression, as specimens of machine-printing unsurpassed in our country?

We have confessed for the past, and been—we are sure of it—absolved. Turn we now to the future. Improvement, the law of all time, is essentially so of ours. Arrangements, delayed hitherto by the difficulties already spoken of, are

now rapidly advancing with a view to increase the interest and value of the Work. English Art and Artists will have increased attention. We shall avail ourselves more frequently of the genial influences of humour in both our Letterpress and Engravings. Continuous Tales by some of our best novelists will appear in succession. Social questions will be frequently discussed in our Leaders. Our Critical Papers will appear regularly. The Home especially will receive far more practical illustration than has yet been afforded. The—but a truce to all this egotism. Christmas waits.

A welcome to him! The merriest of merry Christmases to all his worshippers! May the spirit of the time touch even the hardest of hearts, and widen the narrowest of minds. May grave practical men lapse for a while into blithe and kindly fancies. May sky-soaring poets find a Muse in every mother, wife, and sister; and learn—let it be said reverently—the fit moral of the season, that the Divine never approves itself more than when descending to the uses and the charities of earth. May the rich man be blessed in his liberal heart. May the poor be blessed even more by sympathy than by its offerings. May the neediest wanderer on life's highway feel that for this festival at least the world is a family.



A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

I.

THERE was no particular reason why he should propose to her, or, indeed, to any body. Sensible persons,—he knew a few, but by no means invited their counsel,—might have told him to his face, as they told one another behind his back, that he must be out of his senses to think of marrying at all. But Mr. Herbert Disney was not at an age when one is very unhappy in the absence of good reasons or good advice. He was just two-and-twenty. Miss Georgiana Latrobe was three years younger. Neither had a shilling; and the date of the story is towards the middle of the nineteenth century, when, somehow, shillings were among the necessities of life.

Still, we must make all allowances for the effect of the admiration which an exceedingly pretty, almost beautiful girl of nineteen excites in the ill-regulated mind of a young artist of two-and-twenty. Georgy Latrobe was an exceedingly good excuse for a man's making a fool of himself. She could hardly have resembled the pictures of her which Disney was always painting, because, whether from his impressions of her face assuming the variety of phase which love thinks it sees, or whether from his inability to render any of his paintings faithful to the original (he is wise enough now to know that the less poetical hypothesis is the juster), none of Mr. Disney's portraits of Miss Latrobe are much like the others. They agree, however, in depicting a young person whose non-classical features, rich brown hair, and brilliant complexion, would have been the constituents of a charming picture in the hands of a true artist—and this Herbert Disney had yet to become. Few of those who are now his friends knew the young lady in those days; but there is reason to believe that, without being an accomplished girl, she played polkas (they had just come up) with spirit, and danced them with enthusiasm; drew a little,—just enough to torment Disney, who drew well,—with reckless criticisms on his own efforts; had read half-a-dozen books and half-a-thousand novels; had enough instinctive goodness to be angry at injustice or unkindness, and enough religion to consider it by no means right to dance or play at cards on Sunday evenings. A little hasty, but the haste

soon slackened; and very lively when pleased by the people around her, which was generally; for at nineteen we have not fully learned how disagreeable most persons are. This is all that tradition hands down about Georgiana Latrobe at the time we speak of; but there is better evidence than tradition that she must have had a very pretty foot and graceful arms, and also that she sometimes spelt a little carelessly. You will not fail to observe that the historian is acquainted with her family and with its archives.

Mr. Disney's studio was on a second floor in Soho Square; and this statement defines his position in the realm of art. It was difficult to say how he lived; and yet he did live, and in some comfort, and dressed with much elegance. If he had not done this last, he would have had no chance with Georgiana; for she had arrived at that curiously consistent period of feminine life when young ladies talk in wild delight of the reckless, careless, corsair-like bearing of the heroes of Byronic romance, and mercilessly refuse any partner who is not faultlessly attired. His atelier was as picturesque as is usual with artists who have not too many orders on hand to have ample time to arrange velvets and curtains and statuettes and nicknacks; and he looked extremely charming in the middle of it, with a crimson velvet dressing-gown, and golden cordage about his elegant waist. It is as well to solve the difficulty which has been adverted to. He really lived by his pen, and not by his pencil. The young person had been pretty well educated, and had picked up a large quantity of information which is called desultory, but which is eminently available in smart composition; and one or two editors, with whom the gentlemanly, ready, agreeable young fellow was a favourite, allowed him to counsel Sir Robert Peel, castigate Sir Bulwer Lytton, and encourage Mr. Tennyson, as each in turn came before the public; and to reward him with divers stipends, bringing him in perhaps one hundred and fifty pounds a year, for these services to the public. But he called himself an artist, and affected to set slight store by his literary and political achievements; though in silence and solitude he probably did what every body who ever has been worth his salt as a writer has done, namely, read and re-read his productions with an affection compared to which maternal love is but a mild form of attachment.

So, here is a couple of very nice young people, whose united ages amount to forty-one years, both of whom are tolerably clever and well-disposed, and neither of whom has any particular purpose or character, worldly means or reasonable expectations. And one of them has a fancy for taking upon himself the solemn and responsible position of a husband, and in due time, we suppose, of a father; and the other has not exactly made up her mind whether she shall be a party to the arrangement he proposes.

Mrs. Latrobe, mother of Georgiana, lived upon the annuity which devolved upon her on the death of her husband, an officer in the honourable and liberal East India Company's service. This we hasten to mention, because we are sadly afraid that, having alluded to the small income of our Herbert,—who is, moreover, a mere writer and artist, and not in a "profession,"—and to the dowerlessness of Georgiana, respectable readers may grow suspicious of being introduced to scenes of penury, to clamorous tradesmen, ferocious bailiffs, and other horrors of needy life. Nothing of the kind. We are happy to be able to assure respectability, that, like Richardson with Sir Charles Grandison, we can exclude pecuniary difficulties from our story. This announcement will, we trust, afford a relief to many excellent persons. Mrs. Latrobe had a very sufficing maintenance for herself and daughter; and when she gave her pleasant little parties, sherry was sherry and champagne was champagne. She was a very comfortable woman, and liked life and living; and though a dyspeptic tendency, imported from India, occasionally gave her a fit of depression, during which she usually announced herself as about to resign this mortal existence, and caused a physician who had gained his reputation by humouring his patients instead of

curing them to be summoned for her special consolation, she speedily got over both the complaint and the dolefulness, and celebrated her recovery by a dance and a supper. She was a very affectionate mother, and her counsel had done much to prevent Georgiana from stooping, and to form her very graceful manner of using her white neck and shoulders; but it is doubtful whether the motherly idea of duty had led her to much interference with the development of the young lady's mind. But nobody had formed Eleanor Richards' mind, when she was put on board the *Woglollah*, thirty years before, that she might go out and claim the hand of her young lieutenant; and who is to blame her for not seeing the necessity of the process?

Of course she could see perfectly well that Herbert Disney had taken a very strong liking,—the phrase is not one for a novel, and we are not writing a novel,—for her Georgiana. Doubtless, too, she "looked higher,"—what mamma does not look higher than any lover of her daughter?—but then she saw nothing higher, and her character did not teach her to *chasser* Herbert on the chance of a better match offering itself. Had there been a choice of proposals, Mrs. Latrobe could have taken a definite part; but the real actual flesh-and-blood Herbert, dancing, painting, flirting, and eating suppers before her, held his own against the visionary banker or doctor who did not appear in the lists. Shall it be added, too, that Georgy, though a very good girl to her mother, rather managed to have her own way; and had no idea of having her admirer discarded, except it should so please herself. And as up to the time at which we have begun to record her story, Herbert Disney had made no advances towards the final advance of all, beyond being always at Mrs. Latrobe's house, getting her all sorts of admissions to public amusements, lending her all sorts of books, taking every opportunity, great and small, of writing notes to the mother and at the child, painting the portrait of the former once and the latter eleven times, looking vindictively at any other young gentleman who tried to talk to Georgiana, and dancing with her as often as she would allow, which was very often indeed,—the painter could not be said to have committed himself, and Mrs. Latrobe—according to Georgiana—had no right to interfere. She did not; and thus matters were going on, when Mr. Disney thought that he would engage himself to Miss Latrobe.

II.

"You promised to come this morning and see my sketch. I walked about the room for three hours, expecting to hear you knock."

"A very good thing, too; for you grow exceedingly indolent."

"Now, how can you know that, Georgiana?"

"I do know it. I know all about you."

"I'm delighted that you take so much interest in me as to make my habits your study."

"Do not flatter yourself into any such belief; I cannot help hearing what people say."

"And who, tell me, has been talking to you about me?"

"O, I forget. But we could not come to-day, even if I had wished it, for mamma had a letter to write to India."

"One must not find fault with such an excuse, or—"

"You had better, and then you shall hear the true one."

"Let me have that, please."

"It was, that I had forgotten all about the engagement and the promise. That is right; draw up the corners of your mouth, and try to hide your indignation at the idea of such a thing being possible. Yes, you forced that smile very well. I think you would succeed on the stage, if you could conquer your stiffness of manner, and manage to comprehend a little feeling."

"Like all your censures, Georgiana, so consistent. At the very moment you were accusing me of feeling indignation."

"I am perfectly consistent, sir. I dare say that you can

understand the selfish feelings admirably; but I meant the nobler ones."

"I possess the noblest, I think, Miss Latrobe, namely, that which teaches forgiveness of wrongs. I came here with a grievance, receive a severe reproof, and yet manifest the most gentlemanly self-control."

"A thing for which I have the most particular dislike. A real, earnest, towering rage I should admire; especially if the next moment you were most abjectly penitent and submissive. That self-control is mere hypocrisy—the virtue of a tradesman who smiles at your finding fault with every thing he shows you, because he knows that you will buy something at last."

"I am very sorry that my good behaviour offends you. I must try to alter it. When will you come and see the sketch?"

"I hate sketches. Paint the picture, and paint your very best, and then I will come and tell you whether it is good."

"And you refuse to assist me with your advice and suggestions?"

"You choose such foolish inane subjects. What did you say this one was to be—some classical nonsense?"

"Sophocles."

"And who was Sophocles, for gracious' sake?"

"He wrote plays. *Antigone*, which you saw at Covent Garden, was one of them."

"The stupidest thing I ever saw in all my life; and I never quite forgave you for taking us. I am certain that your picture will be just like it, and you had better change the subject."

"Give me another, then."

"Paint something exciting, that one can feel an interest in—that works upon one's sympathies."

"A house on fire, and a brave man rescuing children from the flames?"

"No, no; any body can paint that, and any body can rescue children. Something daring and noble. Paint the Corsair throwing off his disguise and attacking Seyd."

"Who cares for melo-dramatic brigands, except school-girls?"

"I think you need not be rude. I am not a school-girl, and I consider Conrad one of the finest characters ever described. You may not be able to do justice to such a glorious creation, but it is ridiculous to affect to despise it. Ah, there comes our superb smile again!"

"We do not seem to have lighted on topics on which we agree, this afternoon. Perhaps we shall be more fortunate to-morrow night. You are going to Mrs. Parker's, of course?"

"O yes. Her cousin, Captain Llewellyn, who is in the Fusiliers, is coming, she says. He is splendidly handsome, and the best dancer in the world. I hope he will not disappoint her. I have set my heart on dancing the polka with him; and Mrs. Parker says that he raves about brown hair."

"Ah, mind it is the Fusiliers! I remember that one of her stars was thought perfection while you imagined him in the Artillery; but he turned out to be only in the Artillery Company, and then you all discovered that he was intolerable."

"No such thing. I advise you to look at Captain Llewellyn, and take his splendid head as a model for the Corsair."

"I don't suppose that I shall be there. I am going to the opera."

"Just now we were sure to meet at Mrs. Parker's. Do as you please, of course; but you ought not to do any thing unpolite."

"You wish me to go, then?"

"Not at all; only as she knew you through us, it would be good manners in you not to behave rudely. You accepted her invitation very willingly, for she told me so."

"You know quite well why I accepted it."

"I am sure I do not."

"Once more I am unfortunate in what I say. It is a pity to detain you at home such a fine afternoon. Will you give

my best compliments to Mrs. Latrobe. Here is the book she wished to see."

"*Crystals and Moss*. O, we have had it from the library, thank you. I sent for it last night."

"I mentioned that I had it, and would bring it."

"Did you. I forgot it. Yes; you said you had reviewed it, or something. But it does not seem the kind of book that you could appreciate. It is full of sweet poetry, which you judge by rules that have nothing to do with it. One must have a heart to comprehend poetry."

"And I have none. Take the speech as you like, and good bye."

"O, good bye."

Now this was one of scores of dialogues in the same key which used to take place between Herbert Disney and Georgiana Latrobe. Sometimes, after these little passages of arms, he would go away displeased, and stay away as long as he could. But more frequently he ransacked his memory, with success, for some little recollection of a softened tone, or an arch glance, or a menace with the finger, or some such leaven, that leavened the whole lump of his discontent, and he returned as if nothing of an unpacific character had taken place. Now and then, but not so often, Georgy would make the *amende* by some petulant note or message, of which he was too glad to accept the spirit and forget the words, and then all was well again.

But whether they were lovers, readers must decide. Or, suspending decision, readers can wait our further revelations.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF CHRISTMAS.

By DR. DORAN.

WE celebrate our Christmas so regularly, if not so joyously, that few perhaps are aware of the difficulties once in the way of establishing this glad festival, or of the various names under which it has been honoured.

Towards the end of the first century, the Christians first found means and courage to make due observance of the anniversary of the nativity of their great Master. It would have been death to them to mourn when the empire was rejoicing, or to wear signs of gladness on a pagan unlucky day. They chose, therefore, the period of the Saturnalia, when half the heathen population was mad with the excitement of enacting revelry or witnessing its enactment.

The spies and eavesdroppers could make nothing of suspected Christians, who then sang rapturous songs in praise of their Lord and King. *Dominus* and *Rex* were among the many titles of Cæsar;—and thus the early Christians outwitted the informers.

According to some writers, the Church authorised the observance of the festival of the Nativity on the 25th of December as early as the middle of the second century. Others assert that it was not till the fourth century that the season for glad and grateful observance was thus authoritatively determined. Therewith, see what poor human nature is! Before the period was definitely settled, there was little dispute as to whether the settlement rested on correct or fallacious grounds. But as soon as authority registered the date, half the leaders in the Christian world went to loggerheads to prove that the decision was very ill founded.

Acute Greek fathers and earnest African patriarchs maintained that the 6th of January was the day of the Saviour's birth. Others insisted that the slightest effort of thought would show that the 6th of April was the anniversary day. Clemens of Alexandria was always inclined to support this latter theory. But men as great as he, and long before his time, fought respectively for the 15th, 20th, and 25th of May. The great fact, cried others, could only have taken place at the end of September or the beginning of October. Origen thought so too; and Scaliger, in later days, advocated the same opinion with as much energy as he ever

applied to the defence of any assertion which he chose to uphold.

It was not of the slightest consequence, said one of the early popes, at what season the great festival was observed, provided observance was not neglected and the instructions of the Divine Teacher were not despised or forgotten. This wise remark persuaded nobody; and even as late as 1722, the Jesuit College at Rome was shaken with the thundering debates which were held there on this very subject. The majority of the learned and fiery gentlemen,—for the argument on either side was sustained with little of chivalrous courtesy,—betrayed an inclination to select the 20th of May as the correct anniversary.

The anniversary was originally celebrated under various names. *Epiphania*, and *Theophania*,—the "manifestation," and the "divine manifestation,"—*Dies Luminarium*, "the day of lights;" and, to express that it was the festival of festivals, some early leaders in the Church called it "the capital of all the festivals,"—*Metropolis reliquorum festorum omnium*.

As the season has been disputed, so occasionally has the signification of the name applied to it. The Germans designate Christmas by the term *Weihnacht*. Now the most orthodox of Teutonic barons caught at the sound, and interpreted its meaning *Wein-Nacht*, a wine-night, or evening for a carouse. But they were told that it rather meant *Weyhe-Nacht*, or the hallowed night; a circumstance which they ought not to have forgotten, if they repeated the primitive German *Puter-noster*, in which occur the old-fashioned words, *Weyhe sey Nalmo theini*.

There is something saddening in the unpleasant truth that, as year succeeded to year, many foolish superstitions were hung on to our Christmas observances. There was long a belief that between Christmas Eve and Christmas morning all water in the house was turned to wine. That no one ever found the fact to be as it was stated, was held to be no proof against the alleged fact itself. The failure was assigned to every cause but the right one. Even St. Chrysostom very seriously maintained that all water drawn fresh on Christmas Eve remained incorruptible, for a period which the golden-mouthed philosopher wisely declined to state. It was on this night that beasts were supposed to discourse with human voices; whereas, even then, it was probably only humanity putting on the beast. I say even then, for as early as the reign of Nero, the austere complained, that in some Christian families the old and young united in the performance of such follies as to induce a consideration whether it were not preferable to suppress the festival rather than allow it to be abused.

The profits of superstition seem to have been as great as its pleasures. The crafty sold to the silly, flowers that were said to have bloomed solely because the trees from which they were plucked had been sprinkled with holy water upon Christmas Eve. On the same night, spurs and chain-traces were manufactured, with such a mixture of holy ceremonies in the making of them up, that no steed, however weary, could resist the one, nor any chariot, however heavy and deep in the mire, hold back from the other.

Then we owe to Christmas, perhaps, the old European fashion of masquerades. It was at this season that fifteen godless Germans with their maidens, more merry than wise, continued to dance in the churchyard rather than attend the holy service. The priest, Rupert, perplexed with their noise, prayed them to desist, and on their rude refusal, cursed them with a wish that they might do nothing else but dance for ever. It did not quite happen as he desired, although the Christmas revellers danced themselves—some up to their hips in the ground, the heavier partners up to their necks. It took a whole bench of bishops to reduce them to tranquillity and get them out of the ground. This was effected with loss of life, but the souls were rescued. And in memory of the event,—of the terrible Rupert and his curse, and the dancing company who coranted it till they went through the dancing-floor, more than half a fa-

thom deep,—our German ancestors in their youth were wont to run about in masks, and thereby helped, unconsciously, to swell the balls at Ranelagh and in Soho.

If the festival of Christmas was not established without some difficulty, its reign was altogether long before it was even partially interrupted. In 1647 it was entirely abolished in England. The people, however, could better afford to lose their king than their Christmas. But the Parliament was determined to deprive them of both. Our stout ancestors resisted manfully; and they cried out lustily for their Christmas Day on the 25th of December 1647. The Parliament had ordered all shops to be opened, and all churches to be closed. "We may have a sermon on any other day," said the London apprentices, who did not always go to hear it, "why should we be deprived on this day?" "It is no longer lawful for the day to be kept," was the reply. "Nay," exclaimed the sharp-witted fellows, "you keep it yourselves by thus distinguishing it by desecration." They declared they would go to church; numerous preachers promised to be ready for them with prayer and lecture; and the porters of Cornhill swore they would dress up their conduit with holly, if it were only to prove that in that orthodox and heavily-enduring body there was some respect yet left for Christianity and hard drinking,—for the raising of the holly was ever accompanied by the lifting of tankards.

Accordingly some shops were shut and some churches open. But the constables laid hold of the churchwardens and the noisiest in the congregation, and took them before the august parliament, which of course sat on that day. Such preachers as Dr. Griffiths, Dr. Jones, and Mr. Hall, were dragged to the same tribunal. The anti-Christmas judges fined the lesser offenders, and sent the clerical gentlemen to be disposed of by that eminently competent body the "committee of the militia of London!"

As for the porters, they would have their way. They dressed their conduit with ivy, rosemary, and bays. "But," says the *Mercurius*, "the mayor, his horse, and the city marshal, went all in their proper persons (*pontificalibus* and all) to set it on fire." The decorations, however, were too elevated for the arm of authority, even with a link at the end of it; and when the city-boys, now in a state of frantic ecstacy, beheld the failure, they set up their "sixteen parish voices" to such a tune, that his lordship's "nag began to retreat upon the galliard of *Sink-a-pace*." The horse was held to be more religious and reasonable than his rider, touching whom the *Mercurius* makes some very unsavoury remarks.

Nor was the gallant Christmas spirit less lively in the country than in the capital. At Oxford there was a world of skull-breaking; and at Ipswich the festival was celebrated by some loss of life. Canterbury especially distinguished itself by its violent opposition to the municipal order to be mindless. There was a combat there, which was most rudely maintained, and in which the mayor got pummelled till he was as senseless as a pocket of hops. The mob mauled him terribly, broke all his windows, as well as his bones, and, as we are told, "burnt the stoupes at the coming-in of his door." So serious was the riot, so complete the popular victory, and so jubilant the exultation, that thousands of the never-conquered men of Kent and Kentish men met in Canterbury, and passed a solemn resolution that if they could not have their Christmas Day, they were determined to have the king on his throne again.

The press, such as it was, helped the outcry. The powers that then were were ridiculed, as allowing liberty of conscience to all but conscientious men. And the *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, seeing that carols were forbidden, flung the following Christmas cracker at the nose of authority:

"Live, drink, and laugh, our worthies may,
And kindly take their fills;
The subjects must their reckonings pay,
The king must pass their bills.
No princes now but they; the crown
Is vanisht with our quiet;
Nor will they let us love our own
De-vo-ti-ons and diet.

The plums these prophets' sons defy,
And spin-broths are too hot;
Treason's in a December pie,
And death within the pot.

Christmas, farowell; thy DAY (I fear)
And merry days are done:
So they may keep feasts all the year,
Our Saviour shall have none."

After the Restoration, Christmas remained undisturbed till the year 1752. They who had been looking abroad beyond the world had discovered that the fractional few minutes which are tailed on to the days and hours which make up the year had, by neglect, brought us into a wrong condition, and that to set us right, it would be necessary to give credit for eleven days which nobody was conscious of having enjoyed. Accordingly, the day after the 2d of September 1752, was called the 14th, to the great indignation of thousands, who reckoned that they had thus been cut off from nearly a fortnight of life which honestly belonged to them. These persons sturdily refused to acknowledge the Christmas Eve and Day of the new calendar. They averred that the true festival was that which now began on the 5th of January *next year*. They would go to church, they said, on no other day; nor eat mince-pies, nor drink punch, but in reference to this one day. The clergy had a hard time of it with these recusants; and I will furnish one singular example to show how this recusancy was encountered. I am indebted for it to a collection of pamphlet-sermons preserved by George III., none of which, however, have any thing curious or particularly meritorious about them, save this one, which was preached on Friday, January 5, 1753, which was entitled in the almanacs "Old Christmas Day." Mr. Francis Blackburne, "one of the candid disquisitors," opened his church on that day, which was crowded by a congregation anxious to see the day celebrated as that of the anniversary of the Nativity. The service for Christmas Day, however, was not used. "I will answer your expectations so far," said the preacher, in his sermon, "as to give you a *sermon on the day*; and the rather because I perceive you are disappointed of *something else* that you expected." The purport of the discourse is to show that the change of style was desirable, and that it having been effected by act of parliament, with the sanction of the king, there was nothing for it but acquiescence. "For," says the simple-minded preacher, "had I, to oblige you, disobeyed this act of parliament, it is very probable I might have lost my benefice, which, you know, is all the subsistence I have in the world; and I should have been rightly served; for who am I that I should fly in the face of his majesty and the parliament? These things are left to be ordered by the higher powers; and in any such case as that, I hope not to think myself wiser than the king, the whole nobility, and principal gentry of Great Britain!"

The simplicity of the preacher was not greater, however, than that of the perplexed peasants of Buckinghamshire, who pitched upon a pretty method to settle the question of Christmas, left so meekly by Mr. Blackburne to the king, nobility, and most of the gentry. They betought themselves of a blackthorn near one of their villages; and this thorn was for the nonce declared to be the growth of a slip from the Christmas-flowering thorn at Glastonbury. If the Buckinghamshire thorn, so argued the peasants, will only blossom in the night of the 24th December, we will go to church next day, and allow that the Christmas by act of parliament is the true Christmas; but no blossom no feast, and there shall be no revel till the eve of old Christmas Day. They watched the thorn, and drank to its budding; but as it produced no promise of a flower by the morning, they turned to go homewards as best they might, perfectly satisfied with the success of the experiment. Some were interrupted in their way by their respective "vicars," who took them by the arm, and would fain have persuaded them to go to church. They argued the question by field, stile, and church-gate; but not a Bucks peasant would con-

sent to enter a pew till the parson had promised to preach a sermon to, and smoke a pipe with, them on the only Christmas Day they chose to acknowledge.

This old prejudice has been conquered, and the "new style" has maintained its ground. It has even done more, for its authors have so provided that a confusion in the time of this or any other festival is not likely to occur again.



CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS!—What a magic in the name of our great Christmas festival! With what *home-gatherings* and *home-affections* is it associated! and with how many sacred memories! It is a time for the deepest thankfulness, the holiest happiness.

The very evergreens are sacred now: the box, the myrtle, the laurustinus, the coral-berried holly, the silvery mistletoe,—how beautiful they are! and as we wreath these bright emblems of hope, we will entwine among them some of the choice exotics from the soul's inner garden.

One, the chief, the most beautiful of all, blooms with peculiar vigour at this season; by some it is called *love*, by others *charity*. This little flower, when carefully cultivated, sheds an inexpressible radiance over our dear English homes; but it needs to be watered constantly by the dew of heaven, and to be weeded from certain rank coarse weeds called *pride* and *selfishness*, which would very quickly overgrow and kill it. There are many, very many, other lovely flowers; but they are chiefly varieties, or offshoots growing from the root of charity. They are called faith, hope, truth, and humility. And now a vision floats across my mind—a vision of the past, but which may never be forgotten.

At the head of a goodly table is seated an ancient English gentlewoman of the olden time; her hair is silvered with age; but she has so carefully cultivated the soul's exotics, that as they bloom within her gentle bosom, they shed a perfect halo about her venerable features. Her dress is rich and simple, and of an ancient form; and her kind eye lights up with an unusual lustre as it glances from one to another of the loved forms gathered around her,—her stout hale sons, her fair matronly daughters; and at another board, the promising young men and maidens, the rosy laughing little ones, her grandchildren. It is a sweet home-picture. That ancient lady thinks so; and as the snowy cloth is removed, and the old old wine is placed before her by her faithful time-honoured servitors, she rises up to speak: all know her custom, have ever known it. Let us listen to her words:

"My children,"—and her voice quivers, for they are all her children, in a very holy sense of the word, too,—"*do you remember the old fable of the bundle of sticks; and how, one by one, they could so easily be broken; but when closely linked together in a goodly bundle, they could not be injured? My children, are you closely linked together, bound with the strong fetters of love? or have you allowed pride or envyings or discord to creep into your hearts to disunite you? Now, at this holy Christmas gathering, I pray you, answer me.*"

A low sob is the answer. Her presence breathes the very spirit of love and peace and gentleness; and if any heart-burnings have existed, they are forgotten now; the kiss of peace, of forgiveness, of true affection, is passed around ere one drop of the old old wine is pledged.

THE CANARY—OUR HOUSEHOLD BIRD.

So completely has the Canary established himself among us as a household bird, that we now naturally consider no Home to be complete where *he* is not.

This great popularity is owing to a variety of circumstances. The canary is naturally fond of man's society, and speedily becomes on terms of intimacy with any one who will extend to him the right hand of fellowship. There is no exclusiveness about him—no *mauvaise honte*. He will sing any where and every where, is seldom sulky or ill-tempered, and can at all times be won by the presentation of a hempseed or a morsel of ripe chickweed. If properly tended, he is seldom, if ever, sickly; and he is of all birds the least troublesome. I have had canaries in rude health for more than fourteen years; and I can make mention of one who was, for his age, hearty in his twentieth year. That year was his last. He died singing his parting strain in the ear of his dear mistress. I hardly need say, that for birds to be thus long-lived, they must be well treated—their existence rendered "happy."

It would be affectation were I to consider a little friendly advice on the management of the canary out of place in these pages. So many hundreds—I might say thousands—of the race die from neglect and ignorance every year, that it becomes a pleasing duty to plead their cause. Dumb animals stand in need of an advocate; for they cannot make known their own grievances. A few hints, therefore, may render them good service.

The first thing to be considered is, the case of those who at present are unprovided with a canary. We have now arrived at the precise season when large assignments of these golden little songsters are sent up from Norfolk and Yorkshire to rejoice the hearts of us dwellers in cities. Christmas and the new year usher them in by twenties of thousands. A pretty sight it is, to watch their sprightly movements; and as good as a play to listen to their joyous and irrepressible notes of ecstasy. Their looks of inquiry, how ridiculously comic! Their imagined importance, how overwhelmingly absurd! One would really think that they intuitively knew all about the jollities of the season, and were determined to join in. Why not?

It might perhaps appear invidious to mention any dealer by name; I will therefore only give general directions for the selection of a good bird, leaving it to the reader's own discretion *where* to procure it. All healthy birds at this season are sprightly and vigorous, and so full of song that there is no fear of any mistake as to the sexes. The male birds, when singing, are in a constant state of motion, dancing along their perches. The females simply "jabber," and show no particular signs of liveliness. If you want a good songster, you will sometimes have to dispense with beauty. The brightest colours are frequently the most delicate. Never choose a bird whose feathers are rough, or eyes dim. If the bird be trim and joyous, he may be regarded as in good health. Be specially careful where and with whom you deal; and *always see that you have the bird you select*. Borrow the cage, leave a deposit, and never let the dealer touch the bird you have purchased.

While making your selection, take plenty of time for decision. Exercise your taste, and you may become possessed of a really "musical" bird. There is, of course, a great difference in the powers of the various performers. Some are shrill and noisy; others sing *piano*, and rejoice in dulcet notes of harmony.

Your bird selected, and placed in a nice handsome cage (I shall have something to say shortly about showy cages), enrol him immediately as one of the family, and ever after consider him as such. He will then be "yours for ever."

Hang your bird low and in a cheerful situation, always protecting him from heat, cold, and draught. If you have more birds than one, suspend them *above* each other. They may hear, but should not be permitted to see each other. Maintain the strictest cleanliness in their cages, and always

supply them with the best of seed—canary, flax, and rape, mixed; the first in excess. Give them clean water twice daily, and let their perches be cleansed at least once a week. Provide them, too, with plenty of coarse red gravel, changed every other day, and let some well-bruised *old* mortar be mixed with it.

Now for "luxuries." These consist of hard-boiled yolk of fresh egg, a morsel of sweet cake or mealy potato, and crumb of bread moistened in the mouth with brown sugar. Let them see you preparing this, and then watch their movements. Add an occasional hempseed. Lettuce, shepherd's purse, groundsel, plantain, chickweed, and water-cress,—these are the salads in which they delight.

Always present some one, or all of the above, lovingly with the finger and thumb. At the same time make a gracious bow by way of courtesy. The effect of that bow is magical. It possesses a rare charin, as is fully verified in my own pets. Try it; and mark the droll result.

So much preliminary about the selection and general management of the Canary. As the new year opens and the season advances, many interesting questions will arise about pairing, breeding, rearing, &c. These shall be duly considered and discussed.

W. KINN.

CRYSTAL PALACES FOR HOME.

[First Paper.]

It would be mere commonplace to say that the Crystal Palace is world-renowned; every body knows it is a *fait accompli*. You might hear it described minutely at Chicago, or find a picture of it in a Hottentot kraal. Its value, however, is not as a show-place, but as an educational institution, where, through the medium of the purest pleasure, knowledge of a noble sort is to be acquired. In matters of gardening it is already an authority; the planting of flower-beds, the arrangement of terraces, the grouping of trees and shrubs, and the disposition of gravel, turf, and colour, are in such perfection, that every detail of its noble grounds may be accepted as a model of the orthodox in ornamental gardening. Now one of the most important horticultural lessons taught at Sydenham is the perfection to which plants may be brought under glass. Look at those courts which are adorned with huge and hearty specimens of floriculture; the plants thrive at a distance from the glass, which astonishes gardeners, who from their childhood to the snowing of their hair have been daily bawling to their subordinates, "Keep the plants near the glass."

Every body grows flowers in some way or other; and it is rather a prosy home that cannot boast of a few fuchsias and geraniums, and other pretty things in pots, that all the winter long preserve the freshness of vegetable life, and give cheerfulness to the window of the *boudoir* or sitting-room. But indoor gardening ought now to make a great stride; crystal palaces on a domestic scale ought to be fashionable, and in a certain measure they are so, though not to half the extent they should be. How shall we go to work to increase the pleasures of the domestic circle by extending the sphere of indoor horticulture? Plainly, by a judicious use of glass, which does wonders for every thing and every body,—gives sight to the purblind, displays the anatomy of things ordinarily invisible, and preserves the freshness and vigour of the most fragile mountain-herb in the midst of smoke and dust and sulphuretted hydrogen. To be practical, the Wardian case is a crystal palace, a summer and winter garden, suited to the luxurious ideas of the wealthy or the narrow means of the poorest; but that same Wardian case, as we see it, as we know it, as we hear it described and theorised upon by its inventor and its admirers, is behind the age as much as if it had been totally forgotten from the day when Mr. Ward first announced his ingenious scheme.

Mr. Ward himself, and his son, Mr. Stephen Ward, both lay down the doctrine that a Wardian case is a *closed* receptacle

for plants, requiring no change of air, no renewal of water, and that for all practical purposes it may as well be *air-tight* as in any way permeable to air and moisture. Now, set up a Wardian case, and make it as close as you can; you need not hermetically seal it, for with such a degree of exclusion of the outer air as you can secure by ordinary carpentering and plumbing, you will find that a *close case is an open failure*. That the case is close on Mr. Ward's theory we need only refer to his original work; and that he still holds to that doctrine may be further proved by the pamphlet recently published by Mr. Van Voorst, in which Mr. S. H. Ward, the inventor's son, re-states the uses and history of the invention. This is an important point, because thousands of tasteful and persevering folks seek to vary the monotony of domestic life in towns by the culture of such plants as will not bear to be exposed to the destructive influences of an atmosphere charged with obnoxious gases. In fact, though the Wardian case is a beautiful and ingenious contrivance, the *principle* of its construction has ever been incorrectly stated; and hence there is error at the root of the matter, and that error has so cramped the idea of the invention, that it has made no progress, and never will make progress until the error is expunged.

As to the ventilation of the cases, they have been and are made on Mr. Ward's principle; and the cultivators, relying on Mr. Ward's exposition of vegetable growth in the confined air which a close case insures, feel bound to leave the collection to live or die as it pleases, escape of moisture or admission of fresh air being thought fatal to success. But is success attained on this plan? Certainly not. Ferns and Lycopods are planted, and left to settle the question for themselves as to the absorption and evolution of carbon. If the case is very cleverly planted and adjusted as to soil, moisture, and light, it may do very well; and if it does well, it will be found on examination that it is not a close case at all; it either admits a current of air, however slight, under the loose rim, through a porous pan, or the chinks that may exist in the workmanship, or is made so as to open somewhere, and by this means get such occasional attention within as suffices to allow the escape of moisture and the admission of a new atmosphere. Put the matter to experiment. Take a couple of cases, one formed to seal down closely on a marble slab (a form frequently sold by the florists in the City), and another admitting something like a current of air. Plant both alike, say with *Lastreas*, give the same soil and the same amount of moisture, and in three months compare them. In the closed case the plants will be thin, drawn, spindling, and miserable. In the partially open one they will be hearty, and will exhibit their natural characteristics of growth and habit, provided, of course, the exposure to light has been sufficient. That the plants *live* and have a sickly and consumptive tone is no proof that the close case is a triumph; for in ninety-nine out of every hundred of Wardian cases the vegetation is of such a character as excites the pity of a nurseryman or botanist, or indeed of any one who knows what they are and how they ought to look when grown under glass. To be sure, life and greenness in the midst of City dust and darkness are very acceptable; but if the *theory* of the Wardian case had not been misunderstood from the beginning, we should see in the drawing-rooms or humble parlours of town-folks as fine examples of cryptogamous vegetation, ay, and of flowering plants too, as at the Crystal Palace, or the nurseries of the growers who devote themselves to such things.

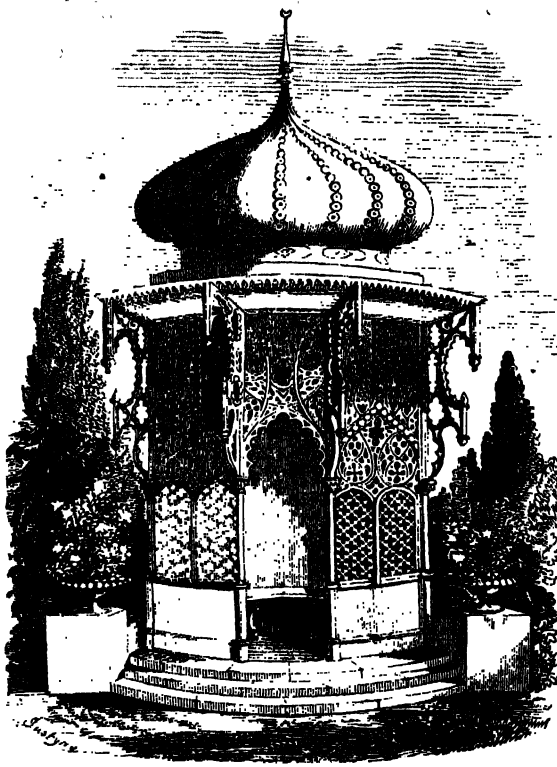
The first suggestion we have to make, then, is that Wardian cases should always be made so as to allow the escape of exhalations from within, and the admission of air from without; and on such a plan they differ entirely from the plan proposed by the inventor, to whom nevertheless we are indebted for the beautiful contrivance of a crystal palace for the house. Let Mr. Ward feel assured that we appreciate his invention as highly as the rest of the world, though we endeavour to improve it in accordance with the march of the times. As long as the theory of an air-tight

case is accepted as orthodox, so long will the invention be cramped in its applications, as it has been from the first day of its introduction to public notice.

There are two distinct kinds of Wardian-cases: the one is *built*, and its form and proportions are determined by the maker or the purchaser, as the case may be; the other is a blown bell or dome fitting into a dish, and is known at the glass-ware-houses by the common name of "fern-shade." The first is the most expensive, but it is the only form which admits of extensive application; the other is a cheap substitute, and as such is of great value to the humble lover of floral beauty: it is also graceful and symmetrical in outline, a beautiful object in itself, and in this respect is to be preferred before nine-tenths of the ugly abominations that are manufactured and sold by the dealers. But the chief difference between them is, that the *built receptacle* can be so made as to afford facilities for ventilation, which we have already insisted on as essential to perfect success; and for this purpose a binding of perforated zinc, a door formed of a square of glass on hinges, or a row of holes pierced in some portion of the upper part of the framework may be contrived, and then the culture of plants may be attempted without fear of failure. To secure a similar ventilation of a common fern-shade, the bell-glass should be occasionally tilted on one side, and lifted off twice a-week, the moisture wiped off with a cloth, and the glass well dried and polished, and replaced. If this is done at a time when there is no dust flying, a beneficial change of air will take place, and the plants will acquire a higher tone of beauty consequent on a better state of health.

Now let us see how the recognition of this principle affects the practical management of domestic crystal palaces. On the *orthodox* plan, plants are frequently associated together that require different states of humidity in the soil and atmosphere around them; and the closeness of the vessel insures what?—transparency? No, *opacity*! The glass gets coated with condensed moisture that occasionally runs down in streams; this drenches the foliage with excess of moisture, many delicate things "damp off" and decay at the junction of the stem with the soil, and the appearance of the collection is that of plants in a "cold sweat;" the appearance of the glass is that of oiled paper; and frequent losses are inevitable, except, of course, in the hands of adepts, who set the *close* theory at defiance, and for whom this paper is not written. But admit that occasional change of air is necessary, and in the hands of the most inexperienced amateur the idea of the Wardian case admits of endless extension, artistic beauty may go hand in hand with horticultural skill, and the fern-case may be made a flower-garden; for in its new form it becomes a *greenhouse on a small scale*. To carry out this extension of the idea, it is only necessary to abandon the stereotyped form of the case, and give room for the exercise of artistic ingenuity.

From this point the whole scheme of a domestic crystal palace widens before us. The Wardian case proper acquires



DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE.

new uses, and achieves more certain successes. The *Wardian case*—shortly to be described—grows out of it, and gives us the advantage of a hothouse or forcing-room on a small scale. The *Beaton cutting-box*—also to be described—comes into the field for the preparation of all sorts of things at the fire-side; so that the amateur who has but one room, or the invalid whose best physic is the recreation of raising choice plants, and who dare not step outside to his cold pits or his greenhouse; or, indeed, any body who loves gardening *in extenso*, and is not content merely to *buy* plants but must *produce* them, may enter into the "manufacturing" department indoors without needing the accepted machinery of a regular garden, or being under the necessity of even once soiling slippers, or inhaling a catarrh.

Besides these things, we shall come to the practical management of fern-shades and of window conservatories, for these are all modifications of the same idea; and

we shall show how any amateur may himself construct a perfect and beautiful window-scheme of horticulture that shall give delight every time the eye wanders towards the window, and furnish no end of pleasant recreation and useful knowledge.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

DESIGN FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE.

This may be constructed in either zinc, wood, or iron. Zinc is easily perforated, and more durable than wood; both are much cheaper than iron, which is otherwise the best. The door and panels should be thin, to avoid heaviness. The style is Byzantine.

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- The Beggar-Boy and Christ-Child: Explanation of the Legend and Picture.
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The FIRST HALF-VOLUME, containing Nos. I. to XIII., and Parts I. to III., will be issued on January 1, bound in an elegant paper cover, colour-printed, price, 2s. 6d.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND



THE BEGGAR-BOY AND THE CHRIST-CHILD. BY ELIZA FOX.

ON Christmas Eve an orphan beggar-boy wanders, shivering and starving, through the streets of a town where the inhabitants are enjoying all the festivities of the season. He sinks down on the steps of a mansion whence issue loud sounds of merriment and gleams of light from the Christmas-tree of the children within. While lamenting his forlorn condition, the Christ-child (bringer, according to German legend, of Christmas gifts and blessings to children) appears to him, and says:

"The holy Christ am I,
Once, too, a child like thee:
If all forget and pass thee by,
Thou'rt not forgot by me."

The beggar-boy expresses his confiding readiness to go with the beautiful apparition; and next morning, when the doors of the mansion where there had been such a night of merry-making are opened, a corpse is found lying on the steps, cold and stiff, but with a heavenly smile upon its countenance.

THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT.

A CHRISTMAS-EVE STORY.*

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

If, good reader, you would know the scene of our story, walk with us along one of the highways that lead through our western suburbs. And let us walk smartly, for it is within a week of Christmas. There is a black frost this morning, and a piercing wind. The roads are hard as iron, and ring like that metal to the step of horse and map. Let us turn into that new yet obscure street that runs so abruptly from the stately main road. What a miscellaneous look is there about the houses and the traffic carried on! Low-browed brick tenements, the relics of a former village, are scattered amongst the mean plastered dwellings which mark the latest encroachments of the metropolis. A quaint old inn, with elm-shaded benches and a trough for cattle, lingers, perhaps like a rural memory. Primitive customs survive too, here and there. The grocer, for instance, is possibly also a stationer or a toy-merchant. But if the various trades carried on by the same individual remind you of the country, no less do the divers inhabitants of the same dwelling suggest to you the capital. Thus, as the brass-plates on the doorstep of No. 4 announce, if you apply yourself to the parlour-bell, you evoke the sexton; if you make your appeal to the first floor, the jaunty dancing-master welcomes you at the head of the stairs. The Parisian showrooms of the Misses Diggins, at No. 7, are over the hair-dresser's shop. At No. 25, opposite, that veteran, Captain Neal, keeps state in the drawing-room. His portrait, in a uniform of the bluest blue and the most dazzling buttons, glorifies the window of an artist below, whose forte is evidently colour.

In an upper apartment, situated in the street we have described, two women sat by a fire, which, the keenness of the morning considered, was certainly a scanty one. The room, although of no great size, was insufficiently furnished. The curtains were faded, the carpets threadbare. Neatness and cleanliness had, however, done much to redeem the general aspect of discomfort. A few evergreens in a vase gave hints of nature and a bright world without. A French clock of some value, and of tasteful design, stood up resignedly amidst the shells and cracked candlesticks of glass that adorned the mantelpiece. Nor were there wanting other relics of luxury that contrasted strangely with the worn and common articles around them.

There was but small resemblance between the two women who occupied the furnished lodging. The hair of the elder was more than tinged with gray; but a youth of spirit, which time had not impaired, shone in her kindly face. Full of content was that face, while bent over the knitting-needles she so nimbly plied. After a time she raised her head, and the look was an anxious one which she turned on her companion.

Companion is perhaps scarcely a fit word for the tall languid but graceful figure that sat silent opposite. Clara Lindsay, indeed, gazing vacantly on the dull fire, her head propped by one hand, the other laid listlessly on the half-hemmed pinafore of brown holland on her knee, presented no type of social cheerfulness. Her dress of brown merino was worn almost threadbare; yet something in the fashion of the garment itself—something in the small perfect ear, in the slender pliant neck, in the arched well-shaped foot of the wearer, would have made you at once distinguish between herself and her condition.

The spinster with the silver hair and kind eyes at last broke silence. "Why, Clara, where are your thoughts?" she asked. "You've been dreaming this half-hour."

The younger lady roused herself as by an effort. She shivered, and drew round her worn dress an old-fashioned

Indian shawl that had once been costly. At last she said, "It would have been kind, dear aunt, to have let me dream. Waking life has few charms for me."

There was sadness, even bitterness in the tone, but a certain music nevertheless. The voice would have reminded you of a fine instrument out of tune.

"Ask for coals, Robert," continued the speaker, addressing a curly-headed bloused lad of twelve, who affected to be absorbed in his ciphering at the table. But as he rose to obey, the mother revoked her order. "Stay, we'll wait another half-hour," she said. "Coals are two guineas a ton; and we've no right to luxuries."

"My dear Clara, what can you mean?" ejaculated Miss Lindsay. "Do go, Robert."

The boy left the room, and she resumed gaily, "Cheer up, love, all will be well yet. My dear nephew's earnings—"

"For five pupils," interrupted Clara, "twice a-week, at three shillings a lesson, amount to thirty shillings; just seven above the rent. That's now a month in arrear, and the landlord threatens."

"It's very hard for her," said Miss Lindsay to herself. And indeed it was so. Clara had been reared in comfort. Her father, a major, had selfishly invested his money in a tolerable annuity, and, trusting that his daughter's husband would prosper, had made little or no provision for her. After the major's death, affairs went more and more hardly with David Lindsay; his own scanty earnings as a daily tutor and the sum paid by Miss Lindsay for her board—a small help, but the utmost her means would permit—were now his sole resources.

There was again silence, and again Aunt Lindsay broke it. "Who knows, Clara?" she cried; "I've heard so often of great geniuses living for years in obscurity, and after all gaining wealth and honour. Who knows but that our poor David's talents may be found out at last?"

"I've lost hope," replied Clara. "Ever since he threw up his professorship in Glasgow, and came to London for fame, life has been one long struggle."

"After all he has written he'll surely get some publisher—"

"To buy his epic of 'Ulysses,' or his 'Systems of Moral Philosophy?'" inquired Clara tartly.

"But there's his tragedy of 'Leonidas,'" persisted good cheerful Aunt Lindsay; "you know he counts so upon that."

This fact, so pregnant with hope to Aunt Lindsay, failed to console her niece. She only smiled incredulously, and said: "Tragedy's stale at the theatre. David might provide for his family, would he write what's useful and popular; but that would be at the expense of his taste."

"Clara, you speak bitterly."

"Possibly, a woman who sees want threaten her children cannot always be amiable."

Then Aunt Lindsay silently put out her hand; and after a pause Clara rose, took the hand, and placed herself on a stool at Miss Lindsay's feet.

"Come, let me talk to you," said the latter. "My dear Clara, must this strife between husband and wife never cease? At least David is industrious; he's now with his pupils; and when at home the pen's never out of his hand. May be he hasn't the gift to be popular: you know, he writes for posterity."

"Yes," the mother urged; "but Robert's coat's threadbare, and Janet wants a shawl. Perhaps I feel these things too much. I had the misfortune to be born a lady."

"You were not on that account the less fit to be David's wife," said Miss Lindsay sharply. She was hurt for her nephew; perhaps, too, she had a Scottish woman's touchiness on matters of family.

Clara's look and voice suddenly softened. A gentler and more earnest light shone in her clear eyes as she threw her arms round Aunt Lindsay's neck, exclaiming, "Forgive me! I meant no reproaches. I could not reproach you!"

"Nor should you David," pleaded Miss Lindsay. "I

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know, love, what you have to bear; but a wife should bear with a husband who loves her."

"Ay, if he loved me!" the wife exclaimed impulsively. "But no, aunt, no—that dream's over! Years since he threw over me the spell of his fancy, and made me an idol. He married, found me a mere woman with a woman's faults, and was disenchanted. And now, when I am forced to remind him of household cares, of bills that must be paid, he hints that I drag him down, that I lower—lower his mind and—"

She could get no farther. She pressed her hand to her eyes, but the tears would start.

"My Clara, you mistake."

"Not so," replied Clara more calmly, but with utter dejection. "There's the sting. Obscurity, want, toil—even fears for my children—I could endure; but to be looked upon as a sordid drawback—I that so loved him!—that makes me indignant, bitter. I almost become what he believes me—because he believes it."

Aunt Lindsay was about to urge a word for David, when the maid entered with coals.

The good lady herself threw them upon the fire, and roused it into a blaze. "I often think," she said, "that trouble's like the poker; we shouldn't know how much light and warmth there was in us unless we were sometimes well stirred."

"There's always comfort with you," was the answer. Clara looked more cheerful, but only for a moment. Ann had bills to deliver. She told, while dusting the grate, how the baker was pressing to be paid—almost rude; how the collector had called, and said he wouldn't call again. "Very well, Ann, that will do," said her mistress, quietly checking the voluble though good-natured handmaid. But Ann returned to the charge with, "And please, ma'am, Master Robert's been a-trundling his hoop in the road, so I called him in."

The culprit entered as Ann retired. "Why did you leave your lesson, sir?" demanded Clara. "How often have I forbidden you to play in the street! Silence!" she added severely, as the boy was about to speak. But as his face grew overcast, she suddenly softened and took his hands, saying, "Don't try mother, she has much to bear."

"O, aunt," exclaimed Robert, speedily reassured, "here are papa and Janet coming; I saw them meet as she came out of the draper's. He had scarcely spoken when a protracted and somewhat tremulous knock was heard at the street-door. Clara sprang up from the footstool on which she sat, resumed her place by the fire, and seemed at once absorbed in her work.

"Yes, that's David," cried Aunt Lindsay, "I should know his knock any where."

He who now entered was of a spare person, and above the common height. A slight stoop, which, however, needed but an effort of will to control it, made him appear older than he really was. When he drew himself erect, and you caught the wandering light of his clear brown eye, a man stood before you who could not have long passed middle life. The sweet but somewhat sad smile that played about the mouth, with the long auburn ringlets that fell profusely upon his shoulders, gave to the entire head a soft and guileless expression. It would have been effeminate but for the decisive outline of the chin.

"Here he is; here's papa!" said Aunt Lindsay, meeting David cheerily, then kissing the forehead of the child Janet who followed him in. Janet was about a year older than her brother Robert. The little face was somewhat thin and sallow, but a sort of demure fun lay there in ambush.

Clara glanced from her work, and said, "O, it's you, David." Then she opened the little parcel that Janet had brought her, and began again to sew.

"She has no welcome," thought David with a sigh. "Here, Clara," he said, "are the week's earnings just received from my pupils."

"I'm very sorry," she answered, "but it's all pre-spoken; and Janet must have a shawl."

"Very well, Clara."

"But how ill you look, David," said Aunt Lindsay; "quite fagged out!"

"It's nothing," replied David; but he felt with a sort of dull pain that the weariness observed by Aunt Lindsay was quite unnoticed by his wife. Poor Clara! she had risen at Miss Lindsay's words, with an anxious look; but David's face was turned from her. He unlocked his drawer, took out some manuscripts, and began to read.

"It's his tragedy," said Clara to herself; "I must not disturb him."

Mr. Lindsay was soon lost in his occupation. The printer who had to solve those erased and interlined pages should have been an *Œdipus* in his way. David, however, was bent upon making his enigma a masterpiece. His pen blotted, inscribed, and blotted again. "This speech of Leonidas," he muttered, "wants fire." If present, you might have had your opinion upon the lines, for the writer unconsciously declaimed them:

"Ye brave three hundred, though your foes count millions,
Reckon by souls, not forms, and we outweigh them!"

"'Outweigh' is tame, very tame," murmured David. Then it occurred to him that the fault might be in his delivery. "Ye brave three hundred," he recommenced, and this time uttered the words in a higher key, and with classical dignity. The result was still disappointing. Yet again he tried them, in a colloquial familiar tone, as if inviting the Spartans to discuss the matter over tea and toast. But the original flaw remained, and the bewildered dramatist stopped perplexed at last, and invoked some reluctant muse in the ceiling with his upturned pen.

Little Janet, now divested of bonnet and scarf, approached the table slyly, and rapped with her knuckles. "Any one at home?" she asked.

"Janet, Janet!" called her mother in a tone of warning. But the undaunted maiden rapped again, and demanded whether the house was empty.

David looked round impatiently. "What is it, Janet?"

"Post-woman."

"Hush, love, hush! 'Ye brave three hundred'—"

"Fact, pa," interrupted the laughing pet. "The post-man put these letters into my hand as you went up-stairs. All paid—as far as the street-door; after that a kiss each for the post-woman. One, two, three; the last's a double one."

When the father, nothing loth, had complied with these exactions, he examined the post-marks. Two were from the chief office, which at once suggested to David the "Row" in its vicinity.

"At last," he cried,—"at last, aunt!"

Miss Lindsay came instantly; she guessed at once that the letters were from publishers, drew her chair to the poor author's side, and called Clara to join them.

"David doesn't ask me," thought Clara. Then she said caustically, "No, thank you: I'm only a wife, and not invited."

Aunt Lindsay would have appealed to her nephew; but he had already opened his first despatch.

"It is past belief," he exclaimed. "Were ever people so blind to their interests?"

"Bad news, David?"

"Listen," he replied, and then read as follows:

"Sir,—We regret to inform you that your elaborate and learned treatise entitled 'Attempts towards the Recovery of a Universal Language, with some Remarks on the Original Confusion of Tongues, their primary divisions and possible recombinations,' is not, in our opinion, calculated to interest the general public."

"Not interesting!" burst forth the writer with an agitation pardonable for its innocence; "why, it was the grandest idea ever conceived. Just think of it—one language for all the world! It cost me years of study. Well, they've lost their chance; and I would have given it for nothing."

"Nay," said the prudent Scotchwoman, "you must think of yourself too, David."

"Myself!" he rejoined. "It would have been a boon to mankind. Well, thank Heaven! there are more publishers than one; and there's my tragedy."

This last remark he uttered in a kind of tender undertone, as if he caressed the recollection for the solace it yielded him.

The next epistle was more curt; the writer was a humorist, although a rough one, and expressed himself thus:

"I return, per Parcels Delivery, your epic called 'Ulysses: a Sequel to the Odyssey.' The title-pago was enough. I suppose, if published, few readers would get further."

"O, David, how impertinent!"

"Hush, aunt! we won't waste a word upon this person," he said calmly, but with a faint smile; and again he resorted to the soothing memory of the tragedy.

Another seal was broken; but the purport of the letter was to decline Mr. Lindsay's "Scheme for a Model Republic altered from that of Plato." The publisher urged, it must be owned with great truth, that such a work would have no chance at the circulating libraries; and that, even if produced in the cheapest form, it would "hang heavy" at the railway stations. He added besides, that, although he had never heard of Plato, he was no friend to republics; and would not give his name to books calculated to disturb social order.

"Poor Plato!" sighed David. Then he paced the room in silence. At length his eye fell upon an open manuscript. Once more the thought of his beloved tragedy inspired him. A neat copy of it had already been forwarded to the theatre; and David remembered that his young friend, Dexter, had promised to bring the manager's answer that very morning.

Mean time Aunt Lindsay had gone over to Clara, whom she begged to join her in cheering up David. He overheard the request. "Don't trouble Clara," he said.

But Clara was engaged with Robert's lessons. "I should only intrude," she observed; "and I'm busy." Then she turned sharply to Robert. "That sum's quite wrong; where's your French translation? Not three lines done. What have you been scrawling here?—windmills and soldiers on horseback. Go to your room until that lesson's perfect; I insist on it, Robert."

The mother's voice rose in angry command. As the lad slowly retired, David turned to Clara, and asked, in a tone savouring of reproach, for what fault his son had been expelled.

Clara was stung by her husband's manner. "O, of course Robert's not in fault," she exclaimed; "it's only his severe mother."

Then little Janet rushed up to Mrs. Lindsay, and stopped her lips with repeated kisses. "Ah, *she* loves me!" cried Clara, with a burst of tears which the seeming cause scarcely accounted for; then seizing Janet's hand, she hurried from the room.

It was now Aunt Lindsay's turn to play the intercessor with David.

"Clara's so unhappy," she pleaded. "Why do you never speak to her—never consult her about your plans?"

"Alas, aunt," was the answer, "she cares not for them. If I do ever breathe to her the hope that makes life sacred,—the hope that I may raise or soften the hearts of my fellow-men—perhaps live in their memories,—she only asks what it will bring in."

"You forget that she's anxious for the children; it is *she* who sees the scanty wardrobe and dreads the empty cupboard."

"That's true; but then she's so sarcastic."

"She thinks you despise her."

"*She* despises me—has long ceased to love me. She thought an author's life was to be a triumph without a battle. When the struggle came, she grew disgusted, and repented."

Aunt Lindsay thought sadly how long people might live under one roof, and be blind to each other's hearts.

David again turned to his papers, and in doing so lighted upon another letter which had hitherto escaped him. His worn hard look softened as he read it. "'Scotland, Clyde Valley'—here's a ray of comfort at last," he said. The letter was from a Captain Morton, who had married a cousin of Clara's, and it contained an offer from the worthy pair to take little Janet, and educate her with their own children.

This had been suggested before; and the envelope enclosed a bank-note to defray the expenses of Janet and her father to Scotland.

"How kind!" said Aunt Lindsay, to whom David had handed the letter. "Clara was so anxious for it. Ah, Douglas Lodge—Douglas Lodge on the Clyde—the very house where Clara lived when you courted her!"

"Happy times," murmured David. "Yes, we were then all friends together. Captain Morton, you know, took the house after the death of Clara's father."

Miss Lindsay, recurring to the letter, pointed out a wish expressed by Captain Morton that the travellers should start for Scotland by the first possible train. The Mortons were to spend their Christmas in the Highlands, and had arranged that little Janet should be of their party. Moreover the captain, before going further north, was anxious to confer with David upon his affairs.

It occurred to David that Clara might go; but for many reasons his aunt thought that impracticable. "If you wish to see Captain Morton," she said, "there's not a day to lose." Another reason for haste was, that David had now a few days' leisure, and would not attend his pupils before Christmas. He looked at his watch, begged Miss Lindsay to order his trunk to be packed and to procure every thing needful for Janet.

The active cheerful lady had no sooner withdrawn, than Mr. Lindsay once more took up Captain Morton's letter. The words "Douglas Lodge" seemed to fix his eye; he unconsciously repeated them. A gentle expression stole over his worn face, and he whispered, "I shall be back with Clara, then, by Christmas Eve."

CHAPTER II.

David's musings were quickly interrupted by a knocking so loud, long, and varied, that it seemed as if some ambitious amateur were performing a fantasia on the street-door. At the same moment Clara, who had not yet seen Aunt Lindsay, re-entered the sitting-room. The wife's former look of mingled pain and bitterness was now replaced by a sort of anxious hope. Lindsay would have put into her hand the letter from Scotland; but she waved it aside and said, "Not just now, David; I heard Mr. Dexter below; he may bring us good news."

"Ay, news of the tragedy," cried Lindsay; "that might help us all, and open to me a bright career. It's strange," he added, in a changed tone, "I always felt so confident of it before; but now—"

With this unfinished sentence he turned to his bookshelf, and began nervously to arrange the volumes.

Then Aunt Lindsay ran in. "Here's Mr. Dexter," she said, "and, as usual, in such spirits." She went to the stair-head, and called to him in warning:

"Mind, sir; pray mind, or you'll fall."

"Fall, my dear madam; I never fall!" Here a lithe dapper figure scudded into the room, with a sort of ducking motion; like that of a yacht making port before a breeze. "Bless you, I never fall!" reiterated the speaker. "I could polk in skates up the side of a pyramid, pirouette on the summit, and bound off to *terra firma* without a scratch."

Mr. Dexter's gestures, no less than his words, testified to uncommon powers of locomotion. Every thing about him bore a certain reference to "going." His keen well-cut profile, with a kindling eye, like the light at a figure-head; his



JOHN BULL REVIEWING HIS CHRISTMAS TROOPS.

felt hat, secured to his coat by an elastic guard; his pictorial shirt, which perpetually reproduced all the exciting incidents of a regatta; his breast-pin, in the form of a leaping huntsman; his camoo ring, which displayed a pet of the ballet executing her unequalled *tour de force*,—all expressed the same mighty genius for movement. Were I a railway-director, I would paint Mr. Dexter on the panels of my express-trains—that is, if he could be got to stand still for the purpose.

When this gentleman had paid his rapid greeting to the ladies, his eye fell upon David, who still feigned to be engaged with his books and unconscious of his visitor.

The latter accosted Lindsay by name, gaily but not without respect.

David was a poor actor. His forced laugh and affected surprise, as he turned to Dexter, ill disguised the keen suspense within. To this simple unworldly mind, fame, influence, and the power to do good, were all staked on the manager's reply. When Lindsay thought of tragedy, he pictured Sophocles reading to assembled Athens, or the whole state convulsed in the sky-roofed theatre by the sublime terrors of *Æschylus*.

David had a vague instinct, however, that his enthusiasm on the subject would hardly be understood by his friend. So he resolved to be practical, and only said, "Why—why, it's you, Mr. Dexter!"

"Yes, punctual as the sun," replied the other. "You know I promised to call to-day about that little matter of yours."

"He can't mean the tragedy," thought David; "that little matter?"

Quick-witted Dexter saw his mistake. "I mean the little matter of *arranging* about your tragedy. Of course I don't call the tragedy itself a little matter."

"Why, hardly, hardly," said David with a smile. "Well, Mr. Dexter?"

The young man felt his task becoming decidedly unpleasant.

"To say the truth, Mr. Lindsay," he continued, "the manager wouldn't object to your tragedy being a trifle, a shade, a—you understand?"

David looked as if he didn't.

"A little less matter than it is," Dexter coughed; then added sternly, "He finds it too long, Mr. Lindsay."

Lindsay said that was impossible.

"It should be so from *your* pen," answered soothing cunning Dexter.

"I don't mean that," exclaimed Lindsay,—"I mean that I have only written the usual number of lines" (that was a mistake, David); "and that if the tragedy seems long, it's because—because—I have failed in it."

"Failed!" laughed Dexter. "You're joking. I never fail; and what am I compared to you?"

"I see my mistake," said David gravely. "It isn't for me to bend the bow of Ulysses."

"Yes it is; and to hit the bull's-eye too, if you only allow for the wind." By the wind, Mr. Dexter explained that he meant the prevailing taste. "It's changeable," he continued; "the wind always is. Well, shift your sails. Last spring, an African prince came over with two sweet children. Immediately there was a run upon black babies. Out came my 'Molok and Malon; or, the Twins of Abyssinia.' Sold a thousand a day for a fortnight. Another year we had the hippopotamus. In a week my farce, 'The Hippopotamus turned Lion,' filled the theatre to the slips. As to the Crystal Palace, my comic guide, called 'Puck; or, a Girdle round the Earth in forty minutes,' is as good as an annuity. But we're wandering." Here Mr. Dexter at last took the seat to which David had motioned him. "The manager rather fancies that Leonidas *talks* a little too much."

"Why, what else can he do in a play, Mr. Dexter?" urged Aunt Lindsay.

"Fight, my dear madam, fight."

"But he couldn't fight through five acts?"

"No, my dear madam, few heroes can. Ah, if the play had only been in three!"

"Three!" ejaculated David indignantly. Then he observed in a more composed manner, that Leonidas couldn't be fighting all the time, even through three acts.

Dexter admitted that he saw the hitch.

"If he doesn't talk," demanded David, "where's the sentiment of the piece?"

"Ah, that's not essential," rejoins Dexter.

"Where's the development of character, motive, passion?"

"Very little room for them."

"The poetry?"

"Decidedly better without it."

"What have you left, then?"

"Incident, incident; crowd your canvas with events—"

"And leave out your men and women?" Lindsay asked.

"O, you must be mistaken. The manager can't hate poetry."

"No; he prefers it," observes Dexter quietly. "Yet, after all, a manager's but a merchant—say a wine-merchant. He may think the old grape of Mount Parnassus excellent for his private drinking; but how, if his customers will have the vintage of the Palais Royal and the Boulevards?"

"I see," said Lindsay dejectedly. Dexter had now reached the most delicate point of his embassy. He was half inclined to evade it; but he thought of David's necessities, and proceeded.

"Mr. Lindsay, may I talk to you for a minute, not as a poet, but as a man?"

Clara—poor anxious mother!—implored David to listen.

"Poets," Dexter resumed, "live on air, and men don't. There, blundering fellow that I am, I've hurt you. But consider all things must have a beginning; once insert your wedge, and you may force your way. Now this play is the wedge."

"Go on," said David.

"Good; you admit it's a wedge; but it wants planing, sharpening, pointing—mere drudgery that would tire you. Now shall I be your carpenter? In other words, let me throw your play into three acts, put in some rough situations, wind up with the Pass of Thermopylae, the Greeks and Persians in real armour, and a general combat. Fifty to one your play's taken, your purse fills, your wedge enters, and you may wield the mallet ever after with your own hand."

Clara lunged pleadingly upon David's arm, but he rose incensed. "How, Mr. Dexter," he exclaimed, "do I understand? You cannot venture—" Then, with a sudden change of feeling, he grasped the hand of his counsellor. "Forgive me," he cried; "you're a good generous fellow; you meant it most kindly, I'm sure."

"That he did," echoed Aunt Lindsay.

Clara had drawn Mr. Dexter aside to ask whether the manager would indeed take the play with the proposed alterations. Dexter answered, "Yes; but not otherwise, I fear."

"O, David, you'll not refuse," Clara burst forth; "think of these children," and she pointed beseechingly to Janet and Robert, who had just re-entered.

David looked at her with haughty surprise.

"Think," she urged, "how the landlord threatens;—if they should want a home."

Her husband turned from her, and approached the young man with an erect and stately bearing. "Mr. Dexter," he said, "I feel your goodness deeply; it shows me that I have in you a true friend; but I cannot accept your offer. My tastes are formed on old—perhaps worn-out—models; but my heart clings to them; nor could I with honour accept, in my name, and on the meed of my talents, a recompense that would be due only to yours. God bless you!" Again he wrung his friend's hand, and with the same measured step returned to his seat.

Dexter passed his hand over his eyes. "Why doesn't he put talk of that kind into his tragedies," thought the young author, "instead of his confounded blank verse?" Then he bade Mrs. Lindsay good morning, and remarked that he might perhaps serve her husband in some other way.

Clara said she feared not; but she thanked him.

"David has so many gifts," sighed Aunt Lindsay.

"Gifts!" responded Dexter; "he has as many gifts as a three-decker has guns. He might take any fort on the whole coast of life, if he had only a rudder. Good by, pets."

The disciple of the "fast school" kissed the children and went out.

David was silently folding up his papers. Mrs. Lindsay walked to the opposite side of the table. He raised his head and met her fixed glittering eye. "And so you've refused," she said. Her words were like distilled gall, and fell with slow weight, drop by drop.

Aunt Lindsay knew what David had just suffered, and begged Clara not to fret him.

"It's only money that he has refused," said the wife, still with deliberate intensity; "it only means cold and hunger." Here she wound an arm round each child, as if she claimed them solely.

"Clara, before the children!" whispered the aunt upbraidingly.

Clara replied, with a brief sharp laugh, "I forgot that; but it's scarcely a fault, you know, to forget one's children."

"Clara, do I forget the children?" cried a stern deep voice. At first you could hardly have believed it was David's.

Aunt Lindsay hurried Janet and Robert from the room. "Go to Ann, love," she said to the former; "she's packing your trunk; you shall know all soon."

"Do I forget the children?" repeated David.

Clara answered, "Haven't you just thrown away success—success, which is money?"

"Money gained by another's industry is alms."

Clara laughed again. "O, pride becomes an obscure author."

"Self-respect becomes him."

"Clara!" cried Aunt Lindsay.

"An author"—the former went on—"a puppet of popular favour, who holds his very brains at the disposal of others. He must act the grand seigneur—the high-toned gentleman."

Her words flew like sparks near a mine. At last the train caught fire.

"I hope so," cried David with a quivering lip; "for he has the refinement by nature which some fail to gain by education. He is of a class whose emotions make life's morals, whose thoughts become its laws. Rulers," exclaimed Lindsay, with kindling fervour,—"rulers, for they sway the heart; lawgivers, for they mould the will! I am, as you say, poor and humble, but still enrolled in that band."

There was a pause, and David's high tremulous voice had become firm and very low when he spoke again.

"Madam!" he said, "you may find other ways to wound me, and I shall bear it; but you must not insult my order."

"I was wrong—mad!" pleaded Clara, awed and alarmed by his manner. As he rose, she laid her hand upon his arm.

David drew back. "Not just now," he said, with a strange mixture of gentleness and decision. "Ah, had there been more brightness and sympathy by my hearth, I might not now have been the obscure man whom you despise!"

"I told you so," said Clara to Miss Lindsay; "I am his evil star, the blight upon his talents. Perhaps, David, we should be better apart?"

"We shall be so, at least for some days," he answered. "You have not yet read Captain Morton's letter. You will see that he wishes me to go there instantly. We must start at once."

"With Janet," cried Clara, glancing at the letter; "impossible!"

David urged that he had no choice, and that in a few days he should be required by his pupils.

"It's for Janet's good, you know," said Aunt Lindsay. She answered other objections by saying that she would lend the child her own shawl to travel in, that her clothes were already packed, and that whatever else was necessary could be got on her arrival in Scotland. The mother listened in helpless bewilderment.

"I must see to the luggage," said Aunt Lindsay. As she went out, David looked at his watch, and begged her to send for a cab.

"What, this instant? What, my Janet?" ejaculated Clara. She was hurrying to the door, but her husband stopped her. There were a few words, he said, that must be spoken ere they parted. It had many times struck him

that the cares of his lot fell heavily upon Clara, that his pursuits did not interest her. He thought, perhaps, she would be happier if she went to live in Scotland with Janet, while he remained and worked in London. He asked her to think over the plan in his absence.

"David!" cried the wife impulsively. Then a suspicion flashed upon her. "He would be free," she thought, "from the incumbrance, the drag." In a hard tone she uttered, "Very well; I'll think of it."

Aunt Lindsay now re-appeared with Robert and Janet, the latter already attired for her journey.

"Is it true, dear mamma," cried the child; "must I leave you?"

Clara clasped the little girl wildly to her bosom. "My own," she sobbed, "it's but for a time, darling."

"You'll come and see me, mamma?"

"Ay, please God."

"And I'll come too," broke in Robert. Then he turned to Mr. Lindsay, and said, "I shall be papa when you're away."

David smiled sadly.

"No, don't be *that* my boy; be a comfort to your mother."

Here Ann announced that the cab was waiting, and all was hurry. Miss Lindsay handed David his great-coat, informed him that his best suit was in the trunk, and urged him to see that every thing was right in the carpet-bag. He complied with that request, and then kissed his aunt and Robert. Clara pressed kiss after kiss upon Janet's lips, and repeated her promise to come to her.

David, hat in hand, advanced to his wife, and kissed her forehead.

A time came when she bitterly repented the cold "Good by, David," with which she answered his farewell. Again she embraced Janet as if she would have drawn her to her very heart. "Go, go, darling!" she said at last hoarsely.

"You had better not come down, Clara," observed Aunt Lindsay.

Clara made no reply; she could not, but stood as if stupefied, while the three descended the stairs.

She heard their feet go down step after step; she felt as if they were treading upon her heart.

"So he wishes we should part," she thought. "I kept that grief in at least. I'm sorry, though, I took his kiss so coldly. I couldn't have borne up a moment longer. He's gone by this time. I wish I'd said 'God bless you!'"

David's peculiar tremulous knock was again heard at the door. Clara hoped he was coming back—perhaps with a wish to be reconciled. It was, however, only Miss Lindsay who entered. David, she said, had forgotten the manuscript of his tragedy, which he needed. She took the papers from the table, and left the room.

There was yet time, then.

"I'll go down," cried Clara, "and say Good bye." She opened the room-door, then paused. "But if he really wishes us to part," she murmured, "I won't force myself upon him. Still, he's going away; if any thing should happen! Yes, I will speak to him."

But the door below closed loudly, and Clara heard the cab drive quickly off. She rushed to the window; when she turned from it, anguish was in her face, and in the tone with which she exclaimed, "It's too late—too late!"

CHAPTER III.

David Lindsay and his charge duly arrived at Douglas Lodge, by Dumbarton, where they met with the warmest reception. But, for reasons already stated, the father's stay was necessarily to be of the briefest. On the evening which followed that of his arrival he prepared to return.

The lodge itself was as pleasant a retreat from the tumult of civic life as could well be desired. The house, flanked by plantations, sloped towards the Clyde, at a point where it attains to more than half a mile in breadth during high-water. The castellated rock, which then becomes an island,

was visible from the window. In the distance stretched a mountain chain; only faintly discernible, however, on the evening to which our narrative refers. The keen frost had suddenly abated. A soft vapour hung upon the snowy peaks which had before gleamed gemlike in the sun with shifting hues of gold, crimson, and purple.

Close to the shore the homely jetty, with its casual loungers, the fishers' boats returning from their cruise, and the hail of voices from the land, touched, as it were, with warm human light the else lonely grandeur of the scene.

Indoors the ministries of wealth to taste were apparent: the latest form of reading-chairs; the low fender, wrought into a graceful pattern of fern-leaves; the timepiece, surmounted by a laurelled Fame, before whom Time knelt in homage; some fine old portraits, including a common ancestor of Mr. Morton and poor Clara—David's wife;—these objects, with a well-arranged group of dirks, battle-axes, and muskets, that rayed out from a central shield, gave an air of picturesque comfort to a spacious apartment.

Mr. Lindsay, in his best suit, the little Janet standing at his knee, sat by the fire near his fair and gracious hostess. A slight figure of perfect but almost fairy-like mould was Kate Morton. She seemed so especially when contrasted with her tall martial-looking husband opposite. The smile that lit his frank manly face suggested that he could sometimes bend. It had also been a problem how Kate could have taken her nuptial greeting from him, even on tip-toe.

"Fill your glass; fill your glass, David," said Captain Morton. "Nay, I insist;" and he replenished the glass himself. "You have a long journey before you, since you *will* leave Scotland. You had better stay, and go with us to-morrow to the Highlands."

"Much better," pleaded Kate. "You are but just come. Have you found one night under our roof so dreary that you won't risk another? Do ask papa for one more night, Janet. She won't leave your side a moment," remarked Mrs. Morton, "to play with her cousins."

Little Janet joined in the entreaty:

"Do stay, pa; do now; wont you?"

"Tell your cousin, darling," he replied, "that papa has duties, grave duties, in London, and that he must deserve such kind friends by doing what is right. Besides, to-morrow is Christmas Eve, when I must be home with mamma. I wrote to say that I should start by the four o'clock steam-boat to-day, and take the train at Glasgow."

"Well, we must say no more, then," observed Morton; "but you needn't move just yet."

Kate thought it was so pleasant to have a gossip over old times.

"Especially," said her husband, "in this dear quaint old house, where my uncle—Clara's father—lived before us. There's the old corner where poor Clara used to sit at her embroidery when you, sir, came a-wooing."

"Yes," Kate laughed archly. "Do you remember what a trick she had of pretending to be lost in her silks, that she might hide her blushes? Has she any of those tricks now, David?"

He answered the question by an echo—"Non!"

Kate went on to rally David on his fears and jealousies during courtship. She recalled to him how Clara had been the belle of every ball, at race or regatta. "That young ensign," she said, "who was the seventh son of a Scotch lord, would have turned the heads of many a major's daughter. Then there was rich Macpherson, with his 'Eh, lassie, I'm a plain body; but if ye'll tak me, ye shall ne'er greet for siller.' But Clara was true through all."

"Pa, love!" exclaimed Janet.

"Yes, pet."

"Did mamma ever really live in this nice comfortable house?"

"She did, Janet."

"Then why did she ever leave it for our gloomy place in London? O, I've found it out! it was to be with you."

"Yes, to be with me, Janet," said her father very gently.

The child having once found her tongue, seemed determined to use it.

"O, do you know, pa," she cried, "I saw a book to-day in the library, called 'Sonnets by David Lindsay'! Was that you?"

"Yes," laughed Captain Morton, "papa was the poet."

Mrs. Morton observed that the book was Clara's gift to her,—she was afraid to say how long ago.

Indefatigable Janet recommenced:

"There was a sonnet in it to Clara; now wasn't that ma? And she had written under it something about her beloved David."

The child waited for a reply, but Lindsay kept silent. With a woman's ready tact, Mrs. Morton sent the little querist into another room for some crochet-work. Captain Morton walked to the window, remarked that time was passing, and that David must start in a few minutes.

Mrs. Morton inquired whether the steamboat, which was to stop at the jetty, was yet in sight.

Her husband said, "Not yet. There's a mist gathering," he continued; "but its very calm."

"That's well," Kate rejoined; "the Clyde here is sometimes as rough as the sea."

Here Janet bounded into the room; she had in her hand not only the crochet-work, but a miniature in its case.

"There's your work, cousin," she uttered, almost out of breath. "And O, look, pa, I've found mama! I saw this on the table, just opened it, and there she was. I'm sure its mama's likeness, although she's a good deal altered. How beautiful she looks—how happy!"

David took the miniature from her, and looked on it fixedly. Then his hand shook; he bowed his head over the unconscious face, and pressed it to his lips. He laid it upon the table, and covered his face with both hands. They could not hide the tears that streamed through his long slender fingers.

"Pa, what's the matter?" began Janet. But Captain Morton seized that indiscreet young lady in his arms. "There, I've eloped with her!" he cried, and danced out of the room with his burden.

Mrs. Morton was about to follow; but Lindsay, who had now mastered his emotion, rose and called to her.

"Don't go, Kate. Ah, if you knew what thoughts these few hours with you bring back—what emotions this face recalls! Her old smile," he said, gazing on the portrait;—"her old smile, kindly and sudden, like sunlight through a rift; those eyes, fresh and pure, that had seen life but in its morning; the ripening lip, like to-morrow, ever in the bud!"

"And she's still the same—not changed?" Kate asked softly.

"By trial, not time," Lindsay answered. "If a tint be lost, if a line be deepened, a mother's tears have blanched the rose and worn the channel. She chose my fate, or she might still be thus. Ah, give it me; let me keep it!"

"What, Clara's portrait? Nay, we should miss it so much."

"'Tis the Clara of my youth," he pleaded. "I could almost fancy it was a spell, a talisman, to save me."

"Well, then, you shall have it."

"Thanks, thanks! I will never part with it—never! It will make me a better man."

"It can't make you a better husband, I am sure. One more look," she said, taking the miniature.

"O yes, Kate! I've neglected her; turned vexed from the very cares I should have lightened. I've been lost in the creation of poetic virtues, while I forgot common duties. Ah, let poets learn—'tis a needful lesson—that he who would paint goodness in the ideal should practise it in life!"

"My dear—dear friend!" Mrs. Morton put down the miniature, and extended both her hands. He took them, and answered more cheerfully, that the past might be repaired—he hoped so.

"And yet, Kate,"—he was lapsing into his earnest mournful tone,—"if by any chance I should never, never,—nay, such things are possible,—if I should never see Clara again—"

"David!" she said, with a chiding laugh.

"You'll tell her," he continued, "what I now say, that I felt all she had sacrificed for me; that I well knew my many faults, and loved her to the last."

"O, you'll see her to-morrow."

"Who knows what to-morrow may bring forth?"

He spoke with so much solemnity, that both stood silent. The voice of Captain Morton startled them, as he entered hat in hand.

"Now, indeed, you must go; the steamer's near the landing."

Lindsay took a tender farewell of Kate, the captain all the time urging him to be quick. Janet, unequal to saying "Good bye," was lingering outside the door. "Button up, button up," cried Mrs. Morton; "the air's so damp." Then, after a brief sharp parting with Janet, David and the captain set off for the steamer.

Kate brought in the weeping child, and led her to the window which overlooked the river. "We shall see papa pass," said the kind matron. "Look, there they are!—how quick they go! Ah, now papa turns his head; he sees us. Wave your hand."

"Papa!" cried poor Janet, making her signal.

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Morton, "he answers you! I can hardly see them now, there's such a mist. Yes, there they are! Now I've quite lost them," said she, after a pause; "it's so thick. By this time they must be at the vessel."

The child's grief was already somewhat assuaged. "How the mist makes one see every thing through a veil!" she observed. "What's that great thing in the distance, like a moving rock?"

Mrs. Morton told her that it was most likely a large steamer making way to the North Channel, but she couldn't be sure, the mist was growing so dense.

Janet noticed that the sailors by the river had lit their lanterns.

A form was now seen hurrying towards the house. When quite close, Kate saw that it was her husband. She opened the window, and asked if any thing had been forgotten.

"Yes," he answered; "I fear I shall be too late."

In another minute he was in the room.

"I want that miniature of Clara. David says you gave it to him."

"Yes," she replied, looking for it. "I laid it down—here, I think."

"Or perhaps in the library," suggested Janet, running out. Captain Morton said that David had begged him to run for it as if for life.

"You left him on board?" asked his wife, still looking.

"Yes, safe on board: quick, love!"

Kate found the portrait beneath her work.

"See; we're too late," said the captain; "the boat's off; there she goes!"

"How very thick!" Kate remarked. "I can't see half across the river."

Morton could make out that the boat was rounding the rock.

Kate uttered a cry of alarm:

"Look, George! that large steamer—how close she comes to David's! There—look!"

"Heavens, she hasn't seen her!" exclaimed Morton. "She's on her—strikes her!"

A hoarse scream of "Help, help!" rose from river and shore.

"O, that cry!" burst from Mrs. Morton. "Look at David's boat!"

Then the voices swelled to a roar; there was a gleaming of lights and a hurried tramp of men beneath the window. At length a single voice pierced the tumult:



THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT. BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HARVEY.

"They've fouled—she's on the rock!"

"Filling!—boats!" responded another.

"Quick, quick, my brave fellows!" called Morton from the window; and he strove to tear himself from his wife.

"Too late, sir; too late!" the man replied, pushing off nevertheless. "She heels over—she's going!"

"Sinking!" uttered Morton, in a hard whisper.

"O, George!" gasped Kate.

She clung to him, as if by that act she could save the beloved guest who had gone from them. Thus, her arms knotted round her husband, he bore her from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Christmas Eve.

Either some change for the better had really taken place in the bare comfortless interior of David's home in London, or its defects by day were redeemed by the efforts of a cheerful lamp, a fire glowing with Yule logs, and the bright Christmas holly which decked the mirror.

The apartment was yet unoccupied, save by our friend Robert, deep in the mysteries of boat-rigging: but the tea-equipage glittered on the table; the easy-chair was placed by the fire, and there was a general look of expectation.

You would have had to look twice, I think, before you could have recognised the worn anxious Clara of our first chapter in the engaging, almost beautiful, woman who now entered. She wore her best dress of black silk with a lace edging. By the critical glance which she gave,—first in the mirror at her glossy hair in bands, then at the spotless purity of her cuffs, and at her shining little boot of black morocco, poised for an instant on the fender,—you would have guessed the lady by no means indifferent to the result of her toilette.

Ann appeared to the summons of the bell.

"You'll take care to have the boiling water ready," said her mistress.

"Yes," said cheerful Ann, already placing the chairs at the table.

Clara drew from her bosom a little note, which she read to herself in a whisper:

"I shall leave Douglas Lodge," the note ran, "for Glasgow by the four o'clock steamer, and be with you on Christmas Eve soon after seven."

"Soon after seven—that's to-night, Wednesday. Just one hurried line," mused Clara rather sadly, till she was surprised to see by the timepiece that it was nearly eight o'clock. "Where's Miss Lindsay?" she inquired.

"Just gone to the stationer's, ma'am," Ann replied. "Mr. Dexter saw her across the road."

Mrs. Lindsay quickly regained her spirits, and gaily bade Robert hang up the mistletoe, and fill the vase with fresh holly-branches, both recently brought in.

"Is my collar quite right?" she asked.

"Quite, ma'am; you look charming," said Ann, as she retired with lingering admiration.

"I think I'll wear my blue bow," soliloquised Clara. "No; he likes pink best;" and accordingly she adopted a ribbon of the latter colour.

"Bring me that bracelet, Robert."

"Why, it's your cameo, ma," cried the boy, handing her the ornament,—“the one you said papa gave you before you were married."

"There, clasp it;" and she held out her delicate wrist.

Robert laughed archly.

"I suppose you wear it because papa's coming home?"

"Hush, hush!"

"And that's why you were so hard to please about your bow and your back hair."

"Cut your holly, sir; and don't jest about your papa. You are growing very like him." Here her voice grew low and earnest, and she kissed the lad tenderly.

"Is that why you gave me such a soft kiss?" demanded the audacious Robert, taking up the vase.

"Mind, sir, or you'll spill the water."

Clara walked a little apart. She felt almost jealous that the secret of her heart—all its fondness reawakened by David's absence—could be read by a mere child. She longed to see her husband; to beg his forgiveness for the past; to plead that it was her trouble, not her will, that had wronged him. "And yet," she reflected, "he wished us to part—gravely, earnestly. I may have said so in a captious mood, but *wish* it! Ah, no!" But for all this, she could not repress a bitter thought that if he no longer cared for her love, she would learn to hide it.

She was roused from these conflicting feelings by the entrance of Miss Lindsay and Mr. Dexter.

Dexter had a newspaper in his hand. Aunt Lindsay observed that he had good news for them, and that she had induced him to come in.

"So David's not yet arrived," said she.

"No," replied Clara, with feigned indifference, "not yet."

"But he should have been before this."

"I suppose, aunt, the train's not punctual."

Mr. Dexter here expressed his opinion that trains couldn't be relied upon. He thought the railway on the whole a slow institution, and wanted to know when wings were coming in.

"But you don't ask our news, Mrs. Lindsay?" he observed.

Clara, whose eyes were fixed on the timepiece, turned to him inquiringly.

"Well, first, the play's accepted."

"What! David consented?"

"Yes; called on me on his way to the station—would insist on our being partners, though."

This touched Clara much. She felt that for her sake David had accepted help which must deeply wound his pride as a man and his taste as a writer. She began to doubt whether his poetic ideals were so worthless, after all. She remembered lines of his which in her past girlhood had often touched her deeply, and made her feel more kindly towards all. And she thought the reason why the poet's music was so little cared for might sometimes be that he sang to deaf ears.

Dexter, with an air of mystery, had unfolded his newspaper.

"Next, madam," says he, "what should catch my eye at the stationer's, just now, but this notice of Lindsay's new book."

"Book?" echoed Clara.

"Yes, that I coaxed him to edit—'Cæsar for Children; or, the Commentaries with Pictures.' Such pictures! A fac-simile of the chariot of Cassibelanus; our respected ancestors, the ancient Britons, stained from top to toe with blue woad,—the original true blues—locomotive almanacs, with suns and moons on their bodies. There's a school-book for you always in request! Attention, while I read. 'This 'Cæsar' of Mr. Lindsay's—(he's in print, you see)—is a rare gift-book for boys, happily conceived, splendidly illustrated, learnedly annotated, and will be in a thousand homes this Christmas.' Bravo, bravo! it's a hit; didn't I say so?" cried Dexter, clapping his hands and executing a *pas seul* of striking originality.

"We owe this to you, dear friend," said Clara.

"O, it's nothing!" he replied. "I'm made for the present, Lindsay for the future. He'll be a great man when I'm forgotten, I know that very well. Bless you, a poet takes nearly a lifetime to grow, and seldom gets well above ground until he's under it. Next age Lindsay may be as much praised as Milton; and perhaps"—he moralised inwardly—"perhaps as little read. Ah, what's fame, after all? The dictation of the few who care for genius to the many who don't?"

Ashamed of philosophising even to himself, the exuberant Dexter laid his hands on Robert, and spun him as if he had been a tætetum. "What have you there, Robby?" he asked.

"It's my ship," said the boy. "I wish you would show me how to fix the jib."

"Just let me have a glance at the latest news first. I'm sure the ladies will forgive me."

Permission being granted, the young author threw himself into a chair and took up his paper.

Eight o'clock struck.

"Strange, David's not here yet?" said Aunt Lindsay, looking up from her work.

"Strange!" responded Clara with a sharp laugh. "You're getting nervous, aunt."

"By Electric Telegraph! What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Dexter, as the capitals in the centre of the paper arrested him. His quick eye at once took in the paragraph. He restrained himself and read silently thus:

"The passage-boat leaving this port at four o'clock last evening encountered a large steamer in a dense fog. So fearful was the collision, that the smaller vessel sank almost immediately—"

"Look; her mainsail's right," interrupted Robert, presenting his mimic craft to Dexter. The latter rose, walked from the boy, and resumed:

"In consequence of the fog, almost every passenger was below. Prompt efforts were made; but the ill-fated boat being off the rock at the time, and the night so thick, but three of the crew were saved."

"What port?" whispered Dexter, willing to doubt the letters that stared him in the face. "Dumbarton?"

He was surprised to a tone something louder than he had before used. Clara caught the word.

"Did you say Dumbarton?" she asked.

"Dumbarton," he said mechanically; then added evasively, "did I?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"I was just thinking that was the port Lindsay left;—at what hour last evening?"

"Four o'clock."

Dexter echoed the words steadily, but his voice grew thick.

"I say, Mr. Dexter," persisted Robert.

"Not just now, dear. Isn't it bed-time?"

"Bed-time, when it's Christmas Eve, and papa's coming home?"

"Go downstairs, Robert," said his mother with a quiet decision that the boy did not resist. Then she turned to Mr. Dexter.

"There's something wrong!"

"No, Clara," interposed Miss Lindsay.

"Yes; he named Dumbarton. Why did you wish Robert away, Mr. Dexter?"

There was a moment's pause.

"It's in that paper," she continued, pointing to the journal which Dexter was folding up.

"My dear friend," he began.

"You speak to me in pity. Give it me!"

"Not just now: calm yourself."

She gazed at him firmly, and gave him her hand.

"You see I'm quite calm. I must have it," she cried, suddenly seizing the paper.

The fatal words at-once met her eye. "Dumbarton by Electric!" she uttered, and for a moment stood as if rooted to the spot. Then she tottered, and would have sunk heavily, but Dexter caught her in his arms and bore her to a chair.

A word or two of explanation, and Aunt Lindsay knew the terrible secret. Dexter enforced on her the need of controlling her own anguish. "We must now," he said, "think only of his wife."

"True, true," sobbed the heroic woman; "but—"

"Hush! she's coming to."

A deep moan burst from Clara, but it seemed to relieve her. Those that escaped her after were lighter and quicker. At length her hands moved as if waving off some dreadful phantom.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, her eyes still closed, "it's gone; it's gone now." She struggled to raise herself. "I've had these dreams before—often; but they go—they go."

She opened her eyes, and gazed round the chamber, at first vaguely, then with a look of baffled wonder that changed to terror.

"What's this?" she cried; "not daylight; not my chamber! How you look!"

Dexter strove to answer. "Let me entreat—"

"Silence!" she uttered with a shrill imperious accent. "It was a dream, I say." She rose to her feet, and glared at him, then sank powerless into the chair.

A short silence followed. Then Miss Lindsay approached and bent over her gently, saying, "It may not be true."

"True, true!" repeated Clara, with meaningless iteration. Gradually collecting herself, she seized again upon the word. "True—what true? I here; life going its round with me; rest, food, talk, work; that fire burning; and *he* engulfed, struggling, lost! True!" And her frantic laugh rang peal after peal through the room.

Dexter whispered the comfort he could not feel. "There may be hope."

"May?" she shrieked; "there must." Then the fierce voice sank into an imploring wail. "Why, what's changed? There are his books, his very pen, the table he wrote at when he escaped from this hard hard world to a brighter; and I—I upbraided him. There's the door by which he entered often without a welcome. O, to see him there now—to atone, what would I not give!"

The agonised wife flung herself upon her knees, and groaned, "O, Heaven, let it not be too late—not too late!"

Still she knelt, her hands stretched in a rigid clasp. At last they fell by her side, her whole frame relaxed, and for a time the icy grief thawed into a gush of tears.

"Heaven pity her!" prayed Aunt Lindsay.

Clara rose with a quietness that surprised them. "I must go now."

They were alarmed for her mind, and asked, "Whither?"

"To know the worst," she answered; "to the railway—perhaps to Scotland. I must be with him living; or if—if—yes, even there with him—or near him," she added with a shudder; "still mine—still mine!"

With these words she left the apartment.

Dexter thought it better that Clara should be for a time alone, so restrained Miss Lindsay from following.

"O, Mr. Dexter," sobbed the latter, "the train must have been in long ere this."

"I fear so," he replied; "another train—the express—is more than due now. It may bring tidings. I will, of course, go with Mrs. Lindsay to the station." And with a kind pressure of Aunt Lindsay's hand, he left her to procure a conveyance.

When alone, Miss Lindsay gave full vent to her tears. She read again the dreadful paragraph. It was too decisive to admit of doubt. There was none as to the identity of the boat with David, or that the only persons saved were members of the crew. Then the arrival of the train without him put the seal to her misery.

The wife, shawled and prepared to start, had re-entered so noiselessly that Aunt Lindsay had not time to control her grief. It did not, however, provoke any violent outburst from Clara. She asked quietly for Mr. Dexter, and hearing that he would be back shortly, moved dreamily about the room.

When Aunt Lindsay begged her to sit, she obeyed at once; the will to struggle seemed gone. "I am quiet now," she said; "I don't think Heaven will take him till I have his forgiveness. Often I yearned to ask it; but, O wretched pride! I doubted his love—thought *he* should speak first; and so I waited—waited—gambled with death."

All was said in the same hushed dreamy tone, as if spoken of another. The blow had fallen, and she lay helpless but still. Misery might crush her—it could not shock her again.

Aunt Lindsay strove to divert her self-reproach.

"O, you're wrong," said Clara. "Let me feel remorse—feel it to the heart's core. If I did not suffer, would Heaven have mercy?"

The door opened, and Mr. Dexter came in; Mrs. Lindsay rose, and said she was ready.

"We must wait a short time," he answered; "the conveyance is not yet here."

"We'll walk, then," said Clara.

"The distance is too great; besides I don't think we need start just yet."

"Not just yet!" She turned on him a wan smile. How could he know what moments were to her?

Mr. Dexter understood her meaning, and explained:

"Another train has arrived—the express: I may have news soon."

"News?"

"As to the truth of this report."

"Report!—bless you, bless you!" she uttered tremulously; "only report!"

"Only report at present," he added; "not yet confirmed as regards Lindsay."

Silently she peered into his face. "I almost think—don't tell me if I'm wrong—I almost think you have a hope. The express arrived. Have you seen any one?"

"Only a friend at the door."

"Well?"

"He merely placed in my hand this case; it contains a miniature."

Clara shook her head sadly, and began again to wander about the room. Dexter next called Miss Lindsay's attention to the miniature-case. She felt hurt that he should do so at such a time, and said, "O, not now, sir—not now!"

"Do look," Dexter entreated. When she reluctantly took the case, he whispered, "Command yourself; Lindsay's returned."

As Clara turned round, she saw them both conversing, seemingly about the portrait.

"And they can talk about trifles," she said. Then the idea flashed upon her that they could not do so unless there were hope.

"I've arranged with him," continued Dexter, still apart to Miss Lindsay, "to enter at my signal—a light in the window."

Clara approached, and bent on him a gaze so keen that he felt she was already penetrating his secret.

"That case?" she asked.

"As I told you," he replied, "it contains a portrait; forbear awhile; it will surprise you. That portrait saved my friend!"

She took the case and opened it. "Myself!" she exclaimed; "my gift to Kate. *Who* brought it? You smile,—O, tell me, tell me! My heart's so faint, joy will but revive it. He's here?"

She quivered from head to foot. Aunt Lindsay passed round her a supporting arm.

Dexter took the light and walked to the window. He had scarcely done so, when a peculiar tremulous knock was heard at the street-door.

Miss Lindsay felt the wild leap of Clara's heart.

"It's his step," cried the wife; "let me go!" Holding Robert's hand, Lindsay entered the room. She fell upon his neck.

For awhile not a word was spoken. Clara grasped her husband's hands, drew him to his chair, and sank on her knees by his side.

Then, her face shining through blessed tears, she uttered, "Forgive me."

"You, you, too, must pardon," he murmured fondly.

"I have not deserved this," she cried. "Saved!"

"Yes," answered Lindsay, "saved, after Heaven, by my wife." He took the miniature from Clara, and turned to Miss Lindsay and Dexter. "See, aunt,—see, friend, her portrait was my talisman. I had left it in my haste; I discovered my loss when on board; sent for it, but in vain. I could not part with it. At the last moment I leaped ashore. The vessel passed, passed on her fated way; but I—I was spared."

Her tears fell upon the portrait. "Ah, David," she said, may all that you once fancied there,—a wife's patience, sweetness, devotion,—all that you have never found in me, now be—"

He stopped her with a kiss. "Home-truths, Clara; they will be so henceforth."

They never forgot that Christmas Eve.

A LITTEE HOMILY FOR CHRISTMAS-DAY. By THE AUTHORESS OF THE "HOUSE OF RABY."

Of all the days in the year, I love this one the best. It is the day when the whole of Christendom rejoices together in memory of

"The birth of Him that no beginning knew,"

as Giles Fletcher sang long ago. It is a holy day that makes us feel how all days are holy and precious in the sight of Him who measures them out to us. The smiling babe, and not the cruel cross, is the emblem of this day,—a day that makes the sorrowful take heart again—makes us able to enjoy and to glorify our humanity. Every thing in our common life hath a property of good, which we must find out in living; and Christmas comes to remind us of that fact. O, we of little faith! Penitential psalms and plum-puddings; sacraments and mere lovers' vows and kisses (sacramental, too, sometimes); the mystic dances of the heavenly host, and the merry mazes of Sir Roger de Coverley, where grandpapa and his three-years' darling go the first; the dark cold day outside, and the light and warmth within, which man by "his excellent spirit" hath invented; the solstitial pause and the hush of mundane gain-getting,—all are good and dear to the Life-giver and to the Life-receiver. Christmas Day is thrice blessed; it is consecrate to faith, hope, and charity. Perhaps *our* souls stand most in need of hope. Faith we hold more or less firmly, and love we give—as much as in us lies; but hope is hard to keep. We look out over the world and within our own hearts, all seems cold and dark and sad; we cannot see the spring-time coming. We must seek for hope, make her stay with us, and she will show us what virtue there is in being born into this human life. Let hope preside at our Christmas feasts, and then will it be merry; and our new year happy,—yea, though past Christmases and past years whisper dirges within us the while, our one human heart holds many sorrows and many joys, and they learn to live there together. But remember, O my wearied brothers and sisters, that though weeping may endure for a night (this star-lighted night of life), joy cometh in the morning! Amen, and God be with you.

THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS.

By THE AUTHORESS OF "ETHEL."

ON New Year's Eve I sat me down, and looked
Into the clear blank air, wherein anon
I saw, as moving visions, these—the Months.

Bleak January, stern, and hard, and cold,
Inexorable vanguard of the year;

His brother following close, with head bent down,
And eyes avert, and lagging, painful tread.

Then March—the young and lusty. In his breath
Is life—full, daring, fetterless, and wild,
Eager and fatal as a thoughtless love.

Passionate April—girl-child of the year—
Weeping her heart out on the lap of spring,

Until the May-time cometh, flowery-fair,
And all the earth smiles back the smile of heaven.

June,—throbbing, tremulous with coming joy,
Her rose-bud pulses thrilling all the air;



THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS. BY W. HARVEY.

And rich July, oppressed with empery,
Bathes in a flood of gold, and taketh rest
By starlight, with low sighs and murmurings.

August, queen-regnant, born unto the throne,
Holding her state with bland, assured content,
Gracious and regal-generous, large of heart.

September—gentle matron—with sweet eyes
And a low voice that penetrates, persuades,
And looks of love, and tender, guiding hands.

October, with a calm and thoughtful brow,
But quick decision in the look of him,
And a great will that may not be gainsaid.

Sobbing November cometh, veiled in mist,
And weeps, lamenting o'er the faded earth.

And then the last—December—takes his rank
Submissive, and contented to be old,
Grateful for unthought rays of happiness,
And ever mindful of the holy time
That cometh towards the end.

So they passed on—

The Months, in long procession, glad to go
Unto the goal of all things—even to God.

M. J. J.

PLUM-PUDDING.

A CHRISTMAS ESSAY.

By THE AUTHOR OF "A SUBALTERN'S STORY."

CHARLES LAMB has immortalised himself by writing a dissertation on Roast-pig. Let me be handed down to posterity as the author of a treatise on Plum-pudding. It is impossible to imagine, in the whole range of cookery, a more delicious subject for contemplation. At this festive season of the year,—I believe *festive* is the adjective usually applied to Christmas,—it is more particularly interesting. Plum-pudding may be said to be the all-absorbing topic of the day; it is in every body's mouth; nothing else will go down. Peace has been proclaimed; Parliament is not sitting; politics are voted a bore; the Persian war is a myth; and plum-pudding and pantomime reign supreme.

It must not be supposed, however, from this exordium that I wish to detract in any way from the acknowledged merits of roasted sucking-pig. Nothing can be farther from my intention. I share with Elia his amiable weakness, and agree with him, that the flavour of "crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*," is incomparable; but I also desire to record my grateful sense of the surpassing excellence of brown, melting, well-made, not under-boiled, plum-pudding.

I institute no invidious comparisons; both dishes have the strongest culinary claims to our distinguished consideration, and a thinking mind will not fail to recognise many inestimable properties that they may be said to possess in common. Rich, tender, and luscious, each may be regarded in its respective course as the *crème de la crème* of gastronomical perfection. The one, like some sweet and touching melody, charms us by its exquisite simplicity; the other is a splendid composition, in which, as in a master-piece of Beethoven, a number of discordant and contradictory parts are, by the touch of genius, harmoniously blended together into a perfect and delicious whole. The one is an infant that reposes meekly in its cradle, and appeals to the best feelings of our nature in favour of its youth and innocence; the other stands erect upon its axis in conscious dignity, and commands our admiration by its noble qualities and majestic bearing. In short, one is nature, the other art—both are beautiful.

The illustrious Elia records of the fortunate clodhopper, who, by burning down his father's pigsty, originally discovered the transcendent flavour of roast-pork, that, in his first raptures, the showers of blows that were rained upon his head and shoulders by his indignant sire were no more heeded than if they had been flies. But what was the brutal joy of the ignorant Bo-bo compared to the intellectual transports of the gifted creature who first perfected a plum-pudding? I regret to say, that, notwithstanding the most diligent research, I have been unable to ascertain the name of its primary compounder, or I should have wished to enbalm the memory of such a national benefactor in the appropriate pages of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Whoever the philanthropic inventor may have been, he or she,—for it is only just to give the fair sex the benefit of the interesting doubt,—is entitled to the highest rank among those who have rendered themselves famous in culinary history, from

the ingenious cook of Marshal Saxe, who, when the garrison was hotly besieged, made thirty-two different dishes out of a pair of his master's leather breeches, to the benevolent nobleman who gave to the world, through Messrs. Lea and Perrin, the original recipe for Worcestershire Sauce.*

But it is not as a work of art alone that I wish to contemplate a plum-pudding. I claim for *my* theme a higher purpose than the mere gratification of the appetite; and propose to treat it not only in a gastronomical, but also in a national, commercial, geographical, statistical, social, and moral sense.

First, however, let me look at it in the same matter-of-fact way that Peter Bell looked at the primrose:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Whether Wordsworth's hero would have surveyed a pudding with the same calm indifference as he did the wild flower, it is not my business to inquire. At all events, let me do so, as becomes the dignity of an essayist, and view my subject simply as a pudding—a plum-pudding, and "nothing more."

Boil it well. And here let it be understood that I am not speaking of a common every-day amalgamation of flour and raisins, recommended in cookery-books as "light and wholesome;" but that delicious combination of

"Sugar and spice
And all that's nice,"

that comes, like Christmas, only once a year,—the brandy-blazing, blue-burning, holly-crowned, royal British plum-pudding! Let no cook, whether plain or otherwise, approach her annual task without a due sense of the responsibility of the undertaking. Let her reflect upon the awful consequences of any disproportion in the ingredients, or want of skill in their preparation. A whole family may be plunged into agonies of dyspepsia and heart-burning by her carelessness. Well made, a plum-pudding is like mercy—"it blesseth him that gives and him that takes;" ill made, it is the —;—no matter; I hope the reader may never experience the sensation.

It is a purely indigenous production, and arrives at perfection nowhere but in England. The foreign artist who rashly attempts its composition, produces either a crude unwholesome mass, as hard and indigestible as a Dutch cheese, or a floating chaos of plums and suet, served up, ye gods! in a soup-tureen. And it not only requires an English cook, but an English digestion. Continental stomachs, accustomed to "airy nothings," like omelettes and soufflés, are utterly incapable of dealing with such substantial confectionery. No, no; plum-pudding is a purely national dish, and fairly represents the national character. Decked with evergreen, and wreathed in flame, with its treasures collected from every part of the world, it is a fit emblem of Morrie England. Flourishing and powerful, rich, solid, and hospitable, it welcomes its friends, and disagrees with its enemies; a firm ally and benefactor to those who treat it with moderation and respect; a formidable foe to such as abuse its goodness and trifle with its power.

Again, in a commercial point of view, what a vast impetus must be given to trade, home and foreign, wholesale and retail, by the manufacture of plum-pudding! When we consider that there are nearly thirty millions of inhabitants in these islands, and allowing at a most moderate average one pudding for every ten persons, it is almost awful to think that three million plum-puddings are consumed on Christmas Day in Great Britain and Ireland. The immensity of the idea is positively appalling. Why, if they were all rolled into one enormous ball, it would cause an eclipse of the moon. Imagine, if you can, the shiploads of raisins and currants, the shopfuls of bread, the granaries of flour, the tons of suet, the pyramids of eggs, the hecatombs of candied orange-peel, the showers of spice, the mountains

* *Read label on bottle.*

of sugar, the avalanches of salt, the seas of brandy, the acres of cloth, the miles of string, necessary to produce three million plum-puddings! The mere enumeration almost takes one's breath away. If plum-puddings were taxed or prohibited in any way, a general bankruptcy must ensue, both at home and abroad. France, Spain, Portugal, the Ionian Islands, Java, the West Indies, Ceylon, Cheshire, Lancashire; the baker, the butcher, the miller, the poulterer, the grocer, the confectioner, the fruiterer, the wine-merchant, the draper,—all are concerned in the concoction of the family pudding, to say nothing of the doctor, who usually makes his appearance next day.

Apart from its culinary excellence and commercial importance, what pleasant associations are connected with plum-pudding! What a succession of happy family-meetings rise up before us, as we call to mind the various Christmas-dinners we have eaten! And if these bright visions of the past are occasionally dimmed by the recollection of a disagreeable ordeal, prescribed as a corrective measure by the functionary last mentioned in the preceding paragraph, the others only shine out the more brilliantly by the contrast. But I am growing sentimental; and plum-pudding poetically treated was not included in my programme.

Can there be a more thorough embodiment of sociality and good fellowship? Whoever heard of low spirits and plum-pudding? or ill-temper and plum-pudding? or any thing else in connection with plum-pudding but hearty goodwill and kind feeling? Directly his jolly brown face is uncovered, winking and blinking his hundred eyes with fun and merriment, and cracking his fat sides with richness and hospitality, every eye brightens, every heart warms; Dick and Harry nod kindly to each other, and forget their little differences over a glass of wine; the old people at the ends of the table look round with affectionate pride at the merry faces about them; and every body is pleased and happy.

But I am verging on the poetical again; let me be calm as I approach my moral.

"Plum-pudding with a moral!" exclaims the reader. Why not? There are sermons in stones. A geologist will hold forth for hours over a pebble. Hamlet picks up a skull, and preaches whole pages upon it. Let my text be a plum-pudding,—an infinitely more cheerful subject, it must be admitted, than Yorick's celebrated head-piece. There cannot be a more perfect illustration of the vanity of human affairs than a plum-pudding. To-day it makes its appearance in all the pride of youth and beauty—the observed of all observers, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" to-morrow it is fried. Alas, what a falling-off is there! The next day the sad but wholesome truth is forced upon our minds, that we cannot eat our pudding and have it. Well, well, such is life. It is only a plum-pudding! J. H. L.

CHARADE.

By T. K. HERVEY.

[Solution in the ensuing Number.]

An, my First!—a little space
Sweep the ages from its face!
From its covers shake the dust,—
From its claspings clear the rust!
'Neath the faded fences thin
Let us catch the soul within!
Through the dimness, through the stain,
Let us see thee as thou art,
Picture of some teeming brain?
Record of some grieving heart?—
Let us learn how ancient thought
At this altar prayed or wrought!
What dead limner left behind
This old copy of a mind?
Give thy message, stern or gay,
From some grave dug far away!

Tells it of the midnight toil
Wasted with the wasting oil,
Months of musing—maybe years,
Days of dreaming—haply tears,
Love that strove, and love that strayed,
Hopes that strengthened, fears that stayed,
Burning longings, doubtings cold,
Fancies young and feelings old,
Soaring wishes, failing wing,
That helped perchance to make this thing?—
All the bubbles blown and burst
In the birth-time of my First?

Boots not by *what* Muses nurst
To its fulness grew my First!
Boots not, if its web were wove
Out of learning, out of love!
Boots not, if it keep within
Tale of sorrow, trace of sin!
Whatsoe'er the sense or thought
O'er my First that ruled and wrought,
In its cradle, warped and worn,
Hath my Second since been born,—
Near its life-fount, drained and dried,
Hath my Second lived and died.
How he revelled—how he wrought
In that ancient house of thought!
Like to thought, still boring through
All the cells in which he grew!
Bringing down the rotten walls,
Laying waste the lonely halls,
Ruffling 'mid the rifled breast,
Prowling in the empty chest,
Groping, blind, the lamps about
Where the lights had long been out,
Making life where life was dead,
Waking up the weary head,
Creeping to the silent heart,

Stirring by the stagnant river,
Taking Time's unhandsome part
Where the clock had stopped for ever!—
Breaker of the broken shrine!
Miner in the wasted mine!
Reckless reveller!—feeder foul!
Robber of the robber-ghoul!
Spoiler in the home that nursed
All the fancies of my First,
For an hour that First shall be
Rescued from the moth and thee!

Ah, my First!—a little space
Sweep the ages from its face!
From its covers shake the dust,
From its claspings clear the rust!
Let not all the tears and toil,
Wasted with the wasting oil,
All the pantings, all the pain,
If they *were*, have been in vain!—
Though a fount of thought be dry,
Let its issues catch the sky!
Though the mine was closed of old,
Show the gem, and pass the gold!
Let not some poor ghost complain
Of a passion poured in vain,
Mourning-o'er its second self
Dead upon this coffin-shelf!
—By my fifty-student power,
Thus I wake it for an hour:—
Whatsoe'er thy wit or worth,
Buried prophet, come thou forth,
In thy grave-clothes, dust and damp,
To the glimpses of the lamp!—

So it is, my First appears
Once in many weary years.

Ah, the patriarch well might sing,
Would, my foe had done this thing!
If the doer poured his soul
Only—only for my Whole.
Well!—I prize it not myself;—
Carry it back to its coffin-shelf!
Lay it up in its ancient dust!
Bind its clasps with the rivet rust!—
I forbid not, o'er my First
Though my Second work its worst.
Let it vex no more my soul!
It hath made that soul aware,
Like my Second, so my Whole
May feed on sorry fare.

A WORD ABOUT CHRISTMAS DAY.

ADDRESSED TO DINERS-OUT.

I SAT musing a few evenings since in my old arm-chair; and whilst picturing to myself certain sparkling orbs, certain lustrous pearls on Druidical boughs, and certain glittering corals reclining on beds of variegated holly (with all of which I was so soon to become intimately connected), I fell into a trance.

Methought the spirit of one of the "Brothers Cheeryble" stood before me. It was "Brother Charles." Eyeing me graciously, Brother C. spoke as follows: "Gentle sir, I have been reading your thoughts. You are going out on Christmas Day, as usual, to enjoy yourself. I know all about it.

'Angels ever bright and fair'—

and all that sort of thing, eh? together with certain little amiable performances

'Under the blossom that hangs on the bough'—

eh? Ha, ha! Very good. But listen:

"As Christmas Day is a day of rejoicing to you and to all who are blessed with friends, just remember the wants of those who are without the means of enjoyment, and also destitute of friends. They have eyes, and can see what is going forward in the way of preparations for feasting. Hungry stomachs too have they, exciting them to *taste* the luxuries on which they gaze. Nor will their ears fail to detect the merry peals of laughter that will ring through our festive halls. Think of this, and tell your friends of it. If you cannot make all the world happy, as you are, you can each take a share in the good work, and cause many an individual heart to leap for joy. As you will all dine out scot-free, just put by *what it would have cost you* had you dined at home, and immediately distribute it in well-timed acts of charity. There are plenty of deserving objects to be found, and many to whom roast beef and plum-pudding have long been a dead letter. Search them out; then shall you and every friend of yours dine with a keener relish,—plum-pudding and custard being in increased demand and vociferously *encored*," he said, and, smiling sweetly, vanished.

W. KIDD.

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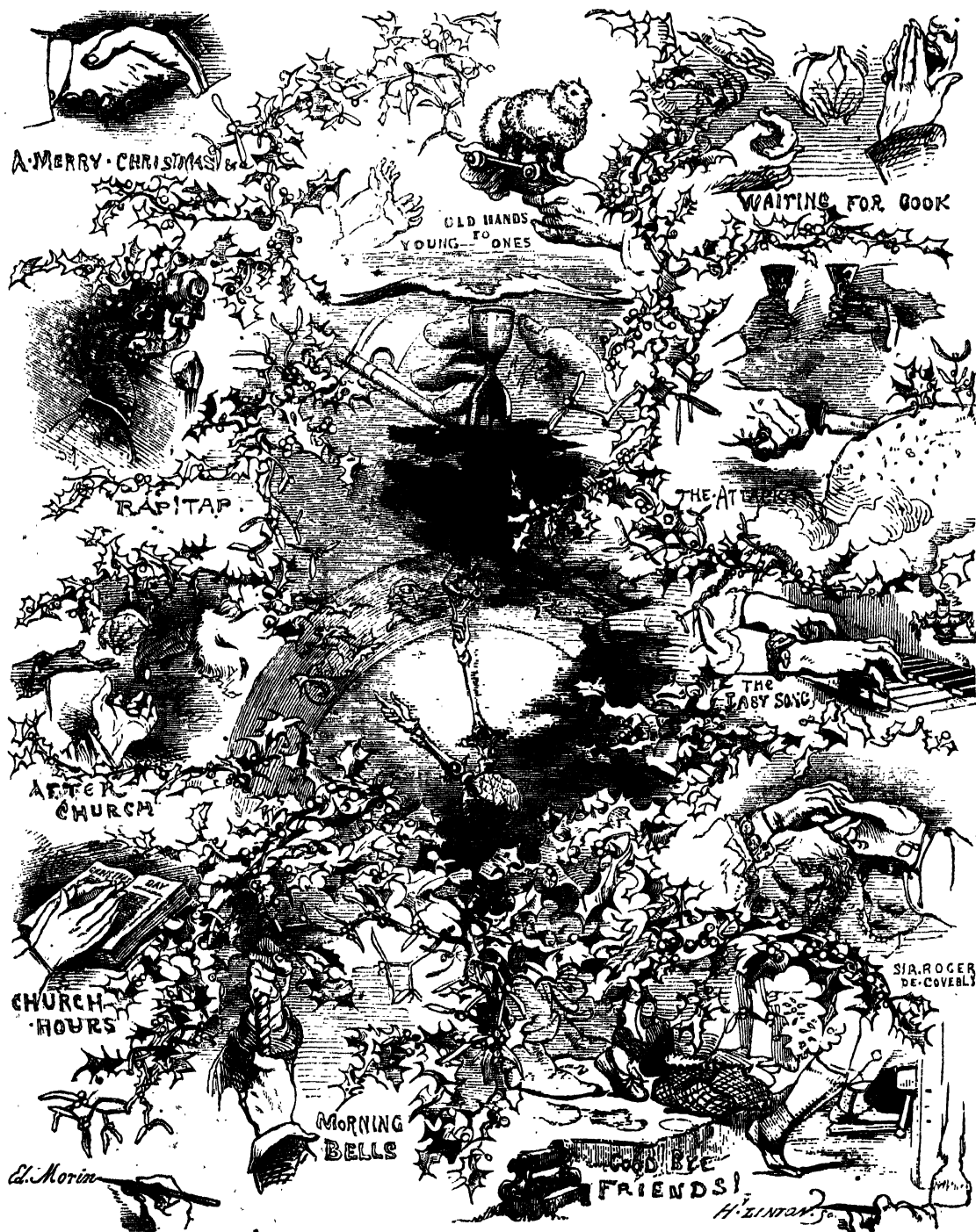
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THE KIOSK, "LALLA ROOKH."



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. VI.

PAINTED BY F. WYBURD.

And brides, as delicate and fair
As the white jasmine-flowers they wear,
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime;
Who, lulled in cool Kiosk or bower,
Before the mirrors count the time,
And grow still lovelier every hour.

THE KIOSK, "LALLA ROOKH." BY F. WYBURD.

[Purchased by the Glasgow Art-Union.]

If we speak of the languor, the luxury, and the half-poetic atmosphere that hangs over the scene of Mr. Wyburd's picture, and of the eastern character of the beauty of its occupants, we are but, in other words, doing justice to the work as an illustration to Moore's richly-elaborated poem. Both deal with artificialised nature; and Art, in the very abundance and variety of its resources, can afford to unbend occasionally its severer grasp, and dally with the toys of time in an unexacting spirit.

MILLAIS AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

[Second Paper.]

THE broad impulses out of which the new school originated have been described in the foregoing Number. Let us consider who were the actual pre-Raphaelites who became the model of the "brethren." We have sketched their history in our paper on "Schools of Art." Speaking generally, they were the men who broke away from the degenerate Greek pattern-drawing, and gradually developed Italian art until it became perfected in the hands of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. All those three great painters, especially the last, whose treatment was more universal than that of Michael Angelo, and more perfect than that of Leonardo, stamped their own manner upon painting; and those who followed were inclined to emulate the great masters. Thus, after Raphael's time, a certain degree of mannerism returned to the schools of art. The men before Raphael studied from nature; they were not masters, but a succession of students continually labouring to bring out the forms, the action, and the expression of nature. Desperately earnest, they succeeded more and more; each was enabled to add something to the general stock, and to bequeath it to his successors. It is probable that Giotto and Raphael were men of almost identical genius; but Giotto was a shepherd-boy, who had only Cimabue for his master; Raphael was the son of a painter, the pupil of a very graceful artist, and member of a circle of great men. The interval between Giotto and Raphael was a succession of struggles; the history of the time was eventful; and it may be remarked in passing, that art has never assumed an extremely vigorous and animated condition save in periods of eventful history.

The old pre-Raphaelites, then, were essentially the pupils of nature. The excessive difficulty of art arises mainly, though by no means exclusively, from the incessant changes of form in every animated model; it demands a mass of accumulated observation, experience, and practice, before art can be brought to a perfect treatment of form. It takes many generations to make one perfect student; and in the studies of the old pre-Raphaelites we find as many examples of failure as of success. Their works are a succession of labours, in which beauty is constantly gaining the victory over deformity; but the deformities remain, though to a diminishing degree, mingling with the beauties. Now supposing such a school to be chosen as an example, nothing can be more natural than to take it as such in the concrete, to accept all its characteristics in the lump, and to copy its deformities as well as its beauties. This tendency would be strengthened if a powerful critic should arise, the positive qualities of whose genius would incline him to appreciate highly the beauties of the pre-Raphaelite painters, whilst his peculiar deficiencies would cause him to leave unnoticed the organic defects of that school; and this is precisely the fact with regard to the most powerful critic in art who appeared about the time when Millais, Holman Hunt, and the rest of the "brethren," were rising into notice. Mr. Ruskin has given us works displaying rare powers of description, and abounding in evidences of observation of nature in every

aspect, with the one most remarkable exception of animated organic life. He may be said to have supplied all that Lebrun could not, but entirely to have omitted Lebrun; a serious omission for the man whose writings constitute a guide to the new school of historical painting.

The problem practically taken up by the modern pre-Raphaelites was further confused by the very imperfect view entertained of "the ideal" in art, which has hitherto been generally supposed to be an abstraction divorced from nature—something different from nature. We shall probably take occasion to show how totally delusive this theory is; how completely the ideal is a matter of fact, and how, as a matter of fact, it has been pursued by the greatest artists of any time,—by Homer, Phidias, Lucretius, Raphael, Ariosto, Shakspeare, Rossini, Monti, or MacIsac. Misled, however, by the common notion, that the ideal was something abstracted from, and almost opposed to nature; the British pre-Raphaelites, in seeking to emulate the earnestness of nature-study, and the truth of the painters before Raphael's day, deliberately stamped their copy with the crudities and the deformities of their originals, and thus avoided that ideal which is the essential condition of symmetrical art.

Our pre-Raphaelites aimed at something like the exactness of the photograph in copying nature as it is seen concentrated to the view by the framework of the picture. Earnestness of expression and the most absolute imitation of nature constitute the chief principles of the school; and these they sought to carry out in composition and colouring. The colouring of their drapery was studiously positive; the tints were such as might be seen, say, in a stuff when viewed close under the eyes by a strong light. Since they chose subjects in which "earnestness" could be exhibited, their countenances were wont to be sad, while the forms were meagre and often unhealthy, the outline and the colouring harsh. Now the spectator of a scene never has the opportunity of viewing each colour point-blank; an infinite variety of light modifies tints, softens the contrasts, and obscures the outline. So far the pictures of the pre-Raphaelites were untrue; but in other respects the close study of nature imparted a certain vividness of reality which was new to the visitors of our exhibitions. One of the first pictures by Millais which attracted notice was taken from Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes." It was a group at supper. A churlish varlet was invidiously kicking a cur; and the most conspicuous object in the picture was the vigorous leg stretched across in front at the end of the table. It is certainly possible that such an object might be so seen for an instant, but it would not dwell on the memory; and by the strictest rules of art, it should not be immortalised in the painted memory of picture. The expressions, however, of the faces were admirable; the story was clearly told; the men and women were like real guests at a supper-table; and the painter was recognised as a rising student of first-rate powers.

By the time Millais had arrived at painting the picture of "The Huguenot" (1852), his experience and the demands of his own just taste had compelled him to concur in practice with masters long before his time. He had found out that grotesqueness of form, the result of weakness or imperfection in the individual or his parents, is not essential to the truth in the human figure or expression; but that, on the contrary, such personal peculiarities disguise the truth. He had found out that it is not the duty of the painter to place in equal prominence every thread in a carpet and every brickbat in a wall, though for the time that a painter is looking at each it may be the centre of his attention. He had also found out, perhaps by experimental observation, that when well-made men and women, with healthy minds and fully-developed hearts, are under the influence of strong emotion, their action is always graceful, and their figures most usually combine in a graceful composition. The effect of this self-training was seen in a picture which constituted a departure from the pictorial dogma of the pre-Raphaelite school. In "The Huguenot" the chief force of the light was

thrown upon the two figures. Although the garden-wall under which they stood, and the foliage, were painted with care and minuteness, they were not thrust painfully on the spectator. A very simple action perfectly told the story. A young man of earnest, sober, somewhat stern, yet not ungente countenance, is taking his leave of a fair girl. She is leaning towards him, and tying round his arm a white handkerchief, while her face is turned up to his with an expression of endearing entreaty. The young man folds her to him with one hand, while with the other he is drawing away the handkerchief which she is fastening upon him. It is the eve of St. Bartholomew; the girl desires that her lover shall pass for a royalist and a good Catholic: he loves her for the wish, he deprecates the pain she is about to suffer; but his loyalty as a gentleman, his conscience as the upholder of a faith, forbid his yielding. Every complicated feeling that either could undergo in such a situation is brought out by the simplest traces of expression in the features, and the simplest action of the two towards each other. The picture is worth more now that the repute of the artist is established; but, indeed, the value is not to be gauged in money. As a design, it is perfect; the execution is powerful; and it was at once seen from it that the promising student had become a master.

The picture of "Ophelia," which appeared in the same year, has been much criticised. Ophelia was represented as she had thrown herself into the water, floating on the stream to her death, and singing as she floated. The character is one of the most perfect, and at the same time what is called the least ideal, of all in Shakespeare. Ophelia is a straightforward, loving, downright girl, presenting in the composition of the tragedy the exact antithesis to the abstract idealiser, whose refinements wander beyond the verge of reason. She seeks refuge out of the perplexities which he so suddenly thrusts upon her by cutting short her life; having, however, in herself nothing melancholy or deadly. Millais took this view of her, but carried it to excess in his treatment. Ophelia might have been shown as the simple, kindly, unintellectual nature, without converting her into a mere buxom girl. She has walked in courts, and is by no means a dairymaid. Nevertheless there are some beautiful suggestions in the picture. There is truth in the face, vacant of every expression except a gentle and almost cheerful sweetness. The distraught maiden gazes up to the flowers and the birds as she floats by them, carolling to her death in only a half-consciousness of her own plight. The position of the body, with the head sinking back and the legs sinking yet lower, is exactly true to the attitude of one who floats passively on the water. The light dress floating in front coincides with the surface of the water, gently swelling at the motion, the white texture darkened by the watery space beneath it. In like manner, the spray above, the flowers scattered on the stream, the glaring light, were all copied from nature as they would be in the photograph, if that could give colour and the unblurred appearance of motion. Only here and there, perhaps, the hand of man, which takes so many years to discipline, has been a little too stubborn or too heavy for the light lines and sharp angles of nature, and the green was occasionally too green for aerial perspective.

In the following year the principal picture was "The Order of Release," though it was not alone, even in merit. There were also "The Cavalier," a picture forming the counterpart of "The Huguenot," and representing the daughter of Protestant rebels in this country bringing food to a cavalier hid in a tree; "The Woodman's Daughter," a little girl humbly courting the proud son of her father's lord; and the "Return of the Dove to the Ark," the bird caressed by two females of the floating household. The women in this picture were said to be dressed in their bed-clothes, so scant and lank was their white costume. It exhibited the traits of the pre-Raphaelite school in spiritualities, exactly as the harsh lines, harsher perspective, and neglect of composition, in "The Woodman's Daughter," retained many of the bald

and dry characters which the pre-Raphaelites seemed to identify with nature; whilst in composition, in story, as well as in the marvellous fidelity of the forest-dell and its carpet of dried leaves, "The Cavalier" was as perfect as any thing Millais has produced.

"The Order of Release," however, stands amongst his highest works, and it has now been rendered familiar to the public by means of engravings. It is one of those subjects in the treatment of which Millais has wholly escaped from the poverty and incompleteness of the pre-Raphaelite style, while rejecting the untruth which in art is misnamed the ideal. He has laid hold of his subject, and has sought to produce that and that alone. A Highlander, who had been out with the Pretender, had been captured and locked up in prison; his wife had set forth from their distant home, barefooted, to petition that he might be given up to her: her devotion had obtained its reward; and the picture represents her coming to the door of the prison with the order of release. The painter has brought out the dominant spirit of the scene by a matter-of-fact transcription of natural traits. The character of the order is signified by the care of the gaoler to scrutinise it once more just as he is releasing the wounded man from the iron door; the soldier-gaoler himself, however, is but a piece of furniture, his body half hidden by the door, round which his arm just comes, his face hidden as he looks down upon the order. The husband, exhausted by his wounds and sufferings, conscious only of his rescue, hides his face contentedly in the bosom of his wife. She receives the man in her open arms, her countenance beaming with a contained delight; while one hand holds over her husband's shoulder the order of release, and the other supports a child three or four years old, whom she has carried on her long journey, and who hangs upon her in the lifeless posture of deep sleep. There is a charming touch of poetry in the primrose that has fallen from the child's hand, and that tells of God's world without in that place of gloom. There is the same minutest finish in all the details. Many have complained that the woman is not sufficiently elevated in her expression,—that the man is too listless,—the child evidently too heavy for the woman's arms. This is, in effect, a complaint that the subject was not another subject, that the picture did not portray some ideal angel bringing succour to a hero oppressed by his sufferings—an angel, too, who should have been able to carry a child on a long journey without letting it show signs of the fatigue against which the singleness and fixity of her own purpose had strengthened her. In short, the objections of the critics have served to show the more emphatically the truth and completeness of the painter's story.

Last year the subjects exhibited by Millais were varied, and were calculated to display the full powers of the artist. There were five pictures: "The Peace concluded, 1856," "The Portrait of a Gentleman," "L'Enfant du Régiment," "Autumn Leaves," and "The Blind Girl." All these must be too fresh in the recollection of the reader to need description; for even those who did not themselves visit the Exhibition, greedily examined the notices of the contemporary journals. "The Portrait of a Gentleman" was but the miniature of a small child. "L'Enfant du Régiment" was a miniature piece of still-life,—a young child sleeping on a tomb under a covering of soldiers' clothes thrown upon it by some friendly hands. "Autumn Leaves" is a group of young girls in a garden, sweeping up the dead leaves; a very powerful exercise in the autumnal-evening effect, with its broad sky and dark heavy hedges. The piece was not a design, but a study—an exact transcript of an actual scene; the figures, of course, being portraits. It is essential to bear this distinction in mind, because it anticipates certain remarks which would be likely to escape from the spectator's lips at the first glance. In "The Declaration of Peace" the young wife clings to her soldier-husband, assured that he will not be snatched away from her again for the wars. Her countenance presents a picture of emotions which could at that particular season be appreciated with peculiar keen-

ness; and Millais, who can give such exact imprint of every feeling that passes over the countenance, supplied abundant material for the scrutiny of his admirers. Some also he gave for the scrutiny of his censors. It struck us, for instance, that the stern unprepossessing face of the man hardly merited the devotion lavished upon it by the woman. Perhaps Mr. Millais meant to show that woman's love is spontaneous, and asks no requital; if so, he succeeded.

"The Blind Girl" was, however, the picture that concentrated upon itself the largest amount of critical inquiry. It was disfigured by a serious mistake: the double rainbow in the distance exhibited a gradation of colours the same in both arches, whereas the order in the one should have been reversed in the other. This is a remarkable instance of the way in which the most exact observers of nature can be caught tripping. In the foreground, upon a bank by the side of a roadway, sits a blind beggar-girl; a young companion sits by her side, and turns back to watch the approaching storm, with the rainbow beyond. The sightless girl sits *feeling* the atmosphere with upraised face and expanded features, her hands hanging loosely by her sides. No group could more completely express the contrast between the mode of action which sight imparts and the manner in which the deprivation of that sense loosens the attitude. The scenery is on a par with this perfect piece of painting. A broken range of common rises in rather a steep hill towards the distance; a few animals grazing on it mark by their diminishing size the real expanse; while the tints alone mark in their changing facets the endless diversity of the surface. Gerard Dow could scarcely have equalled the exact reality of the detail. He would have declared that the face and action of the poor blind girl belonged to a grade of art which he could never reach.

THE BROOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. ARLE."
IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

"Do you love her?"

"I cannot conceive any possible right you have to question me."

"Does she love you?"

"The more she has favoured me with her confidence the less likely I shall be to break it."

"Answer me, Edward, or, by Heaven, you shall repent. Do you mean to ask her to be your wife?"

"On that point your question is premature; I have not yet made up my own mind. You see, my good fellow, there are objections to such a step."

"Heaven grant me patience!"

"Ay, I think you need it," was returned sneeringly.

The two men parted: the last speaker to open a little gate at which he had arrived, and walk jauntily up a trim garden, gay and glowing with autumn flowers fired by autumn-afternoon sunshine; the taller and older man to walk with an even pace up the steep village-street, giving many a kindly salutation to those he passed upon his way.

When they had both disappeared, a woman came from behind the lime-tree near which they had paused, and stepped somewhat stealthily over the yellow fallen leaves till she stood in the open road. Then she shaded her eyes from the sunshine, and looked up the West Street for a moment before she entered a house standing opposite the one with the gay garden.

At a window, looking out upon a more retired side of this garden, in at which peeped late roses and luxuriant myrtle-boughs, a girl sat at work,—a girl who was beautiful after a certain almost childish fashion, whose face was perhaps the more attractive from its provoking imperfections. She bent over her work with knitted brow and a fierce eagerness, the short upper lip of her restless mouth curling scornfully as she listened to the remarks of a hard-featured elderly woman who sat by the table.

"You will spoil your frock, if you draw your thread through with such a twitch every time," remarked the latter.

The young girl was trimming the sleeve of a dark stuff-gown, and her fingers looked the fairer from contrast with her dark-hued work. She raised her head sharply, and hastily strove to rearrange her hair, hanging somewhat disordered over her flushed cheek. She had heard the opening and closing of the house-door. When some one entered the room, she saw who, first by a sidelong look from under her eye-lashes; then, after a slight bow of recognition, bent lower over her work, her face very expressive of disappointment.

"Linda, you are not too busy to shake hands with Mr. Salford," her aunt said, having herself greeted that gentleman with grim cordiality.

Mr. Salford took a chair close to Linda, and held out his hand, bending low over that shyly or unwillingly extended to him. "It is a beautiful afternoon, Miss Wood," he remarked to the elder lady. "It is a shame to be in the house. I have been for a long walk, and enjoyed it uncommonly, even though my companion was not so amusing a one as I should have chosen."

"You don't often walk, I think," remarked Miss Wood.

"Why no; but my horse is lame. Calton joined me. He is a tremendous walker; so we went further than I intended—all the way to Highford."

"It is a long time since we have seen Mr. Calton," Miss Wood observed; and Linda's head bent lower as Mr. Salford glanced at her curiously.

"Miss Linda, I want to look at the foliage of that rose your father was describing the other day; I think I have one like it at my place. Will you show it me?" he asked.

Miss Wood said, "Go, Ethelinda; you haven't been out to-day."

"I don't care to go," Linda said pettishly.

"You said you wanted a walk," her aunt remarked.

"And you said that I must finish off my frock, because I had nothing else fit to wear, and the weather was getting too cold for muslins," Linda rejoined maliciously.

"It is a pity the weather should ever be too cold for muslins," Mr. Salford said; "nothing is so pretty for young ladies." Miss Linda, put away your work, pray; it isn't fit work for such fingers," he added in a whisper.

"My fingers often do harder work than this, Mr. Salford, I can assure you. Let me see; they have even—"

"Linda, put away your work and go into the garden; don't make Mr. Salford wait any longer." Miss Wood spoke with decision.

"Mr. Salford's time isn't as precious as mine, aunt, or he wouldn't spend it as he does. He doesn't give music-lessons to little children, or teach the usual branches of an English education, or turn old dresses to make them look like new, or do any thing useful," Linda said, as she rose and began collecting her work together with great deliberation; Mr. Salford looking more amused than displeased. Miss Wood smiled, and called her niece a foolish child.

Linda left the room; hunted up her oldest garden-hat and a much-worn shawl, put them on, and returned to the parlour.

"I am ready, Mr. Salford," she said, and cast a mischievous look at her aunt, who glanced up in consternation.

The hat was battered, its ribbons faded; but Linda's arch smile was so brilliant, that her face looked only the more bewitching from under the shabby head-gear, and the old shawl was thrown on with careless grace.

Mr. Salford followed her through the cool shady hall—adorned with casts from the best statues, and many curiosities, modern and antique, and large enough to be vastly out of keeping with any thing else in the tiny house—to the garden-door.

This garden was a marvel of the neighbourhood, a very well of beauty and fragrance. Its high walls were screened by laurels, up which climbed China roses which covered

them with bloom during many months. It lay quite open to the south-west, looked over a small orchard, separated from it by a green slope, to a distant hill—the one hill of the neighbourhood, save that up which the village crept. Through the rich pasture-lands and round the base of this hill flowed a brook, shallow now,—for the summer had been hot and dry,—but sometimes deep, always dark and sluggish.

"Your father's garden is certainly the most perfect in the neighbourhood," said Mr. Salford.

"He is very fond of gardening. Which is the rose you want to see,—this, the Acidale, or the Lady Alice Peel?—I don't remember. Is it this—the Ophiric?" Linda questioned in a business-like way.

"I don't remember quite either. I must look at them all.

* There are more in that walk, aren't there?"

"Yes. It is a pity my father is not at home; he would immediately remember which you mean. This freshly-planted one—is this it?"

"Indeed I can't say. Can't you make out the name?" And he bent his head down so close that his cheek almost touched her hair; for she wore her old hat carried over her arm now, the evening was so mild. Her head was immediately lifted up.

"I have never been down this pretty path. Does it lead through the orchard?" Mr. Salford inquired.

"Yes; and there are no roses there," Linda said demurely.

"But I should like to try it. You must show me the way; then there will be roses there, I fancy."

They went on side by side. Linda assuming all the dignity of which her childlike figure and manner were capable.

"Shall you go to our autumn ball?" he asked her, after some perplexity as to what to say to break the silence.

"No."

"Do you not care for dancing?"

"O yes; but I shall not go to the ball. I could not afford it. I suppose you can't understand what that means?"

"You ought not to be able to understand; you need not—if only—You must have a very dull life?" he asked suddenly.

* "Yes. No. Yes, because papa is always busy, and aunt often—not merry: no, because I've plenty to do myself, and haven't time to think if I'm dull or not."

"But that plenty to do must be disagreeable; and your aunt is often out of temper."

"I do not see that we need talk about this," Linda replied.

"Can you doubt that any thing concerning you must deeply interest me?"

"I haven't thought about it. Isn't that leaf a beautiful colour?" She held out her hand, a scarlet leaf lying in its palm.

"Very. What a charming head-dress a few such would make!" He picked up two or three more, and was about to put them in her hair; but she withdrew her head with a decided gesture.

"We will turn back now," she said.

"You were not in such a hurry when you were in this garden with Calton, some weeks since," Mr. Salford returned reproachfully.

"Papa was here. I like to hear him and Mr. Calton talk," Linda said, blushing vividly; adding, with a saucy look at her companion, "you haven't any thing so interesting to say."

"If I dared—if I thought you would listen," he answered; and returned her look with a confident gaze, meant to be one of love and hesitation, but in which she saw more boldness than timidity.

"You needn't dare, for I shouldn't listen," she answered hastily.

"You are very cruel, Miss Linda."

"If I were, I suppose it would be something very new to Mr. Salford to be treated cruelly," she said with a subtle contempt he failed to feel.

"Perhaps. It is often one's lot to have every thing but what one most desires," he answered, with a conceited sentimental air.

"Ah, so it is," Linda returned mockingly; adding, "Do you know, that I think people who have almost all they want, who have had smooth prosperous lives, are seldom worth much."

"A most profound observation for a young lady. Quieting Calton, perhaps."

"I ought to have put in, 'though I say it that shouldn't say it;' for by that rule I may be worth a good deal," Linda said lightly, not heeding his speech.

"Certainly; I do not doubt that," Mr. Salford replied with *emprossement*. "You won't go indoors yet?" he added, as they reached the house.

Linda turned and looked back. The sun was just setting behind the hill, and the autumn mist creeping over the low-lying wood and meadows. The last rays of sunshine fell upon her as she stood in the open doorway.

"It is very pleasant and lovely out," she said to herself; "but—" and she glanced at her companion with eyes that had prisoned some of the vanishing sunlight.

"But your companion is not so pleasant?" he asked.

"Perhaps that was what I was thinking."

"You are as cruel as you are charming."

"I do not think I am," she said, her eyes watching the last speck of the sun's disk disappear behind the clump of firs.

"In proof thereof, let me have that rose." She held one lightly in her fingers.

"There, it has quite gone," she exclaimed, paying no attention to her companion.

He had taken the rose, and was placing it in his coat. It was not worth while to ask for it back. She didn't care enough about it.

A noise behind made her turn quickly. The hall-door was opposite that in which they stood. Mr. Wood and Mr. Calton were just entering together. As they did so, they saw the figures of the young man and young girl defined against the clear sky.

Linda went to her father, who was carefully unpacking something he had set down most heedfully. Linda gave her hand gravely to Mr. Calton; then turned to watch her father.

"There, Linda; is it not beautiful?" He displaced a bust from a central pedestal, and placed there a very exquisitely executed bronze.

"It must have cost a great deal, papa," Linda said very softly, an old anxious look coming over her face.

"Hush! don't let your aunt hear you say so," was answered hurriedly.

Mr. Calton, though affecting not to hear, looked with true concern at both father and daughter. Mr. Salford hummed a tune, and ostentatiously smelt the rose he wore in his coat.

CHAPTER II.

"Edward, it is nearly a month since I spoke to you about Miss Wood. You have been at the house almost every day since, and the whole village talks."

"Let the whole village talk; I do not care."

"I dare say not," was answered with bitter calmness; "but I do. Miss Wood has no very competent protector, as you know. Her father walks through the world with his eyes shut to its every-day business; and her aunt is dazzled by the position to which you might raise her niece. I am your cousin; once you looked upon me as your elder brother. I will not let you—the affair—go on in this manner longer. Do you, or do you not, mean to ask Miss Wood to marry you?"

"By Jove, I believe you love the girl yourself!" Mr. Salford said, with an assumption of having made a new and wonderful discovery.

"You have long known that I do love Miss Wood," was

answered with the quiet of deep emotion. "I have always loved her."

"Conquer your vain passion, then, as soon as you can, let me advise you. Linda isn't for you."

"Tell me that you mean to ask her to be your wife, and I leave Minsterton; but I will not have her happiness and reputation played with."

"I have every reason to believe that the fair Linda's happiness is safe in my hands."

"Give me the promise I ask, Edward; it is not much to ask."

"You have no right to ask it, and I cannot give it."

"How cannot give it?"

"Your tone is insolent."

"Answer me, and let us part; for, Heaven help me! Edward, I am learning to hate you. Tell me you will marry her."

"That step will involve great sacrifices, requires great consideration."

"Then, unless you are a more heartless wretch than I think you, leave off visiting her till you have made up your mind."

"And leave the field to you? Ha, ha! No; that would be painful to us both. I will stand no further questioning; you try me too far; let us part." Mr. Salford's face looked dark and gloomy.

"Not so. You shall answer me!" Powerful Mr. Calton grasped his cousin's arm; then let it go, because it was so puny; but still confronted him in a threatening attitude.

It was a still sullen autumn day. A man was ploughing in a field hard by the brook near which the cousins walked, the younger carrying his fishing-apparatus.

"You shall repent this violence. I shall know how to wound you," Mr. Salford sneered significantly. "Be assured I will not spare her from love to you."

"You are a cold cowardly villain. O God, it almost seems sin to let such live to harm the innocent!" He turned away, lest his passion should be beyond control, and hastily left the place, his cousin's mocking laugh ringing in his ears.

The latter went on through the damp meadows, where the fog lay heavily, to the brook-side. Passion was beating in his brow and heart blindingly, though he had seemed so cool. That very morning Linda had refused him; he suspected that she secretly and unconsciously loved his cousin.

Desperate thoughts bewildered him; yet when he reached his destination, he mechanically put together his rod, using a large and curious knife to make one part fit into another more easily, and threw his line into the swollen brook.

Sitting on a stump in a dismal little swamp, his head on his hand, thoughts of vengeance throbbled wildly in heart and brain. He forgot time and place, and gloated over scenes of consummated revenge.

Meanwhile Mr. Calton took his way to Mr. Wood's house.

His abrupt entrance made Linda flush; his stern resolute face caused her to grow pale. She was alone; he sat down opposite her where he could see her face.

There was a long silence; Linda beguiled it by counting the beatings of her heart.

"Linda," Mr. Calton said at last, "will you try for a little while to think of me as an elder brother, to grant me the right to counsel you? Remember, I have known you since you were a baby."

"You look disagreeable. You are going to scold me, Mr. Calton," Linda said, for a second glancing into his eyes and trying to speak lightly.

"No; I want to speak to you—about a matter concerning which it is very difficult for a man to speak to a woman. Will you try and be patient—not offended, if I wound your feelings?"

Linda looked perplexed; then answered with simple faith, looking into his eyes, "I do not think you will say any thing that should hurt my feelings."

"Not willingly, little Linda."

She withdrew the hand he took, and said, "It is long since you have called me that, Mr. Calton."

"It is long since I have seen that look of child's faith in your eyes. I want to speak to you about my cousin," he went on hurriedly.

She held her head so low he could not see her face.

"If you had brothers, if your father were less engrossed with his own pursuits, I would not dare—"

"Mr. Calton, you shall not dare! I will not hear from you what I have been hearing from Aunt Wood. You have no right—" His look of gentle pity quenched her sudden anger; she began to cry. "I am so unhappy—so lonely," she sobbed.

"I am grieved; I knew I should pain you. Linda, forgive me."

But she would not glance at him. He paused, looked out of the window in pained perplexity. After a little, she dried her eyes, and said:

"If I am rather friendless, poor, and sometimes have a hard life,—these are reasons why a good man should respect me. It is insulting me to think that just for these reasons, and just for the sake of being rich and living in a fine house, I would marry a man I could never love,—like your cousin, Mr. Calton. It is not my fault if he came here so long. A girl can do so little; and he never gave me the opportunity of speaking plainly till this morning."

"Do I understand, Miss Wood, that you have refused my cousin?" was asked wonderingly.

"Of course I have—this morning; and aunt is so angry, and—I am very unhappy."

"Do you repent that refusal?"

"No, Mr. Calton!" Again such an indignant face.

"I have been under a mistake, Miss Wood; I have done my cousin less than justice, and you also. I feared that—that you loved him, that he was most unworthy, and—"

"You came to warn me? Kind! I feel most grateful. To warn me!" she repeated contemptuously.

"I am glad—sorry," Mr. Calton said, rising; "glad that my warning was not needed, sorry that I have offended you; but, excuse me, I am in haste now. You must permit me to see you again before long."

He bowed himself out of the room without offering to touch her hand. Linda's mood softened; again she cried—now as if her heart would break; bending down from the haughty attitude she had assumed a moment before to crouch upon the floor, laying her head upon the chair. "That he should think I could love Mr. Salford!"

"Linda, it is nearly five o'clock; you ought to have been at Mrs. Brown's at half-past four. You have made your choice of life; it is too late to repent," said a sharp voice,—"*too late to cry now and make a fright of yourself.*"

Linda rose up. "I do not repent," she said, pushed her wet hair back from her eyes, and left the room. In a short time she was seated by Mrs. Brown's piano, listening to scales and exercises feebly played by the little hands of her pupil.

Meanwhile Mr. Calton had gone through the miry lane and the damp meadows towards the spot where he thought he should find his cousin. But among dead leaves by the brook-side he paused to think; his heart was beating so fast and strong with joyful hope. Was he fit to meet a disappointed despairing man? Would not some of the emotion he felt shine out from his face?—a truth-telling face always. Would not the generous apology he was about to make be mistaken for insulting irony by one of his cousin's nature? Ay. Mr. Calton leant back against a tree and mused: a dismal place for love-bright dreams: the fog came creeping on and on over the wet meadows, the dank leaves fell without wind, the water of the brook crept by, dark and sluggish.

Mr. Calton's rough coat was beaded with moisture, so were his hair and whiskers; when, after a considerable time had elapsed, he left the brook-side for the path through the

upon meadows, he was met by the man who had been ploughing near him in the earlier part of the day.

Mr. Calton walked very rapidly, with bowed head and folded arms; he did not give the man the frank and friendly salutation he was wont to bestow on any countryfolk he met.

The man, when he had gone a few steps, turned, looked after Mr. Calton, shook his head, and muttered to himself.

The fog thickened, the night darkened down grimly; the brook flowed through the meadows, struggling with the leaves collected thickly on its brink, they muffling its voice if it strove to break the silence to tell of any unwonted thing it passed on its way—of any ugly mystery.

Late that night a servant of Mr. Salford's came to Rose Cottage to inquire if his master were there, or had been there that day.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

WEEDS left indolently to grow in our own gardens are not got rid of when their roots are burned. They have seeds as well as roots; and when we have made clean work of it and begun to congratulate ourselves, the tiresome plants are seen springing from our neighbour's soil to our fresh annoyance and the renewal of our pains. Twenty-two years ago slavery was abolished in the British colonies, and England thought she had done with it; but two centuries earlier she threw the pestilent seed upon America, and nothing on this earth is more likely to plague her in time to come. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," is as true of the black bread of evil as of any better thing.

It is the habit of our brothers among the cotton-fields, and under those Virginian mountains whose heights looked down on the first purchase of American slaves, to condemn our interference in any way with the question of American slavery. "The peculiar institution is our own; let us alone," they say. We are not to wonder at them. It is natural; it is just what we should have said ourselves. But the thing cannot be, and ought not to be. England has no stranger's place in the homes and interests of America. We cannot wrap our differences about us and sit apart while questions such as this are agitating the hearts of our best friends. The electric cable of human life and love has long been thrown across the Atlantic; and though other wires may interchange our thoughts more rapidly than now, they are not wanted to complete the circuit of our inseparable sympathies. No head has calculated the relation between England and the United States. So much cotton and so much corn; so many acres of calico, and such an amount of tonnage,—we make striking figures of them, but they reveal very little of the truth. Who has estimated the sum of human health, comfort, exertion, and progression involved in these annual returns? Who has looked into the possible future, and seen what we both might be without one another's friendship, or with the millstone of each other's hatred round our necks? And as in matter, so in mind. If it is hard to reckon what we owe to one another, it is harder still to say how much we feel for one another.

Those crowded emigrant ships and populous steamers give us something more than the statistics of emigration. The tears dropped daily on the quays of London and of Liverpool; the handkerchiefs waved so passionately over the Mersey and the Thames; the eyes straining backwards from our decks, and forwards from our shores; and the faces that turn away, or turn heavenward, when sight avails no longer,—have another meaning besides so many bodies

less to feed on this side the waves, and so much additional labour on the other. They mean, that each of those bodies has a heart in it, that every heart has parted from its kindred, and that between those who stay and those who have gone a tide of love will be flowing every day as surely as the tide of waters over the Atlantic. We should like to know how many English families there are at present who could call over the family-roll of near relations without calling some one from America,—some ardent brother felling the primeval woods; some sister, whose last words in England were those of her marriage-vow; some fallen but repentant child, seeking a new life in a new world; or some other, fallen but not repentant, who has fled from every thing except the love that will follow him past the grave. With such bonds between us,—and there are many more,—indifference, or even silence, on such a question as American slavery would be a wrong done to friendship. The fortunes of the Western world, both morally and physically, are staked upon it, with all else that is involved in them; and what we have to do is, to feel a yet deeper interest, and speak with a more earnest purpose even than we have hitherto done.

There are three millions of slaves in the United States. Their value as property is probably three hundred millions sterling. The annual produce of their labour is twice as much as the ordinary revenue of England. What is to be done with them? No American has answered this question; and no Englishman can venture to do so except in general terms. But on both sides of the water the Anglo-Saxon mind has resolved on the extinction of slavery by some means or other, and has never yet resolved on any thing in vain. In England we are removed from the immediate pressure of personal interests; we are brothers of the great American nation. It is our part, if it is any one's, to look dispassionately at the contest, and to send quick words of friendship into its heat and hubbub.

The true strength of the abolitionist's cause does not lie in abstract theories, or in particular cruelties, or in exaggerated sentiment. The conclusive reason against the continuance of slavery is a practical one, and it is this:—men are put upon this earth to develop themselves and to improve themselves; and slavery is a wilful and avoidable hindrance to the development and improvement of a large section of mankind. There are hindrances which are not wilful and not avoidable; but to discover that the existence of any one of them depends on our own will and pleasure, is at once to fall under the obligation of removing it. When a good Providence desolates our homes by pestilence, or when wicked men fill our streets with crime, we can only bow before the one and endure the other so long as they are beyond our control; but the moment we discover that half the pestilence is caused by filth, and half the crime by ignorance, the duty of sanitary measures and educational efforts is established for ever after. It is even so with slavery. The only way in which human beings can be kept in a state of absolute submission to human masters is, by keeping them ignorant and degraded. The relation of a slave to his master is in itself a degrading one. His contentment is the strongest evidence of his degradation, and the surest effect of mental advancement in him would be an effort to throw off his chains. Slavery means the wilful perpetuation of comparative barbarism, and will never mean any thing else while the world lasts. If this is the right end of human existence, then slavery is right; if not, it is a wilful evil.

But the friends of abolition lose much by their own exaggerations. "God," says one of them, "has hid away the human soul in the black man's skin; that in finding it, we may rediscover our alienated and forgotten nature."

"On them will devolve the supremacy of the ages," says another. This will not do. We can understand from such writers what is meant by "Nigger Worshipers," but we can only smile at such idolatry, and lament the mischievous effects of it on the slave-owners' minds. What the future



RIVAL SHOPKEEPERS; OR, THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

destiny of the negro may be we cannot pretend to say. The world has seen many ups and downs in the history of all its families, and will doubtless see many more. Who dreamt of the modern Frenchman at Fontarabia, or of the modern Roman when Cæsar died? A yellow race has civilised China; a tawny one established the thrones of the caliphs; and those Egyptian conquerors, whose empire once stood as firmly as the Pyramids, were probably of Negro origin, and were certainly as black as buffaloes. But for all this, the negro race at present is an inferior one, must be dealt with as such, and will only confound our plans if the fact be disregarded.

The slave-owner, however, need not thank us for this admission. Instead of justifying him, it decides the case against him. We say the negro race is inferior; but what is inferiority among the families of men? It is just this, and no more—that some of us have advanced a few steps farther than the rest upon a road that is infinite; that childhood in one case has been somewhat longer than in another; that powers common to all have grown unequally. To give it any other meaning, to suppose any positive incapacity for unlimited growth and improvement in any race of men, is either to deny their humanity, or, if we are Christians, to admit that souls too badly made to reach the poor limit of

a white man's earthly excellence are still good enough for the paradise of God.

This inferiority of the negro is the favourite answer to the arguments of abolitionists. It ought to be one of the strongest of those arguments themselves. Do we sow waste land with thistles because it has never yet brought forth corn? Do we take the weak ones of our flocks, and, because they are weak, expose them to such stress of weather that feebleness becomes incurable? Do we keep our children childish because they are born so? Even for selfish ends, we know such conduct to be absurd; but if there is any where a thing we love,—and a good man at least loves his species,—to know that it is feeble, to see that it is inferior, is to engage every noble sentiment in the work of helping and raising it, and to make the thought of turning its inability to our own advantage a thing abhorrent to our souls.

There is one other practical point on which we have a word to say to our American brothers. No good thing is ever gained without a sacrifice offered somewhere. No virtue which shrinks from sacrifice is worth the having. The American slave-holders have invested their fortunes in their slaves with the sanction of the whole nation; and to abolish slavery without compensating them for the loss they must sustain, would be very much like robbing Dives

in order to give Lazarus an alms. America sees this, and turns her eyes away. Let her call up her heart's true greatness, and look the fact in the face. The sum involved is indeed enormous; but then every year adds to it, while whole ages will not change the nature of the obligation. England has stood erect under a debt of a thousand millions, spent in killing and burning. Could America tremble under a fourth part only of that burden, when borne for the sake of freedom and humanity?



A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

III.

For once Mrs. Parker had not exaggerated the graces of an expected visitor. The foolish old saying, "that some people's geese are all swans," would scarcely find much acceptance at Christmas-tide, when the nobler bird of the twain takes the rank to which he is entitled, and the thought of his long-necked and arrogant rival on his gloomy water or muddy bank only suggests the shivers. We will not say, therefore, that Mrs. Parker's geese were habitually swans, but merely that the lady had a habit of exalting all that belonged in any degree to herself in a way that occasionally astonished even the objects of her eulogies. The plan would not be a bad one for general adoption, if we could keep up this fictitious currency, for society would thereby seem so much the richer; but, alas! it is not given to man, nor even to woman, to simulate for ever; and when the day of depreciation comes, where is our credit as financiers,—we who cried up that which we are now eager to cry down? So that, on the whole, the Mrs. Parkers are wrong and shortsighted.

But in the case of Captain Llewellyn there had been no over-colouring at all. That soldier was a guest of whom any hostess had a right to be proud. He was an exceedingly handsome man, with elegant manners, and moreover with a fair portion of brain in his finely-turned head. He could dance, and he could also talk; and even young ladies, at the age at which dancing is the one ecstatic enjoyment of life, have been known to allow that they would as soon be talked to by the captain as danced with by any body else,—and this is an admission of inconceivable value in such a case. Llewellyn had also considerable humour; and though his usual manner was frank and lively,—indeed, if he had a fault in the eyes of some of his fair adorers, it was that, with features that could express so much melancholy, he was too cheerful,—he had some melo-dramatic power, which he put forth on occasion for the speedier subjugation of the female heart. He was therefore eminently dangerous to the peace of mind of a great many delightful persons between the ages of eighteen and five-and-twenty. As he did not tell them, they could not know that he was privately married to a cousin, who would be an heiress, if an uncle with whom Llewellyn lived did not discover the marriage, and disinherit her. Obviously, therefore, it was his duty to his private wife to flirt as much as he conveniently could, in order to prevent any possible suspicion of the state of affairs. And Charles Llewellyn, being very conscientious, did flirt as much as he could.

Mrs. Parker's house was in one of the new streets in Pimlico. As this is not a novel, but a story with a purpose, it is befitting in the writer to warn his readers that he does not recommend them to go and live near her. New Pimlico, in its present state, is the most abnormal and abominable region under the London sun. It is a sham and a mockery, and a collection of whited sepulchres. Its new streets are

built with some architectural pretence, and the houses look comfortable, and even elegant; and it is lamentable to behold engaged couples, or young husbands and wives, in search of abodes, gazing smilingly and hopefully at these residences, and remarking that they might be made very charming. The unfortunate victims are deluded. The houses are good, and "replete with advantages;" but nevertheless, O young lovers! eschew them; O gray wedded doves, flee away, and be at rest elsewhere! Pimlico is no place for you. Bride, I know your gentle thoughts. Your handsome husband there is a composer, and makes melodies which not only sound sweetly unto you, but for which there be gentlemen on either side of Regent Street who gladly give him much gold. You picture to yourself that stone balcony filled with flowers, and behind it a charming room, with a noble pianoforte; and you have peopled that paradise with an Adam at the instrument, setting the most lovely words to the most heavenly airs, and an Eve, whose little person reposes in the largest of easy-chairs, and whose little fingers are adorning a miniature cap, too small for aught that yet breatheth on this earth. You listen, dear little Eve, murmuring applause, as Adam turns out some peculiarly Mendelssohnian phrase; and you look up with a raptured smile, and catch his loving glance in the mirror which you intend to hang yonder. Go away, Eve—go away, and shun the intolerable place. Would you like Adam to become a surly wretch, irritable, snappish? Would you like him to sit down sulkily to that sweet instrument, remarking with a sad word that there is no doing any thing in that infernal house? Would you hear him beg that, if you are going to sit in the room, you will keep quiet, and not rattle those scissors on the table, or drop your thimble above six times in a quarter of an hour? Would you see him jump up furiously, rush to the window, launch some fierce words into the street, bang down the sash, and return angrily to his work? Would you behold him, after several savage attempts at melody, shut up the instrument, snatch his hat, and tell you not to wait dinner, and dash forth, un-kissing and un-kissed, leaving you to your own thoughts or to the words of his mother-in-law? Would you, sitting alone in that paradise in the dusk of evening, be startled by the postman's knock, and still more startled by the postman's present—a note from Adam, saying that as working in Pimlico is impossible, he has taken a room at Jack Straw's Castle, and that you may go down to Herne Bay to your aunt? Dear little Eve, have we melted you to tears? Forgive; for it is all for your good; we want to warn you from abominable Pimlico.

For, Eve dear, the case is this. These new streets in Pimlico are in a great measure inhabited by people who have no right to live in such places. This class of house was not intended for them. They are out of their place in the social system. They are not living beyond their means, but they are being honest in a fraudulent manner. They are enabled to live in houses into which, under a right state of things, they would never enter—enabled to do so by rendering the locality the greatest nuisance on the face of the metropolis. And, Eve, this is the way they do it. They dispense with servants and with tradesmen. And they organise an atrocious system of doing without either class. They have all the necessaries and luxuries of life brought to their own doors. A horrible rabble of yelling and peripatetic vendors infests those streets from morning to night; and to the doors come slatternly matrons, and amid that howling and riot they purchase cheap things of those ruffian-roaders. Eve dear, beware. From the sacred dawn to the dewy evening this hideous trade is done. As fast as one coarse voice has ceased to pollute the echoes, another comes to drive you wild; and at no rare intervals there is a savage chorus,—a dozen bawling miscreants clamouring together for the patronage of those who shamelessly "buy at the door." To read, to think, to converse, to recover from illness, to write, in that howling wilderness,—dream not of it, Eve. Screech, shout, grunt, roar, assail you from morn to night. Your rest at daybreak will be broken by shrieking brats

calling on your servants for the skin of yesterday's hare; and the last words upon your ear at night will be the long howl of the pertinacious potboy, who, with tin pails at his side, insults the stars with his cries. He proclaims, "Beer—beer—beer" to the aristocrats of the region; but the democrats use pots, for which he will bellow at dawn, unless he finds them stuck upon yonder rails. At no moment of the day, O Eve, will there be silence in this lying and hypocritical region of misplaced inhabitants. Therefore, Eve, pretty as is that house, pass it by; and never set that little foot in Pimlico until Adam informs you that Sir Benjamin Hall has passed a bill putting down that curse of London—the street-cries.

It may be said that this is a digression. Be it so. If it prevents one young couple from taking a house in the new streets of Pimlico, I will gladly bear any reproach on that score. But it is not a digression; for we had to speak of Mrs. Parker's party, which was given in the locality we are denouncing, and at which our Georgiana met Charles Llewellyn. Alas for our young painter, Herbert Disney, who, in the recesses of his own mind, was preparing the terms of an offer to Georgy!

UNDER GREEN LEAVES.*

Under Green Leaves is a seasonable book, though its title belongs to summer. Beautiful things are seasonable every way, no less by their contrasts than by their resemblances. Thus, while for the present under bare boughs and wintry skies, we may delight the more on that very account to recline in fancy "under green leaves."

And if we might still further indulge in conceits that nevertheless smack of the truth, we would say that the kind of green in these leaves makes them very welcome just now. The verdure of Dr. Mackay's foliage does not yield to the winter. The leaves are evergreens, and have the brightness of the holly. In plain prose, the writer of this book is a poet of whom we like to think at holiday times; so fresh, so genial, is his muse; so heartily has she taken to a benignant errand, uttering fine heart-truths and morals in the simple but expressive dialect that the people understand; and no less a muse, because while revealing her own nature, she strives to make it intelligible to theirs. This is the muse that has seized the familiar phrases of the million, and made them point some cheering promise of hope, or some ennobling lesson of duty; that has told of the "good time coming," and helped it to come; that has bidden old and effete prejudices "to clear the way," and let ideas of justice, freedom, and sympathy, move unobstructed in their orderly progress.

The book before us displays all the qualities which are making the name of Charles Mackay "household words." There is the same healthy purpose as ever, the same picturesque treatment, the same power to extract meanings from the forms of nature or social life, and to convey those meanings by lively and unforced allegory. Nor do we miss the catching melodies peculiar to this writer. There are cases, indeed, in which the flow of the verse is even too easy, and tends to the "fatal facility" which Byron dreaded.

Very lovely and individual as a picture, very pathetic as a story, is the poem entitled "Lullingsworth." "Lullingsworth" is an ancient house, in which, towards the wane of life, its lord, survivor of his wife and children, dwells, seemingly alone. Yet it is not so; for on the one point of his lost ones the old man is happily deluded. He still believes that

"He sees them in his walks;
His wife still comforts him;
His little children still
Gambol about his feet,
And prattle in his ear.

Each day at morn and noon,
And at his evening meal,
His board is spread for nine;
His inner eyes behold
Eight spirits at his side,—
Each in the usual place,
Visible—palpable.
In their high company,
A calm pure happiness
Dwells in his soul serene,
And feeds itself on thoughts
Too great for utterance.
Life blossoms out of death;
Nothing shall part them more."

In "Horny-hand" the poet pleads with the men of manual toil for the intellectual worker. In "Obverse and Reverse" he enforces nature's great doctrine of compensation, shows how the most different lots are equalised, and suggests that, after all,

"'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus."

"The Cobbler" is a playful satire. "The Mock Jewels" is a more serious one, and indisputably fine. Its teachings are as old as experience; but they are embodied with great power, and with a kind of grotesque supernaturalism which is quite German. Death, under the guise of a pedlar, has cheated his victims, and then—

"In churchyards lone, in the wintry night,
The ghastly Pedlar—dim to see,
Takes his stand on the gravestones white:
Maranatha! and woe is me!
And summons the ghosts from sod and tomb,
And chuckles and grins in the midnight gloom;
Dark are the clouds upon the sky;
And sells them again his shadowy wares,
Loves, Fames, Riches, and Despairs,—
'Jewels—jewels—come and buy!'
O the Pedlar!
The mocking Pedlar!
The Devil in Pedlar's guise is he;
Selling and buying,
Cheating and lying:
Maranatha! and woe is me!"

There is charming characterisation and true feeling for nature in the poem called "The Trees." Every tree is individualised, and the manner of doing this is delicious for its easy grace. The poet's range is by no means confined to popularising the beautiful and the true, though we think the faculty his distinctive one. Here and elsewhere he shows a poet's fancy wandering at its own sweet will irrespective of "uses." "Thor's Hammer," with which the book concludes, is not only fine as a poem, but it has a singular pertinency at present, when some amongst us need to be reminded that the prosperity of a nation must go hand-in-hand with its duties; and that peace, when it ignores moral right, is as deceptive as it is selfish. Our space forbids us to reproduce in full any of the more important pictures in Dr. Mackay's gallery; but we can find room for this cabinet gem:

LOVE, NEW AND OLD.

"And were they not the happy days
When Love and I were young,
When Earth was robed in heavenly light,
And all creation sung?
When, gazing in my true love's face,
Through greenwood alloys lone,
I guess'd the secrets of her heart,
By whispers of my own?
And are they not the happy days
When Love and I are old,
And silver Evening has replaced
A Morn and Noon of gold?
Love stood alone with youthful joy;
But now, by Sorrow tried,
It sits, and calmly looks to Heaven,
With angels at its side."

We do not know that the present writer has solved any profound enigma of imagination, or described any new world in the poetic firmament; but he has shown that element of

* *Under Green Leaves*. By CHARLES MACKAY. London: Routledge.

genius which Coleridge rated so highly—the power to inspire admitted truths with a fresh life, that makes what were else mere dogmas of the intellect the noble realities of the heart and the conscience.

A word of explanation before we close. In praising Dr. Mackay for that direct and simple utterance which makes him clear to every one, we would by no means affirm that *all* true poetry is to be as easily appreciated. There are poets who, on account of the philosophy involved in their subjects, or the pure idealism of their conceptions, are only to be apprehended by an audience "fit though few." The true rule in the case seems to be, that where the theme itself is profound, and the writer does his best to set it forth clearly, the reader's difficulty in mastering it rests with himself. Where the writer is wilfully obscure, the blame, like the folly, is of course his own. These remarks may not seem uncalled for, if we think how often the reader's incapacity to understand is cited as a conclusive argument against the poet's power to delight. Are we really to give up Dante, Goethe, Coleridge, Keats, and—let it be added—much of Shakespeare, because the majority could better relish a ballad? Is it always the poet's duty to come down, and never the public's to aspire? A.B. tells us that he can get on with Burns; but that our Tennysons, Brownings, or Dobells, might as well write in Greek. Very good: A.B. has a right to his preference. Let him enjoy Burns, as we do, to his heart's content; but not urge his non-enjoyment of minds widely different as if his negative were their condemnation. A.B. will tell you of his wine that it needs for appreciation the palate of a connoisseur; yet supposes that he can at once detect all that is delicate and rare in the subtlest products of imagination. He sees as far as his neighbour's hedge, and thinks it the world's end. This is simple arrogance. The self-complacency of such judges is perhaps the compensation with which a kind providence requites their ignorance. The hackneyed *Intelligibilia non intellectum fero* was never more applicable than now. Why should not people agree to differ on these points? Let some, without condemning their fellows, delight in the intricate harmonies of genius; others in its simple melodies, like those of Dr. Mackay: that student being most fortunate of all who can appreciate both.

THE NIGHTINGALE, AND WHY HE SINGS BY NIGHT.

In the old old days long ago, when the world was young, and men were only just beginning to pile stone upon stone, and call their painful labour cities, a little brown nightingale lived quietly in a sloping wood.

He lived quietly, but not alone. Many of his kindred bore him company, and made the green boughs musical with their melodious notes.

At the foot of the tall forest stretched a valley, fair and green, through which glided a river, calm and clear as the sunshine that glittered on its waters. The clouds mirrored themselves on its surface, and the swallows' dipped their joyous wings in its tiny waves; but naught else disturbed the deep silence of its solitary course. The world was young, and the foot of wandering man had never yet left the print of a lonely step in the calm valley or in the trackless wood.

Unmolested the nightingales sang all the day; and at night, like other birds, they sought their rest.

They sang out of the deep love and happiness of their hearts, and not for applause. And yet they well understood the perfect beauty of their music; and often, when one thrilling voice rose with purer loveliness above his fellows, the rest would pause to listen, and then with a burst of song echo back their admiration.

But now strange unwonted shadows that had never before fallen on the tall unworn grass flitted here and there

across the valley. Many more followed; and stately forms stood in groups, and talked loudly.

The valley was full of men.

Yes, they were men; and their tools were in their hands.

Soon the axe resounded in the wood, and the earth was made to yield her treasures of marble and of other stones, and buildings grew day by day, foot by foot. The sounds of the hammer, the anvil, and the saw, ceased not while light lasted.

Still, through all the din, the nightingales sang on.

No one heeded them.

The clamour and the clang, the hissing forgo, and the grating saw, drowned their voices.

Sadly they looked down upon the growing city, and said:

"We would fain cheer the hearts of these toiling men, but they will not pause from their work to listen."

"Let us have patience," said the little brown nightingale. "These men are busy. When they have finished their work, and dwell peaceably in the town they are making, they will linger in its quiet streets to listen to our music, and their hearts will be glad."

So the nightingales obeyed the voice of their brother, and sang on patiently, ever waiting, waiting till the toil should be over and the noise of the tools should cease.

And now the city is built. But none the less does the sweat pour from the brow, and the clang and the clamour rise into the troubled air.

"The day is filled with the sounds of labour. We no longer hear our own songs. Let us depart," said the nightingales. "These sons of men will never turn away their eyes from beholding the works of their hands, or bend their ears to listen to aught save the noise of their own tools."

"Stay," said the kindly bird; "the city is young, and the wants of man are many. Wait a little while, yet a little while, and these will be satisfied; then our notes will reach them in their rest, and their hearts will be glad."

So the nightingales waited, and sang on patiently.

But now war sprang up among them; one part of the city rose against the other part; man fought with man, brother against brother; and cries of fury and groans of anguish mingled with the unheeded music of the woods. The tools of peace were cast aside; but men grasped the noisier tools of strife, and the clang and the clamour rose into the troubled air.

Peace once more! And the bells in one half of the city tolled for the dead, while in the other they rang out merrily for the victory.

"Still they do not listen," sighed the patient nightingales.

"Ah, leave them alone to bury their slain," said the kindly one, "and their saddened hearts shall turn to our music for solace."

So the nightingales sang on.

But the living forgot the dead. And one amongst them found gold; and his fellows crowded around him and grasped their tools, labouring painfully in the hard ground. And the sweat poured from the brow, and again the clang and the clamour rose into the troubled air.

Nevertheless among the sons of men there were one or two who listened in the woods, and thought the music there whispered of a better world. So they spoke of it to their brothers; but these answered, "I do not hear it;" or others said, "I have no time to listen;" or, "I hear it; but what then? it is nothing."

"Let us inquire," said a wise one among them; "let us send some of our brothers into the woods to listen; and when they come back, they shall tell us of the matter."

"This is no time," said the other, "for men to cast aside their tools, and go into the woods to listen to idle music. But there is the cat and the dog, the cock, the goose, and the pig,—they have nothing to do; let them go; and when they return, they shall interpret to us the matter."

So they chose out the creatures to go.

A cock, who thought well of himself; a pig, who was counted wise in his generation because he was fatter than his fellows; a goose, who was reckoned a wit because she hissed at every thing; a drake, called the eloquent,—for he quacked much, and people noticed not that he ever said the same thing; a dog, who was learned,—for he bayed at the moon; and a cat, who loved quiet,—and would say whatever the rest said.

So these went into the woods to listen; and the nightingales heeded them not, but sang on as before; for they sing alike to the wise and to the unwise, to him that hath understanding and to him that lacketh.

The summer air was filled with music, and it ceased not for the clamorous bark or odious tackle of the strange creatures that had come to listen.

When they returned to the city, men were too busy to hearken much to them; but they appointed certain from among them to receive the report of the creatures.

Ah, it would be long to tell all the speeches they made, and how the men of the city were sorely puzzled; for each animal interpreted the nightingale in his own note.

"It is precisely this," said the dog, barking furiously.

"We can understand that," said all the other dogs, well pleased; "and we need not put ourselves out of the way to listen to this music, for we can make it ourselves."

"Exactly so, my friends," said the satisfied dog.

"Not so," exclaimed the cock; "the music is far more noble than the dog affirms it to be. It is entirely beyond his compass; but I can give you the true notes."

With that he crowed lustily.

All the other cocks were delighted.

"That is it," they cried; "we have the true notes; we can all do that; we need not listen in the woods."

And next the pig rose up gravely. Now the cock was considered rather flighty and quarrelsome, and was therefore not so much heeded; but the pig, being sleek and respectable, was greatly regarded and revered. But having risen, he seemed to have nothing to say, for he merely grunted and sat down again. Nevertheless he looked so sleek and well-to-do, that all his kin were satisfied, and cried out, "He's right; that's it exactly." And many among the children of men inclined to follow the pig, because he was grave and respectable, and had most of the fat things. Meanwhile the drake ran up and down among them all quacking loudly; and as most noise gains most friends, he had more partisans than the rest.

The goose hissed contemptuously at the whole matter.

"For her part," she said, "she did not believe in any of it; she had certainly heard something out there among the trees, but since she had seen nothing, she was inclined to think it was all imagination."

Now the cat had stood aloof in all the meekness of philosophy; but being called on to give his opinion, he decided there was truth in all the animals: "The song of the nightingale being made up of the bark of the dog, the grunt of the pig, the crow of the cock, and the never-failing quack of his eloquent friend the drake." The goose still hissed, but was in the minority; for they all liked to believe in their own notes, and the cat's speech being a speech of expediency meant to soften all parties, found favour with many.

However, the few who had listened to the music themselves silently condemned those accounts of it, and declared among themselves there were none of those gross cries in the nightingale's song. It would be long to tell the strife that arose among the creatures as each one set himself up as a teacher. But little the people heeded; for still the toil and the work went on, and the sweat poured from the brow, and the clang and the clamour rose in the troubled air.

And once more the nightingales communed together, and said,

"Let us leave the haunts of man; and fly to some distant and quiet land, where the din of their lives shall never reach us."

But the pitiful one, who had often in the calm night brooded over the restless city, and marked the toilworn sleepers and the weary watchers, and amongst and with them all the peaceful angel-faces of little children, loved the busy place, if only for their sakes, and pleaded yet again.

"Not so, brothers," said he; "let us not forsake the habitation of men because the toiling day gives them no time to listen to the music of our voices. At night, in sleep, their faces are turned towards heaven. Let us not despair, but respect their labour, and be silent while the light lingers; but when the soft and silent night breathes its calm upon the earth, let our song fill the darkness with melody, and sink into their hearts with gladness."

The astonished birds with happy voice assented.

And now, when the weary man, in sleep toil-haunted, wipes the sweat from his dreamy brow, and the clang and the clamour have ceased and the troubled air is still, music breathes from the woods, and the nightingales fill the summer night with song.

The sick man on his bed of pain leans on his restless pillow to listen. Anxious watchers turn pale faces towards the darkness to catch more clearly the thrilling notes. And many a worker by the midnight lamp rises from his toil, and lets the summer air blow on his fevered brow; for the music is in it and comes with it, and as he drinks in the air-thrilling sound, he thanks God for its beauty and its message of peace.

SONNET.

By WESTLAND MARSTON.

'Twas half a life since, and the Christmas sun
That laved the leafless grove had ebb'd away
To the last fiery wave: the air was dun.
Clouds gathered, burst, and earth all snow-wound lay.
From the hearth's glow unto the beaten pane
A maiden stepp'd; when, sudden, one drew rein,
And cried, "I come!" He deemed her bridal wreath
To twine of new-year snowdrops. When above
The mould they peered, she placid slept beneath—
Boast not thy triumph, Death! she passed—not love.
Still the same rider on a track doth fare
By Time's stern winter frozen—blanch'd and bare;
And still beyond the track he sees a home,
And whispers, as he journeys, "Love, I come!"



CRYSTAL PALACES FOR HOME.

[Second Paper.]

In a previous paper we drew attention to the principles involved in the management of plant-cases; and we gave a few hints as to their general construction, so as to secure an effective display at the least possible cost, and insure successful cultivation of the plants.

We shall now enumerate a few of the plans that may be adopted in extension of the idea of a Wardian case, in the hope of stimulating many of our readers to beguile their winter leisure, either in the construction of such things, or at least in the furnishing of them after the zinc-worker or other artisan has accomplished his work.

When once an ingenious taste is exercised, there is no end to the variety of forms that may be given to these beautiful plant-cases. Grecian vases may be fitted with simple bell-glasses, or built over with zinc frames and plate-glass in graceful rectangular proportions; one side being always made so as to open as a door, and provision for drainage

being made below. Terra-cotta vases are also applicable in the same way; and if a number of such dome-shaped contrivances are grouped above and below, a large rectangular case, a splendid scene may be produced, and an elegant recreation provided, at an outlay very trifling compared with the result attained. But why should those who desire to adorn their town dwellings with such contrivances as Wardian cases stop short at the construction of a box or the furnishing of a vase? Why should not the lower window-sash give place to a conservatory fitting into the window itself, and projecting into the interior of the room in a few bold curves of zinc framework and glass? Here is a field for ingenuity; here is the Crystal Palace and Winter-Garden brought to the fireside at once, and the room beautiful beyond conception by a judicious grouping and selection of plants.

To construct a conservatory on this scale would be comparatively inexpensive. An amateur who could use carpenters' tools with a little skill would easily plan and execute such a work at less cost than he could purchase a good-sized Wardian case; and as the framework might be formed wholly of wood, there would be no terrible problem to solve in its construction. The *modus operandi* would include, first, the removal of the lower sash; or that might be left untouched, and the whole of the construction placed before it, the sash being used to form one side of the conservatory. If the sash were removed, one sheet of plate-glass ought to take its place. A depth of from four to six inches would be sufficient for the projection on the side next the room, and that of course would be the breadth from back to front of the conservatory. On each side of the window the necessary woodwork would be fixed; and along the base of the proposed conservatory a suitable trough for the soil would be required. Then the glasswork within, on the side next the room,—the central portion forming a door for access to the plants, and a roof on a hinge, with a perforated ventilator, to be closed or opened as required,—would complete the structure. There would be ample room for design in the formation of such conservatories. The inner side need not be a mere flat framework, but might be made up of simple and symmetrical curves, so as to "bow" into the room in the same way as a bay-window "bows" towards the street; and a bay-window would be the best of situations in which to form a conservatory of this kind.

In the planting of such structures great judgment is necessary. There must be good drainage, to prevent any accumulation of stagnant moisture; the soil must be of a proper kind; and for beauty of effect, it is as well to diversify the surface, either by means of a little rockwork or a central hillock covered with some kind of creeping verdure. The eye abhors a flat surface as much as nature abhors a vacuum. Any soft-brained lover of toys can stick ferns into a pan of mould; but it is for the enthusiastic lover of floral beauty to set off his collection by means of pleasing lines and contrasts. Let us consider first the ordinary fern-shade, which is the cheapest form of Wardian case, and, properly managed, one of the most elegant. First lay a stratum of cinders one inch deep; then fill up with a compost of fibry peat, leaf-mould, and silver-sand, not pounded and sifted, but well broken with the hand, and the ingredients incorporated together without sifting or reducing the whole to dust. Let the soil rise above the edge of the pan a few inches into a gentle mound, and in the centre place a few blocks of dark stone; but no shells, no Druidical tablets, no gingerbread of any kind. Then surface the soil with common mosses from the woods, or with some of the elegant *lycopodiums* which the florists supply for the purpose; and finally, plant the ferns some little distance apart, to prevent crowding. The grand climax is the watering. When the soil is properly wetted, it will bear to be handled without soiling the fingers; but the established plan is to soak it into a paste, so that to touch it would be very unpleasant indeed. Who can wonder that there has been so little improvement in this kind of gardening while folks have been taught to

drench the soil and enclose the damp exhalations that rise from it? In selecting ferns for cases, it is necessary to know first to what height they will subsequently attain, so that there shall be no necessity for removing them if they grow to dimensions beyond the capacity of the case. Of course the tallest kinds should be placed towards the centre, and those of smaller growth around them. On dull days the glass should be lifted off, and wiped clean and replaced, and the collection should have full exposure to daylight without sun: hence a north window is the best for a collection of ferns. Proceed in a similar way in the planting of your window, and you may fairly expect success.

In a built case of any size it is not necessary to confine the selection to ferns. If the centre is built up into a hollow hillock,—a thing easily accomplished if an empty flower-pot is placed there as a support for the mould,—a flowering plant in a pot may be inserted, and its place supplied with another when its bloom is over. The pot itself can easily be hidden by means of *lycophods*, or even a little fresh moss tucked comfortably into the space around the summit. Then ferns and flowering plants might be judiciously grouped about the soil. *Mesembryanthemums*, *calceolarias*, *fuchsias*, *penstemons*, *gloxinias*, *pansies*, *auriculas*, *primulas*, and many others that are partial to moisture, would make a lovely diversity of form and colour; and the centre would of course be occupied with some fine specimen plant,—a rose, a *pelargonium*, or, indeed, any bold and large-sized plant you might happen to have in flower; and as soon as its glory began to wane you could lift it out and replace it by another.

But when we come to the real conservatory, the crystal palace which occupies the whole of the lower half of the window, we have a large field before us. It ought to be gay, and only a few ferns should have admittance to give the grace of their emerald fronds to the bright colours of the flowering plants; but, according to the height of the structure, some few graceful things should be adapted to run or climb to the top. If such a work were commenced in autumn or winter, some crocuses, snowdrops, hyacinths, and tulips might be planted, and a few ferns for immediate effect. Early in spring the bulbs would come into bloom; then any of the choice annuals might follow, and strong plants of *Maurandya Barclayana*, passion-flower, and *tropeolum*, might be planted, to climb up within and make a gay scene in autumn. The garden and greenhouse would supply an abundance of pretty things; and in the absence of such a source of supply, a number of pretty favourites might be purchased of the florists for a few shillings. But there is another department of floriculture highly suited to such small conservatories, and that is, the growth of British wildings, of which our own hedgerows and commons supply hundreds of lovely kinds, many of them highly suitable. In *Rustic Adornments for Homes of Taste*, this department of domestic floriculture is very fully treated. The author recommends for Wardian cases of all kinds, whether with ferns or gay flowering-plants, the common ivy, the primrose, wood oxalis, marsh pennywort, the lovely brookline, germander, speedwell, hound's-tongue, pimpernel, the minute *drosera*, and many other of the wayside favourites that give interest to country rambles. We are, however, cautioned against the adoption of hard-wood plants, such as heather; and some few herbaceous plants, such as the harebell, and some others of dry texture, are specified as unsuitable.

But this part of the subject would demand the space of at least an article to do it justice, and we shall hereafter return to it, and give some specific instructions as to the selection of ferns and flowering-plants for cases and window-conservatories. In the mean time our friends may vary the monotony of the dark days and long evenings in the construction of crystal palaces for the home, of course bearing in mind what has been advanced above as to the necessity for drainage and ventilation. Soot and dust and all defilements are to be excluded; and that may be accomplished without stifling and starving and emaciating the vegeta-

tion. But, above all things, let your structures be artistic; study grace in simple outlines and good proportions, and secure ornament without the sacrifice of scientific accuracy in the general arrangements.

BLOOMING OF AQUATIC PLANTS IN AQUARIA.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

WHEN I turn to any work on the aquarium, I find frequent reference to the blooming of aquatic plants, which are always spoken of as if they bloomed as freely in the tank as they do in their native rivers. But I have had an aquarium some time, and have had it well stocked with plants purchased of Mr. Hall and of other respectable dealers, but I never yet had the gratification of beholding a single blossom of any kind. Are there any examples of attractive plants, or rather attractive flowers, to be found in the number of those used in the culture of these "water-gardens," as a writer on the subject lately called them? If there are any, would it not be worth any trouble it might occasion to induce such to ripen their seeds in the tank, so that amateurs could have the pleasure of raising seedling aquatics. I am sure such a recreation would be as instructive and entertaining as it would be novel, and would justify the term "water-garden," as applied to the aquarium. The noble Gladiolus and the Water-Plantain, for instance, would be fine things to raise from seed, could one procure seed indeed, which I suspect to be quite out of the question. I have an opinion that mould is essential for the growth of water-plants in an aquarium, since all river-plants make root in a deep bed of soil.

I am delighted with the designs and suggestions given in "The Home." May the NATIONAL speedily become a "household word," and a "household god." AQUARIUS.

["Aquarius" is evidently quite a beginner. Among the showy plants for the aquarium, we may name the beautiful Water-Buttercup (*Ranunculus Aquatilis*), which flowers freely in the tank, if brought from the stream just as its blooms begin to expand. It should not be rooted, because it is too coarse a plant for a permanent ornament; but if a well-washed bunch is thrown in, it will arrange itself and give great grace to the collection as long as it continues to cover the surface with its lovely white and yellow flowers. The Flowering-Rush is another; but that must have root, and be kept in its position by means of a few stones placed around its base. The Water-Plantain is a noble thing, and is highly valued as an ornament. If its root is well covered with pebbles, it does very well without a particle of mould. We have bloomed it over and over again in that way, and last year saved seed; and shall be very glad to send "Aquarius" a pinch, if he will forward a stamped and directed envelope. Indeed, as far as we can eke out the seed, we will gladly post a little to any correspondents who wish for it.

Then the Water-Soldier and the Frog-Bit are quite ornamental when blooming, as, indeed, they are at all times; but the Water-Soldier is very shy of its blossoms in the tank, though the Frog-Bit blooms abundantly and in as great perfection as in its native streams.

Many of the ordinary aquarium-plants have inconspicuous blossoms, as, for instance, the new Water-Weed, or *Anacharis Alsinistrum*, the Star-Wort, Lemna, and others; and as they are only to be seen distinctly by help of a lens, they are only attractive to the student. All these and many more we have bloomed again and again in tanks without any special treatment; and we can assure "Aquarius" that there is something more than a mere passing pleasure in obtaining such results. As to the mould, let every aquarian discard it except for special purposes. All the ordinary river-plants do just as well in a thin layer of pebbles, and many even without a bed of any kind, if merely thrown in and left to take their chance. The less muddy and soluble matter in the tank, the more surely will it keep bright and pure for a length of time. With mould there is always a rapid growth of confervoids, and much liability to turbidity.

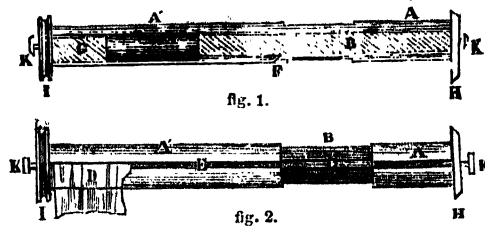
SHIRLEY HIBBERD.]

TALL'S TELESCOPIC BLIND-ROLLER.

AMONG the cheap and useful domestic novelties of the day may be mentioned an ingeniously constructed blind-roller, formed on the principle of a telescope; hence its name.

This roller is so simple, that it may be readily adjusted to any window, and as quickly fixed, without the aid of a carpenter. The invention consists in giving to the roller a telescopic, or expanding, action, whereby, within certain limits, it can be expanded or contracted to any desired width. It thus becomes removable at pleasure.

The accompanying figures represent the roller and its action. Fig. 1 is a longitudinal section of the apparatus; and fig. 2 is a plan of the same.



The roller (see fig. 2) consists of two pieces of thin metal tubing, A A'; a wooden core, B, being introduced (nearly the entire length of the metal tube) inside. Along the wooden core B runs a thin wooden rod, C, which is sewn into one end of the blind, represented at D. The slot or opening, E, is made in order that it may correspond in position with the groove in the core, the blind, when attached to the roller, passing all along this open avenue.

To insure the longitudinal groove of the core B always corresponding to the slot or opening, E, a second straight longitudinal groove is made in the core, into which a small tongue-piece R (see fig. 1), part of the longer tube A, is made to project, thereby acting as a stop.

A short length of core, G, is attached to the end of the longer tube A'; and this short core being grooved on one side, it corresponds with the opening E in its entire length. The flange of the roller H, and the pulley I, may be made either of wood or metal, and glued, or otherwise secured, on the end of the roller. K K are pins, and form the pivots on which the roller turns.

Preparatory to the blind being attached to the roller, the rod C must be made fast to one end of the blind (a needle and thread will accomplish this readily). It may then be introduced into the groove on the core, the blind itself being guided along the slot in the tube. The disjointed tubes must then be closed up until the required width of the window is attained. The pulley may be used with an endless cord, in the usual way; or a recoil spring may be employed, in which case a pulley would become unnecessary.

Fig. 3 represents one of the brackets for fixing the

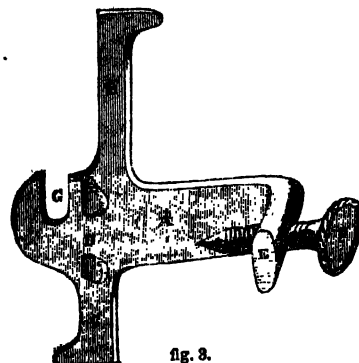


fig. 3.

roller, which is very ingenious. *A* is the body, on which are an upper and lower projecting arm or stop, *B* and *C*. It is also formed with a claw *D* and a lug *E*. Through this last the thumbscrew *F* passes, which secures the bracket to the beading of the window. *G* is the slot in which runs the pivot *H* of the roller. The fixing is so simple, that a minute suffices for the purpose.

When adjusting the bracket, let the end of the upper arm *B* be placed against the under side of the top-beading of the window-frame. That arm must, of course, be made sufficiently long to admit of the roller working perfectly clear of the beading above it. The lower arm of the bracket, it should be observed, acts as a stop to prevent the sash of the window, when hastily thrown up, from striking against and injuring the roller.

There are two brackets, one adapted to the right and the other to the left side of the window. These, of course, must be fixed in a straight line, so as to secure the evenness of the blind.

INSECT CURIOSITIES.

THE GARDEN SPIDER.

HAPPY should that HOME be which has a garden attached to it! Its inhabitants may boast of possessing a never-ending, an inexhaustible source of delight.

The cultivation of flowers is in itself a delectable pastime, and yields perpetual amusement to those who love a succession of Nature's beauties. But when the garden is, in addition, visited by feathered songsters of all kinds—many of whom nest there—and by myriads of pretty insects, whose lives, habits, and various transformations are brought immediately under the eye, its value is enhanced fourfold.

Not long since, while indulging in the privilege here hinted at, a glorious opportunity offered for watching the movements of that beautifully-marked and sagacious creature—the Garden Spider (*Epeira Diadema*). I had risen early, to enjoy the pure autumnal morning air; and on going into the garden, there was my little artificer busily at work constructing his ingenious palace of silk. I selected "one" from at least a hundred others.

Few persons can boast of having seen the Garden Spider at the commencement of his operations. They work either in the night or very early in the morning. I contrived, however, to see the architect ere he had entirely finished his out-works, and was indeed delighted at the wonderful sagacity of his calculations. He planned, and executed, at the same time. There was no guess-work; every thing was done on mathematical principles of exactness.

His ropes, ladders, and scaffold, being adjusted and fixed, and their strength thoroughly tested, the next step was to proceed with the internal arrangements. These consisted of a series of concentric circles, in the formation of which the most consummate art was manifested. There was no scamping of the work, no undue haste to get the job done,—all was methodical and business-like. It was worthy an extra hour's patience to note how the little creature laboured with one of its pectinated claws to stretch the lines; as it proceeded to their extreme limit; fastening every joint as it went on with minute globules of viscid gum. The radii



of the circles, too, how artistically and precisely drawn!

The House Spider's net, or web, is composed of one kind of silk only. The Garden Spider uses two kinds of silk in his operations. That which is employed in constructing the radii is *not* of an adhesive nature; but the reverse is the case with the silk used for the concentric circles; consequently it is by these last that the prey is secured.

To watch the completion of this very beautiful piece of architecture, devised and accomplished in little more than an hour, was an infinite treat. Leaving the workman to carefully examine the details, and to enjoy his break-

fast, for which he seemed amply prepared, I went indoors to set him an example.

On paying him a second visit, he was seen comfortably and boldly stretched out on the centre of his mansion, head downwards. He had *not* breakfasted, but was evidently expecting company. Having witnessed his gigantic labours, a thought suggested itself that I should assist in providing the company.

Accordingly, a wasp which found its way in at the window was struck down. Picking it up with the end of a pair of partially-closed scissors, I took my position in front of the web. The eyes of spiders, it would appear, are so constructed as not to readily discern *large* objects, unless when in motion. My presence, therefore, was quite unheeded. I had frequently noticed this curious fact on former occasions.

Presenting the wasp at the end of the scissors, his majesty first regarded it with fear; then with a feeling of hungry delight. His first impression was to run away from it, which he did. But as it was not quite dead, and was struggling, he evidently feared it might break away, and so escape altogether. Returning, therefore, he surveyed his prey as if doubtful how to manage him, for he unmistakably dreaded his sting.

Herein was seen the sagacity, instinct, or reason, of our hero. Placing one toe on the head, and another on the lower part of the wasp's body,—avoiding the sting in the most masterly manner,—in this stretched-out position he turned several summersets with him, and fairly doubled him up in his web, encasing him so firmly in his coils of new-spun silk that his death was immediate. He then dragged him up to a snug little apartment overarched by ivy, and there he sucked the juices of his body.

In the course of sundry other experiments with this same spider, I coaxed him to come down, over and over again, to secure other prey in the form of flies, &c., which I presented with the naked finger and thumb. He seized them greedily, spun rapidly round them to entomb them in his coils, and on every occasion returned immediately to his apartment to continue his feast on the savoury wasp.

On a further continuance of my experiments, the net became damaged; and as I had amply satisfied my curiosity by witnessing the marvellous ingenuity and extraordinary instincts of this very beautiful little creature, I left it to enjoy its repast in peace. The damaged net was forsaken, a new one was constructed hard by in the course of a few hours, and there at his ease sat my hero of the morning ready to receive fresh company as they dropped in.

WILLIAM KIDD.

Solution of the Charade by T. K. HERVEY, in our last Number.
Bookworm.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. IV.

PAINTED BY F. GOODALL, A.R.A.

ARREST OF A ROYALIST PEASANT IN LA VENDEE.

ARREST OF A ROYALIST PEASANT IN LA VENDÉE.

By F. GOODALL, A.R.A.

THE design from which our cut is taken is one of the best that Mr. Goodall has produced. There is less in it of quaint comfortable humour than we usually find in the artist's works; though the anti-total countenance of the soldier on the peasant's right hand is quite "a bit" in Goodall's style. But the grave and stern story is told with force and earnestness. It is seen at a glance. The peasant of La Vendée is an untutored enthusiast, to whom a political principle is a religious faith. In his humble home he is suddenly seized by the soldiers of the Republic. He is taken "all aback;" his wife is stricken with dismay and grief, and gives way to an impulse of entreaty for his release, of course vainly. The men of bayonets proceed mechanically in the enjoyment of their appointed duty—prisoner-making. But in the sinewy manly figure, the rough yet picturesque, and even dignified head of the captive, we see a spirit which raises the peasant in his simple faith above the mercenaries of party. The design has all Goodall's individual character, with a higher expression; his power of producing which has not hitherto obtained all the recognition it deserves.

ALUMINIUM.

THE fact that the majority of persons are at present familiar with a metal which a short time since was only to be looked upon as a very rare chemical product is the best proof we can have of the great progress our age has made in useful discoveries, while it at the same time bears ample testimony to the very high degree of perfection which has been attained in chemical investigations. This metal is Aluminium, or, as it is also called, Aluminum. Sir Humphrey Davy attempted to resolve alumina into its constituent elements as he had done with soda and potash, but he did not succeed so as to have been enabled to determine the nature of its metallic element, or aluminum. Wöehler, the well-known German chemist, was the first to obtain this substance in sufficient quantity so as to describe the properties of this heretofore unknown metal. It may also be added that many of the properties, the discovery of which have been attributed to Deville, had been already laid before the public by Wöehler. Chemists have constantly desired to produce aluminium at a moderate price, in consequence of its possessing many very valuable qualities, and among others may be mentioned its superiority over gold in not being oxidised even under certain chemical conditions where the precious metal would be so; in the advantage it has over silver in its behaviour with nitric acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, while it admits of being drawn out to as great a degree of fineness as either silver or copper, and can also be laminated with as great facility as either tin or silver. From possessing these properties, it naturally became a great object to place within the reach of commerce so valuable an article, and which might be applied to so many useful purposes in the arts and manufactures, but which, at the period when investigations were commenced, was, in consequence of its exorbitant price, a perfectly useless substance in an industrial point of view.

The manner adopted to obtain this metal may be briefly stated to consist in decomposing chloride of aluminium by means of sodium, when aluminium is the result of the operation. Now the preparation of chloride of aluminium and of sodium was attended with many difficulties, and even so much so that less than two years ago this latter metal was worth 1000 francs the kilogramme, equal to about 20*l.* per

pound; while chloride of aluminium was a chemical curiosity not by any means common even in the laboratory. Such being the case, and these two substances being absolutely indispensable to the production of aluminium, it naturally gave to this metal a very high value; one pound of it being worth about 400*l.* From this it will be seen that could the difficulty of producing the substances mentioned above be got rid of, aluminium would be very materially lessened in price. Now this appears to have been effected by Messrs. Rousseau, Deville, and Morin, who have recently laid before the Academy of Sciences of Paris a paper, in which it is stated that instead of submitting alumina and charcoal to the action of chlorine, they employ a mixture composed of alumina, sea-salt, and charcoal, and expose this to the action of the same element; by this means they obtain a double chloride of aluminium and sodium, volatile and liquefiable, which flows like water, but becomes solid when cold. By this mode of operating, and together with a few modifications of the actual method, they state that aluminium can be obtained for 100 francs the kilogramme, or about 2*l.* per pound: this metal is obtained in plates, globules, or in powder; and the ease and facility with which the operation is carried on is said to astonish all those who witness it for the first time, and are familiar with the difficulties of the old method. From these facts, aluminium promises soon to lose its character as a chemical product, and to play the more useful part of an article of manufacture. The next and most recent paper upon the subject of aluminium is one by M. Delvay, and which treats of the alloys of this metal. M. Delvay, after premising that aluminium enters into combination with various metals, and that this is generally accompanied with disengagement of light and heat, proceeds to state the result of his investigations upon this interesting subject.

It appears that an alloy composed of 90 parts of copper and 10 of aluminium possesses greater hardness than bronze, and can be easily worked when hot. Alloys may also be obtained of various degrees of hardness in proportion as the aluminium is increased, but which become brittle if carried beyond a very limited point as respects both gold and copper. Aluminium is stated to be rendered more brilliant and a little less hard, while it at the same time preserves its malleability when alloyed with a small proportion of zinc, tin, silver, and platinum. Iron and copper, if present in small quantities, have not a very bad effect; thus aluminium is stated to preserve its malleability even when 7 or 8 per cent of iron is present. This is not, however, what has been found by other chemists; for Messrs. Tessier say that 5 per cent of iron renders aluminium almost impossible to work: as to which statement is correct must be left to those practically acquainted with the subject to decide. M. Delvay states that the most interesting alloy is that of aluminium and zinc, which is stated to be a little harder than the metal itself, but at the same time very malleable. If aluminium contains 10 per cent of copper, its malleability is not lost but is diminished; while if this proportion be increased, it becomes brittle and remains white as long as the copper does not exceed 80 per cent; if, however, it is increased to 85 per cent, it becomes more so. An alloy composed of 3 parts of silver and 97 of aluminium is stated to possess a fine colour, and not to be affected by sulphuretted hydrogen. By forming an alloy composed of 1 part of aluminium and 1 part of silver, a substance is obtained which is as hard as ordinary bronze. An alloy composed of 99 of gold and 1 of aluminium is very hard, but is malleable, and is of the colour of green gold; with 10 of aluminium instead of 1, the alloy becomes crystalline, and in consequence brittle. A small quantity of sodium produces an alloy which decomposes cold water with great facility. At the end of the *séance*, M. Delvay laid before the Academy several specimens of alloys of aluminium with antimony, bismuth, and cadmium; but nothing was stated concerning their several properties, as the experiments had not been carried far enough to enable him to assert any thing with respect to them with certainty.

THE BROOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. ARLE."
IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

THE fog of the night before was still heavy over every thing when the Woods sat down to their early breakfast. But the fire burnt brightly, flashing upon the dainty china and crimson hangings of the little room. There was a great deal of red about the room, not because it looked cheery, but because it served to set off the statuettes and nick-nacks of various descriptions with which it was Mr. Wood's pleasure to overfill his house.

"Good gracious, Linda, shut the window. What are you doing?" Miss Wood exclaimed.

"Only picking this rose; it looked in so pitifully, aunt," Linda answered, and put the solitary rose into a tiny vase. She was but a pale pitiful-looking rose herself this morning.

"Ma'am, miss, have you heard? Isn't it dreadful? He here only yesterday, and now—"

"Mary, what are you talking of?" Miss Wood sternly demanded of the servant-girl, who had come in looking horror-stricken.

"Why he was found dead—murdered or something—the post-woman just told me. She's frightened me out of my wits. He, such a fine gentleman, and alive only yesterday. I shall never be able to go by the brook again."

"Who's dead? Speak, girl!" Miss Wood griped her arm. Linda sank back in her chair, and listened with closed eyes.

"O, ma'am, you hurt my arm! and I'm so fluttered. Some say he murdered or drowned himself; but some thinks he's been murdered, and—O my arm! Who?—why Mr. Salford, the young squire."

"Nonsense, girl; don't bring your idle stories here."

"It's true, ma'am. This morning Jim Robinson was going to his work, and as he passed by the brook (he don't ordinary go that way) there he sees the squire lying with his head under water, and a hole in his throat. It's true, sir; the whole village is astir."

"Leave the room," Mr. Wood said. "Ann, look to this child; I'll go and see what is true of this horrible story."

"Linda, this man's death will be laid to your door. Dear, dear, what shall we do? There will be such talk, and we shall be ruined; you'll lose all your teaching. Why, the girl don't hear. Well, I'm glad she's got some feeling. The young man may not be dead, after all."

Linda's head was laid on the table; Miss Wood raised it; the face wore the livid hue of death. The aunt most energetically set to work to restore the girl to consciousness, and soon succeeded. Linda's will being at work, she wanted to hear more—all.

Miss Wood had laid her down on the hearth-rug; but she sat up when her father entered, and turned agonised eyes upon him.

"The girl spoke true. Salford was found this morning as she described. Dr. Minton talks about a fit—a seizure of a kind he has had once before, and says he may then have fallen, face downward, into the water, and been unable to rise; but Dr. Minton is a friend of—better not mention names. There's an ugly wound in Salford's throat. A man working near heard angry voices last evening; and a girl says she heard Salford threatened some time since by—ugh! it's a shocking thing, a shocking thing. Ann, Linda has got ague, or something. Good Heaven! she shakes from head to foot; her lips are blue. Ann," and the poor man put his hand to his head and look bewildered, "I heard my girl's name just now mixed up in this—this horrible affair. Now, Ann, I—could—not—bear—that." Mr. Wood sat down, looking little less ghostly than Linda. "Tell me that Linda, my fair sweet darling, has nothing to do with this—"

"Why, man, she didn't murder young Salford. James, James, don't be a fool! What shall I do with two such babies on my hands? This is all about it: Linda refused young Salford yesterday."

"Refused young Salford," Mr. Wood groaned; "and Calton—I see. Heaven pity us! I have been a blind selfish sinner."

"Bless the man! I wish you would leave riddles and speak plain. You have certainly been very selfishly neglectful of our interests, wrapped up in your studies and gropings about. I'm glad you've come to know that at last."

"Ann, look at my poor child. What shall we do with her? what shall we do?"

"O, don't be frightened. Girls often go off like this when they hear any thing shocking all of a sudden. I dare say she's sorry that she refused the poor young man. Well, she is cold. Fetch a blanket from upstairs, and put on some more coals; don't let that prying creature, Mary, come in."

Miss Wood closed the blinds, and herself carried out the untasted breakfast, after she had taken a cup of tea and attempted to make her niece swallow some of that beverage; then she mounted guard over the recumbent form which only showed life by the shiverings running through it.

"Send for Dr. Minton. Shall I go for him?" Mr. Wood said.

"No; I won't have any doctors; they're a talking set: she'll be all right presently." Miss Wood tried to get some cordial between Linda's clenched teeth, and chafed her feet and hands savagely.

Mr. Wood went away to shut himself up in his room; he could not bear to see his daughter's suffering. Miss Wood sat by her, grimly knitting, tired of exertion, waiting for some change in her patient's state; not very uneasy; "she was used to girls," as she often said.

So a few hours of that heavy morning went by in the little room of Rose Cottage. Linda now and then stirred and moaned: when she did so Miss Wood nodded significantly, and muttered, "She'll do."

Presently a rap sounded at the hall-door. Linda opened her eyes, and raised herself up to lean on her elbow. Miss Wood went into the hall, and closed the parlour-door behind her.

It was Dr. Minton, hurried and anxious. "I must see Miss Linda," he told the maid.

"You cannot see her now, Dr. Minton; she's engaged," Miss Wood said.

"My business is important."

"My niece cannot see you."

"Excuse me, she must. It is best; if not, she will have less friendly and considerate visitors."

Dr. Minton removed Miss Wood's hand from the parlour-door, and entered. Linda had risen from the floor, and was sitting in a low chair, still shaking like one ague-stricken.

"Do not rise," Dr. Minton said. "Miss Wood, I must see your niece alone." Very politely the doctor handed Miss Wood to the door.

Then he took a seat close by Linda, apparently not noticing her extreme agitation, but said: "I am Mr. Calton's friend; I act for him. An absurd suspicion has—"

"I know," gasped Linda.

Dr. Minton laid his hand on hers. "I say, advisedly, an absurd suspicion; the gossiping of a girl who heard angry conversation between the cousins a month since, of a ploughman who also overheard them talking yesterday, and who met Mr. Calton coming from the brook just at dark. This is all the foundation on which this suspicion rests." Dr. Minton's calm voice and the firm pressure of his kind hand seemed strangely to still the poor child's agitation; she ceased to tremble so violently. "Remember that I am Mr. Calton's friend," he pursued; "tell me all that passed yesterday. I have not the slightest doubt, not the very slightest, that poor Salford was yesterday seized with a similar attack to one for which I attended him twelve months since; that he fell forward into the water, wounding himself with his knife as he did so, and was drowned. I want to prove this: Calton has enemies. Tell me, my good child, all you know of these two young men's words

and actions yesterday. Mr. Calton is a generous noble fellow. I know that you can tell me nothing that shall be turned to his disadvantage, so speak freely."

• With simple childish confidence Linda told every thing. She could remember exactly at what time each of the cousins had left her.

Dr. Minton promised to see her again that evening, and left her.

He had to attend the inquest. After long discussion, no certain verdict was found. Search was made in the dismal brook-side meadows, in the stream itself, for the knife that had given that ugly wound on the young squire's throat. It could not be found; and Dr. Minton had no cheering news for poor Linda that evening. Things looked more serious: it was whispered that Mr. Calton had just such a knife,—and it could not be a common one,—as would inflict a wound of the shape and size of that on Salford's throat. Of this fresh rumour the doctor said nothing to his poor little patient. Dr. Minton's two visits to the cottage that day were duly noted and commented upon by the village.

Linda was abused as a heartless coquette who had occasioned the death of the handsome young squire; whether he had stabbed himself or been stabbed by his cousin, his death was equally Linda Wood's fault; and if she now died of love for him it would serve her right. Poor Linda was not slow in accusing herself, remembering every little act of childish light-hearted coquetry against herself as a heinous crime.

Dr. Minton sent her a sleeping-draught: he had been alarmed at the wild strained look of the face turned towards the door when he entered. In spite of this soothing potion, and of Dr. Minton's last words,—“Calton is anxious that I should care for you,”—Linda's dreams presented her perpetually with two aspects of horror:—Edward Salford laid on a table at the Crown, his black hair dripping back from his drowned face, a great gaping wound in his pale throat,—for of course feverish fancy drew exaggerated pictures; and Mr. Calton a prisoner, accused of murder—a victim to such foul accusations.

That night snow began to fall; it covered over the brook-side meadows, and hindered farther search. Mr. Calton's knife,—for to the possession of a curious knife he had fearlessly confessed,—was again and again compared with the wound. It showed no symptom of having been used for less innocent purpose than the pruning of a rose-bush; and he asserted that his cousin had possessed one exactly similar. It was forwarded to town by the Minsterton worthies, to be subjected to the usual tests and examinations.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Calton was heir to Edward Salford's property. The next of kin, supposing Mr. Calton excluded from succession, was a Salford more wild and wicked than was usual even with the Salfords, among whom the lately deceased was a wise and righteous man. He envied and hated Arthur Calton; and of course it was to his interest that vague suspicion should gain form and substance,—that the murder should be brought home to the man standing between him and the Salford property.

No one understood at the time how it was that Mr. Calton, who had been considered by the whole neighbourhood as an honourable man, a righteous man, a man well-nigh without guile, gradually came to be looked upon with mistrust, fear, dislike. Many were the discreditable stories whispered about concerning him; yet no one accused him of any thing; he had no opportunity of defending himself. Afterwards, many of these evil reports were traced up to the needy and unscrupulous Salford next of succession.

People crossed over to the other side of the way rather than meet Arthur Calton in the village-street; shrunk from contact with him on every occasion during those few days intervening between the inquest and the funeral. Yet he walked up and down with a firm step, an erect head, a serious sorrowful face; neither unconscious nor unpaired

that he was watched and suspected, but fully believing that his cause would right itself.

He had given orders concerning his cousin's funeral, as it was his office to do. The evening before the day on which it was to have taken place police-officers from the neighbouring town came to Minsterton, and Mr. Calton was put under arrest, committed to stand his trial for murder. A pretty case had been made out against him from the stories of Jim Robinson and Eliza Carter, and the correspondence of the peculiar Spanish knife he carried with the shape and size of the wound in the dead man's throat. His enemy had worked warily and well.

“Of course it is but a temporary annoyance to which he is subjected,” said Dr. Minton to the wan Linda. “What seems to hurt him most is that his fellow-townsmen, his neighbours, people he had thought his friends, should be so ready to believe evil of him. Miss Linda, I find him a nobler fellow than I had thought him even.” Dr. Minton drew the back of his hand across his eyes; Linda had no tears to shed.

“How is it you are not out to-day?” he asked her suddenly. “Have you a holiday? You would be better for occupation.”

“Yes; people will not have me in their houses. I am not fit to touch the hands of innocent children, Mrs. Brown says. I do not think I am,” Linda answered sternly.

“That is the nonsense she talks,” Miss Wood exclaimed, coming in. “She sits there like one of her father's images, instead of carrying it with a high hand. It's no use for me to talk my tongue off trying to keep up her character, if she mopes and moans like a guilty thing. Indeed, I don't know what we shall do. We shall come to want.”

“No you will not, my good lady; keep yourself quiet. This storm is to blow over in the Lord's time, and His sun will shine upon this young head again.” Dr. Minton laid his hand on Linda's hair.

Miss Wood having fetched what she came for and vanished, he said thoughtfully, “The worst thing to get over is this knife affair; the gash was peculiar.” Linda shuddered; he went on. “It must have been given by a peculiar weapon. Have you seen Mr. Salford use a knife of any uncommon kind?” he demanded quickly. “That he had such a one, I know; Calton gave it him. Have you seen him use it?”

“Yes—O yes! I have not heard about the knife before. You did not tell me. Dr. Minton, you should have told me.” Linda spoke eagerly. “He had one that he said his cousin had brought from Spain; he cut a spray of roses one day with it. It was a dreadful-looking knife; but he said it was convenient in gardening.”

“If only it could be found in or near the brook.”

“Would that do any good?”

“Every good, *properly managed*. The finding of that knife might set Mr. Calton free. That heavy fall of snow prevented a very thorough search; but it shall be found. Dr. Lawcroft agrees with me that the wound is just such as would have been self-inflicted by a man falling forward upon such a weapon in his own hand; the knife found in or near the brook; all our medical evidence brought to bear; Calton's spotless character witnessed to;—yes, we should triumph.”

“O yes, it shall; the knife shall be found,” Linda muttered dreamily. “Tell me exactly where—it happened, Dr. Minton?” she asked.

“You remember, perhaps, where a pollard-willow has made a bridge across the brook by falling?”

“Yes.” Such dilated eyes were fixed upon his face.

“Just below there's an alder and another pollard, and a short willow-stump. It was there he was drowned.”

“I know.”

“Now, child, tell me, have you slept quietly yet?” Dr. Minton wished to take her thoughts from off the dreary spot and the dreadful figure she pictured too vividly.

“No, but I shall now soon.”

"You think you shall die?" was asked with a smile, half pitiful, half incredulous.

"I shall sleep quietly soon. I have tried to keep awake lately, because I had such dreams—O such shocking shocking dreams when I slept! I saw him hung," she added; and her eyes glared on Dr. Minton with wide affright.

"Hush, hush! God will not let that be."

"No; but it was terrible. If I live to be very old, I shall never forget it; but I shall sleep quietly soon," she added softly, in an assured tone.

He pressed her hand, and went to talk to her father before he left the house. He found him busy with straw and packing-cases. He was packing up some of his treasures; going to send them to a friend who would dispose of them for him. He wanted money for Linda.

"I will take some of these: keep the others for the present," Dr. Minton said. "Your daughter shall want for nothing. I hope that brighter times are coming for all Arthur Calton's friends."

It was easy for Linda to rise early next morning, for she had not slept. The night through she had sat propped up in her bed, alternately reading her Bible and praying. At six o'clock, while it was yet dark, save for the shining of the stars, she rose and dressed; putting on all her warmest clothes from an instinct to take care of herself. She was so feeble that she could not do any thing quickly; so there was already a streak of opal-hued light in the east when she let herself out of the hall-door.

The keen air seemed to brace up her unstrung nerves, and she walked with a pretty firm step down the road, a little way along the lane, through the sodden meadows. But she paused when she came to where the field-path began to run beside the brook—paused, and one sick shudder after another ran through her. How slowly the darkness gave way to dawn! There, only a few steps off, crept the silent brook, whose waters had been coloured with the blood of the young man who had often touched her hand, spoken soft words in her ear. The wind moaned and moved a little in a tall tree garlanded with "old man's beard;" it looked ghostly. Poor Linda turned to flee; but she glanced up at the paling stars, prayed, and went on her way, close, close along that dreadful, slow-flowing, silent brook.

The snow was all gone; for there had been warm rain in the early part of the night.

Linda came to the place. Dawn had broadened over all the sky; she could see.

In early happy days this brook had been a favourite play-place; so she had grown acquainted with its few tricks of sudden bends and flowings partly out of sight beneath its banks.

The child prayed again, with heart and eyes of faith, before she began to grope among sodden leaves and cold dark water. Too earnest now to turn and start at any weird whispering, she pursued her task. A strange sight to see, that girl at her eager searching in that dismal place.

A few feet below the place of Mr. Salford's death the brook divided for a while; a part of it flowed more rapidly than the rest, among flags and rushes, then deepened into a pool that was now almost choked up by dead leaves, carried here and no further; for out of this pool the water flowed feebly. It was but a tiny place; Linda's hand could feel its bottom when the water reached little higher than her elbow. Presently her face grew radiant; she gave a wild cry, and clasped something to her bosom; not thinking of it as a murderous weapon which had been wet with human blood, but as the instrument that was to set Mr. Calton free. Was to, Linda did not doubt, though more experienced world-wise people might.

Linda did not forget to return thanks as she had made supplication; then she sped homeward.

But she passed her own door, and went up the hardly-awakened village to Dr. Minton's house.

He met her in the hall; she put the knife into his hand,

and then fell down at his feet. He gave her into his wife's charge, and went to tell her father and aunt what had become of her.

Going back to Linda, he found her anxious to be at home; so, when she had been arrayed in dry clothing of Mrs. Minton's—who, fortunately, was but a little woman—and had taken some hot coffee, Dr. Minton led her home. People who met them stared. Linda had not been seen before since the death of Mr. Salford; now, leaning on Dr. Minton's arm, she walked down the street in full bright sunshine, looking white and thin, but neither guilty nor very sad. What could it mean?

"Linda, that you, of all people, should leave your bed to go groping after the knife that killed that poor young man: it is shocking! I would not have it known for the world," Miss Wood said grimly.

"The knife did not kill him, Miss Wood," Dr. Minton insisted; "that wound couldn't have been mortal. He died 'by the visitation of God;' that is the verdict that shall be brought in. But I think your niece had better return to her bed now. The time is come when you will sleep quietly; is it not, Miss Linda?" Of the many remaining difficulties and perplexities Dr. Minton did not speak to this child.

"I think so; I am very tired." A blush crossed her white face as she added: "You need not say *who* found the knife, need you, Dr. Minton?"

"Mr. Calton has suffered a great deal. His liberty will be far dearer if he knows to whom he owes it. Shall he know?"

"Yes, if you like; I leave all to you," said Linda.

"All will be well." Dr. Minton tried to believe what he said.

"Will you help me upstairs, aunt? I am so tired."

"And what else could you expect, tramping all that way down to that dreadful place?—you that have hardly moved hand or foot for days. I wonder at you, Linda. How could you?"

Linda did not hear her aunt's sharp voice.

"She will be all the better for this excitement. Do not be alarmed if she sleeps for days," Dr. Minton said. "There has been an intense strain upon her young head and heart; nature will be indemnified. I must leave home for some days, and shall not be able to see her; take good care of her, Miss Wood." Dr. Minton hurried away.

CHAPTER V.

Linda threatened to sleep quietly in too full a sense.

By Dr. Minton's advice, her father took her away for two months to a warmer spot. Mr. Calton's acquittal and release were by no means the instantaneous results of Linda's discovery. Linda was spared all alternations of hope and fear; she never doubted that he was free.

It did not seem possible to rouse or excite her. She heard that Mr. Calton was free, and his name cleared from every aspersion only as one hears a very oft-told tale. She knew it quite well before. What did they mean by saying so now, so long after?

In early spring her father brought her home again; and, strange to say, her aunt's brisk ways and sharp speaking seemed to do her good, though sometimes she winced under them as if under physical ill-usage.

The tide of public opinion had turned; Linda was now a heroine, almost a saint; it was difficult to guard her from the crowd of well-meaning awkward attentions shown her. She was guarded unobtrusively and surely, so surely that the inmates of Rose Cottage knew little of the danger threatening them.

One April morning, when the sun shone very fairly and the light wind blew very softly, Linda stood in the garden with a little of the old rose-tint upon her cheeks, a most sweet and sad sedateness in her whole air.

In a sunny sheltered corner of the laurel-hedge she spied an early-blown China rose. She could not see it clearly enough where it grew; she could not smell it, or press it to

her lips. She wanted it close, and reached after it with childish eagerness. Several times her arm was stretched up in vain; each time her gown-sleeve would fall back and leave the pretty arm bare for the sun to shine upon; each time she would shake down her sleeve and try afresh.

Standing on the very tips of her toes, she caught the shy rose-bud at last; but it was avenged; the thorns tore her hand, and she lost her balance. She fell back while the words, "I have you at last," were on her lips.

She did not fall to the ground, but against some one standing close behind,—some one who had approached unheeded while she was so eagerly reaching after the rose,—some one whose arms enfolded her most completely now.

She had not seen Mr. Calton since that day, though she had felt his nearness in a thousand ways. Many recollections came over her; she shuddered and wept, letting her head rest where it lay, against Mr. Calton's heart.

He folded her closer in his arms. She felt his lips upon her head and on her wounded hand.

"May I say what you said but now, 'I have you at last,' you, my life's long-despaired-of rose?"

Linda only wept till they had for a long time paced gently up and down that screened and sunny walk.

"I verily think that my life is yours; I like to think that you gave it me, Linda," he said. But he felt her shudder so, that he changed the tone of his talk.

Soon the village had the gratification of seeing Arthur Calton and Linda Wood walk about together, and of knowing that they were affianced.

Once they went to the brook-side, and Linda showed him where she had found the knife. But they did not love that walk, and they did not "settle" near Minsterton.

THE THEATRES.

THE progress of events has moved more rapidly in the dramatic direction than we had expected. The management at the Lyceum is not one to let the grass grow under its feet, and has proceeded without needless delay to test the public taste, and ascertain whether the Shakespearian revival and the new drama would be received with favour. Mr. Dillon's *Othello* has been tried, and not found wanting. In one respect even, it has been a surprise. Originality is the actor's strong point, and his performance of the Moor, instead of entering into competition with that of any other actor, peculiarly separates itself from all the stage examples of the character on the English boards. Mr. Dillon seldom aims at declamation, and never imitates. He trusts to the resources of his own genius, and the pathetic points of character. We use the word "genius" advisedly. Without entering into any discussion as to the extent of his histrionic powers, every qualified spectator recognises the presence of that subtle quality so named in the acting of this gentleman. There is an indisputable aptitude for producing certain effects, and also some limitation of facilities in other directions. The development presented is special; it has the mint-stamp, the distinguishing mark, which we call genius. There is the purpose, the bent, and also the cultivation, applicable to the perfecting of the tendency, which properly distinguishes genius from mere aptitude; that is, the finish which crowns the aptitude. Mr. Dillon is as careful in his execution as he is original in his conception. His *Othello*, tender beyond all precedent, pathetic wherever occasion can be made, and ever baring the heart of the dignified sufferer, showing therein the truest love, while on the lips seems nothing but revenge, is, even in the very storm and whirlwind of the passion, gracefully moderated and restrained within the properties of ideal art.

Not only, however, is the acting of Mr. Dillon original, but the whole *mise en scène*, in the complete novelty of its arrangements, evinces the influence of a guiding mind.

Having decided that the tragedy is domestic in character, as natural and familiar an air is thrown over the scenic accessories as possible. For instance, in the great temptation scene (3d act), both Iago and Othello are frequently seen sitting on either side a table in the centre of the stage; and as much of the conversation as possible is gone through in an easy attitude, reserving to the more violent passages an erect position and a vehement delivery. The bed-chamber scene is picturesquely arranged,—the moonlight shines into the room from the open Venetian window in the centre, and the sides slant down on either hand, the right having a consecrated niche in which is Desdemona's couch, thus hidden away, as it were, in a sacred seclusion, and enabling the wronged husband to perform the dread sacrifice which he had purposed with that decent reserve and mysterious solemnity so needful to secure the situation within the proper bounds of the terrible and the pitiful. We confess that this last act has altogether astonished us. Mr. Dillon's powers prove to be of far greater range than we had apprehended, and many of the new points of business, as they are technically called, are not only judicious, but replete with sentiment, and touch the feelings equally with surprise and tenderness.

We have reserved less space for the new play of *The Cagot; or, Heart for Heart*, than it really merits. It is an actor's play, and bears marks of its parentage on the surface. Mr. Edmund Falconer, the author, will, it is hoped, in his next venture, set himself free from certain stage conventions, and natural tendencies to imitation, that in the present interfere with his higher literary claims. He has much to learn, too, in the structure of blank-verse; and must contrive to wear his chains, if he will adopt them for the ornament of his style, with a more independent mien, and show that they are no restraints on his liberty, but simply the musical embellishments of motion.

The choice of subject is ingenious, and allows the writer an opportunity, under a new title, of vindicating the rights of the pariah classes against their oppressors. But, as usual, the pariah is in the end no pariah, but of unmixed noble blood. The result is obvious. The verdict is against the oppressed, though he may find a friend,—as promised in the catastrophe of *The Cagot*,—in the oppressor. This sort of nugatory vindication opposes the poetic and the moral, and leaves a certain sense of dissatisfaction.

Mr. Falconer's play is, we must in justice add, full of noble sentiments, has many good descriptions, and much of dramatic insight. Admirably acted as it was, it achieved on its first night a remarkable triumph. This was partly due to the climax which every act invariably reached; but the dialogue is more than usually abundant. We must therefore give the audience credit for a patient listening to more than the ordinary amount of rhetorical composition,—a trait of excellent promise for the success of original dramatic production at this theatre.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

In country places, when the mistletoe in the hall begins to fade; when the night-music of the waits is over; when the old year has been rung out, and street-doors have opened to let the new one in; when the four-and-twenty mince-pies have been tasted by marriageable maidens, and Twelfth-night characters have given the heartache to lovers entering on their teens,—the children of England may still be found looking out for "Plough Monday Boys" as the last treat of their holiday season, and waking on that great day in a state of mind such as their Puritan ancestors might

have described as a lusting after vain shows and devices of the devil. About breakfast-time the pageant passes,—two or three shaggy fellows in suits of pasteboard and ribbon-ends; a Bessy in a bonnet and white gown, with corduroy trousers showing underneath; and a fool in rabbit-skins, cruelly beaten with air-bladders by a black and horned monster. If the old traditional usage is not clean forgotten, a plough, perhaps, is carried by the mummers; and the sour utilitarian, who buttons his pocket and shakes his head at the demands for drink-money, may even yet see the share enter the ground before his door.

But though such things still exist, their time is over. They are as much out of place in these days as a live-mastodon or a dying gladiator. We do not frown at the vanity, but we laugh at the nonsense of these sports. People generally have no sympathy with them; are not in the least disposed to take part in them; and if the ribbon-ends were at the rag-shop, the Bessy unfrocked for ever, and the fool at rest in his own paradise, no one above the age of childhood would be a whit the sadder or very much the wiser.

There was a time when these and similar masquerades were among the most popular of British sports. We have changed; they are no longer fit for us, and are properly put aside; but the question is, what have we got instead? The wise and prudent, who see salvation in savings-banks, and would be content to hear the skylark sing more decorously, will perhaps answer, "What need of any thing? These games were always follies; we are well rid of them. Let them go." But they are wrong nevertheless. Man's life is honey-combed; and in other days these pastimes filled up one of the cavities. They have shrivelled and dropped out; but the hole remains, and will breed vermin, we may depend upon it, if we leave it empty.

There is a saying, faithful and true, that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The work that comes out of a man is better than the food he lives on; it is a holier thing to offer help than to take it, and to love than to be loved. Yet meat and aid and affection are altogether necessary; for if giving is our highest act, we must prepare for it by receiving. If this is true of any thing, it is true of pleasure. The daily work of life consists in the production, in a thousand forms, of the various means of enjoyment for one another. For this the earth is tilled and the ocean traversed. For this steam urges our machinery, and cannon protect our coasts. The artist paints for it; the author writes for it; the preacher pleads for it, that it may not be base in kind, but noble, and not transient but eternal. But while human labour is thus earning the highest blessing by bestowing a secondary one, to do it well, nay, to do it at all, the labourer, in whatever calling, must obey the law of his nature; and, as with his body so with his soul, must sit down to a daily dinner, where for the time he ceases to be the giver of enjoyment, and becomes simply the receiver of it. This necessary meal we call pleasure, recreation, amusement. The name does not matter; the thing itself is perfectly essential, and is never dispensed with. There are as many different forms of it as there are kinds of physical food—some of them meagre enough, some hurtful, some deadly; and few things more affect the welfare of nations or individuals than the proportion which these latter bear to the whole. If you may judge a man's character by his companions, much rather may his amusements show it; for those may be companions only, while these are his bosom friends.

Now there are one or two points in which the state of popular amusements at the present day is in striking contrast with that of former times. A century or two ago, sports and pastimes congenial with the spirit of the age, and such as the nation took delight in, were freely open to the mass of the poor, and were of very frequent occurrence. Look at the almanac; Christmas and the New Year, Twelfth-night, Plough Monday, Shrovetide, and Easter,—each had its public festivals, to say nothing of St. Valentine or Agnes' Eve. There was May-day, and the feast of milkmaids and of sweeps. Whitsuntide came after, and

Midsummer Eve, with its games and flowers; youths leaping through its bonfires to earn exemption from the ague, and maidens with midnight garlands dancing till daybreak in the open air. There was sheepshearing and harvest-home, besides the frequent wakes and fairs, bonfires for every joyful occasion, and good cheer set round about them. We do not mean that these pastimes were unexceptionable, still less that their revival would do any good to this generation; but the chief feature in the case is this:—formerly, amusements in which Englishmen took a real, and for the most part an innocent pleasure, were provided abundantly, and could be shared in without expense by the great bulk of the people; while at present nearly every kind of recreation sought after by the public taste must be paid for before it can be enjoyed. Certainly, we have our exceptions. There is still Punch and Judy, for example, and more rarely a street-tumbler or two. A battalion of soldiers may be looked at now and then for nothing; but they travel chiefly by railway, and don't shoot in public very often. We have a few national exhibitions,—great things in their way, but a little solemn, and confined to the metropolis. Finally, there are the barrel-organs, the street-singers, and the bagpipes,—rather a nuisance, but the nearest approach we have to a British institution for the gratuitous amusement of the people.

Amusement, however, must be had, and will be had in some way or other; and as little of it can be got for nothing, it is systematically purchased. The result deserves far greater notice than has yet been given to it. The money that a working-man can spare for pleasure is of course very little; and a vast demand for pleasure at the cheapest rate is created, therefore, from one end of the country to the other. In answer to it, entertainments of the very worst description spring up fast in all directions. Cheap theatres, where vice takes the place of art, because it is less costly; cheap dancing-rooms, where the smiles of harlots make amends for dirty walls, bad air, and barbaric music; free concerts, where the price of admission is masked under the price of drink; low public-houses, at which dogs, rats, pugilists, and other obscene beasts, are made the attraction to customers. The extent to which these and similar schools of evil have become the places of common entertainment for the populace is quite unsuspected by the wealthy and polite. The mischief they are doing is infinite; and the idea of preventing it by measures of repression is wholly out of the question. To put the necessities of life beyond an honest man's reach, is to teach him to become a thief; and the surer way of sending men to unwholesome pleasures is to leave them in a state in which wholesome ones are unattainable. Pleasure is a daily necessary; but consider the cost of it to a working-man. He has no piano in his house; no pictures; few books. He cannot stroll about his garden, or take a drive on summer nights. His fancy is not gratified by the draperies of his wife or the ornaments of his table. He cannot afford to give parties; and if he did, the entertainment which accompanies learning, elegance, and refinement, would not come to him with his guests. He is destitute, in fact, of those things which turn the stream of daily recreation into the homes of the educated classes; and as recreation is every bit as dear to him as to his betters, his seeking it in other sources is perfectly inevitable. Now that in seeking it he should be obliged to pay for it involves this great misfortune, that the worst being the cheapest, he is certain to choose the worst, and, indeed, has generally very little choice at all. The evil touches him in a vital part—during the unbending of his strength, in his yielding and plastic moments. The boy who works for his living steals for his recreation, and gets, after all, nothing but a vicious pleasure. The man follows the path his boyhood has begun; and society breathes miasma where it ought to breathe refreshment only.

This is the present condition of popular amusement in England; and such it will continue, till we teach our reason and our philanthropy that healthful pleasures, procurable



LANDSCAPE IN WATER-COLOUR. BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

without money and without price, are things more sorely needed than even hospitals or almshouses, or, indeed, than almost any of our thousand charities for the benefit of the poor.



A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

IV.

HE had better have gone to the opera, as he had said was his intention. Because, firstly, he would have heard Grisi in Norma; and because, secondly, he would not have heard Captain Llewellyn talking to Georgiana Latrobe.

But Disney, on the contrary, in violation of his threat, went to Mrs. Parker's party, in Pimlico, and went so early that the beer-man, who was pervading the street with the supper refreshment of the creatures who dwelt thereabout, bawled "beer" at him as he knocked at her door. Had he been wise and superstitious, he would immediately have recognised this distressing incident on the threshold as an omen, as an ancient Roman would have done, and gone home to bed. But even as P. Claudius, in the first Punic war, being informed by the augurs that the sacred chickens would not eat—a dreadful warning—did profanely reply that they might drink, then, and tossed them into the sea, and presently giving battle, was shamefully defeated, Herbert Disney insulted the crier of liquor, went upstairs re-

solved to be amused and triumphant, and—but let us reserve the catastrophe. Be it remarked here, that he was rather pleased with his costume, and particularly with an elaborate shirt-front and brilliant studs; and in his private mind bade defiance to the Fusiliers and their irresistible captain.

Now Georgiana was upon very intimate terms with the hostess, and was consulted upon her lists of guests, and claimed to exert a certain amount of dictation as to the men who were to be asked; for Mrs. Parker was merely rich and kind-hearted, and therefore utterly unfit to be trusted with invitation cards. And therefore Miss Latrobe, holding herself in some sort responsible for the success of this evening, had caused her mamma to come over even earlier than Mr. Disney. So that when he arrived, there were not above a dozen persons in the room, and one of them was Georgiana Latrobe.

"What a time to come," was that young lady's flattering greeting to Herbert, as he took a seat by her side.

"I was asked for nine, and it is a quarter past," replied Mr. Disney demurely.

"Nonsense," returned Georgy, almost indignantly. "If you had not spoken to Mrs. Parker, the best thing you could have done would be to slip out and come back at a civilised hour. What an odd thing to do!"

"Instinct told me that you would have arrived before me."

"I am here as a sort of aide-de-camp to Mrs. Parker, as you know quite well. I should like to know what she thinks could have brought you at such a time."

"Really you are treating the matter quite seriously. Shall I go and apologise to her for supposing that she could mean what she said in her invitation. Or shall I say that I

mistook the hour; or that the horse ran away with my cab, and came in half the time he ought to have taken. It is very shocking, certainly."

"There are usages of society which people ought to pay attention to, Mr. Disney."

"Genius and independence," said Herbert, carefully arranging his wristbands, "scorn the conventional rules of society, and claim the glorious right not to know what o'clock it is."

Georgiana walked away to the pianoforte, at which the minstrels had not yet appeared, and tried a few bars of a polka.

"It is very good of you to come so early," said Mrs. Parker. "Most fashionable young men have so many engagements that there is no seeing them until twelve o'clock. If Georgy will play us a tune, I dare say you are good-natured enough to give one of the little girls a dance before the *grand* people come."

The mischievous Georgiana enjoyed this.

"To be sure he shall, Mrs. Parker. He is much more at his ease with children than with grown-up persons. There, Lydia dear, go to Mr. Herbert Disney, and ask him to be so kind as to polk with you. I will play for you. Now then—away with you both."

And she dashed away at a noisy tune, and the elegant and intellectual young painter might shortly be seen whirling round the room with a snub-nosed little girl, with thin legs and splay feet, over whom he had to stoop in an attitude of much kindness and little grace. Some of the matrons smiled, but Herbert had too much self-respect not to seem perfectly delighted.

"You dance charmingly, Miss Lydia," he said, availing himself of an early opportunity to deposit his partner upon a seat.

"O, don't stop," said Georgiana. "People who come early to parties must try to amuse every body. Now dance with that little girl. Here, Louisa, come here," and she placed a still more objectionable child, with a swelled face, and whose evil temper had conquered her mother's reluctance to bring her out in the arms of the elegant Disney. The brat did not wait a word from him, but sprang out at the first note; and Herbert, forced into taking a turn or two, could not disengage himself at once: the door opened, and Captain Llewellyn was announced. The handsome soldier smiled indulgently as Mr. Disney and his ugly little companion ran against him, and Georgiana was quite enchanted.

"I know," said Llewellyn, "that I am unjustifiably early, and I see I am interfering with the young people's pleasures. But I was obliged to dine with Lord Glastonbury, your neighbour, Mrs. Parker; and I told him that I knew you would allow me to come in from him instead of returning to the Palace."

Fresh from the presence of a lord, and a lord to whom he had actually spoken of Mrs. Parker! If there had been a slight felony or so to forgive, he would have been forgiven straight off, but as it was, the lady was simply in a beatific ecstasy.

"A cousin may come when he likes, surely," she said, with a heart full a gratitude.

"Nay, you know I never take liberties on the strength of relationship, Maria. But pray do not let me interrupt the young people. This lady was playing for them—"

"Captain Llewellyn—Miss Latrobe."

"I think we have done enough for them," said Georgiana, smiling very amiably, and resuming her gloves and bouquet.

"I fear the little lady will not forgive me," said the captain, looking at the swelled face, whose owner clung to Herbert Disney with an expression of malevolent resolution not to be cheated out of her dance. However, she was torn away by a rigorous mamma, not her own, but one who observed to a neighbour that she had no notion of children being spoiled in that ridiculous manner; and that, for her

own part, she had put her three children to bed two hours ago; and if one of them had given her any of that kind of nonsense about coming out when she was ordered to stay at home, she would have had something that would have made her remember her impertinence for a long time to come, and so forth. And the painter was delivered from that affliction, —nothing to you, sensible man with a firmer character, but something to that vain young fellow of two-and-twenty, with new studs on.

"I should like you to know my cousin," said Mrs. Parker to Herbert. "I call him my cousin," she added honestly; "but the fact is, that my poor husband was a second cousin of his. Captain Llewellyn is highly connected, and came just now from Lord Glastonbury's in Eaton Square."

"He must have quite an aristocratic aroma about him," said Herbert, smiling. "Let me know him before it is dispelled."

Mrs. Parker had not, of course, the faintest idea what he meant, but brought him to the captain, who had naturally taken a seat near the prettiest girl in the room, and she—by name Georgiana—was looking pleased, and admiring her camellias with great sweetness. The introduction was effected; and Captain Llewellyn smiled as he observed to himself that Disney was an overdressed snob, and Disney smiled as he observed to himself that Llewellyn was a supercilious ass. Both were wrong, as will happen in this life.

"Some of your flowers are already beginning to rust at the edge," said Herbert to Georgy, by way of commencing a conversation.

"A critic always looks out for blemishes," replied the young lady. "Is it not so?" she added, appealing to her new acquaintance.

"I hardly know," said the captain. "I was never a critic in all my life, I am glad to say. But I should have said that the rapid tinge on the flower was the proof of its extreme delicacy and purity."

Georgiana gave Disney a glance, in which he read her approval of the captain's tone; and even in his own mind Herbert allowed that the habit of putting things pleasantly was an acquirement cultivated in better society than that in which he usually found himself. However, he was not going to own this.

"Yes," he said; "and hardier flowers should be used for the hard service to which ladies put such things."

"Can a flower desire a better fate than to die in a lady's hand?" said the flowery Fusilier.

Not being prepared with an answer that was likely to improve upon this speech, in Georgiana's estimation, Mr. Disney, observing that the cornet-a-piston and his accomplices had come, requested the honour of dancing the first quadrille with Miss Latrobe, and was excessively displeased to find that in the unreasonably short space of time since Captain Llewellyn had been introduced, he had found an opportunity of engaging her.

"But," said Georgy, "get that poor little girl whom you disappointed of her polka, and be our *vis-à-vis*."

This, however, was not exactly Mr. Disney's idea of happiness, and he bowed himself away. And the rooms having now filled up, and many pretty faces surrounding him, he found a more agreeable partner than the child with the swelled face, and took his place in another quadrille from that to which the Fusilier led Miss Latrobe.

Mindful of his duty to his wife, Llewellyn flirted hard and fast that night; and had, let us hope, the reward of an approving conscience, which must have assured him that nobody would have believed him to be a married man. He speedily fascinated poor Georgiana Latrobe, and this was not surprising. His tone was that of a better set than her own; he talked with that pleasant mixture of deference to the person you talk to, and superiority to all the rest of the world, which unites to form the most delicate of flatteries; and he spoke with easy familiarity of persons and things whereto middle-class society looks up as man looks at the stars. I think his conquest was completed when in the

course of the evening he ventured to take her hand, and show her how the Queen had, at a recent levee, laid her royal hand upon his; and as the captain did not mention that this was merely the formality of the presentation,—I do not mean for a moment that he thought of deception, but it never occurred to him that Miss Latrobe could mistake him,—Georgiana's not over practical mind conceived the idea that she was talking to her sovereign's confidential and intimate friend. She was enchanted. Not so Herbert Disney, who caught, between two plump dowagers waddling over the *Trenise*, a glance of Llewellyn sitting down and holding Georgiana's hand, and whose wrath was kindled to such an extent that he could hardly be civil to a partner whose bright smile and willing laugh deserved more cultivation.

Desirous to draw a veil over painful scenes, we will only say that the evening was one of discomfiture to Herbert. Georgiana danced with him but twice; and her conversation upon those occasions divided itself into two parts—one whereof was upbraiding for his keeping bad time and waltzing heavily, and the other was praise of Captain Llewellyn of the Fusiliers for his excellence on both points wherein Disney was deficient. These addresses did not carry much consolation to his heart. The champagne at supper did something for his advantage; and it was almost with a cheerful smile that he tendered her a silvered cracker to pull with him. But Captain Llewellyn just then informed her, with some little malice, that crackers were most dangerous things; and as his military character entitled him to be heard upon detonating powder, Georgiana would not, for the world, accept the proffered challenge. The unfortunate Herbert was not quite crushed, and soon afterwards tendered her a motto which he had taken out of a bon-bon. She scarcely glanced at it, and handed it to her neighbour the captain, who read it with an amused smile,—

"O, I should like to say how dear
Thou art to me, and yet I fear!"

And he whispered something which made Georgiana laugh, and dropped the affectionate billet into some jelly. This filled up the cup of Disney's sorrows; and he actually retreated from the house without fulfilling his engagement for the after-supper dance, for which he was very silly; for Marian Knowles was growing very partial to him, and was not above showing it. He should have played off Marian against Llewellyn. But he was too much in earnest, he discovered, to do so, and he beat a hasty retreat. That nothing might be wanting to complete the disasters of the night, he got the wrong hat from the servants, fell over the man with a light who was asleep on the doorstep, and was abused by the cabman (it was before Mr. Fitzroy's time) for not giving him more than twice his fare to Soho.

As he savagely lighted a cigar, Captain Llewellyn was putting on Georgiana's shawl in the affectionate way known to captains and others, and hoping they should meet at the horticultural fête on Saturday.

CATHEDRAL SHADOWS.

By G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD."

UP.

Up, up, up, but climbing slowly,
Past the image calm and holy,
Rise the shadows two and three
(Sorrows never single be).
Past the blazon on the panes,
Past the gold and crimson stains,
From the crypt, and from the door,
From the pillar, and the floor,
Up the oak peaks of the screen,
Past the tomb but dimly seen,

Past the gilded organ-pipe,
And the fruit so mellow ripe,
Carved upon the bishop's throne.
Up beyond the thunder-tone
From the jarring organ shook,—
Creeping o'er the red-lined book,
Past the white robes of the quire,
Flying from the window-fire,
Flying from the sunbeam swords,
And the sweetly chanted words.
Up—from morning until noon,
Driven by the matin tune.

DOWN.

How the shadows, hour by hour,
Creep down from the lonely tower!—
Down the pillar, down the aisle,
Down the window-shaft—the smile
On the saint's lips blotting now—
Then a pain upon the brow
Of the stone king in the porch;
Blowing out the crimson torch
In the window-panes, where be
All the crowned Trinity.
Dusking half the Latin words
On the Abbot's tomb; the swords
Of the scutcheon dimming too;
Blurring bars of gold and blue;
Coming like an envious glance
On the frescoed "Angel Dance;"
Through the Nun's Walk like a ghost,
Passing to the phantom coast;
Creeping through the vaulted nave,
Over sepulchre and grave.
Down from noon until the night
Shadows, chasing joy and light.

AN EVENING WITH ÆLIAN.

By DR. DORAN.

"Theophrast
Grew tender with the memory of his eyes;
And Ælian made mine wet,"—

is a remark which Mrs. Browning puts into the mouth of her last heroine, Aurora Leigh. The epithets do not apply to the respective authors named; for Theophrast is not remarkable for his tenderness, nor is there a line in Ælian calculated to win or exact a tear. But the one may be softening and the other tear-compelling when our memories of their study are connected with loved companions, pleasant incidents, and happy times, which all alike have for ever perished. And so it was here. But in other respects there is no more agreeable comrade for a lone man on one of these December evenings, or indeed on any evening, than this same Ælian. With Gesner's old folio edition of his works, or Fleming's quaint and racy translation of his *Various Anecdotes*, duly accompanied by pale sherry, a plate of walnuts, a bright fire, and a luxurious consciousness of owing no man either money or time,—with all these, why, Gray's "novel and a sofa," as an antepast of Paradise, assumes the form and feature of the most insipid of Limbos.

Great as was the reputation of Ælian among his contemporaries and their successors, his entire works found no editor till the year 1545, when an edition appeared at Rome. Since that period, he has been a favourite with all who know how to esteem a man who has a thousand things to tell, and narrates them all agreeably. His authority has been quoted by Stobæus and Stephen of Byzantium, by Eustathia, Philostratus, and Suidas; and his life has been commented on by Casaubon, Scheffer, and Le Fevre, by Kuhnus, Perizonius, and Gronovius. Added to these, a portion of his works has been translated by Fleming and by Dacier. The version of the old Englishman is as sprightly

as the canary that he loved; but the "rendering" of Dacier is as dead as a champagne-bottle whose spirit has been three days defunct.

To this same Ælian has been assigned the authorship of a military treatise, and some pretty letters,—notes, rather,—which came from the pen of a namesake. Enough remains of his own to authorise any one to ask something about the writer, and to justify an idle man in devoting a half-hour to partly satisfy the inquiry.

Claudius Ælianus was a merry bachelor of Præneste, and the favourite of a wide and joyous circle. He was a Sophist, and the pupil of Pausanias, whom he surpassed in liveliness, if in nothing else. He was born in the second and wrote in the third century, in the jolly—rather too jolly—days of Heliogabalus; he was skilled in medical practice; and as Latin was then vernacular and vulgar, while Greek was in fashion with scholars and gentlemen, he cultivated the latter language with such effect as to write it with the idiomatic power and fluency of a native. There were no "reviews" in those days; nevertheless there were critics who exercised their vocation with admirable acumen. One of these, a certain Philostratus, treating of the Sophists, showered laudation on the style of the Italian who wrote Greek so exquisitely, and distinguished the author by titles most flattering to authors' ears. The sweetness of expression in Ælian earned for him from Suidas the epithet of *μελιγλώσσος*, or *μελίφθογγος*, the "honey-tongued writer,"—an epithet which was by no means ill-applied.

Of this cheerful author with the honey-tongue there have descended to us seventeen brief books of the history of animals; and fourteen pleasant books or chapters which are put together as *Various Stories*, and which are modestly and appropriately named. These are so pleasant as to make us regret that we have lost the essay, *Περὶ Προνοίας* (On Providence), and the *Κατηγορία του γάννιδος*, or "Accusation against an effeminate Tyrant." The loss is the more to be deplored, as Ælian was a high-priest, though no one knows of what deity; and we should be curious to discover how the clerical gentleman in the service of a heathen god, and the orthodox denouncer of Epicurus, treated the subject of a Providence generally. Not less curious would it be to see with what wit, vigour, or indignation, a subject of such a terrible youth as the imperial Heliogabalus would dare to attack effeminacy in a sovereign ruler.

Ælian was a "home-keeping youth," and in some sense possessed the homely wit which is said to be the characteristic of such individuals. He had never travelled out of Italy, nor was ever upon the water, certainly never at sea, during the whole course of his life. He is therefore, as may be supposed, a trifle superstitious, and not a little credulous. How gravely he asserts the fact that polypi assume the colour of the rocks near which they lie in order the easier to catch the silly fish! He thoroughly believes that the dogs on the banks of the Nile run as they drink, lest they should be snapped up by the crocodiles. As for those still odder animals, the sea-foxes, he knows very well that after the greedy fellow has swallowed the bait, hook, and half the line (which he has bitten in two) of the angler, he often feels incommoded by the barbed weapon sticking in the coats of the stomach. But the sea-fox does not allow it to incommode him long; he simply turns himself inside out, and gets rid of the hook by the accompanying shaking. The wild boars, too, of Ælian's time are quadrupeds of vast discretion. If one makes himself mortally sick by inadvertently eating henbane, he just trots somewhat rapidly down to the seaside and cures himself by a diet of freshly-caught crabs. Sick lions, on the other hand, know that nothing will cure them but a feast on a tender young monkey. Invalid stags turn to wild corn as a specific for cervine ailments; and Cretan goats stanch their bleeding wounds by nibbling the herb Dictamnus! With so much credulity, it is astonishing that Ælian has any doubts touching the singing of a dying swan. He has never heard one sing himself, he says; an assertion which leads you to render more ready

credence to what he asserts, without a caveat. One is even half-inclined to accept as indubitable what he tells us of the water-snakes and frogs in Egypt. The former have, he informs us, a passionate liking for frogs, that is, for devouring and digesting them. No one knows this better than the frog; and accordingly, when the two meet in a pond, wonderful is the cunning which ensues. Your water-snake glides up as if intentionless of evil, but our other slimy friend is quite aware of the designs of the passionless-looking snake. He makes for the nearest twig, seizes it, and carries it across his mouth, and then fearlessly approaches the Hydra. The latter now makes at the frog with open jaws; but the twig across the frog's mouth is much wider than the jaws of the snake, and he can by no possibility swallow the much-desired frog. The latter looks down his enemy's throat from the outside, holds fast by the protecting twig, and laughs. The water-snake tries again and again; he glides round his anticipated victim, but the frog always contrives to keep him in view; and the end of every attempt is, that the foiled snake finds the bar carried by his anticipatory victim lying across his own open jaws, and the frog once more laughing down his throat. The Hydra at length gives it up in despair; and "froggy," plunging into a safe spot, where he knows his kindred are assembled, tells his exciting tale, and raises a very din of croaking congratulations.

Let us add that some of Ælian's ladies are as wonderful in their way as the most marvellous of his animals; witness that delicate creature, Aglais, who played on the trumpet and wore a wig, was altogether a strong-minded woman, and, indeed, strong-stomached, too; for at her delicious conversational little suppers she contrived to get through twelve pounds of meat, eight pounds of bread, and half-a-dozen pints of wine! He must have been a bold man who, after that, would have ventured to hold a controversy with her on the subject of metaphysics or the last new poet of the unintelligible school.

I do not know which contains the most astounding stories, the book on natural history, or the book of anecdotes. They are books which, had there been railroads in those days, would have been placarded at the book-stalls of every station. I am entirely at a loss how better to describe them than by saying they are a compound of Mr. Jesse and our old acquaintance Baron Munchausen. Perhaps the prettiest of his stories is that *Περὶ Ασπασίας*. It would occupy too much space to relate it at the length at which Ælian gives it; but the subject may be taken, if it be only to show for what annoyance a specific is to be found in rose-leaves.

The birth of Aspasia, the daughter of Hermotimus of Phocias, cost her mother her life. The childhood of the orphan girl was one of poverty and virtuous instruction. The brightest portion of it was her sleeping time; for then she for ever dreamt of being married to a noble youth of wealth and power. The dream, however, seemed to have little chance of being fulfilled; for there appeared beneath the chin of the tender maiden a "wart," which, to her eyes, took the figure of a wen; and was, in the eyes of her speculative father, a monstrous deformity. The perplexed Hermotimus conducted the much-vexed Aspasia to the most fashionable medical man of his day, whose *specialité* was "wens." On these, their cause and cure, he had written a treatise, and sent copies of it over all Greece. The fashionable doctor looked at the girl, fingered the wart, declared the case grave, *very* grave; but undertook a certain and speedy cure on the payment of a fee of three staters,—a sum about equalling a couple of guineas. The fact will serve to show that the heathen *medici* were twice as dear as their Christian successors, who make twice the promises for half the money.

"Three staters!" exclaimed Hermotimus. "You might as well ask me for three golden talents. Will you take half a stater and a basket of figs?"

The wealthy physician looked on the speaker with scorn.

He glanced for a minute or two at the maiden, but finally and abruptly declared, that without fee there was no treatment; and he whistled aloud for his servant to introduce more respectable patients.

Hermotimus and his pretty daughter returned home together. "O Zeus!" growled the former; "who will marry a girl with a growing wart under her chin?" Aspasia went on silently; but soft and silver showers of tears descended from her incomparable eyes. She touched nothing of the frugal supper prepared that night; and in place of going to bed, she sat disconsolate, with a mirror in her lap, contemplating this unwelcome wart, which, after all, an erotic poet or an admiring youth would have eulogised in lines of unexceptionable measure and loose morality. "O Venus Anadyomene! O Venus Ericyne! O mother of beauty and of love! are my prospects to be crushed by this dreadful deformity?" It was the prettiest picture in the world to see this fairest of girls looking at the mirror in her lap, and smiling through her tears at the consciousness that her beauty and purity of heart might well excuse so trifling a blot as this wart under the chin. "If it were only a little mole," said Aspasia, "there would not be much to complain of; for there is one on the cheek of Chloris, the priestess of Venus; and the temple is never so crowded as when Chloris officiates and leads the dance." Therewith, however, the girl looked again, sighed, acknowledged it was no mere "beauty-spot," and sank off sighingly to sleep, looking as she lay a perfect "lapse of loveliness."

"I cannot sleep," said Aspasia, after a few minutes had gone by,—"I cannot sleep for that pretty dove that has got into the room, and makes such pleasant fluttering with its wings." The next minute her eyes were fixed in wonder on the bird. She started up, half reclining on one elbow, half leaning forward; and then, with an exclamation of profound reverence and delight, she sprang from the couch, crossed her fair arms over her fairer bosom, and sinking on her knees, prayed that she might not be slain by excess of ecstasy.

The prayer of Aspasia was not ill-founded, for there stood before her a gracious and graceful presence. The dove had disappeared, and the mother of love herself was looking down in all her radiant beauty upon the trembling Aspasia. She bade the latter look up; and when the Phocian girl, shading her dazzled eyes with one hand, while the other was outstretched in supplication, essayed to look upon the ineffable brightness, Venus smiled and bade her be of good heart, for that she had come to serve the prettiest and the most virtuous girl in all Greece. "Leave the quacks, my charming daughter," said the smiling goddess; "leave them, with their powders and potions and washes and panaceas, by which nothing is cured, and trust to me. Repair to my shrine at sunrise; take a handful of the roses in the consecrated wreaths that lie upon the shrine, and apply them to that which troubleth thee beneath thy chin. The remedy is sovereign for the evil; and so, farewell."

Aspasia, at early dawn, could not well determine whether she had been dreaming or indulging in waking fancies; nevertheless, at sunrise she stood by the altar of the irresistible goddess, carried off a handful of roses, kissed them heartily, and then, holding them close beneath her chin, ran home breathless and hopeful. She passed her wondering sire at the door, glided swiftly into her chamber, looked into the mirror as she let the roses drop into her bosom, and lo! all was as smooth and polished as a newly-fashioned statue from the hands of the most accomplished of sculptors. For every rose-leaf she had plucked from the shrine, she hung up a whole garland in acknowledgment of her gratitude. "Sister Vermilion," said the young, curled, and highly-scented priest, who stood by the altar with his dainty fingers just lightly resting on the pale-blue zone of Chloris,—"pretty sister Vermilion,—for such the colour in thy cheeks warrants thee to be called,—for what service rendered by the goddess do you hang up such splendid wreaths?" "For service inexpressible and heartily prayed for," murmured

the maiden, as she turned away, somewhat abashed, from the irreverent look of the reverend youthful gentleman who had the "cure" of the temple. The priest watched Aspasia as she descended the white marble steps which led to the street below; and then looking archly at Chloris, simply remarked, "A fair girl, and as modest as she is fair." "She is a bold minx," said the coadjutrix of Venus's fashionable minister; "and I warrant as disreputable as she is bold." Thereupon a lively discussion ensued, during which they pelted one another with roses, and then, "early service" being concluded, the pious pair went behind the altar to breakfast.

The beauty of Aspasia would have been fatal to her, after all, had it not been that she possessed qualities which are more attractive than beauty. The dream of her childhood was not exactly fulfilled as she had expected, when the fortune of war flung the most beautiful girl of her time in the power of the victorious Cyrus. The proud young conqueror was at supper, when Aspasia and four or five other, and almost as beautiful, captive girls were introduced to their lord. A Persian supper was perhaps the most unseemly festival ever held by man; and Aspasia stood petrified by disgust and amazement as she beheld the royal and noble drunkards, some prostrate on the ground, some lying like corpses bent across the couches, and others yet sitting upright and looking like madmen. The Phocian girl stood at the entrance of the royal tent in which the banquet was held, disregarding the invitation to go forward, which her companions in captivity obeyed with an alacrity which was rewarded by smiles from the king, and by peals of applause from such of the revellers as were sober enough to clap their hands or raise a shout. All compliments paid to these forward beauties,—and some of them were rudely expressed and put in action,—were received by them with a giggle of delight. But Cyrus at last grew weary of the brilliant but mindless group of captive girls who hung about his couch, and, with finger imperiously raised, beckoned to Aspasia. The Phocian moved not a step. She merely crossed her hands on her breast, looked up, and murmured a prayer for protection from the Lady of the Dove. She wore an air of unresisting meekness; but when a satrap, looking extremely gallant and dreadfully tipsy, was about to lay his huge fingers on her ivory shoulder, in order to urge her towards the great king, the girl raised both her arms in the air, and protested that she would smite the first man who dared lay hands upon her. Cyrus was charmed at this pretty audacity, and, to the profound stupor of all beholders, he himself arose and approached Aspasia. The maiden extended her arm towards the monarch, partly in supplication, partly to keep him at a distance; and within a few minutes she delivered to him so cogent and delicate an argument touching the duty of a true-hearted man towards a defenceless girl, that Cyrus, treating her with a world more of respect than he would have shown to his own sister, declared that her virtue had impressed him even more deeply than her beauty; and that from thenceforward she should be his consort, counsellor, and guide. Perhaps the highest proof of the discretion of Aspasia in her new capacity is to be discovered in the fact that she managed to keep on the most friendly of terms with her mother-in-law: and we all know that the mother of Cyrus was not altogether a *belle-mère* to whom a young wife would pay homage without a certain measure of mental reserve.

Of all the ladies of the royal household, Aspasia was the only one who could rule the uncertain humour of her lord. The season of felicity, however, came to an end, when the fatal day of Cunaxa left Cyrus dead on the field, and Aspasia the captive of Artaxerxes. In her altered position she still deserved and retained the name of Aspasia the Wise; and even as the wife of Artaxerxes she wore the mourning which she had assumed after the death of her benefactor, Cyrus.

One day, when Artaxerxes was in a rare fit of good humour, he told his son Darius that he might get a new

turban made with the great crest. Darius was beside himself with delight; for by this form he was declared the successor of his sire, as well as his coadjutor in the government. Another custom was, that when a reigning king thus erected the peak of his son's head-piece, he was bound also to grant the first request made by the new heir. Darius claimed performance of the old rule; and no sooner had his claim been allowed, than he struck his father into ungovernable rage by demanding of him that Aspasia might be bestowed upon the newly-recognised heir-apparent. We have had family quarrels enough in royal households since the period in question; but never was domestic dissension followed by such terrible consequences as in this case. Artaxerxes made the person of Aspasia sacred by creating her a priestess, either of Diana or of the Sun. In the temple of either deity she was safe from outrage, and free from any chance of effecting her escape. Darius, therefore, turned all his rage against his sire; but his treason being defeated, he was put to death with as little ceremony and as much cruelty as were common in the Persian court when the sovereign was angry.

Aspasia was seated by the altar of the deity whom she was doomed to serve, her mind floating away on old and sunny memories, when she heard of the catastrophe in the household of Artaxerxes. "After all, then," she said, "I have been a fool; I have brought ill-luck to others, and am punished for my vanity. Had I had patience to endure a pimple, and been content with my lot, I should not have known my splendid misery. And yet I followed the light that was offered me, and trusted to my goddess. Goddess," she repeated with an air of proud scorn; "have I not deceived myself?" And the beautiful priestess, striking in two her gilt wand on the angle of the altar, as though she defied the false divinity to whom it was raised, sank to the ground in tears, weeping in painful perplexity, feeling that there must be somewhere a more powerful deity, but unknowing where to seek or how to invoke Him.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

OVER SHOES, OVER BOOTS. "There is nothing like being bespattered for making one defy the mud" (French).—*Il n'est que d'être croûté pour affronter le bourbier.*—These proverbs are as true in their moral as in their physical application. Persons whose characters are already sullied are not very careful to preserve them from further contamination. When Madame de Cornuel remonstrated with a court lady on certain improprieties in her conduct, the latter exclaimed, "Do let me enjoy the benefit of my bad reputation."

A NIGHT MAN NE'ER WANTED A WEAPON (Scotch). Almost identical with the Italian proverb, *A buon cavalier non manca lancia*.—A good knight is not at a loss for a lance.—A man of sense and courage is not often baffled for want of means, but will make instruments of whatever comes to his hands; and truly, "He is not a good mason who refuses any stone" (Ital.).—*Non è buon murator chi rifiuta pietra alcuna.* We say also, "A bad workman always finds fault with his tools." W. K. KELLY.



HOW TO CONSTRUCT A WARDIAN CASE.

We propose now to consider the best construction for a simple Wardian case. Let it be understood that plants

require a circulation of air, not only about their stems and foliage, but also about their roots. Why do farmers hoe their turnips? why do gardeners labour to "stir the earth" between growing crops? why does every thing pine and perish that is left to starve in a soil which hoe or fork never disturb? Whatever the form of a Wardian case may be, the idea that it might be hermetically sealed must be abandoned, and we must go back to nature, who sends many a fresh breeze to stir and agitate her verdant darlings. Therefore, in constructing a Wardian case, the bottom must be double; one case with a perforated bottom fitting within, but *not touching*, an outer water-tight one, and from this outer case the drainage-water must be occasionally removed by means of a proper exit. The depth of the soil need seldom be more than four inches, and for small cases a depth of three inches will generally be sufficient. This soil should rest on a layer of light porous material, such as broken flower-pots or clean cinders. By this arrangement, it will be impossible to drown the plants as they are drowned and rotted on the accepted plan. Air as well as moisture will reach the roots; and instead of confining the selection to such ferns and lycopods as are capable of resisting the destructive influences of excessive moisture and stagnated air, high class flowering-plants may be brought into the field, and a genuine garden under glass,—a conservatory, in fact,—may be fitted up in the window. Here we come to the design of the thing; and it may now be asked why the everlasting four-sided packing-case pattern should be so perseveringly adhered to by the makers of Wardian cases. It really seems that if you want to grow a few plants under glass in your room, you must be condemned to accept some piece of angular ugliness, yecept a Wardian case, whereas such materials as glass, wood, and zinc, are of all others the best adapted for combining into graceful forms; and instead of mean boxes, we might have noble pieces of furniture, or at least a set of graceful outlines. Good amateur, just pay attention to these few details. A glass-case on a stand made for it looks better than one placed on a table; a straight line, which the bottom of a frame will form, may always be relieved by means of an elliptical arch; and a rectangular oblong body has the most grace when the form of the *double cube* is given to it. Plumbers, glass-cutters, and zinc-workers, set all such principles at defiance. Well, what else can we expect when so few artisans aim at improving their craft through the help of general knowledge?

But to apply these principles. First determine the *general* dimensions of your case; then whatever is to be its length, let the width be exactly half. If from right to left it is to measure thirty-two inches, let its breadth from back to front be sixteen. The height of the glass-sides should be the same as the breadth of the case, and then the glass portion forms a double cube; or if cut exactly into halves, each half would be a cube. Then to roof it, let the summit of the roof be formed of four sloping sides surmounted by a flat top; and let the flat top be as much above the edges of the four sides as *half the height* of those sides; then you will have an angular object possessing as much grace as can be infused into the simplest rectangular design; and simplicity and grace have ever been close neighbours. That we may not be misunderstood, let us restate the matter. A square glass-box—which the case may be termed before the roof is put on—should be formed on the principle of a double cube, that is, the width and height should each be equal to half the length. Then upon this a glass roof is to be formed of four sloping sides and a flat summit; and this flat summit is to be as much above the upper edge of the box as half the height of the box itself. If the front and back measured each thirty-two inches, then the height, without the roof, would be the same as the width, namely, sixteen inches. The roof itself, formed *sarcophagus* fashion, would give an additional elevation of eight inches, and the entire height within would be twenty-four inches. One side of the sarcophagus top should be fixed on hinges, to

let down as a door to give the necessary ventilation occasionally.

Now, to place this on an ordinary table would be to waste space. Let it have a stand expressly made for it, with four legs, of course, and an elliptical arch of frotted work to break the monotony of the straight lines. If the case is on a large scale—say with a length of four feet and a height of three feet—a stand of the kind just mentioned would give it completeness as a noble piece of furniture; and it would only require to be properly planted to realise a genuine conservatory, not of ferns only, but the choicest flowering exotics as well, for which there would be room for a good selection. Ordinary carving or relief ornament has very little effect when set against the light; but open fretwork, by admitting the light through it, produces a beautiful and appropriate tone of ornamentation. Of course the principles of art may be applied to glass structures in many ways so as to insure grace of outline with the necessary space, which, as has been said above, is only adduced by way of example; at the same time it may here be finally remarked that imitations of temples, villas, and doll's-houses, a multiplicity of corners and fancy convolutions, or *any intricate* design that may be adopted for a Wardian case, is more likely to produce puerility than grace. Let the form be simple and the proportions symmetrical, and you may hereafter be gratified with your work.

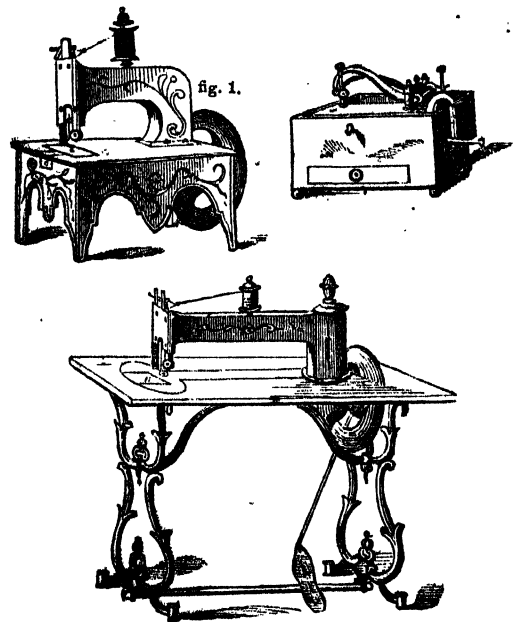
As it is advisable that papers of this kind should be as far as possible complete in themselves, we shall not now enter into the further applications of which the Wardian case is susceptible; we have dealt with its elementary principles, and have shown how those principles may be adopted in various ways, not only for adding to the attractions of the home, but for increasing the means of study in plant-culture.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Ever since Hood published his "Song of the Shirt," and Henry Mayhew exposed the horrors of what is known among journeymen tailors as the "Sweating System," benevolent persons have been seeking how to relieve the chronic wretchedness of that large class of both sexes whose subsistence depends upon the commoner kinds of needlework. Palliatives have been applied by the Distressed Needlewoman's Association, and by individuals, with the unsatisfactory result always attending the use of such remedies. The excellent author of *Alton Locke* and his friends took higher ground, and tried to raise the rate of wages for needlework by means of a moral coercion exercised upon employers. But this plan also failed, as must every plan which has for its object the counteraction of natural laws by arbitrary means. In a country like this, where the supply of labour is not likely to be seriously diminished in proportion to the demand for it, the only way in which the wages of labour can be permanently raised is by increasing its productive power. So long as there are thousands of persons desirous of getting coarse stitching to do at the rate of a farthing a yard, that will continue to be the average price for such work. "Starvation wages" it may well be called, whilst the needle has to be plied by the worker's unaided hands; but what if the efficiency of those hands be increased forty or fifty fold? And this is now done by the sewing machine, the use of which is already extensive, and promises ere long to become universal.

The machine has a name which is not quite appropriate, for it does not sew, but stitch. Its general form, of which there are several modifications, adapted to different kinds of work, is shown in the annexed cuts. The cloth to be stitched is laid loosely on the metal plate to the left of the machine [a], where there is a small opening, and a movable stage with a roughened surface, which carries the cloth forward after each stitch is completed. The intervals be-



tween the stitches are determined with the nicest regularity, by the machine itself, and the course of the seam is directed by the hand of the worker guiding the cloth in its motion. A needle carrying a thread, passed through an eye near its point, pierces the cloth perpendicularly from above, and presents a small loop beneath it. This loop is secured below by another thread, either passing straight through it, or catching it in a second loop. This is effected by a small shuttle in the former case, and in the latter by a circular needle plying backwards and forwards on a pivot passing vertically through one of its extremities. The machine is set in motion by means of a horizontal axle and a wheel, or winch, turned either by a treadle or by the right hand of the worker, while the left is engaged in guiding the cloth. The rapidity with which the machine works is its most striking peculiarity. It stitches the edge of a Navy shirt-collar, measuring fifteen inches, in about twenty-five seconds, that is, at the rate of a yard a minute. But the speed of its performance is not the only merit of this invention; the work it does, whether coarse or fine, is superior in neatness and strength to any of the same kind done by hand. The quickness, too, insures cleanliness. We have seen a piece of very closely-wrought satin quilting executed by the machine as no sempstress could possibly have done it. Her hand in its slow progress would have spoiled the bright-coloured satin before she had finished a dozen rows of the stitching.

A house in the City is at present engaged in machine-sewing a number of what are called soldier's "hold-alls;" but, if we are not misinformed, the use of the machine itself is about to be introduced into all the regiments of our army. Its utility was well tested during the war, when it suddenly became necessary to send out a very large supply of sheets to the East. The materials for 150,000, cut in proper lengths, each two yards wide, were sent to the City house before-mentioned to be hemmed at top and bottom, which was done at a rate varying from 1000 to 1500 sheets a-day. The women employed in the process earned from ten to twelve shillings a-week, exclusive of over-time; whilst ordinary sempstresses, doing the same sort of work for other houses, could by an excessive amount of labour hardly earn from four to six shillings weekly.

The price of the machine ranges from 15*l.* to about 25*l.* The small one figured in cut 1 is intended for domestic use. Neighbours desiring the benefit of such a help to good housewifery might club together to purchase it; and

it is, perhaps, in this way that the implement will gradually come to be numbered among the requisites of the Home. In another way it is already exercising widely a home influence of the most cheering kind, by enabling a most wretched class of workers to escape from body and soul killing drudgery to healthier employment with reasonable remuneration.

THE FAIRY BIRD-CAGE.

KEEPING in view the object of "The Home" department of this Magazine, I have been zealously studying how to introduce (with the new year) a novelty more than ordinarily attractive and useful for the drawing-room, the study, and the fireside. If somewhat costly, it is, at all events, unique.

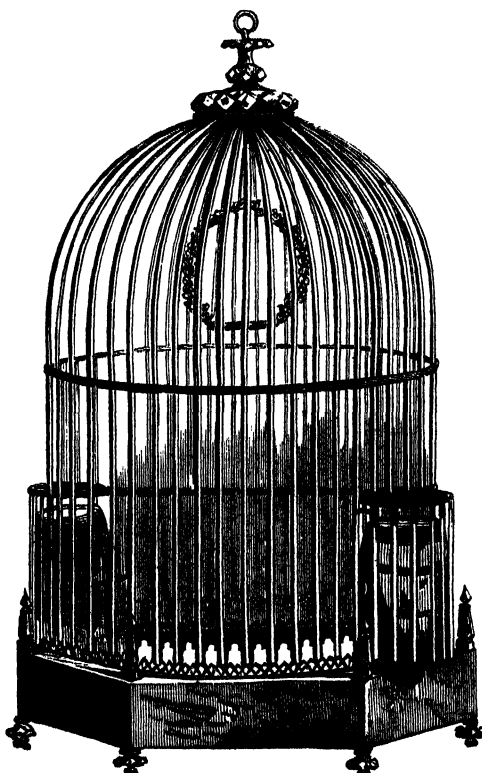
The novelty is now perfected and patented. It is a showy BIRD-CAGE of pure CRYSTAL GLASS (a material now used for the first time), altogether dispensing with wire and other disfigurements, and allowing a bird's plumage to be viewed to the best advantage. In praise of the workman, it must be observed, those only who know the nature of glass will comprehend the obstacles that have had to be surmounted in making it thus obedient to the human will.

In the production of this domestic cage,—whose figure and proportions may be regarded as a correct model for all cages,—there has been a double motive; for not only is the beauty of the inmate shown off to unusual advantage by the reflecting and refracting powers of the crystal palace in which he resides, but the palace itself is so constructed as to render it a matter of necessity as well as delight for the wives and daughters of home to keep it brilliant by their own individual exertions. The glass and all its minutiae must be daily polished. A soft cloth and a delicate wash-leather are the only requisites.

Young ladies have hitherto been in the habit of too frequently trusting their pets to the care of servants to save themselves trouble. I now propose to set this habit on one side, while putting in a plea for "the poetry" of bird-keeping. No person can dispute the fact, that personal attention adds greatly to the sympathy existing between man and animals; nor will any person deny that these sympathies are very delightful. It is because they are so seldom courted that they are so little understood.

The "Fairy Bird-cage"—so named because of its lightness and extreme brilliance—is of very simple construction. All the bars are of solid transparent glass, compacted together so as to unite in a strong body. The form of the cage is an oval. It is mounted on a hexagon base, and supported by six lapidary-cut crystal knobs, beautifully prismatic. The six panels in front are of fine-grained satin-wood. On each of the six corners rises a brilliant pyramid of the purest (cut) crystal glass.

Immediately above the panels and between each bar of glass is introduced a movable length of polished ornamental glass, richly cut. Of these lengths, or pieces, there are no fewer than thirty-two. To secure them at their bases (they are made to fit close between the bars), there runs all round the cage an ornamental gilt metallic band. When adjusted, no joins are observable. We see only



a polished surface of radiating gems.

These fringes (as they may be termed), when fixed, serve a two-fold purpose. They prevent the seed being scattered over the table or carpet; and when exposed to the rays of the sun, or the reflection of a fire or candle, they shine with a lustre that is worthy of fairy-land. Their prismatic colours are really beautiful. These fringes are easily removable and readily cleansed; but, as before hinted, it requires the light gentle hand of a fair maiden to prevent accidents. After two or three experiments, she will enter *con spirito* upon her pleasing daily duties, and never care to relinquish them to a stranger. The interior of the cage is so constructed as effectually to exclude all vermin, and so as to afford unusual opportunities for extreme cleanliness. The seed and water, too, are quite removed from contact with any impurities. Both are supplied in miniature cut-glass barrels, which are fixed in glass galleries, projecting one on either side of the cage externally. Each of these galleries revolves on a pivot, so that fresh seed and water can be readily given to the bird.

They are so contrived as to admit of a bath being supplied, in summer, at the same opening. The cage-door is formed (invisibly) by two bars of glass. These may be removed or replaced at will.

The perches (square) are made of Bohemian ruby-glass. There is also a swing-perch of crystal and malachite. These colours add greatly to the beauty of the inhabitant. The top of the dome is of richly-cut crystal glass, powerfully refractive; and above it is a strong metal ring, by which the cage is to be suspended. It hardly need be added, that when raised above the head, it is seen to the greatest advantage, though it is ornamental any where. To prevent the bird being subjected to draughts when standing on a table, a movable screen, made of strong tinted cardboard and mounted on hinges, may be placed round one side of his cage. The screen, if painted, would be a neat ornament.

With a view to secure the uniformity and elegance of the exterior of the cage, the tray (or drawer) is not introduced in the usual manner. The bottom of the cage forms the drawer. This is removed by turning a screw, fastened (externally) in its centre. On its removal, a tripod is in readiness to take its place. On this flat surface, adapted to the size of the opening, the cage is quickly placed while the drawer is being cleaned and sanded. Once more lifting the cage with the left hand, the drawer is adroitly supplied with the right, and the screw turned from below. All is then complete. Two minutes or less suffice for the change.

The happiness and the whimsical conceit of birds living in these "fairy bird-cages"—particularly Love-Birds, Australian Paroquets, Canaries, Bullfinches, and Goldfinches—can be but faintly conceived. They feel their importance, and they know they are objects of admiration. It is perhaps difficult to say which is the happier, the bird or his mistress.

WILLIAM KIDD.

Notices to Correspondents and the Public will in future appear on the back of the Label of the Weekly Number, and on the Cover of the Monthly Part.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. V.

PAINTED BY S. A. HART, R.A.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

By S. A. HART, R.A.

In the present picture *character* has been the artist's aim and achievement. The eastern fullness and frankness of life in Othello, who is just what he appears, contrasts well with the subtlety, the self-concealment, and the hidden unfathomable depths of the treacherous Italian, who plays upon his credulous master so fatally. We owe this able picture to the accomplished Professor of Painting in the Academy, whose excellent lectures attracted so much attention a short time since in the columns of a contemporary.

It illustrates the great scene in the third act, where Iago first begins to pour into the ears of the Moor "the leperous distilment" of jealousy, and to unsettle at once and for ever the "tranquil mind" of the man—the aims and delights and glories of the warrior.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

A THOUSAND miles south of Cairo, and about half that distance west of the Red Sea, in the midst of deserts and on the outskirts of even Turkish civilisation, stands the mud-built city of Khartoum. The Abyssinian Nile washes the walls a mile or two from its confluence with that larger stream whose waters, mingling with its own, fertilise the soil and fill the flesh-pots of Egypt. There are thirty thousand inhabitants in Khartoum. A third of them may be Turkish soldiers; a handful of the rest are Europeans. Manchester sends its goods there, and caravans bring thither, from unknown nations in the interior, ivory and ostrich-feathers, coffee, tamarinds, and gold. The city has been visited lately by many of our countrymen. There are English ladies, even, who have sat under its pomegranate-trees. The trip, however, is not exactly the thing for an invalid; nor has it yet become quite so cheap a matter as a voyage up the Rhine. It takes above a month to get from Cairo to Khartoum; and the choice of means lies between a Nile boat, following all the windings of the stream, and a ride on camels over burning sands, to cut off corners. If the boating becomes tedious, the riding is hardly less so, and has moreover special troubles of its own. "On an average, he howled six hours a-day," says a recent traveller of his camel; and even the howling of a beast with a neck as long as a bassoon is no joke when you want to be comfortable. The famous "ship of the desert" is not limited either by nature or inclination to this sole method of annoyance.

The grand antiquities of Egypt—the tombs of kings who, if they have not long been dust, have very long been mummies—are left behind when Khartoum is reached. We are in one of the earth's original waste places. Armies have marched across it, caravans have rested by its waters; but art and industry have never yet possessed it. If the first alligator laid her eggs in this neighbourhood, she might possibly recognise the spot again, as it remains to this day. But if one kind of interest ends here, another hardly inferior to it begins immediately. The two great branches of the Nile join one another at Khartoum. The Blue River—the Bahr el Azrek—comes from Abyssinia. Its origin has long been known. But the White River—the Bahr el Abiad—is the principal branch; and the sources of this great water-course have never yet been seen by Europeans. To trace it upwards, to discover the situation of its original fountains, is at present one of the chief objects of geographical research.

Twenty years ago there was scarcely a well-founded conjecture on the subject. The White Nile might come from the equator, or beyond it; might spring from the east or the west; might be the overflow of a lake or the drainage of a mountain. Tradition as old as the Ptolemies placed its source in the Mountains of the Moon; but these mountains were not forthcoming when looked for by modern travellers. The latitude first assigned to them was pretty nearly that of Khartoum itself; then it was the seventh degree; then the fourth degree; then the neighbourhood of the equator. At last, about the year 1840, an expedition equipped by the well-known Mohammed Ali ascended the White Nile as far as the fourth degree of north latitude, that is, about a thousand miles beyond Khartoum, as the crow flies, and found there, not the source of the river, and not the traditional mountains, but a hilly country, a great nation, and such impediments to further progress as caused the explorers to turn back and retrace their steps to Cairo. This expedition attracted a good deal of notice, and caused some very warm discussion. The discoverers quarrelled among themselves, and contradicted each other's testimony. The great river was still a quarter of a mile wide at the remote and interesting spot to which they had traced it; and at what farther distance, or in what direction, its source was to be looked for, remained undetermined. The weight of evidence, however, continued to point southward, and to sustain the belief that mountains would still be found somewhere; and within the last six or eight years this expectation has been confirmed in an unlooked-for way.

On the wild east coast of Africa—the coast washed by the Indian Ocean—a missionary settlement was formed, a few degrees south of the equator. From this settlement two daring men, Mr. Reimann and Dr. Krapf, defying danger and difficulty, made their way across the mountainous ridges which rise abruptly from the coast, and, penetrating some distance into the interior, discovered there a great mountain capped with eternal snow. This mountain, called Kilimanjaro by the natives, appears not to stand alone, but to be perhaps the culminating point of an extended chain; and, as the snow-line in that latitude is as high as the top of Mount Ararat, these gigantic peaks are doubtless 20,000 feet above the sea level, and may possibly be as lofty as the Andes.

Now the Kilimanjaro itself is probably not more than four hundred miles distant from the point to which the White Nile has already been traced; and there is therefore strong reason to believe that the source of the great river will at last be found among the glaciers of this snowy chain. It is for the purpose of settling this long-vexed question that the present Viceroy of Egypt has with great spirit fitted out a new expedition, which is already ascending the Nile. Count d'Escayrac de l'Auture commands it; a dozen European officers of varied attainments go with it; small steamboats are provided, together with a strong escort and all the means that science can suggest to insure success. The general instructions are, to push on in spite of every obstacle; and accounts of the progress that is made may be looked for with the greatest interest during the next two years.

There are, indeed, few subjects better worth attention than the progress of discovery in Africa. At last we are beginning to know something about it. The footprints of Dr. Livingstone have marked the great sign of the cross on the southern half of it. Dr. Barth and his companions have traversed the northern portion. Westward, a new voyage up the Niger is in preparation; and on the east, Captain Burton is about to follow up the discoveries of the missionaries. Every new attempt reveals more and more the value of such enterprise. Instead of immeasurable deserts, the interior of the continent is found to contain great lakes and rivers, forests and prairies, a vast population, and an inconceivable abundance of animal life. Strangely, too, and unexpectedly, the negro races appear to become nobler both in mind and body as the equator is approached. The kingdom of Bari, about the fourth degree of north latitude, contains a

nation of giants, with high foreheads, handsome limbs, a generous temper, and a quick intelligence; a nation cultivating its own fields, growing its own tobacco, and manufacturing its own iron. The opening up of European intercourse with these hitherto unknown tribes offers, indeed, the most exciting prospect to all sorts and conditions of men. Philanthropy may work here to its heart's content; science may rub its eyes, and commerce feel its mouth water. Here are perhaps a hundred millions of naked pagans in want of aprons, to say nothing of more elaborate clothing. Cotton-fields are here, and indigo and the sugar-cane, waiting for cultivation only. As to sport, the young Nimrods of our day must look for their golden age in Africa. A fox-hunt, when you have made the best of it, is but an indifferent road to glory; but to go down to an African lake at night-fall, with a troop of elephants behind, a rhinoceros in front, and a lion under the next mimosa, and after getting through these little difficulties and gaining the shore, to find ten crocodiles waiting there, each of them as long as one's dining-room, and with a pair of jaws opening as wide as one's legs, is something at least worth mentioning, and may give occasion to trials of strength by no means intended to be laughed at.

As to the Nile itself, the hopes excited by the Egyptian expedition are mingled with some grave anxieties. A lonely traveller with gentle and kindly manners may win his way unharmed through nations of rude barbarians; but the passage of an army of Turks is another affair. Offences will doubtless be given. At some point or other the progress of the expedition will be opposed by the natives. Blood will probably be shed; and even if the force provided be strong enough to overpower all resistance, there is reason to fear that a feeling of hostility may be aroused which may for a long time impede the advance of civilisation, and render the Upper Nile extremely dangerous to Europeans. It seems doubtful also to what extent the aid of steam will be found available above Khartoum. The rank luxuriance of tropical vegetation extends to the river-bed. Great reeds and the tall ambak-tree grow out of it. Masses of moss and fibre, the large white lotus, and plants with many-coloured flowers, spread over the surface of the water. Dead animals float upon it in vast numbers; and those cheerful fellows, the hippopotami, may turn up at any moment. These may prove serious impediments to paddles and screws, apart, even, from the question of fuel. But if the long-sought mountains are reached at last, and if, as is most likely, they are found to extend far into the equatorial interior, no sacrifice will have been too great for the importance of this discovery. A mountain is a great deal more than a geological curiosity. Where there are eternal snows there are perpetual streams; and water is the native element of human civilisation. It is curious to notice how the want of it affects mankind. The interior of Australia is one of the driest regions on the face of the earth, and is peopled by one of the lowest races. The most arid portions of Africa produce the negro type in its worst form. Greece, on the other hand, is full of fountains; England is an island in the sea; America grows rich by water privilege; and Paradise was in Mesopotamia. If Central Africa is mountainous it is certainly habitable, and is probably already peopled by superior races. The streams flowing southward towards Lake Ngami are large and numerous, and their waters are very cold. As the Nile runs northward for at least 3000 miles to the Mediterranean, the continent of course slopes upwards from the sea to the equator. Khartoum is 1500 feet above the sea. The kingdom of Bari must be as elevated as the valley of Chamouni. Every thing indicates the presence of a great Highland district not yet explored, and the discovery of the snowy Kilimanjaro has probably brought us at last to the half-fabulous Mountains of the Moon.

OUR FLITTING: A HOUSEHOLD SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

It was settled we were to have a flitting. Not like that, the first "flitting" I ever heard of, and well I mind hearing it, and could repeat every word of the old ballad, though my memory is rather waning in the matter of poetry,—not, I say, like that celebrated "Flittin'."

"When Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld master and neebors sae dear."

A "wee kist,"—alack! when I went over our seven rooms, all filled with furniture, and our eighth room, into which was crammed the furniture of six more, I confess I rather envied Lucy.

But it must be. The Fates,—an underground kitchen, a roof which in wet weather had the admirable and irremediable peculiarity of serving at once as ceiling and shower-bath, together with a few other family reasons,—decreed the change. We made up our minds, and consulted our landlord, who agreed to let us off our term if we could find an in-coming tenant. Then, as a grand climax, I bought (price twopence) and exhibited to my admiring family-circle, a printed advertisement which informed the world at large of "This House and Shop to let." This we pasted on mill-board, ingeniously excising the "shop;" as, though we were certainly traders, and very hard-working traders indeed, our wares were not usually visible save in circulating-libraries.

So, formally, laughingly, and perhaps rather sorrowfully, putting the announcement in our pretty bow-window, we sat and waited the result.

Of course we expected inquirers, and we had them in troops. We were too pretty to be left unsought for long. Every body seemed to admire us. First came a small young man with an infinitesimal beard, who talked of making our back bedroom "into a studio," and looked a dignified negation when, in reply to some remark about his mother, I observed "that I supposed his mother wanted to take the house."

"No, madam, I take the house." But he didn't.

Then, passing over some half-dozen inquiries which resulted in nothing, was a decent, plump, elderly gentleman from the City, whose equally decent, plump, elderly wife came over the next morning from Camberwell all in a flutter and heat, and informed me how "Mr. Ivering (or some similar name) had taken *such* a liking to the 'ouse;" at the smallness of which she was greatly discomfited, until she fell in love with the kitchen-oven. "Such a beautiful haven!" Upon which she became complacent, thought she really would make the house do, as Mr. Ivering liked it so exceedingly, and began to confide to me various particulars as to her furniture, &c.

"You see, ma'am, we have a lot of furniture about us—large furniture too. We've been 'ousekeepers a long time. We shouldn't know what to do with all our lumber. We couldn't find room for much lumber in this pretty little place, could we?"

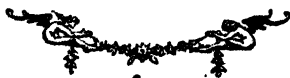
"No, certainly not." And I inwardly thanked our own common sense that *we* had no lumber.

"Still, it is sich a pretty place. And sich a beautiful haven. Mr. Ivering didn't tell me of the haven. But there would be a deal to put up with, you see, ma'am. Carpets, too,"—and fanning herself, she cast rather a patronising glance on our own beautiful and beloved palm-leaf carpet, chosen with such artistic taste and skill,—"*it was only yesterday that we bought a new carpet.*"

"Perhaps it would suit these rooms?"

"O, no; not at all. A lovely large-patterned carpet, with a white ground and great bunches of flowers—all colours. It wouldn't suit here at all."

"Probably not." I doubted if any thing which was the visible expression of your taste *would* suit, worthy Mrs. Ivering, in our poor pretty drawing-room.



"But then, you see, the carpet is only bought, not laid down. We might give it away—to our married daughter." And her rosy warm face assumed a smiling pride. "I have a married daughter, ma'am—Elizabeth—Mrs. Josiah Evans—married last January, much to our satisfaction. The carpet would exactly do for Elizabeth."

And again she looked down upon our sober palm-leaves, as if inwardly exulting that Mrs. Josiah Evans's drawing-room would not be afflicted by "such a common thing."

"Do you think, then, the house would suit?"

"Maybe, ma'am; I don't know. I must come again, and bring my daughter Elizabeth. She has great good sense—Elizabeth. It was a sad loss to us, her marriage."

But for fear I should have to listen to the whole courtship, &c. of the said Elizabeth, with reversions to all the other members of Mrs. Ivering's family, I apologised—dinner being waiting—and left the good lady to sit and cool herself ere departing.

She did depart. I hope Mrs. Josiah Evans got her "lovely" carpet; but certainly we never got our tenant *in prospectu*.

Next, or rather appearing and disappearing at intervals among the other applicants, was a circumambient gentleman, who for the space of three weeks used to pop in at all sorts of unnatural hours, and investigate us over and over again, from bedroom to coal-cellars: a very respectable middle-aged gentleman, who evidently had the strongest hankering after our house, and the utmost incapability of making up his mind to take it. The cause of indecision was, he said, a wife in Wales, without whose approbation it was quite impossible to proceed further in the business. The wife was detained day by day by the illness of the baby, who had been vaccinated; all which particulars the melancholy spouse used to communicate confidentially over the kitchen-fire on his periodical visits to know if the house was let.

"If it isn't let when his wife comes home, he'll be sure to take it," was the decided opinion of our cook, to whom the disconsolate parent of the vaccinated baby unsealed his woes.

But by this time so many probable tenants had vanished that we above stairs only incredulously smiled. We had grown used to being "a house to let," and almost doubted whether we should not remain such for a whole half-year.

Yet applications kept doubling and trebling. Our meals, our work, our evening circle, were alike broken upon by—"Some one wanting to look at the house, ma'am."

At last we learnt to sit calmly, never even turning round or lifting our eyes when these intruders appeared. We ceased to comment or speculate upon them, determined to take things easy, and forget, if possible, the large-lettered fact in the window which proclaimed that we were only sojourners, householders and inhabitants no more.

But one Saturday morning came a foreign couple,—the lady fascinating in black eyes, the gentleman in broken English. These, after testifying most voluble admiration of our house, left, with the intention of going at once to the landlord, and taking it immediately.

"This looks like business," said I to my sister, who sat criticising black eyes and foreign manners in general. "And even if they failed, there is the gentleman with the wife in Wales, coming home in three days, he says, and sure to like it. Then they'll be wanting it at quarter-day—only a fortnight to come. We shall certainly find ourselves without a roof over our heads."

"Bivouac in Regent's Park," suggested incorrigible incredulity.

"Nonsense! We really ought to look for a house. It can do no harm, and it might be rather amusing."

My sister, who is of an elastic temperament, caught at the last word; and we made ready for a day's "out"—a pleasant holiday at all times.

Having already decided on our future locality,—a little way out of London,—we started, intending to catch the train.

But fate forbade. The bright March day gloomed over, and right up from the wind's eye came a pelting shower, which we breasted as long as we could, but finally were driven, in half-drenched humiliation, to the refuge of a baker's shop. There, for a pitiful half-hour, we stood watching that dreary scene, a London rain-storm, commenting on the less fortunate passers-by, or the splashing of the great drops all down the shiny pavement, and especially on a costermonger's donkey, who stood patiently to be drowned, with his soaked ears bent, and the most abject wretchedness depicted on his asinine physiognomy. A perfect "Land-seer" he might have been painted into, if Sir Edwin ever could condescend to low life in his wonderful animal biographies.

But we lost our train.

"Never mind," said my sister; "don't you see the rain is clearing off at the wind's eye—and a beautiful blue eye it is, too. We might still go house-hunting in another direction. What do you say to H—?"

Now privately, in my own mind, I longed for H—. The first couple I ever married—(reader, this remark is all in a professional way, the solution to be found, as aforesaid, in circulating-libraries)—I located comfortably in an imaginary house at H—, flanked by some not at all imaginary fir-trees. And at H—the wind blows freely over a sweep of wide champaign, and one can walk freely, and breathe freely, along heaths and hill-tops, and feel a little nearer the sky than in any region about London. Yes, decidedly; we will look for a house at H—.

The "wind's eye," which my sister's steadily followed, —probably with a certain fellow-feeling—grew broader, brighter, and bluer. The rain ceased, and the sun came out. Every thing was favourable for our house-hunting.

We reached the place, discussing its advantages and disadvantages. It was many years since we had been there—many and momentous years. A number of errant thoughts ran about invisibly,—some gamboling, some barking at us like refractory hounds, up and down the queer old winding street. But it was necessary to chain them up, and proceed to business.

"We shall surely find a house-agency. We must inquire for one."

So we accordingly did, receiving in answer the lucid direction, that it was next door to Smith the grocer's." Upon which, not being familiar with Smith the grocer, we had to hunt him up and down the place, wearily, for half-an-hour.

Rents in H— were awful! quite impossible to be paid by folk in our line of business. "Desirable residences" of ninety pounds per annum; excellent villas, "with every convenience for a genteel family," only a hundred and twenty pounds! We shuddered; for our humble requirements were—No matter.

"Indeed, ladies, I have only two houses on my list of that rent," said the house-agent. "You can see them if you like;" and he wrote out cards to view with an indifferent air of bland superiority.

So we retired, greatly amused, and suffering no severe pangs from the fact that we could not pay a hundred and twenty pounds a-year house-rent. Besides,—the air was so fresh, the spring sunshine so warm, and the picturesque old place showed us such charming "bits" *en passant*,—our sources of enjoyment were quite independent of hard cash.

Up through some quaint lanes, guarded by bare motionless trees, in whose branches you could fancy the sap just rising, and had faith to believe there would be leaves some time, we lingered, talking and laughing, but could not find the house whither we were bound. I proposed attacking a wandering milk-boy, who went lazily along swinging his cans, his eyes fixed skyward contemplatively—a rather rare peculiarity with milk-boys.

"Eh!—Ivy Lodge? It's over there, I fancy."

"Ivy Lodge, did you want?" kindly asked a respectable

housekeeper-looking woman coming up. "It's somewhere in that quarter; but I don't exactly know the house."

"Ivy Lodge?" added a benevolent laundress, approaching with her basket. "Yes, you'll find it there. Them's the chimneys. A very nice little place, too."

"To be let, I understand?"

"Can't say. We don't wash for the family. But it's as pretty a little place as there is in all H—."

"That sounds favourable," observed my sister; "and generous, considering that the good woman doesn't wash for the family."

So, escaping from the group who were taking such a kind interest in our proceedings, and who now stood stock-still to converse with and gaze at us,—housekeeper, laundress, milk-boy, and all,—we made the best of our way to Ivy Lodge.

A pretty nook, unrivalled in its compact smallness. The very door-knocker had a delicacy of form and tenuity of sound quite fairy-like. No uncanny or unwelcome hands ought ever to touch it. And we had a vision of many friendly fingers that might possibly make welcome acquaintance with it when the door became our door.

No. Our first entrance there dispelled that dream. It was the daintiest little nest, all "in apple-pie order," like the mistress who came out of her neat drawing-room,—herself as neat "as a new pin," from every hair in her smooth braids to every bugle on her elaborately trimmed and inimitably fitting velvet jacket,—and politely showed us her house. Such a wonderful larder; such a charming china-closet; such cosie wee bedrooms!—in the which we, travel-stained and weary, almost hesitated to adventure our muddy boots.

But in vain. The place was not half large enough. "Friends from London," which the lady informed us she had frequently inhabiting her spare room, would in our case have had to colonise, like rooks, in the neighbouring trees. And the garden—which my sister so longed for—why, she might as well have practised horticulture on the coal-cellar roof. Our own was a Chatsworth compared to it.

"It is indeed small, very small," said the lady deprecatingly. "That is the only fault we have to find with it—Mr. Jarvis and I. We have always been accustomed to large rooms. We think one of the Regent's-Park Terraces will suit us better; or the new Italian villas in the Holloway Road. Do you know them?"

"O yes," I said, with considerable meekness, not wishing to be too explicit.

"But," continued Mrs. Jarvis, with the greatest amiability, "for those who *prefer* a cottage, I would recommend this entirely." And again she ran over the list of its perfections, always ending with the "charming china-closet," sighing now and then over the sad necessity of being obliged to leave it, even for the Regent's-Park mansions or the Italian villas.

All in vain. My sister, who has—though she will not own it—a slight leaning towards stately chambers, manorial halls, and picturesque pleasure-grounds, was in haste to be gone. But I—a woman of less lofty appreciations—could not help a vague longing after the pretty snuggeries which Mrs. Jarvis kept in such order, where Mr. Jarvis probably came weary home of evenings, and where on Sundays the "friends from London" luxuriated in the tiny spare bedroom, and the wide open view beyond those slender poplars, whence the wind would travel freshly up for miles and miles.

But it could not be. For us Ivy Lodge was quite out of the question now and for evermore.

"Now for the next house. My lad,"—and I turned to our friend the milk-boy, who this moment emerged round the corner, just as before, swinging his cans and contemplating the sky,—"how far is it to C— Street?"

He gave us a comical "here-they-are-again" sort of smile; explained with great civility and intelligence not only the distance but the way; and as we went down

the hill, we saw him stand watching our movements with evident interest.

"What a nice face he has!" exclaimed my sister. "If ever we come to live at H—, that boy shall be our milk-boy."

But the lad's elevation to this desirable post grew every minute more problematical. "Elegant villas," "mansions," in plenty, but nothing like our sort of house was to be found. One only we saw; and, it not being to let at all, were free to take immediate possession of it—in imagination. My sister proposed that we encamp in the vale below, and live watching it, as Sir Roland lived in sight of his love at Nonnenwerth, until the right owner disappeared from this mortal scene, or vacated in our favour.

Finally, in great hopelessness, we took the road homewards.

"But we may as well just look at the second house," said I.

"It's in a street—I hate streets. I know it won't do."

"Let us try;" and I consulted the card. "Blank Cottage, Blank Street. Where is Blank Street, my boy?"

For there he was again; and there, as my sister declared, I brought him quite naturally into the conversation—our inevitable all-pervading milk-boy. She burst out laughing—so did he, and turning to her his brown merry face, all beaming with admiring satisfaction, the little fellow a third time gave us a long string of topographical information.

"Turn to your right till you comes to the square; then cross by a baker's shop; then along till you sees a grocer's; then turn to your left, hoppersite a house where they sells tobacco and beer."

"Stop, stop, I can't make it out."

The milk-boy just looked at me as if to say, "Madam, I didn't suppose you could; I warn't a-speaking to *you*;" and in his gentlest and most intelligent voice repeated the information to the younger and favourite of his interlocutors. Then heartily thanking him,—and I beg to observe *only* thanking him, as we consider it a great error and a great insult to the poorer classes that they should be taught to do solely for lucre's sake little civilities which the richer do from simple kindness,—we left our milk-boy for good and a'.

Far down the long town dragging our tired limbs, watching the sun sink, with the celebrated lament of that most virtuous but most priggish of emperors, Titus—*Perdidi diem*—we were becoming in mournful case. At a corn-dealer's shop we saw stuck up, "A small cottage to let," and rushed in with avidity.

"How many rooms has it?"

"Three rooms, ma'am," said the round-faced corn-chandler's wife; adding, with a subdued smile, "it's a *small* cottage, ladies."

To which we assented, and retired in discomfiture.

Up and down in every possible direction did we seek for the second house, and primarily for the address of the person who had the key. At length we found the house, but were another half-hour discovering the possessor of the key. Then—muddled, foot-sore, and not in the sunniest of moods—we followed a big man and a big dog to investigate this, apparently the only house in all H— that was likely to suit us.

No; the investigation was useless. In vain did the worthy big man open shutters and expatiate on the merits of those gloomy musty rooms; in vain did his dog, with probably an immediate instinct of rats, bound hither and thither, upstairs and downstairs, scratching and whining in the liveliest manner; in vain did our excellent guide, as a climax to all his inducements, inform us that the next-door neighbour was Mr. Somebody, of the — Theatre; and that at the bottom of this garden was the garden of Mr. So-and-so—"the celebrated Mr. So-and-so, who did such and such." I eschew names, the "party" being our personal acquaintance. My sister suggested, *sotto voce*, whether it would not be advisable to take the house, if only for the advantage—the sole one we could see—of going to the next

of our neighbour's soirées by leaping in our silks and muslins over the garden-wall! But even that allurements failed. We quitted the gloomy, dirty, Londonified house, and gave up H— in despair.

"Yet, how fresh and pleasant the air is!" said I, thinking fondly of the breeze round Ivy Lodge, and of that impossible cottage not to be let, which stood on the hill-top, commanding miles of country. "It would be nice in some things. The situation is so high."

"And so are the taxes and the rent and the provisions. Besides, they do say water is so scarce that you have to buy it at twopence a-pail."

This was a crushing argument—an overwhelming consolation.

"And besides, our own house is not let—it may not be. All is for the best. We have had a day's holiday."

"And you must allow that, as I said, it was very amusing."

So we comforted ourselves after the "sour-grapes" fashion, and went home.

A quiet Sunday, a shut-up hard-working Monday, during which not a single intruder disturbed our privacy to know "if this house was to be let." The foreign gentleman and lady never reappeared, nor did the forlorn gentleman with the wife in Wales. We consoled ourselves for our various mischances in house-hunting by these failures in house-letting; tried to settle down and assure ourselves, perhaps with an involuntary satisfaction, that no tenant would be found, and that we should have to stay here till our term was out.

We resolved to ignore entirely the bill in the front window, shut the folding-doors, and retire to the inner room. There, sitting at our cheerful dinner-table, we related to an equally cheerful guest our adventures and misadventures of the previous Saturday, interspersed with portraits and imitations by my satirical sister of our various H— friends, including the milk-boy, the laundress, the corn-dealer's wife, and especially the obliging and precise lady of Ivy Lodge, whom I have called Mrs. Jarvis.

"A charming cottage, ladies. For those who like cottages, quite perfect of its kind. Excellent garden—ten feet by twelve; coal-cellar close to the drawing-room door; and the most inimitable china-closet! I assure you, even the Italian villa we are in search of—" The folding-doors opened, and there stood our grave domestic.

"A lady and gentleman wanting to see the house."

"Very well."

A smothered pause of attempted gravity. My sister, sitting with her back to the folding-doors, bent steadily over her plate, and did not cast a glance at the new-comers. But I, who sat confronting them as they just looked in, and politely turned their attention to the front room,—I, who recognised instantaneously the face, the voice, the bland precise manners—it was a trying moment.

"What is the matter?" asked my sister in an agonised whisper.

"What is the matter?" said my friend, stuffing up her mouth with her handkerchief.

I could only mutely implore silence, for the lady and gentleman were still in the next room. We listened, in a state of suppressed suffocation, until their retreating footsteps were heard going upstairs; then I faltered out two broken words—

"Mrs. Jarvis!"

Such an extraordinary coincidence—such a truly dramatic situation! We could not help admiring it in a strictly professional way, and taking quite an artistic pleasure in the *dénouement*. Comment we made none; but my sister started up amidst convulsions of laughter, and once more gave us to the life Mrs. Jarvis exhibiting "this charming china-closet," "our excellent larder," the "garden, which is small, very small, certainly;" together with myself following meekly after, with a painful consciousness of that lady's irreproachable neatness, unattainable grandeur, and of my own bent bonnet and muddiest of boots.

Again appeared our handmaiden of the solemn mien.

"The lady and gentleman wish to speak to you about the house."

I pointed for them to be shown into the front drawing-room, and rushed out into the passage to compose myself. There, face to face, I met Mrs. Jarvis.

"I believe—"

"I am almost sure that—"

"Very singular coincidence!"

"Were you not the lady who looked over my house on Saturday?"

"Certainly I was."

"I told Mr. Jarvis so; I remembered you at once. Very curious circumstance; quite a fatality. We have been laughing about it upstairs."

And then we all indulged in a friendly *cachination*, which proved by no means a bad introduction to business.

Yes, there was a fatality about the coincidence, which, amid the immensities of London life, was sufficiently remarkable. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis greatly inclined to our house; we greatly inclined to Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis. And when the former decided immediately to go to the landlord, and with straightforward gentlemanly decision, and a certain pleasant *bonhomie*,—with which, his wife observed, he finds out the weak side of all her acquaintances,—requested to know whether he might carry with him my "preference" for themselves as tenants, I gave a hearty and unqualified affirmative.

The next day Mrs. Jarvis again appeared, graciously smiling: "We took your house yesterday."

N.B. Neither she nor I ever made the smallest allusion to the Regent's-Park Terraces, or the Italian villas in the Holloway Road.

* * * * *

Ay, the bill is removed from our bow-window, and it looks just as before. The morning sun creeps in and rests on the little carved oak-table where last summer used to stand my favourite Cape jasmine, and on the outside balcony where the fuchsias and the scarlet geraniums grew. From our gate we can yet see through the window the white glitter of the marble Venus keeping watch over the fireside. Every thing looks quite natural, familiar, and as it used to look.

But our bow-window wears a hypocritical smile; but Venus is—when is she not?—a beautiful deceit. Homely appearances are false; we are here a house—let.

In a week from this time our place will know us no more. We shall hear no more the incessant piano of our musical neighbour, nor her shrill soprano which every day for the last 365 has informed us of "Robert, toi que j'aime," and added thereto the fact that her "heart was a free and a fetterless thing." We shall see no more of evenings gleaming through the skeleton windows of the unfinished houses opposite (that for two years have remained "carcasses to be sold"), fragments cut tantalisingly out of glorious sunsets, that we know are shining in their beautiful entirety on one or two spots we wot of far away.

No—we are let. Our new house is chosen; the day is fixed for the fitting. Yet as all change is painful, our thoughts will, I dare say, for many weeks to come, steal back and run up and down the staircases and in and out of the known rooms, where so many ghosts must sit—some with fair faces, some with sad—for evermore.

Yet, let by-gones be by-gones:

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

DESIGN FOR A PAIR OF MODEL COTTAGES

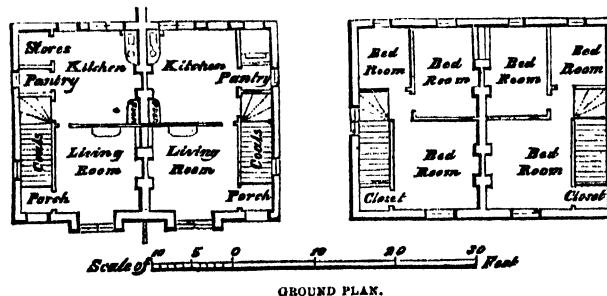
FOR LABOURERS, MECHANICS, ETC.

BY E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHT. ETC.

"My leading doctrine is," said Fallenberg of Hofwyl, "that to make poor people better, it is necessary to make them more comfortable;" and the sound common sense and human-



DESIGN FOR A PAIR OF MODEL COTTAGES FOR LABOURERS, MECHANICS, ETC.



ity of the remark will doubtless be endorsed by most of our readers. They will go farther, and allow with Dr. Dwight that, "uncouth, mean, ragged, dirty houses constituting the body of any town, will regularly be accompanied by coarse and grovelling manners." But in these days, when the importance of providing healthy homes for the stamina of our population is so fully acknowledged, no apology is needed for the effort to produce a maximum of accommodation at a minimum of expense. Much inquiry and experience have, however, established the conclusion, recently allowed in an official quarter, that it is not feasible to provide a really substantial and comfortable erection, fulfilling all the requirements implied by the term *model* cottage, for a sum on which the usual tempting rate of interest on building-investments may be calculated; and we think it only right to warn our readers against the indulgence of Arcadian dreams on the subject. In the Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population, it is stated as Mr. Loudon's opinion, that "no landed proprietor ought to charge more for the land on which cottages are built than he would receive for it from a farmer, if let as part of a farm; and no more rent ought to be charged for the cost of building the cottage and enclosing the garden than the same sum would yield if invested in land, or at all events, not more than can be obtained by Government securities." Nevertheless it is needless for us here to dilate on the duty incumbent on capitalists to provide cottages for their humble dependents in which the two great requirements of health and convenience shall be fulfilled; as to neglect of these may be safely ascribed, not only most of the contagious disorders which carry sorrow and trouble among the highest as well as the lowest, but

also much of the immorality and discontent which often characterise the lower orders of society. Disgusted with their miserable hovels, none can wonder that uncultivated minds should seek elsewhere for relief; and the rebound touches at least those who could have obviated the consequences of such wretchedness and desolation.

In towns, model lodging-houses are for many reasons to be preferred; but in country districts, for which the accompanying design is adapted, homes for the labouring classes should be either single or in pairs; and the latter is desirable in case of illness and with respect to social feelings, as well as for reasons of economy and external effect. If two connected cottages are planned so that a north and south line passes through the angles, the principal front facing the south-east, the sun will shine on all sides during the day; a point of much importance not attained in a long range, against which there are forcible objections. The least accommodation should comprise a living-room, kitchen, and not less than three bedrooms, if the decent proprieties of life are to be fostered in the family of a man with sons and daughters. The kitchen is to be provided with oven, copper, sink, pump, towel-roller, ironing-boards (which may be hung on hinges, so as to form the window-shutter, the bar for security being the supporting leg), and range for cooking; thus rendering it possible to keep the living-room always clean, and in that neatness and order which is as conducive to the healthiness of mind of the inmates as pleasing to others to view. Unless there is a pantry, food will be thrown about, become dirty, and unfit for consumption, contaminating also the air; and a cellar should be provided for coals and wood. The front-door must never open into the living-room; but a porch is essential, and in it plus

for coats and hats are to be fixed. The staircase should communicate with the porch, so that it is unnecessary to enter the living-room to arrive at the bedrooms; and the space for the stairs ought to be open and well lighted and ventilated, not forming a gloomy recess, or an excretion, in the middle of the cottage, down which the children are ever pertinaciously tumbling. The fixtures proper to the living-room include a dresser (for the crockery is an important item in the furniture to be displayed to all comers), a dwarf closet by the fireplace with a shelf for books above, a neat mantelpiece, and a stove with *fixed* fender. The kitchen and living-room should communicate directly, and a back-door from the former is necessary. On the upper floor, at least one closet for clothes is desirable. The bedrooms are sometimes arranged below, but they are preferable above; as such building is more economical, less walling and excavation being requisite, the staircase costing little, and the space under it being useful. It is also far more healthy to have bedrooms upstairs, as they are thus drier, airier, and comparatively free from the steam and effluvia arising from cooking and cleansing operations; the external appearance of the erection is improved, the temperature of the lower rooms is more uniform, and, from the increased length of the flues, the smoke is less liable to return. It is scarcely needful to say, that arrangements by which it is imperative to go through one bedroom to another are at once to be condemned.

A substratum of gravel is the best soil for building; and when dampness is apprehended, or the foundation is bad, concrete (six gravel to one lime) should be used twice the width of the footings of the walls and one foot in depth. A layer of slates, cement, asphalt, or gas-tar and sand, laid over the surface of the walls, six inches above the ground-level, tend to prevent damp rising. The drainage is of great importance. The cottage should be slightly elevated, and a manure-tank formed at a distance, into which *all* the refuse is to be conducted in four-inch stone-ware pipes, properly trapped to prevent the return of noxious gases. The water falling on the roof is to be led in three-inch glazed stone-ware pipes to a tank; and one will serve for the two cottages. Each room should be ventilated by means of two air-bricks at the level of the skirting, the opening being covered on the inside with perforated zinc (sixty apertures to the square inch); and the vitiated air is to be carried off by means of one of Arnott's ventilators communicating with the flue just below the ceiling-level: when there is no flue, an opening must be made in the ceiling. All the fireplaces are to be kept in the interior walls, thus retaining the warmth as much as possible (open fireplaces, with their cheerful light, are preferable to close stoves); and two only of the bedrooms need be provided with them. Shutters aid the retention of warmth, but are not absolute requisites in labourers' cottages.

One-sixth of an acre is the least quantity of ground to be appropriated for each cottage, and of this a few yards should extend in front for flowers: being next the road, the industrious labourer will naturally take a pride in their appearance. Creepers trained up the walls of cottages have a pleasing effect. The cottage, we may mention, ought not to be placed parallel with the road, but at an angle, to obtain a view sideways as well as in front.

The accompanying design is submitted as combining all the requirements named, without any loss of space whatever; thus involving the cheapest form and presenting a simply characteristic external effect. It is needless to say much in the way of description, as the engravings are sufficiently explanatory, and the preceding remarks illustrate the points which have commanded attention. The clear height of the floors is eight feet six inches; and much expense is saved by bringing down the roof as low as possible. The accommodation given and the size of the rooms are of the minimum description, and the ground-plan is varied; it being thus left optional to place the closets behind, at a distance, with a *covered* receptacle for dust, which, without

such a provision, would probably be thrown about any where. Cost, about 270*l.* probably for the pair.

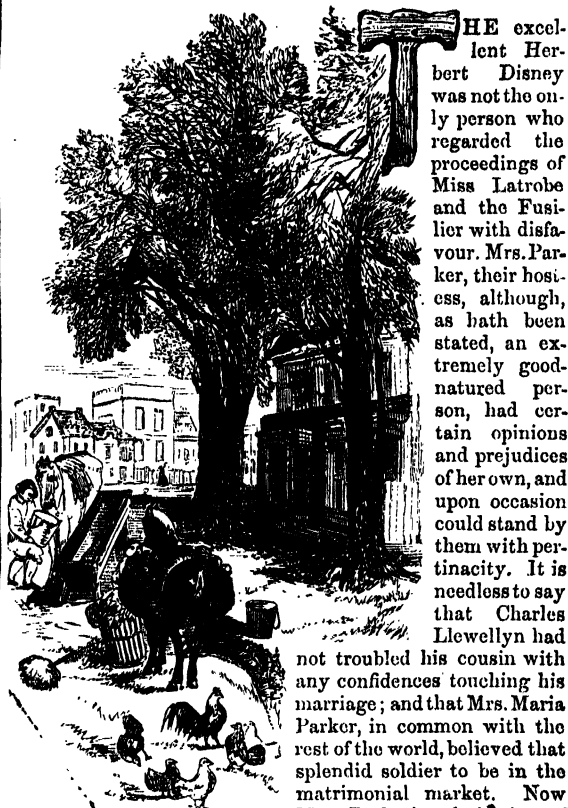
We purpose giving on a future occasion another design; and shall then enter into constructive matters, and jot down a few memoranda of the least costly materials appropriate to different parts of the country.

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

V



HE excellent Herbert Disney was not the only person who regarded the proceedings of Miss Latrobe and the Fusilier with disfavour. Mrs. Parker, their hostess, although, as hath been stated, an extremely good-natured person, had certain opinions and prejudices of her own, and upon occasion could stand by them with pertinacity. It is needless to say that Charles Llewellyn had not troubled his cousin with any confidences touching his marriage; and that Mrs. Maria Parker, in common with the rest of the world, believed that splendid soldier to be in the matrimonial market. Now Mrs. Parker's admiration of him was something touching; it was to be revered and treated tenderly. Ordinarily we delight—as much from spite as from love of truth—to force open the eyes of honest parasites and idolaters, and to insist upon their seeing and acknowledging, the holes in the coats of their idols; but this no person could be wantonly cruel enough to attempt in the case of Mrs. Parker and her captain-cousin. Her adoration of him was instinctive and genuine, and not to be derided. And, as touching the market in question, Maria had settled in her own mind the price at which Charley Llewellyn was to go; and it ranged between some young countess with a handsome dowry, and some young heiress whose want of title might be atoned for by her title-deeds. These were about the figures at which Captain Llewellyn was to be quoted.

Therefore, when she perceived the flirtation between her cousin and our pretty Georgiana, and perceived, too, that it was making Mr. Disney very uncomfortable, Maria Parker felt doubly wronged. Her great vexation, of course, was that her brilliant captain should be taking measures for throwing himself away. But her mind was also vexed that Miss Latrobe, whom, apart from her presumption in dreaming of the Fusilier, Mrs. Parker liked very heartily, should behave herself unkindly to the painter. And Maria con-

sidered within herself what she should do to replace the trio in their right places. Herein Mrs. Parker gave a new instance of the folly of trying to do good. There is sure to be some secret in the background which turns all your efforts of that sort into absurdities, and therefore you had much better be lazy and selfish, and let things alone. This is a little moral which I humbly conceive may be acceptable just now, as contrasting in flavour with the customary admonitions of the season.

Divers were the plans which suggested themselves to Mrs. Parker for disentangling the captain from Georgiana. At one time she thought of seriously remonstrating with him upon the attentions which he had paid the young lady; and for meeting her (as he certainly did) at the Chiswick fête, and for going up to a box in which he perceived her at the Olympic Theatre. But, besides that she stood in some reasonable awe of her distinguished relation, she had a feminine relish for managing matters with as much subtlety as possible; and therefore she eschewed the direct way, which probably would have elicited a satisfactory explanation from Llewellyn, and took an indirect one, of which the result shall be seen. Having desired that when Mr. Disney should call, after the party, he should be apprised that she wished to see him, and that gentleman's attention to the proprieties having brought him to Pimlico within what, as an artist and literary man, he considered quite early time for performing the usual social duty, namely, a fortnight, Mrs. Parker found herself *tête-à-tête* with the young painter.

"Have you seen Georgiana Latrobe to-day?" asked the lady, when the ordinary prologue had been spoken, and the yelling of the Pimlico porripatetics had been duly anathematised, as it is to this day by every one who sets foot in the disturbed district.

"To-day! O dear no. Not for many days. I met her soon after your party. I don't think I have seen her since."

"You are joking, of course, Mr. Disney. Tell me, when did you see her?"

"Indeed I am not joking, Mrs. Parker," said Herbert. "Why should you think so?"

"Well, then, if it is true,—but you will only set me down for a woman who meddles in other people's business. And yet Georgy is a dear little girl, and I love her, and I seem to have a right to talk about her."

"Miss Latrobe is a very pleasant person to talk about. Indeed, quite as pleasant to talk about as to talk to."

"You are the last person to say that, and to hope to be believed."

"I should like to know why, Mrs. Parker," said Mr. Disney, who was rather full of his grievances, and, knowing it, was afraid to trust himself with much discourse on the subject.

"Come, come, don't be mysterious with me, Mr. Herbert," said Mrs. Parker. "I am an old friend of Georgy's, and in her confidence. Now, you know, I know all about it. And if you say to me that you have not seen her for some days, I shall drive across and hear what it means."

"I should not like to prevent your having a pleasant drive; but I am at a loss, I assure you, to understand what my not having seen Miss Latrobe can mean, except that I have not happened to call, and we have not happened to meet."

"I like you very much, Mr. Herbert Disney."

"And I deserve that you should like me," replied the painter; "and I mean that you should go on liking me, madam."

"Yes, but all that would be at an end if I believed that you were behaving ill to Georgiana Latrobe."

"Behaving ill, in a lady's dictionary, has but one meaning," said Disney; "and as we have gone so far, I suppose I had better say in *garbiste*, my dear Mrs. Parker, that I don't comprehend why you should use the words. They imply, of course, that I have been in a position in which I *could* act unworthily in reference to that lady. Now, as nothing—"

"There, do not make me angry with you. I have told

you that I am in Georgiana's confidence, and therefore you ought not to speak to me in that way."

"I can only suppose, dear Mrs. Parker, that we are at some kind of cross purposes, and when they are explained, we shall laugh."

"I would turn you out of the room at once," said Mrs. Parker seriously, "if it were not for my regard for Georgy, which makes me overlook rudeness to myself. And I will speak very plainly to you for her sake. If you are playing with her affections, you are acting a part of which you ought to be ashamed."

"I playing with—"

"Because," continued Mrs. Parker, working herself up into earnestness, "she is a dear warm-hearted girl, who will give her heart but once, and break it if it is trampled upon."

"But I have no idea of trampling upon it," Herbert tried to put in.

"It is true that she has no fortune, and that in a girl's noble and single-minded reliance upon your love, and confidence in your genius and success, she has forgotten that, and preferred to take her chance with you to marrying where more immediate worldly advantages offered; but if you are to turn round upon her for that, and insult her pride and wound her heart for a frankness and confidence which you ought to feel are an honour to you, I don't know what answer you will be able to give your own conscience."

And here Mrs. Parker introduced a gush of real tears, being somewhat largely gifted with the invaluable faculty of self-excitement.

"After what you have said, Mrs. Parker," said Herbert, "it is perfectly evident to me that I have not been so fully admitted to Miss Latrobe's confidence as you have. In fact—"

"Ah! you allow, then, that she had a right to say such things to me, Mr. Disney. Well, that is something—indeed I may call it manly and candid of you. But that you should affect to quarrel with a girl like Georgiana, who has given you her whole heart and soul, is more than I can understand. One would think that with such a treasure in your keeping you would be too much in earnest for such silliness."

"I scarcely know how to answer you without—"

"I dare say not. I do not want any answer. I am an old woman; but I know what all this means, and I am aware that you could say nothing that would not be to some extent humiliating to you. So you shall say nothing. I dare say I spoke harshly. I always do when I am sincere; and Georgiana Latrobe is a child for whom there is nothing that I would not do. I am more pleased with you now, and I shall be quite reconciled to you, I dare say, when I come to think over what you have said. You must let me make it up between you and Georgy—no, she is too high-minded a person, and so are you, to be pushed together like two children after a quarrel; but you call in Charlotte Street to-morrow, and speak as if you had met yesterday. Will you promise this?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Disney. Indeed there was not much else for him to say.

"Very well," said Mrs. Parker, rising and taking him by both hands, "that is very good of you. And now please to go away; for I am a foolish person, and I must go and lie down after our little scene. Good bye, and remember your promise."

And she made his retreat a matter of necessity by her own retreat into another room, and thence upstairs.

It was of course impossible for Mr. Disney to think over the scene that had passed until he got out of the howling wilderness. But he made for the street of Hugo Lupus, and so for Vauxhall Bridge; and at that distance the hideous Voices of the Day had blended into one cry, but too distant to torture the ear and distract the mind. And he paid the toll, and set himself to work out the money by walking up and down with his hands behind him, and musing after the following fashion:

"That Mrs. Parker is a queer person. I never saw her

so much in earnest. No mistake about her crying, either; but then a woman can always cry. However, they don't usually weep over other people's troubles. Yes, I think there was real feeling in it. And so Georgiana has been making confidences to her. She feels my staying away, does she? And who has she to thank for it? I am incapable, I hope, of behaving ungenerously to a girl who has placed her destiny in my hands [yah, you vain idiot]; but what was her conduct on the night of Mrs. Parker's ball? I have punished her; but she ought to confess that she deserved it. Well, there's an end of that. It has answered its purpose capitally, in making me aware of her feelings towards me; and Mrs. Parker certainly put our mutual positions in a very fair light. Georgiana knows that I shall have to make a struggle, and is content to share it with me; and she is assured that hereafter I shall achieve success and fame. What odd creatures they are! She never gave me a word of encouragement of this kind, or ever let me think that she even appreciated me. They *are* odd creatures, and heaps of contradictions. But should we love them were they otherwise? As for Georgiana,—by Jove, what a good fact it is when she smiles! I have never quite hit it off; but I will, one of these days. I have a great mind to write to her to-night; let's see, what excuse shall I make—?"

Etc. etc. etc. etc.

He said a great deal more, and I think quite took out the value of his toll in his promenading; but this specimen will show you into what state of mind Mrs. Parker's revelations had brought our young friend. That afternoon he was much too restless in his self-complacency to work, or even to remain within doors; but took a long country ramble,—meditating on Georgiana's merits, and occasionally refreshing himself at a roadside inn (like that sketched at the beginning of our chapter); and having wearied himself out, he returned and dined somewhat expensively, ordering some champagne for the express purpose of drinking the health of Miss Latrobe. The captain of Fusiliers occasionally came across his mind; but the unwelcome visitor was speedily banished, and Mr. Disney gave himself up to pleasurable emotion and to anticipations of the coming day.

Mrs. Parker did not go and lie down, but, on the contrary, ordered the carriage; and before Herbert had left the bridge she was hustening across the Park towards Charlotte Street. And when she got there, she found Captain Llewellyn picking out a new polka on Georgiana's pianoforte.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The National Gallery! what's to be done with that; or rather, what is to be done with the pictures belonging to the nation; where are the pictures in possession, and the pictures in expectation, to be hung? Are we ever to look forward to a magnificent collection of British art? Are we ever to have a gallery of statues? Are we ever to equal, not to say rival, the Continent in the possession and appreciation of memorials of genius; or is the possession of means to be the rival of all countries to serve only as a foil to show our utter incapacity to make use of the appliances we have at our command, and further to hold our country and its direction, as far as the arts are concerned, up to ridicule?

These are the questions that every thinking Englishman of judgment and taste asks himself and his neighbour; but he gains no satisfactory response. We certainly have a National Gallery—"God help the mark!"—and the man who built it, poor Wilkins, died of a broken heart. It is said that he has stood for hours in Trafalgar Square, and gazed upon that melancholy specimen of his craft until hot tears have chased each other down his cheeks, drawn from him by feelings of sorrow and anger,—sorrow that he was compelled to build it as it is, and anger at the parsimony of that sometimes mistaken economist, Joseph Hume, who curtailed him of the means necessary to make it worthy of the great nation he was legislating for. They were both good men

in their way, and did service in other directions; and therefore *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The sum expended was so trivial for the purpose—70,000*l.*—that it is scarcely worth a passing thought; and if it did nothing else, at least it secured us the finest site in the metropolis; and we can now retrieve the past error, and raise a building worthy of the site. Talking of sites, some current conversation was afloat lately that it was intended to build a National Gallery upon the site of Burlington House. If this is what is called a feeler, we, for our parts, are not impressed favourably with it. There can be no objection to the position, as far as the public are concerned; but it does not appear to have the requisite space which we presume to expect the national collection of art-treasures will need. What we want is something grand, something comprehensive, suitable for our present and future requirements; in fact, something worthy the nation, and the happily progressive state of, and feeling of the people for, the arts. Many of us have seen the glorious creations preserved with such worthy solicitude in Italy and Spain; all of us can see copies of many of them in the Crystal Palace; and the constant and agreeable inspection of these wonders enlarges our understanding to the improvement of our taste.

The site of the existing National Gallery is admirable; and as any amount of space necessary can be obtained behind the present elevation, we do not think any tenable objection can be made to its extension. It has been urged that the barracks, from their central position, cannot be removed. We question this very much; the projected improvements in the vicinity of the Horse Guards surely may point out a spot even better suited for the purpose than the present. Why not remove the barracks to the neighbourhood of Scotland Yard? There is a bad property there which would be the better for taking down; and as it has been projected to embank a portion of the Thames from Whitehall to Hungerford, an extensive exercising ground might be constructed, embracing a much larger area than they have at present, offering an additional amount of seclusion. If, then, the barrack buildings in Trafalgar Square be removed, we immediately secure a vast wing on the one side; and for the other, why not take the block including the St. Martin's Workhouse and Archbishop Tenison's School and Library for this wing? The workhouse is now manifestly in the wrong place. When it was built it stood in the fields. The vast growth of population and bricks has so hemmed it in, that it is unseemly and unwholesome to retain it in its present place; and it would not be difficult to find another more open, and in every way better suited. The removal of this antiquated pile of dark bricks would greatly facilitate the long talked-of and much-required opening to Leicester Square; and if this suggestion were determined upon, a fine quadrangle would be secured, having a back entrance for the officers of the establishment, and for the delivery of works of art. As to the front elevation, bad as it is, it is quite possible to improve it. The roof could be raised by what is termed an attic-story, which would give a finer surface of wall for hanging the pictures, together with a better means of lighting them. The pepper-casters and paltry dome, when removed, would suggest something more attractive and useful. The blind arches might then be closed; and without entering into further details, there is little doubt but that, in the hands of an able architect, something good might be made of it.

The Royal Academy are looking for a site. Could a better one for this institution be found than Burlington House? and as the Crown has hitherto provided it with apartments, suitable terms might be made with the council. Could not the Government transfer the School of Design from Marlborough House to that building? The Royal Academy is self-supporting, and is in reality the only institution where competition in art is nationally tested; and the council has the power, from their large and increasing income, of extending their influence for the promotion and improvement of the arts. It is not our purpose to enter into any of the

working arrangements of the Royal Academy, from the fact of their being a self-constituted and self-supporting body. Although it has been said there is room for improvement in the general management of the council, this, however, must rest with themselves and the profession, both as to the disposal of the honours, the pictures, and sculpture submitted to them; our business being now entirely with the National Gallery; a subject which every man, from the highest artist to the meanest artisan, has a right to form and express an opinion upon. Again then, we say, let its present position be retained: it offers advantages in space that no other spot in the metropolis can offer; it is open, commanding, central, and has the best approaches of any situation in London; and that the Government cannot consistently object to its extension where it is, may be inferred from the fact that it was offered to an hotel-company, and a bill actually brought into parliament for the purpose of effecting a sale of it. That, in its present form, it is the worst constructed building for the purpose which could be well devised few would be disposed to doubt. Small rooms, badly lighted, and furnished with two-shilling bedroom-chairs, presenting even a worse spectacle within than without, is far from creditable to the meanest nation in Europe; and yet we possess gems in art of incalculable value,—one picture alone, the "Sebastian del Piomba," is worth more money than the whole building cost, including the chairs. And it does appear almost suicidal for a nation, whose historical knowledge must convey the fact that civilisation and refinement are the necessary consequence of the association with the beautiful and the grand, which is mainly illustrated in the cultivation of the arts, to have up to this time withheld its patronage from mental instruction through the eye. The sum granted annually by the Government for the encouragement of art in England is so trivial that, if it were not pitiful, it would be ridiculous. Our national income in the time of peace is between fifty and sixty millions sterling; and out of this sum—*mirabile dictu!*—4000*l.* per annum—4000*l.*!!!—is absolutely granted for the arts and the improvement of the public taste.

When Canova was in England, he was asked what astonished him most in London; his answer was, to know that Waterloo Bridge was built by private enterprise and the Pagoda Bridge in St. James's Park by the Government. Can a greater reproach be offered to any directors of a nation? We think not; but feel that we are now in the right track—now that necessity has made it obvious to the least thinking that something must be done to retrieve our reputation and secure the confidence of would-be donors to our valuable works of art. Fain would we see the cartoons removed from Hampton Court to London, when a suitable gallery is constructed; and there are many specimens of Holbein and Albert Durer, and others, in the same collection, which ought to be where they can be studied and copied without the necessity of going to a distance which consumes the best part of a day to approach them and return from them. Why are young artists—whose means are limited enough, Heaven knows—to be put to the expense and trouble of going to study the glorious creations of Raffaele, essentially of more use to them than to others, and which indeed can hardly be seen where they are, and are scarcely looked at by the millions of visitors to that show-place? No, "let us reform it altogether;" but to do this we must have space and light; and there is no place, we again reiterate, so suitable for both as the present site of the National Gallery.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

It was once our good fortune to be present at a service conducted after the rites and ceremonies of the Society of Friends, where an elderly lady wound up an hour's discourse by the startling peroration, "Let us never forget those beautiful words of Scripture, 'All's well that ends well.'" Similar to this is the case of the clergyman who referred in

his sermon to "that comforting passage of Holy Writ, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'" Both Quakeress and minister were greatly shocked when told of their mistake, and that they were indebted, the one to William Shakspeare, the other to Lawrence Sterne.

At last year's examination for writerships in the East India Company's service was a paper requiring candidates to state the authors and context of certain familiar quotations. Such as Marlow's

"By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;"

and Sir John Suckling's

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

This paper, we think, showed a great deal of wisdom in the examiner; for it is quite possible that a candidate might have been well acquainted with the general outlines of English literature, and yet have been ignorant of the source from whence we derive our commonest sayings. There is a certain class of quotations which is the sure mark of the superficial reader, and still more of the superficial writer. Who has not shuddered at times when his eyes fell upon that odious *Timeo Danaos*; or, "in the words of the immortal bard, 'To be, or not to be?'"

A well-educated man does not make use of these, or similar aphorisms; for though once full of meaning, the fine gold has become dim, and will pass no longer as current coin. It is only the penny-a-liner who implores the gods to give him the gift of seeing himself as others see him, or who reminds his readers that, *Bis dat qui cito dat*, or slyly hints, *Verb. sap. sat.*, or asks for fair play and *Audi alteram partem*.

Yet there is another kind of illustrative sentences; somewhat hackneyed, indeed, yet not desecrated like the former. These are the "Old Familiar Faces," which we meet again and again, and yet often cannot tell any thing of their parentage. For instance, some of our readers may not know that Gray was the author of

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise;"

or, that we must look to Milton's "L'Allegro" for "Laughter holding both his sides," and "The light fantastic toe;" or that in "Il Penseroso" we shall meet with the "dim religious light." They may be equally unaware that to Campbell we owe the oft-quoted line—"Coming events cast their shadows before;" or that "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" greets them when they open Keats's "Endymion." They will probably give Oliver Goldsmith credit for the portrait of the village parson, "passing rich with forty pounds a-year," though scarcely for the account of the revengeful dog who,

"... To gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man."

It is possible even that Wordsworth may not receive his due of thanks for that aphorism so simple and yet so profoundly philosophic—"The child is father of the man;" nor is it less probable to forget that to the same poet we owe "Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

One can hardly imagine big burly Samuel Johnson producing any thing portable; yet from him we learn "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

From gloomy but grand Edward Young,—of whom Landor says, "All his day-thoughts and night-thoughts hung on mitres,"—we borrow nevertheless some well-remembered "household words;" for it was he who spoke of "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Through him we remind upstart worthlessness that

"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps;
While pyramids are pyramids in vales."

It is Cowper who chides busy idleness for

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

The quaint old Puritan, Francis Quarles, scarcely re-deems himself from undeserved neglect by the wholesome advice to be "wisely worldly, but not worldly wise."

The bashful lover remembers Dryden's assertion, that "none but the brave deserve the fair," and plucks up failing courage. If success attend his suit, it may be that he will say as Coleridge did of Christabel,—

"Her face, O, call it fair, not pale!"

If unhappily he be nonsuited, he will not yield himself to mute despair and pallid grief; for, as Suckling tells him,

"This will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her."

But it is not always that the ancestry of those old friends of ours is so clear and indisputable. For instance, two of whom we have already spoken are not "wise enough to know their own father." The origin of *Bis dat qui cito dat* has been the subject of considerable discussion in *Notes and Queries*.

It is by no means certain that the good clergyman above referred to really met with his "comfortable Scripture" in any thing so objectionable as Sterne's work. The French proverb, "*A brebis ton due Dieu mesure le vent*," is of older date than the *Sentimental Journey*. So, too, "All's well that ends well," "All that glitters is not gold," and many other Shaksperian *morceaux*, were no doubt in every body's mouth long before young William pleaded "not guilty" to Sir Thomas Lucy, J.P. Again, the celebrated *mot* that "Language was given us to conceal our thoughts," is only another instance of Talleyrand's numerous unacknowledged loans. Voltaire had said, "*Ils n'emploient les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées*." And even before him we read in Young,

"Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind."

Similarly Pope's celebrated aphorism,—"*The proper study of mankind is man*,"—is but a translation of *La vray science et le vray étude de l'homme c'est l'homme*, which the French reader meets in Charron's *Treatise De la Sagesse*. The wise and witty epigram,

"He who fights and runs away
Shall live to fight another day,"

is doubtless derived from so un-Falstaff-like a personage as Demosthenes. Massillon and La Rochefoucauld have expressed in different words the same idea, that hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue. The solemn strains of the service for the burial of the dead,—"*In the midst of life we are in death*,"—are nearly a thousand years old: their author appears to have been a learned Benedictine monk of St. Gall, Notker by name.

It would be an interesting employment to draw up a table of authors to whom we owe the great majority of our most-quoted sayings, and to assign to each author a certain numeral, which should represent his proportionate contributions. Fixing Shakspeare at 100, we suspect Pope would approach nearest this maximum; Bacon, Dryden, and Milton would stand nearly on a par; and Butler might perhaps be bracketed with Gray.

Of French aphorisms, the greater number are derived from Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld. To Pascal and Voltaire also we are much indebted, though almost more to Rabelais than to these four together, for his last will and testament—"I have little, I owe much; and I leave the rest to the poor." Goethe is essentially the German epigrammatist, and each day English authors take more largely from his store. To Luther also the *littérateur* owes well-nigh as many thanks as the theologian. We have not imported much from Spain; though we must not forget that Sancho Panza's definition of sleep comes from beyond the Pyrenees. For Italian wisdom we must look chiefly to stern Dante and crafty Machiavelli.

For brief sparkling sentences, Horace is in the classical what Shakspeare is in the modern world. Epistles, satires, odes, abound with "precious stones." Neither Juvenal nor Virgil are half so rich. So little do we knowingly derive from Greek authors, that it is scarcely necessary to allude to Homer and the mighty trinity of dramatists, or to Aristotle and the "god-like" Plato.

It is very certain that, however crotchety a man may choose to be, there is no eccentricity which he may not support by the authority of some whimsical poet or philosopher. With Puck he says,

"Those things do best please me
Which befall proposterously."

And in this way it would be easy to collect the most diverse opinions upon every subject, from the highest problems of theology to the airy trifles of a lady's robe.

Let us confront a few of these "disagreeing doctors," and hear what each has to say for himself.

We have already heard one use of speech, that it is given to us to conceal our thoughts. Otway is of a different opinion, and observes—

"Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul."

The Eastern proverb, translated by Mr. Trench, and enforced by Mr. Carlyle, does not endorse either sentiment, but asks,

"How shall the praise of silence best be told?
To speak is silver, to hold peace is gold."

Goethe has such a horror of solitude, and such a love for the better sex, that he thinks,

"In paradise alone to live
Would be eternally to grieve."

Our own Andrew Marvel is neither so sociable nor so gallant; he pictures

"... The happy garden state.
While man thoro walk'd without a mate,
After a place so pure and sweet
What other help could yet he meet?
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary thoro;
Two paradises are in one
To live in paradise alone."

Chatterton is less satirical and far more tender when describing the bliss of our first parent: he writes,

"So Adam thought, when first in paradise
All heaven and earth did homage at his feet,
In gentle woman all man's pleasures lies,
Midst autumn's beating storms and summer's heat;
Go take a wife unto thy heart, and see
Winter and the brown hills will have a charm for thee."

Rousseau, in his *Confessions*, makes no apology for assuming the autobiographical style, but rather insists that himself is the best topic for a man to treat. Cowley more modestly says: "It is a hard thing for a man to write of himself. It pains his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him."

We all know that "music hath charms" (though perhaps some are ignorant that it was Congreve who first said this). Yet Landor's Gebir complains—

"O, that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art;
It always brings us enemies or love!"

The "Shepherd" in the *Noctes Ambrosianae* eloquently remarks: "The British army drawn up in order of battle seems to me an earthly image of the power of the right hand of God." Shelley is unmercifully severe on soldiers as individuals. He describes them as

"Men of glory in the wars,
Things whose trade is, over ladies
To lean, and flirt, and stare, and simper,
Till all that is divine in woman
Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,
Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper."

But our readers will be able to follow out these diversities for themselves. We have but endeavoured to direct their attention to the science of quotations; and acquaintance with this will soon lead them to increase their knowledge of English, and, indeed, foreign literature.

We would strongly advise, moreover, that they should make it a part of their daily duties to note down some quotable fragment of prose or poetry in their diary. In three years' time they would thus have a veritable treasure, available in speaking or writing; and even as a book of reference, such a journal would be more interesting than the account of each day's dinner, which is said to have been recorded for forty years by a certain notable gourmand.

AT LAST.

By ASHTON KER.

Down, down, like a pale leaf dropping
Under an autumn sky,
My love dropped into my bosom
Quietly, quietly.

There was not a ray of sunshine,
And not a sound in the air,
As she trembled into my bosom,
My love—no longer fair.

All year long in her beauty
She dwelt on the tree-top high;
She danced in the summer breezes,
She laughed to the summer sky.

I lay so low in the grass-dews,
She sat so gay above;
She never dreamed of my longing,
She never wist of my love.

But when winds laid bare her dwelling,
And her heart could find no rest,
I called; and she fluttered downward
Into my faithful breast.

I know that my love is fading;
I know I cannot fold

Her fragrance from the frost-blight,
Her beauty from the mould.

But a little, little longer
She shall contented lie,
And wither away in the sunshine
Quietly, quietly.

Come when thou wilt, grim Winter,
My year is crowned and blest
If, when my love is dying,
She die upon my breast.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

TAKE A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU. Advice given to persons suffering the after-pains of carouse, upon the principle that the same stimulant which has caused their nervous depression will also relieve it.—The metaphor is derived from an old medical practice founded on the fantastic doctrine of sympathy, of which, in England, Sir Kenelm Digby was a notable professor, and which is implied in this rhyming French adage:

"Du poil de la bête qui te mordit,
Ou de son sang, seras guéri."

—"With the hair of the beast that bit thee, or with its blood, thou wilt be cured." Cervantes, in his tale of *La Gitanilla*, thus describes an old gipsy-woman's manner of treating a person bitten by a dog: "She took some of the dog's hairs, fried them in oil, and after washing with wine the two bites she found on the patient's left leg, she put the hairs and the oil upon them, and over this dressing a little chewed green

rosemary. She then bound the leg up carefully with clean bandages, made the sign of the cross over it, and said, 'Now go to sleep, friend, and, by the help of God, your hurts will not signify.'"

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT. "By working in the forge one becomes a smith" (Latin and French).—*Fabricando fit faber.* *A force de forger on devient forgeron.* "Practice makes the craftsman" (Span. and Germ.).—*El usar saca oficial.* *Uebung macht den Meister.* "Hand in use is father o' lear" (Scotch).—An emir had bought a left eye of a glass-maker, supposing that he would be able to see with it. The man begged him to give it a little time; he could not expect that it would see all at once so well as the right eye, which had been for so many years in the habit of it. We take this whimsical story from Coleridge, who does not tell us in what oriental Joe Miller he found it. W. K. KELLY.



DOMESTIC PETS.—THE SQUIRREL.

FIRST in the rank of innocent, playful, and confiding animals is our little friend the Squirrel. All life and vigour, he is continually inventing new tricks, and playing them off. Only let him see that you are pleased and attracted by his gymnastics, and his fun knows no bounds. He will throw himself on his back, bound upwards, downwards, backwards, and forwards. He is here, there, every where,—all in a moment of time. And how pretty he looks, while poised on his two hinder legs (his forefeet suspended in air) to take breath while you are watching his movements!

But let us inquire into his family history; for it is bad policy to purchase an old squirrel. First, because he is not teachable, and very obstinate; next, because he is very spiteful, and dangerous where there are children. Old squirrels bite severely, and leave their marks behind them for many a day.

Never make your purchases in the public streets. Nothing is more common than to meet men with (apparently) tame squirrels on their arm, their necks ornamented with a showy ribbon. The sight is tempting. There sits Master Skuggy, cracking a nut, or attempting to crack it. Why can he not crack it? Listen. He is an old squirrel, trimmed up to resemble a young one. His teeth have been filed down, to give him the appearance of juvenility, and to prevent his biting. This trick is very common, and many are the dupes who fall victims to it.

Young squirrels are obtainable at the various bird-dealers'. They are usually associated, four or more, in a large cage. A little hay is given them to play in, and you may observe their sportiveness by standing a few paces distant from them. Select the one which is most elegant of form, and whose poses are the most grotesquely playful. Also, let the tail, or brush, be a matter for consideration. Some have more graceful and ornamental caudal appendages than others, and these add greatly to the carriage of their owners. A conceited squirrel is worth a kingdom.

Much altercation has taken place, from time to time, on the subject of fitting cages for this kind of pets. Some assert that fixed residences are proper; others contend for rotatory cages. It is undeniable that these last are the only suitable habitations for these volatile little creatures. To fly and tear along the wires at railway speed yields them pleasure unutterable: stop the wheel, and you shorten their lives. I have tried this with no small degree of patience, and can speak to a point as to the cruelty of fixed cages.

Now for the food of his little majesty. He greatly de-

lights in bread-and-milk—the former one day old, the latter quite fresh. Supply this in a square pan of delf, fixed in a covered frame to one side of his dormitory, accessible by an opening large enough to admit his head. In the form of luxuries, he dearly loves almonds, Barcelona nuts, sugar, apples, and indeed any fruit. He is not dainty, and will freely share in whatever the house affords. He loves a bed formed of dry hay; but it is better to provide him with a small piece of carpet, or something similar. This his fond mistress will readily supply from some of her odd fragments. Hay is apt to make him too sleepy, and to detain him in his bedroom. The other acts as a mattress, and rouses him up betimes. This reminds one that feather-beds ought to be obsolete. They are sadly inimical to health.

In their persons, and in their apartment, squirrels are particularly cleanly; but it must be admitted that their "run," if not kept constantly cleansed, gives forth a very unpleasant smell. Their drawer, or tray, therefore, should be removed twice daily, well scraped, and afterwards, when thoroughly dried, refilled with sand to a good depth. It would be desirable to have two drawers made for this purpose. Thereby much inconvenience would be saved.

The sagacity of squirrels is only equalled by their whims and oddities. My little fellows were rarely deceived in any one who approached them. A friend or a foe was quickly recognised. The former was welcomed; the latter (to my great delight) was generally rewarded by a bite. They are well skilled in the art of self-defence, but rarely act on the offensive. Their forte is play; their delight is unrestricted liberty. How they use their liberty we shall see anon. One, "Scaramouch," shall speak for the whole.

When not engaged in hunting the cat, while seated on Carlo's back, "Scaramouch" was generally in my room. Here he was either busy in reducing a large newspaper to the smallest of "vulgar fractions," or fraternising with some of the shepherds and shepherdesses who were peacefully reclining on the mantel-shelf. Terrible havoc did he make with them and other celebrities. I kept a long wand to punish him; but no sooner did I put forth my hand to reach it than away flew Skuggy high above the damask curtains. Looking down "to see how the wind lay," there would he wait for my usual signal of reconciliation. This given, down he flew to lick my face with his rough tongue. To detail our endless gambols would be impossible. He was constantly offending; I was as constantly forgiving.

Our chief games were at the breakfast-table. Here he was quite at home. Toast, egg, roll, butter, sugar, cream,—he did full justice to all. He chose his own seat, helped himself to what he liked best, and very often stole what he could not eat. Sugar vanished wholesale, and was frequently found confided to the care of the gentle shepherdesses, &c. spoken of before. Skuggy had hoards every where.

Mention has been made of one squirrel in particular. But all were equally tame and affectionate. They would seek refuge in my coat-pocket sometimes, when hiding, and chase one another all over the house; Carlo (the spaniel) being at their complete command. His back was their chariot. No sooner were they mounted, and "all right," than away they flew helter-skelter; it being difficult to decide which was the happiest,—the dog, the squirrels, or their master.

It may be asked, What became of these pets? Alas, they shared the common fate of all pets! they died when they were least expected to die; not from neglect certainly, but from causes which it was impossible to foresee or avert. They are now embalmed, and silently tell a tale of happier days—gone to return no more.

WILLIAM KIDD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM (for that appears to be the sex in which you are addressed—I thought editors had no sex),—I have taken in

the NATIONAL MAGAZINE from the first number; and more than that, I have read it, because I have found it contain the talent, good sense, and entertaining qualities, which magazines used to possess when I was young, and before they were old. But I do confess my bile has been disturbed to-day by reading a letter (No. VII. p. 112—but you know it, I dare say) suggesting a recipe for pleasant evenings at home, at a cost within the capacity of the most limited purse. So far so good. I respect the intention; and as the writer is evidently a lady, I will be studiously courteous, but it will require an effort; for, powers of patience! what are the means she proposes? Music! Now, madam, I am proud to say I never even hummed a tune, or any thing intended for one, in my life; though, just for fashion's sake, I spent, I dare say, 10*l.* or 20*l.* in music-lessons for my eldest girl,—she is her father's own daughter, bless her!—and when she plays "In my cottage near a wood," people think it is sacred music,—the Old Hundredth, or something of that sort. As for the younger ones, warned by experience, they have never tried at all.

Your correspondent M. C. writes that she is of a musical family, and adds that she counts several musical families among her acquaintance. Poor thing! very likely; misfortunes seldom come single. But, Mrs. (or Miss) M. C., are none but musical families to have pleasant and inexpensive home-evenings? Forbid it, Lares and Penates!

Now, madam, we at home flatter ourselves that we possess talents a little superior to the jingling of wires and torturing of catgut. I am an artist, and the artist-blood shows itself in every branch that has sprouted from the parent-tree. My boys really (without partiality) draw capitally; and the flowers and heads of their sisters are not to be despised, though the latter are perhaps a little milk-and-watery in their prettiness; but girls' drawings will be that—a Rosa Bonheur is not born every day.

Now I mean to take M. C.'s crude suggestion, and carry it out at once into something rational. If she has a musical connection, I have an artistic one; or, even if I had not, where is the house that does not, in frames or in portfolios, possess pictures, good, bad, or indifferent? These, whether our own or our friends', we will collect for our social evenings (not all at once, for we must not exhaust our supply in a single night; I hope to have many of them). The good shall yield up their beauties for appreciation, the bad their faults for warning; even the indifferent shall furnish reasons for their mediocrity. Conversation will flow, taste will be cultivated, criticism directed, knowledge expanded; and the young people, in the intervals between the meetings, their energies stimulated, and their laudable ambition excited, will eagerly throw all the taste and skill they possess into the work which they know will, in a few days, be submitted to such friendly yet candid judgments; nay, even papa himself may now and then be tempted to dash off a sketch, just to show how much vigour the old man has still left in him.

About the mere tea and coffee refreshments I do not feel quite so strong; for I confess to having reached a period of life when a cold sirloin, or round of beef, and a bit of good cheese, with a glass of ale, has more solid attraction; but my wife—who is a social creature, bless her!—is in raptures, and declares that no false shame shall prevent her from saying "good night" at eleven o'clock, nor tempt her into wine and suppers; the expense and fuss of which have hitherto kept us half hermits, though by nature constituted to find lively and rational enjoyment in the society of our kind. I believe, after all, she is right, as wives always are.

Yours, dear madam,

D. N.

I shall be delighted if you will come to our first meeting; and you may even bring M. C. with you, for I confess I owe the idea to her. If the young people wish to be foolish late in the evening, there is always the piano for a dance; and I will undertake to have the tuner, if they will find any one (except my daughter) to play.

WINDOW-AQUARIUM.

THE front and back to be single sheets of plate-glass. On the back one should be painted externally, in transparent colours, a continuation or perspective effect of the river-cave in such manner as to carry the eye of the spectator from the actual structure far into distance, and the effect of which would be greatly increased by the refraction of the water. The grotto-work might be constructed in the rough of Roman cement. Other ornaments will also readily occur. If glass-clinkers broken up, with fragments of rock-crystal interspersed, are added, a very beautiful effect may be obtained.

THE TOWN-GARDEN IN WINTER.

WHATEVER glories autumn may bring with it in tints of gold and amber and blood-red, "laying a fiery finger on the leaves," the winter is inevitably a dreary season, unless proper measures are resorted to to preserve something like freshness of scene. In the grand gardens of the nobility barrenness is never apparent. They and privet hedges, the spreading pines and cedars, the borders of evergreen shrubs, and the bright and clean arrangement of such empty spaces as do occur, together with the spacious well-kept lawns that are deliciously green all the year, except when covered with snow, and then deliciously white, give the eye plenty to rest upon, and keep up the fullness of tone so essential to an ornamental garden. But if we turn to the town-garden or the town-square, we see huge blanks of sour mould dotted here and there with leafless broomsticks called lilacs and thorns, all very black and grim, and very, very dreary. But the skilful gardener never allows his ground to look shabby; and the smallest or largest garden may be kept trim and pleasant, if not positively gay, at every season of the year.

Now is the season for alterations of all kinds; and in the survey of his ground the amateur should be heedful of the richness of aspect which well-grown evergreen shrubs give to the borders and grass-plots. Flat gardening,—that is, plain borders and paths without elevations or wealthy clumps of shrub,—is very miserable except when the beds are filled with their summer stock; and even then the tone is thin and ineffective unless the flower-beds are backed and supported by fine masses of trees and shrubs. Hence, in planning improvements, it is essential to adopt as much shrub as the situation will allow as boundaries to grass-plots, to break the lines of walls and angular trellises, and to give richness to the borders generally. Holly, privet, rhododendron, aucuba, Portugal and common laurel, lauristinus, and tree-box, are the leading things for this purpose; and they are all hardy, easily kept in high condition, and most beautiful through all the winter months. With



DESIGN FOR A WINDOW-AQUARIUM,
Plants above and Fish below.

the exception of holly, these are all cheap plants, and even holly is not an expensive one; and if the necessary outlay should appear heavy at first, it must be remembered that they last for ever, and are preferable to any quantity of ordinary flowering-plants that the same expenditure would procure, even for one season, in positions where shrubs have not been plentifully planted.

But many who have but a limited garden-space may object to such a liberal use of shrubs as we suggest, because it may interfere with a certain arrangement or display of summer flowers, in which they take a pleasurable pride. In that case, shrubs may still be liberally used; but instead of planting them permanently, procure them in pots, and treat them as pot-plants. In autumn, when a general clearance takes place of geraniums, verbenas, and such tender things, let the pots containing these plants be sunk in the ground, and then for the whole winter long your garden will have a full and agreeable appearance. As the ground is again wanted for bedding plants, the pots are to be taken up and transferred to the balconies, the portico, or to any positions where handsome firs, laurels, hollies, or lauristinus, may give a grace to the windows

or the forecourt. A noted gardening journal, which chiefly addresses itself to the profession, recommends the cutting of huge branches from evergreen shrubs, and the sticking of these branches into such spots as may require embellishment. Now for special occasions such a plan may be adopted; but to attach any general value to it would be absurd. A make-believe is always ridiculous. Still, branches of yew or holly, so used, keep their freshness for a couple of months or more, and then, of course, perish and must be removed. Those who take pride in keeping a garden as a perennial adornment to the house should have a stock of potted evergreens expressly for winter use in the way we have suggested; and any quantity can be obtained from a neighbouring nursery. Unless the ground is really extensive, a great variety is not necessary; the best effects in gardening are to be produced by repeating the same plant. Have plenty of hollies, aucubas, and Portugal laurels, and you will do better than with a few plants of many sorts. Group them in masses of one kind; and wherever it is possible round them off into bold bolts, and avoid dotting them about, one here and one there, with no visible arrangement.

With a good sprinkling of bulbs to come on in early spring, plenty of wall-flowers, carnations, pansies, and hardy primulas, to break the dark surface of the soil with healthy greenness, and some good evergreens to back and support all, we may jog on very merrily till spring comes again, and

"By ashen roots the violets blow."

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



C. L. Eastlake

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

SIR CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE.

IN the annals of painting, how many of the most distinguished votaries of the art appear to have been first attracted towards it by some trivial accident that roused to activity the artistic elements of their nature, in circumstances little calculated to develop them! Among the more recent examples of this truth may be cited the subject of our present paper.

Charles Lock Eastlake was born at Plymouth in 1796, and sent to be educated at the Charterhouse, with the view, no doubt, of fitting him in due time to succeed to the well-established practice of his father, a solicitor.

Unfortunately for the realisation of these prudent parental views, it happened that R. B. Haydon was also a native of Plymouth; and young Eastlake one day saw, in progress, his fellow-townsmen's great historical picture "Dentatus." That sight changed the whole current of his ideas; and he forsook at once the smooth road to competence presented by a respectable law-practice for the thorny and difficult paths of art, which so often lead to disappointment and poverty. But his resolution, though suddenly taken, was unalterable; he determined to transfer at once his labours from parchment to canvas, and instead of being an engrosser of deeds, he became a painter of pictures.

It appears that a bias so strongly expressed was not, as is often the case, unwisely opposed by parental influence; but that he was removed in an early stage of his education from the Charterhouse, in order to enable him to prosecute with energy, and with that entire and undivided attention which alone insures success, the study of the art which he had so enthusiastically adopted. He became forthwith a pupil of the Royal Academy.

His first series of studies were directed by the accomplished veteran Fuseli, from whom he appears to have first imbibed his taste for the "literature" of art, in which he has since especially distinguished himself.

The first picture he produced was "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," which, as the work of a student, displayed many signs of unusual promise. It was purchased by a well-known amateur of the day, Mr. Jeremiah Harman, who, on the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, which took place at that period, engaged the young painter to proceed to Paris for the purpose of making copies of some of the masterpieces in the gallery of the Louvre. This was a task likely to have proved highly beneficial to the development of the powers of a young painter, especially in those technicalities of manipulation which had been carried to the supreme point of excellence by the great masters of Italy and Flanders. His labours were, however, soon interrupted by the unexpected escape of Napoleon I. from Elba; and he returned suddenly to England, and to his native town. This course of study, however, brief as it was, no doubt influenced very materially the convictions and principles which governed the subsequent career of the artist. It was then, no doubt, that he first learned to value so highly the excellence of those irrefragable axioms of art which had been gradually developed by that race of great masters who poured forth their wondrous works from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century. It is to the impressions then received, therefore, that we may attribute his present firm adherence to the more generally accepted artistic principles, and his entire abstention from those extreme experiments in art, and the adoption of those novel theories the most opposite tendencies of which may be illustrated on one side by the glittering and poetical generalisation of Turner, and the conscientious appeals to nature in her minutest and even unselected details by the devoted band of "Pre-Raphaelites."*

Shortly after his return to England, the young student

was followed on his way by the very personage whose sudden appearance in France had driven him from his studies in the Louvre.

Napoleon, a prisoner on board the *Bellerophon*, became as unexpected a visitor to the harbour of Plymouth as he had been so shortly before to the shores of France; and the portrait which the young artist then contrived to take of the twice-deposed emperor excited considerable interest. Every day, during the neighbourhood of the emperor in the harbour, young Eastlake was out in an open boat studying the lineaments of the fallen despot as he walked the deck absorbed in thought, in his well-known attitude, with hands clasped behind his back; or as he stood musing at the gangway, looking towards the shores of that "perfidious Albion" that had at last been the chief means of thwarting his schemes of universal conquest. The picture thus painted—a full length—possessed uncommon interest, as being the last of the portraits of Napoleon painted in Europe. The artist did not, however, exhibit his work; and, in fact, sent nothing to the Academy before the year 1823.

The early career of Eastlake was not checkered by the vicissitudes, often painful and crushing, by which the career of many a young artist is clouded, and not seldom prematurely closed. His family, though not wealthy, was able to furnish him with the means of making the tour of Italy free from pecuniary anxieties; and in 1817 he started for that land which, to every enthusiastic votary of art, is a true land of promise—the country of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and of their great predecessors Giotto and Masaccio and Perrugino.

In 1819 he visited Greece, accompanied by several friends of congenial pursuits. What a time for an ardent art-student! That the illuminated page in the chronicle of his artistic life was then opened we may easily imagine, when we find that among those friends were Brockedon (of "The Passes of the Alps") and young Barry, since the celebrated architect of the Houses of Parliament. Those days of early study, in the midst of scenes hallowed to the artist, not only by the names of the great art-workers of former ages, but by the still beautiful ruins of their glorious works, make an impression on the artistic mind, and fill it with a glow of the poetry of art, and a host of its kindred associations, the lightness of which no after-trials or disappointments can utterly overshadow. In the following year he settled in Rome, where he remained several years, not only ripening his experiences and prosecuting his studies with ardour, but fortunately forming those connections among our travelling amateurs of rank and fortune which proved so much importance in his subsequent career.

During his sojourn in Rome, he devoted much attention to the study of a class of pictures which may be termed architectural landscape; a style towards which one may easily fancy that his mind was led, or rather fascinated, by the contemplation of those exquisite masses of marble-ruin which invest the scenery of Greece and Italy with such a peculiar interest,—scenes, the studies from which no doubt filled his portfolios with delightful reminiscences.

The first pictures he sent to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, in 1823, were, in fact, of an architectural character, though not precisely of "ruins." They consisted of views of the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, and of St. Peter's, the great Roman cathedral.

This style was, however, soon abandoned for a series of studies which, by their boldness and lifelike originality, at once attracted the attention of our artistic public. They consisted entirely of compositions of small dimensions; illustrative of Italian life in the neighbourhood of Rome, which at that time yielded so many picturesque subjects for the pencil. The semi-classical costumes of Albano, Frascati, and Nettuno; the processions of pilgrims; the picturesque *funzione* of the Roman Catholic Church; and, above all, the adventures and peculiar dress of the Italian banditti,—then in the full tide of their successful depredations, from which scarcely a single travelling-carriage, in certain dis-

* Mr. Ruskin has sought to prove, in a brilliantly-written essay, and, as we think, quite unsuccessfully, the close affinity of the style of Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites.

tricts, was exempt,—afforded themes for the artist which seem to have been irresistible to our young student, and shortly afterwards afforded Horace Vernet the matter for some of his most celebrated compositions. We may therefore infer that it was not merely because such subjects found a ready sale among travelling connoisseurs that he devoted himself to them, but rather from a sense of irresistible artistic attraction. Be this as it may, the works in which he embodied them were something more than the mere costume-pictures which they have often been termed. They exhibited a vigour of touch and originality of treatment not always found in the later works of the artist; and suggest that if he had pursued that style and manner to the utmost limit, we should have seen works bearing a broader stamp of originality and individual genius than those of the artist's later style, which are nevertheless of a much higher class, and display, both in their poetical idea and their execution, a painter of the highest refinement and culture. The exhibition in England, in 1825, of Sir Charles's "Girl of Albano leading a Blind Woman to Mass," was the first to call the public attention to his undoubted power in subjects illustrative of Italian life. This was followed, in 1827, by his more ambitious venture, "The Spartan Isidas." In the same year he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. The next season he sent his well-known "Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome," the most important, and perhaps, in all respects, the best of his pictures of that class. But it was his smaller sketchy pictures of *contadini* in their graceful Italian costumes, and more especially his "Brigand's Wife defending her Husband," that gained for him the general popularity which he enjoyed at that period, and that induced Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, the successors of Alderman Boydell, not only to engrave the last-named picture, but to enter into liberal engagements with the author to paint only for them. Every thing connected with Italian travel was then still the vogue, though a continuous stream of British tourists had been rushing, during the last ten years, to that Italy which had been so long closed to them by the Thirty Years' War. And so the prints from Eastlake's studies of brigands and *contadini* found a ready sale. But the subsequent failure of the publishers prevented the arrangements from being carried out, and possibly influenced the artist in his determination to direct his future course towards another and higher region of art.

The subjects forming the principal steps in his transition style may be classed as, the "Arab selling his Captives," "Gaston de Foix," and others of a similar description. But the most characteristic link between his picturesque "costume" subjects and the high class of religious art, to which he devoted his later and more matured labours, is the "Escape of Francisco di Carrara," which already exhibited many of the peculiarities of such of his recent works as the "Good Samaritan," and his large and pleasing studies of female heads. "The Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome" may be considered the masterpiece of his first, or Italian, manner; and the "Escape of Francisco di Carrara" of his transition style.

The first work of importance which marked the adoption of his final style,—that of pure religious art,—was his "Christ blessing the little Children." Its appearance created a considerable stir in the artistic world—some regretting the loss of the picturesque Italian subjects, which his treatment had made peculiarly his own; while others hailed the new venture as proof that the English school would yet prove itself capable of treating the highest range of subjects with a purity and spirituality of feeling worthy of the noblest work of art. The chaste glow of colour, so characteristic of the finest examples of the modern British school, the purity and refinement of the taste in which the work was conceived, and the certain sweetness of tone, so softly religious, which pervaded the whole composition, did not, however, with many, compensate for the absence of that vigour which had formed one of the leading characteristics of his Italian pictures, but which was perhaps less appropriate to a devotional subject.

In subsequent pictures of the same class, he was, however, thoroughly successful. His "Hagar and Ishmael" has been compared in style to the best works of Ary Scheffer. It may, indeed, be asserted to be even superior to them in some respects, such as purity of colour and graceful play of tone in composition, but inferior in intensity of thought and power of execution. Without following our artist through every phase of his progress in the new style of art which he has now, with few exceptions, finally adopted, we may state that he attained his culminating point of excellence in religious art in his "Christ weeping over Jerusalem," exhibited in 1841. That noble and charming work may indeed be classed among the most successful of the modern British school; and it found a ready purchaser in that munificent patron of British art, whose collection of pictures by English artists, subsequently bequeathed to the nation, is now known as the Vernon Gallery.

In the *resumé* of his works up to this period we omitted to mention his poetical illustration of a passage in Lord Byron's "Dream," a picture not to be classed in any special category. It had merits peculiarly its own, and in a manner which the artist never pursued farther, though it might have led to interesting results. It is well known by the excellent engraving of Wilmore.

The painter's reputation as an accomplished artist, and as a man whose attainments rendered him a singular ornament to the profession, was acknowledged by his appointment as secretary to the "National Commission of Fine Arts," a post for which his knowledge peculiarly fitted him; and with that incident the tide of preferment fairly set in. In 1843, he was appointed keeper of the National Gallery;* and in 1850 he received the highest artistic rank which the British artist can attain to—the presidency of the Royal Academy, which had become vacant by the death of Sir Martin Archer Shee.

Shortly afterwards he received the honour of knighthood. Sir Charles was subsequently appointed director instead of keeper of the National Gallery, with a salary increased to 1000*l.* per annum; an appointment which, in conjunction with that of president of the Royal Academy, makes him the chief director of the English school of art of his time; and, it may be added, that in all artistic matters he is also the acknowledged adviser of both her Majesty and the Prince Albert.

These various appointments have made him a somewhat less frequent and less copious exhibitor at the annual displays of the Royal Academy. The "Good Samaritan," "Ruth sleeping at the feet of Boaz," a repetition of his "Francisco di Carrara," and a few studies of female heads on a large scale, are the only works that occur to us. The female heads, notwithstanding the somewhat severe criticism which they received, are in certain respects remarkable works. It is no slight praise to say that they would remind one of Leonardo or Giorgione but for their fresh northern colouring; the artist's clear ideal of which was not dimmed by his long residence in Italy, though it took place at that period of life when impressions are so vivid, and when, as Byron has said, the heart "is wax to receive, and marble to retain." The head called "Violante," exhibited in 1853, and "Irene," his only picture in 1854, are perhaps the best examples of this class of his works.

In fine, it may be said of the painter's style, as developed in his highest works,—those belonging to religious art,—that they possess a certain poetic spirituality of conception which at once secures them a high place. The expression of his leading personages is always appropriate, frequently noble. His ideal of the head of Christ, somewhat differing from the generally accepted type, is very beautiful; and there is a calm seraphic meekness in his celestial children which, though somewhat monotonous, is yet very attractive. His skill in the distribution of his masses of form

* The charges brought against Sir Charles Eastlake, of injudicious treatment of the pictures, has been disavowed by a royal commission.

and colour is remarkable, and his *key* of colour generally exquisite.

It is true, the critic will not find in Sir Charles Eastlake the vigorous facility and dashing determination of purpose which mark the greatest works of the greatest masters. To the President of the Academy belong grace, delicacy, sweet and elevated sentiment; not boldness of design or force of treatment. Whoever looks at his works with this understanding will not be disappointed; but will find that the English painter has achieved certain effects in which such natures, with their more powerful individual organisation, would have failed. It has, in fact, been well remarked by a critic, that neither a Michael Angelo, nor a Caravaggio, nor a Spagnuolotti, could have conceived and executed the "Christ weeping over Jerusalem;" the soft melancholy of which could only spring from that peculiar delicacy and refinement which are the most remarkable characteristics of the masterpiece of Sir Charles Eastlake.

As an avoider of all extreme principles in art, as a spectator of all the acquired knowledge which has been transmitted to us by successive races of great artists, while able at the same time to see and appreciate true ability in any and every form and theory of art, Sir Charles is perhaps more eminently fitted than any other man to fill, at the present time, the high position which he has attained, and to hold the balance justly between conflicting opinions.

His valuable contributions to art-literature give him at the same time a farther claim. The translation of Goethe's work on colour, his notes to Kühnler's *Handbook of Painting*, and other works, are too well known to artists to require enumeration here.

Sir Charles was married, somewhat late in life, to an accomplished lady, well known in the literary world as Miss Rigby, the authoress of a capital book entitled *Letters from the Baltic*.

HISTRIONIC RATS.

AMONG the various new candidates for the attention of a discerning public now congregated in lively Paris is an ingenious Swede, who has contrived to train a company of rats, to whose performance the lovers of the drama are admitted at the very moderate price of "one franc a-head; children half-price."

The theatre in which these novel performers make their appearance consists of a small enclosure, raised on a platform at the upper end of a moderate-sized room. This enclosure is open in front like an ordinary stage, its proportions being in keeping with the size of the actors; its walls are adorned with red and yellow hangings, and a gaily-painted curtain rises and falls, in true theatre style, at the proper places. The spectators are seated in tiers opposite the stage; but the Lilliputian stature of the actors requiring close proximity on the part of their audience, only about thirty persons can witness the performance at a time.

It appears that the Swede has a double *corps* of his peculiar performers; each *corps* performing one piece only. The one we are about to witness is called, as we learn from the play-bill in our hand, *The Modern Lothario; or, the Perils of Love*.

The foot-lights are blazing in all their glory, and an orchestra, composed of one flute, one fiddle, and a piano, are doing their best, when the tall figure of the manager makes its appearance in front of the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says with a bow, and then leaning gracefully on a stout stick he holds in his hand, "you are about to assist at a perfectly unique and unrivalled spectacle. The four-footed actors, whom I have been training for some years, have now—as I am confident you will admit when you have seen their performances—arrived at a degree of histrionic perfection not always attained by their two-footed rivals. But I am trespassing on your patience, and will at once, ladies and gentlemen, introduce to

your enlightened appreciation the novel *troupe* over which I have the honour to preside." (Great applause.)

As the manager concludes his speech, which he finishes off with an inimitable bow, he strikes three sharp blows on the floor with his stick, the curtain rises, and a fine whiskered rat, in an elegant dishabille—flowered dressing-gown, plaid inexpressibles, shining slippers, and smoking-cap set jauntily on one side of his head—evidently a dandy of the very first water, is seen at a table on which are the elements of a delightful breakfast. To these he is doing ample justice, his sharp eyes glancing in every direction, and his mouth working with amazing celerity, as he dips his pointed phiz into the little dishes of cheese-parings, bran, crumbs of biscuit, and sugar, and so on. The table and the breakfast-service, we remark, are of painted tin; in fact, a set of child's playthings, as is the chair on which the happy gormandiser tries repeatedly, but vainly (though without leaving off eating), to seat himself in human fashion. His efforts to accomplish this feat, which he evidently considers to be a very important part of his *rôle*, are exceedingly funny. They almost distract his attention from the repast he is making; but all his exertions fail to keep him in the desired position; and he can do nothing more than slip up and down against the seat of the little chair, thus inflicting an amount of friction on a certain portion of his handsome person which one fears must eventually tell upon its glossiness and beauty, to say nothing of its effects upon the flowered dressing-gown.

While the gay Lothario is thus making the best use of his time, two small doors at the bottom of the stage fly suddenly open, and two ladies of the same cat-hating species enter, of course on their hind-legs. They are as elegantly attired as the gentleman they are come to visit, with fashionable rotundity of skirts, flounces, gorgeous shawls, and bonnets laden with flowers and lace. One of them, nevertheless, carries a broom in her hand; the other carries a feather-brush and a duster. They advance mincingly towards the interesting object of their common but unsuspecting affections, who has stopped nibbling in evident uneasiness of mind, foreseeing a "squall." This sagacity is not disappointed. The ladies, advancing with open arms, and about to bestow on him a loving salute, become suddenly aware of each other's presence; and a sharp squeak from each is the signal for an encounter in which, after belabouring one another with the broom and the feather-brush, they soon discard these weapons as insufficient, and fly at each other's physiognomy with their claws. Bonnets, veils, and bits of flounces strew the floor; the air resounds with their infuriated shrieks, and at last they both tumble upon the philosophic Lothario, who had quietly resumed his breakfast, but who now falls prostrate under the combined weight of the Duleineas, upsetting the table in his fall, and lying stunned and motionless among the remains of the repast.

At this distressing result of their fury, the angry ladies ought evidently to forget their rage in grief for the mishap of the prostrate Adonis, brought low through their violence; but truth compels me to state that the cheese-parings are too much for them; and that, instead of throwing themselves lovingly on the fainting victim of their misunderstanding, they throw themselves very eagerly on the remains of the breakfast by which the prostrate Lothario is surrounded. The latter, hearing this sudden munching, comes all at once to his senses, and nibbles away with as much *gusto* as before.

Happily, an angry tap of the managerial staff suffices to recal the actors to their parts. The gay Lothario relapses into insensibility; and the two ladies, laying aside their jealousy at this afflicting spectacle, throw their arms about him, caress him tenderly, uttering plaintive squeaks; and fortunately succeed in restoring him to consciousness, when he turns from one to the other in great embarrassment, not knowing what in the world to say to either.

At this critical moment the little door at the bottom of the stage again flies open, and in marches a great, tall, fierce-

looking rat, with terrible whiskers and a dare-devil air; whose effect is enhanced by his bandit-like costume, and the tremendous leaden sword that hangs at his side, looking very much as though it had been detached from between the legs of a trooper in some Nuremberg toy.

This formidable personage is the husband of one of the two ladies; he has sought her in vain in every other quarter, and has now tracked her to the lodgings of the resuscitated Lothario. But instead of testifying his joy at so happy a reunion, as a well-behaved husband should do, the ill-bred fellow flies into a passion; and not content with pummelling her in true conjugal style, he next rushes violently upon the Lothario, who, with the other lady, has just set to work again upon the cheese-parings.

A fresh tap from the manager's stick brings these two back to their duty; and a general row now ensues—the two gentlemen going it lustily between themselves, and the ladies doing a little on their own accounts. The Lothario performs prodigies of valour, but has the worst of it, and is killed by a thrust of the frightful leaden sword; upon which the victor, being no doubt alarmed at the extent of his success, and probably having the fear of the police before his eyes, makes off with great celerity through a side-door.

The two ladies, left alone, now attempt a fresh dive at the crumbs; but this irregular proceeding being stopped by a rap of the staff, they both scuttle off through the side-door aforesaid, and quickly return with the coroner; who marches gravely up to the corpse, feels his pulse, shakes his head, and draws from his pocket a paper stating that the dead man is really and truly dead, and may be buried, which paper he delivers to the afflicted ladies. This respectable functionary is now about to withdraw; but the crumbs are too great a temptation, and he begins an exulting nibble, in which the ladies join. But the manager's stick comes down heavily upon the floor, and the three delinquents spring to their hind-legs, and disappear.

The ladies speedily return, however, pushing before them a coffin, placed on wheels for their especial convenience; and the deceased, wishing no doubt to spare them the trouble of lifting him, gallantly jumps into it of his own accord, and the ladies draw a pall snugly over their unfortunate favourite.

The little door now opens again, and in comes a procession of twelve other rats, attired as priests, in gown and surplice, bearing a crucifix and lighted tapers. They march solemnly towards the bier; but being too sensible to the seductions of the cheese-parings, they throw themselves upon them on all fours, dropping the tapers. Of course they are joined instantaneously by the ladies. The dead man, too, hearing the clattering and pattering, and guessing what is going on, puts his sharp nozzle out from under the pall, and seeing the fun, springs out of the coffin and joins in the interlude.

The delight and merriment of the audience at this comical *mêlée* know no bounds; they clap and cheer, and call to the rats, encouraging them to make the most of the chance. But the tall manager is furious at seeing the most striking "situation" in the piece on the point of falling through owing to the greediness of his *troupe* (who certainly do seem to be remarkably hungry), and he raps a series of such menacing blows on the floor, that the actors scramble up into an erect position, and resume their respective parts. The defunct, having stretched himself at full length upon the ground, is lifted up with infinite labour by the two ladies, who place him in the coffin, and once more cover him with the pall. The priests pick up their extinguished torches as well as themselves, and take their places about the bier, followed by the two ladies; the melancholy procession makes its way slowly across the stage, and the curtain drops amidst the plaudits of the spectators.

It would be impossible to describe the amazement and delight with which the juveniles present have followed this novel exhibition. They have been laughing and clapping, and keeping up a running commentary of audible remark, all through the piece, varied with shouts of sympathetic

approbation whenever the hungry little actors have made a dive after the overthrown provender upon the floor. And now that the show is over, a curly-headed little girl, with no doubt a fellow-feeling for their appetite, takes a biscuit from her pocket, and begs the manager to let her give it to the little animals. But this donation the Swede utterly declines, informing the child that the spareness of the diet to which they are restricted is the principal means he employs in their training.

The docility of these animals, and the zeal and precision with which, when not under the distracting influence of the cheese-parings, they go through their performances, are really marvellous; and one cannot help wondering, after witnessing this curious sight, if such results can be obtained with creatures so unpromising as these, what might not be accomplished by patience and ingenuity in educating other and more manageable tribes of the creation.

WHAT THE ENGINEERS ARE DOING FOR US.

THE Report of the Annual General Meeting of the Civil Engineers gives us much subject for thought. It is the epitome of the great and special work of this our nation, dealing with the earth's surface and interior to make it more and more a perfect abode for man, according to the fiat of the Creator read rightly—not by the mere "sweat of the brow," but of the brain within the brow. Sure as the instincts of the bee or beaver is the English instinct that goes forth over all the world for the material work of civilisation, and which, looking at the great things, too frequently neglects the small; that makes railways, and spans the globe with lightning girdles, and yet fails to cleanse its own cities; that brings Pentland Firth within twenty-four hours of the Lizard, and leaves streets impassable with over-traffic in the very heart of the world's busiest pulse of commerce.

The network of railways begins to cover India, and transform dead matter into moving; and day by day grows clearer the process that will shut out the sea altogether from the "overland route," save the small ferries at Dover and the Eurasiatic Strait—and even that will be spanned by a floating bridge. The navigation of the Euphrates and the Persian Gulf is but a temporary expedient till the railway gets made that will ultimately stretch from Scutari to Aleppo and Bagdad, through Persia to Beloochistan and the Indus. The cloud now over Persia is but the forerunner of a new era, in which civilisation will dawn for her also.

Sir Macdonald Stephenson has been knighted, like the Indian merchant with the unpronounceable name, for working at Indian progress—the one by practical railway-teaching, the other by school-teaching; and, *pari passu*, appears an O'Shaughnessy, also knighted for conveying the winged lightning over 4000 miles of jungle, plain, river, and mountain. All these are clear gains to humanity more than war-trophies. Albeit, they too are part of the work man has to do, and do well, in working out his redemption from the Slough of Despond. And Robert Stephenson and his coadjutor, Mr. James Berkley, are vanquishing the difficulties of the Bombay Ghauts, to bring cotton from Berar, and add another link to the strong chain which will pull down the fabric of American and other slavery; and this same railway will ultimately convey machinery to the cotton district, to make webs of cloth by better processes than of old; and relieving Lancashire from an exotic trade, will give her in lieu of it an indigenous trade in machinery.

In the old tradition, Hannibal is said to have broken passes through the Alps with fire and vinegar. A more powerful man than Hannibal, Thomas Brassey, is now about to bore a tunnel through them by means of machinery, not for the transit of warriors, but of commerce. This is one of the men of whom England has reason to be proud,—a man in his own right,—whose huge capital has been accumulated without altering the character of manhood in him, and by

processes attaching more warmly to him all those by whose aid and help he works. Some men are born gentlemen; and circumstances cannot change them, whether of wealth or poverty.

And so our countryman will make a tunnel through the Alps. Europe is not yet at peace; and if France and Italy chance to be on different sides, it will be a curious speculation whether the monster guns of future warfare will assail each other from opposite ends of this tunnel.

But it is quite a possible thing to scale lofty mountains with steam locomotives. A zigzag traverse can gradually surmount a nearly perpendicular wall. The objection to the Diligence in this operation is, that it has to turn sharp corners. But with the locomotive, alternately pulling along one traverse and pushing along the next, there is no difficulty whatever, but simply an increase—or loss of time. The only objection would be the snows of winter.

America and Europe will ere long be connected by the lightning wire. Will the diplomatists quarrel by this cable; or, in case of the absurdity of war, will either side cut the connection? Possibly ere that time comes, however, ingenuity will have devised greatly improved methods.

We have had written the romance of war, the romance of history, and of many other departments of human life; but the romance of engineering has never yet been written, though Charles Dickens is hovering round the outskirts in Daniel Doyce. Few professions would afford so much of romance and adventure in the present day. Engineers are the true discoverers—the Cooks and Dampiers and Byrons and Perouses of modern time. Think of a voyage of discovery through the heart of the Alps; saying nothing of the *Marino Nautilus*, by which a diver rises and falls at pleasure, hooks his machine on to many tons of rock or sunken treasure, lifts it, as it were, in his talons, and floats it about to any locality he may choose. This *Nautilus* owes its birth to our Yankee cousins. When the inventors wished to get up a company, they had to explain it to certain rich "moneys" and moneyers of New York. This machine, of boiler-plate, was divided internally, like an orange, into cells. In some of these cells air was concentrated with a pressure of 200 lbs per square inch, forced in by a pump. The York moneyers descended, with the inventor in the machine. It went down rapidly,—possibly with the weight of the heavy capitalists,—and stuck in the mud so forcibly that it would not rise when the air was expended from the cells into the main body. One capitalist said his prayers, another began to make his will, a third began to cry, and a fourth to laugh hysterically. Meanwhile the inventor-engineer told them to hold on, and they would be all right. Making the signal, the air-pumps above were set to work, and the pressure increased; and the lungs of the moneyers began to fill with denser air, gradually increasing. The compressed air at last began to ooze beneath the edge of the *Nautilus*-shell; while the engineer watched the movement of the mud, and held the valve of entrance and the valve of escape in either hand to moderate the pressure. But with all his care, the machine suddenly escaped, and went up like a rocket to the top of the water; then partly filled, and descended again, making two or three oscillations before attaining a state of rest. The moneyers were veritable "Yellow Yorkers" when they made their escape.

This machine is intended to raise sunken treasure, and lay heavy stones in under-water building. And more curious still, the compressed air is made to act as a power to drive a boring-bit, passing through the side of the machine, to bore holes in sunken vessels. It is understood that one will shortly be at work in this country.

The secretary of the Institution, after seventeen years of service, has resigned his office. He also is amongst the *emeriti*. A son of the famous Captain Manby—the Aaron Manby, who first threw ropes from mortars over vessels struck on rocks or stranded on heavy surf, to save sailors' lives. In 1820 he built for his father the first iron vessel—called the *Aaron Manby*—that ever went to sea, to carry a

cargo from London to Paris direct. He put together in the same year the first pair of modern oscillating cylinder-engines at Dublin for Mr. Charles Wyo Williams, the engineer so well known for his treatises on Smoke Consumption. He was not a mere delineator of shapes on paper; but could use his hands deftly with the file and chipping-hammer and chisel and the lathe; and worked at the West-India-Dock bridge and building ironwork under the Rennie, and also under Telford. He subsequently introduced the manufacture of iron on the large scale in France, and was also the earliest maker of engines at Creusot and Charenton; was in the French service, and had charge, as official engineer, of the Royal Manufactory of Tobacco,—a Government monopoly,—and erected the extensive machinery therein. Subsequently he was a partner in the Beaufort Ironworks in South Wales, and introduced there the hot blast.

And now, on leaving the Institution, he does not sit down to repose, but takes the office held by the late Mr. Starbuck,—agent to the firm of Robert Stephenson and Co., the iron lords of Newcastle-upon-Tyne,—bearing with him the goodwill and approval of the great engineering corps that has raised up our land and people to be the physical leaders of nations, the pioneers of the ultimate empire of mind.

It is this indomitable perseverance, this incessant work, this spirit of the old Vikings, that constitutes English valour—*emphatically worth*—the value—virtues or manhood—courage or heart-do, and has rendered our land renowned in past ages, and shows the path to a yet greater future. So

"On you, noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof."

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

HE THAT IS BORN TO BE HANGED WILL NEVER BE DROWNED. "He may dance on the river," says an Italian proverb,—*Chi ha da morir di forza può ballar sul fiume*; for "The water will ne'er want the woodie" (Scotch), i.e. the water will never defraud the gallows of its due.—James Kelly, the collector of the Scottish proverbs, says, that a neighbour of his "was so fully persuaded of the truth of these two, that he found perfect comfort in them in a great storm which had made him dreadfully afraid. On seeing in the ship a graceless rake, whom he supposed destined to another sort of death, he cried out, 'O Samuel, are you here? Why, then we are all safe;' and with these words he dismissed his fears." No doubt he prayed, in the words of another Scottish proverb, "Woodie, haud thine ain,"—Gallows, hold thine own. The Danes say, "He that is to be hanged will never be drowned, unless the water goes over the gallows."—*Han drukner ikke som henge skal, uden vandet gaar over galgen*. Such punctilious accuracy in fixing the limits of the proposition considerably enhances its grim humour. There is a fine touch of ghastly horror in its Dutch equivalent: "What belongs to the raven does not drown,"—*Wat den raven toebehoort verdrinkt niet*. The platform on which criminals were executed and gibbeted was called, in the picturesque language of the middle ages, the *Ravenstone*.

TO BUY A PIG IN A POKE.—A "poke" is a pouch or bag, and corresponds to the French word *poche*, as "pocket" does to the diminutive *pochette*. *Bouge* and *bouquette* are other forms of the same word; and from these we get "budget," which curiously enough has gone back from us to its original owners with a newly-acquired meaning; for the French Minister of Finance makes up his annual budget like our own Chancellor of the Exchequer. The French say, *Acheter chat en poche*,—To buy a cat in a poke or game-bag. And the meaning of the proverb is explained by this other one, *Acheter le chat pour le lièvre*,—To buy a cat for a hare. So also the Dutch, *Fen kat on een zag koop*; the Italians, *Non comprar gatta in sacco*, &c. The pig of the English proverb is chosen for the sake of the alliteration at some sacrifice of sense.

W. K. KELLY.

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

VI.

THE captain did not remain long after the arrival of his relative; but there is reason to believe that, true to the interests of his wife, he had flirted hard, and made considerable way in the course of his visit. For though at first our Georgiana looked a little ashamed of being thus discovered by Mrs. Parker in an evident endeavour to entrap her brilliant cousin, she soon rallied; and after his departure, culogised him in a very frank manner. This enraged the matron, who nevertheless might reasonably have been more afraid of defeat had Georgy arrived at years of discretion to pretend to find fault with what she admired.

A discerning reader—and we desire none other—will of course comprehend what kind of game Mrs. Parker came to play in Charlotte Street. The same intelligent person will probably conjecture that the simple manœuvre which at once turned the flank of poor Mr. Herbert Disney was defeated in the attack upon Miss Latrobe, by reason of the reserve Fusilier force. The case was so; but Mrs. Parker certainly aided her own discomfiture by losing her temper. She seemed to feel that she had been a sort of patroness to Georgiana; and though the advice and talents and spirit of the latter had doubtless been useful in promoting the success of Mrs. Parker's party, still she, Maria Parker, of Pimlico, widow, was the hostess. She provided the house and the furniture and the music and the supper; and these things go a long way in material minds towards making up the idea of a party. Consequently, she felt that Georgiana, in acting contrary to her wishes, was really violating the laws of hospitality; and Mrs. Parker's conversation rather tended to impart the impression than to conceal it. Now Georgiana was by no means inclined to take this view of the subject, and was perfectly able, and far from disinclined, to marshal certain facts of her own on the other side of the question. The principal of these were, that she had been very happy to introduce to Mrs. Parker nice people whom Mrs. Parker might have had difficulty in meeting elsewhere; that Captain Llewellyn was almost the only exception in Mrs. Parker's favour, and that really she, Miss Latrobe, had no idea that even he was so very great and grand a person that he was not to be treated like other gentlemen; that the daughter of a distinguished officer could scarcely consider herself flattered by any body's notice; that she had not invited the captain to call, whatever her mamma might have done, and that as certainly she had no intention of avoiding him; that it was generally held in society that, having been introduced to any body in a good house, you had a right to know him afterwards if you pleased, without consulting the original introducer; that Captain Llewellyn's attentions were the most ordinary courtesies; and much more to the same effect, delivered with rather a pretty flush, which it is charitable to conceive might have been a blush at the hypocrisy of the wearer.

But when Mrs. Parker, recovering from the effect of the highly superior tone with which her remonstrances had been received, ventured her appeal to Miss Georgiana's feelings, and insinuated that in encouraging the attentions of Captain Llewellyn she was lacerating another heart to which she owed better treatment, Georgiana, as became her sex, waxed more indignant in proportion, of course, as she was more in the wrong. She was utterly unaware that she had given Mr. Disney, or any one on his behalf (this in marked italics, we assure you), the right to make the slightest allusion to such a supposed state of affairs. If such arguments were to be used, it would be best to speak to her mamma, from whom she had no secrets—(an audacious little story-teller)—and who would make a proper answer in her name. If Mrs. Parker had been kind enough to say at once that she had been requested to be Mr. Herbert Disney's envoy, Georgiana

could, she said, have spared her a good deal of trouble. She hoped to hear no more upon so ridiculous a subject; and added, that if any thing could induce her to encourage visits or attentions from Captain Llewellyn, it would be the desire to give the most complete refutation to such ideas as those of Mrs. Parker, which, for aught Georgiana knew, might have been formed elsewhere, and ought to be put down at once. Let it be added, that Georgiana never thought of crying throughout the interview; and this impressed Mrs. Parker with a very unfavourable belief as to the goodness of her ex-favourite's heart. Some people think that fluent tears indicate deep feelings, despite the anatomical proof that the case is the other way. Georgy was all wrong in what she was doing; but she was too honest a girl to cry when there was nothing to cry about.

Bref, Mrs. Parker was not only personally routed with great slaughter by our little heroine, but her plan for preparing Georgiana to receive Mr. Herbert Disney in an affectionate manner was pushed out of possibility. She had brought the flush upon Georgy's cheek, and the fire into her eye, and the curl upon her lip; and it required more cunning treatment than any for which the good woman of Pimlico had brain (or, for that matter, temper, just then) to tone down those symptoms, and make Miss Latrobe listen to a love-story. We have known women who could have done it, and spread the oil the more triumphantly that the waves had been lashed up *d'abord*; but Maria Parker, widow, was none of these. Had she been one of them, this story would never have been written.

So she let off some scolding, which,—having passed certain early years of her life in that class of society in which scolding is practised,—she discharged with some precision of aim and continuity of fire. Upon a person of her own *metier* the bombardment would have told. At least it must have brought out the artillery practice on the other side; and then the two vulgararians, having "rowed" one another heartily, would have cried, embraced, and sworn repentant and eternal friendship, not without libation. But here it was stone-wall against wooden ship. Georgiana was too high bred to feel any thing but contempt for this kind of attack. As Mrs. Parker heated, Miss Latrobe cooled; and a final volley, with which the matron intended to end the strife, only produced a very sweet smile and an expression of regret that they thought so differently upon a subject which was really of very little importance. And then Mrs. Parker retreated; and her carriage by no means bore to Pimlico the she-conqueror who had intended to return thither in triumph. Flushed with her easy victory over an unsuspecting young man, she had given careless battle to a young woman rendered vigilant by the consciousness of wrong, and had been defeated.

Now was the time to show her genius. Now was the moment for intellect to convert discomfiture into victory. Now was the time to save her Fusilier from the haughty girl who had avowed that she would encourage him to his ruin. Alas, Maria Parker had no genius! All that occurred to her was a wretched precautionary measure. She wrote a note to Herbert Disney, desiring him not to call upon Georgiana until written to again. And like all such wretched measures, it failed, as it deserved to do. Mrs. Parker desired her servant to post it immediately; but as it did not happen to suit that gentleman to do so, he merely informed her that he had posted it in five minutes from receiving it. In the course of the evening, however, he did send it to the post by a tradesman who called; and eventually it found its way to Soho Square at an hour when it by no means pleased the wheezy old portress to go all the way upstairs with it, and therefore it went upon a dresser downstairs. It was mislaid for three days, when it was really too greedy to be carried up to a gentleman; so it was read and burned, like numbers of other unfortunate letters, whose useless life begins on a perfumed and velvety desk, and ends in a dirty fireplace.

Not having received the warning, therefore, and arising in the morning in the same state of mind to which Mrs.



THE SWING. BY F. GOODALL, A.R.A.

Parker had consigned him, Herbert Disney concocted a few pretty speeches, to be used as occasion might require; and having got through those hours of the day in which civilised beings are invisible to one another, presented himself in Charlotte Street, with sentiments half-tender, half-triumphant, inspiring his artistic nature. He really was a gentleman, as you know; and he had resolved to be very good and very delicate, and to take the earliest opportunity of showing that he considered himself in the wrong, and then he meant to be so grateful for Georgiana's kindness. It even crossed his mind (and you, who do not believe it, may laugh if you like, but you have never been in his place) that at some crisis of the dialogue she might burst into tears upon the left lapel of his surtout,—the left, because he had settled where he would sit, and therefore that side would be her natural place; and so he removed an elegant little flower, which he had pinned into a button-hole on that side, to the other, in order that it might not be in the way. He was not a great artist then; but a great artist is known in trifles, saith the wisdom of the sage.

I propose to draw a veil once more over a distressing interview. In the first place, Georgiana received him with perfect coolness; in the next, she showed him no kindness whatever; in the third, she did not shed one single tear. As for her head coming near the lapel of his coat, the nearest approach she made to touching him was the coldest surrender of her fingers to his hand when he entered; and when he left, she managed to have her hands full of something,—an album, or some such device,—which prevented her doing more than bow him out. All that passed between them might "have been proclaimed at Charing Cross," and would have excited about as much attention as the last Chartist insurrection in that locality. Nay, Herbert could not even succeed in occupying the seat in which he had imagined himself pouring out his penitence; he could not do so for the very simple reason that it was occupied, when he came and when he left, by Charles Llewellyn of the Fusiliers.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

We have lately declared war against Persia, and there is a natural desire on the part of the public to know what it is all about. To say simply that it is about Herat would be to impart a mere grain of information. To add that we declare war against the Shah of Persia (Sophy our grandmothers would have styled him) because he sent an army against Herat, and sat down before it, and laid siege to it, and took it, in violation of a solemn promise made to Sir Justin Shiel in 1853, would be only to give a kind of technical description of the formal cause of war. What and where is Herat, that its destiny should in the least concern us? Nor are we much advanced in knowledge when we learn that Herat is a strong place, lying between Persia and Afghanistan; that it has for years been in a state of semi-independence, both of the barbarian who rules at Teheran, and the barbarian who rules at Cabool; but that both the ruler of the Persian people and the chief of the Afghan tribes covet the possession of Herat. What is that to us? Why should we prick up our ears because a town in Central Asia is intrigued and fought for by the greedy Persian and the savage Afghan? Take a step further. East of the frontier of the savage Afghan is the mighty empire ruled by a handful of more or less cultivated Britons. North-west of the frontier of the greedy Persian are the frontiers of a country ruled by the more or less cultivated Russians. Herat lies between Persia and Afghanistan; but Afghanistan and Persia lie between Russia on the Araxes, the Caspian, and the Attruck, and England on the Indus. If you were a Russian Alexander, gentle reader, and wanted to invade India, you would march

through Persia to Herat, and from Herat through Afghanistan to the Punjab. We are, therefore, in connection with Russia not only by the Baltic and the Black Sea. By those lines we go to her. If she desire to touch us, since she cannot do it by sea and must do it by land, her route lies through Herat. There is a direct line to the Indus from Moscow; thus, by the Volga and the Caspian to Asterabad, and thence through Herat and Cabool; and in this itinerary Herat is not the least important stage, especially for an army on the march. It is a resting-place; it might be made a *dépôt*, in fact a military caravanserai—the half-way house for an army invading India from the north-west. Herat is called the “pearl of the world” by the Orientals. It is in reality a filthy place; but it is encircled by a luxuriant girdle of vegetation, and it owes its importance to the remarkable fertility of the surrounding soil, and the freshness of its oases.

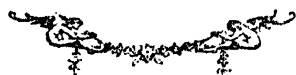
“The broad valley,” says a recent writer on Persia, “through which the river Herind flows—whose waters are absorbed by the sands of the Turcoman desert without one drop reaching the sea—is covered with the most lovely fruit and flower gardens, vineyards, fields of grain, groves of beech, and villages; whilst crystal springs and babbling fountains rise out of the verdant soil. In the opinion of the Orientals, the waters of this valley surpass in purity, coolness, and refreshing qualities, all the other springs of Asia, excepting those of Cashmere. The climate is temperate, and only such kind of fruit thrives there as is indigenous in the cooler zones. The palm and the sugarcane, the orange and lemon groves of a warmer clime, are completely wanting. . . . The great high-road from Persia through Herat, Candahar, Ghuznee, to Cabool, extends a distance of eighty-five geographical miles, and offers no where any difficulties to an army. A caravan traverses the distance from Herat to Cabool in from thirty to forty days, and a body of well-mounted riders can, by forced marches, do it in eleven days.”

Perhaps it is not now quite so unintelligible why we should take an interest in Herat. But we are still on the surface of things. To come at the real reason of our interference we must go deeper. We must understand why England is not content that Persia should hold the key of the gate that bars the road to British India. The reason is very simple. From the days of Peter the Great, Russia has, Janus-like, looked as steadfastly eastward with one face as she has looked westward with the other. In the days of Peter the Great, Russian ships took possession of the Caspian, and Russian troops occupied posts in the maritime provinces of Persia. But when Nadir Shah appeared on the scene, he cleared Persia of her enemies with a word; and it remained for the Emperor Nicholas to establish Russia solidly south of the Caucasus, to secure her supremacy on the Caspian, and to carry her frontier to the river Araxes. That astute emperor showed a “moderation” in the hour of victory similar to that he showed a little later in regard to Turkey: he gave up provinces, but he retained important and commanding positions. After the peace of 1828, Persia—and he knew it—was at his mercy. There are only two obstacles that hinder Russia from marching to the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean, says Baron Haxthausen,—“England, and the mountaineers of the Caucasus.” That sentence explains the moderation of Nicholas. He did not wish to alarm England by taking too much, and exposing too flagrantly the hold he had on Persia. He aimed at obtaining a character for moderation, and he hit his mark; but he had nevertheless firmly established a moral as well as physical supremacy at Teheran; and knowing that he was more dreaded than the English, he rather reserved than used his power. When Sir John Malcolm was at Rheims, in 1825, Soult told him that when Napoleon marched against Russia “it was still England that was his object: and all means that Russia could furnish, had that expedition succeeded, would have been turned against India.” . . . And we may say, that when Nicholas marched against Persia, England was his object, and that all the resources his conquests furnished were intended to be used against India. But Russian policy is more wily than that of Napoleon. Russia can afford to wait, because she is not a man, but a system. At any favourable moment, Russia could compel Persia to her views,

either openly or secretly; and when she does so she will use the resources of Persia against India. Thus Russia might instigate Persia to provoke a war with England, and then, as circumstances dictate, she might either step in to mediate, or, without coming to blows with England, she might occupy what she covets greatly,—the province of Asterabad, with its fine bay on the Caspian; and having once got possession, keep possession.

The reader may think that we have wandered from the point. Nothing of the sort. Our sole interest in the fate of Herat arises from the weakness of Persia. If Persia permanently held Herat, St. Petersburg would be virtually at the gate of India. The Russian agent who accompanied the Persian expedition to Herat in 1838, told the Afghan Ameer, Dost Mahomed, that his master wanted to make a “road to the English.” It is not merely the indirect possession of Herat by a power able to control the destinies of Persia that we have to dread; the danger to England would lie in allowing this fine province to lapse into the hands of a power like Russia, so unscrupulous, so able in intrigue, so capable of exciting disaffection in India, and making Herat the head-quarters of the disaffected.

In making war against Persia “about Herat” we are really making war against Russia. This raises very large questions. More than one modern political seer has fixed on Persia as the theatre wherein the only two great powers in Central Asia—Russia and England—will fight for supremacy. It is the interest of both to defer the deadly drama as long as possible. It is our interest especially to avoid any combat with Russia on the plains of Central Asia; it is clearly her interest to attract us thither; and for this reason it is that she excites Persia to the committal acts that cannot fail to draw forth the hostility of England; whereby Russia serves two purposes,—she weakens Persia, and embroils her with her truest friend, England. We are thus placed in the false position of destroying that very power whose “independence and respectability,” to use the words of Sir John Malcolm, sound policy dictates that we should uphold. By their blunders in dealing with Persia, British statesmen have thus, unwillingly and unwittingly, played into the hand of Russia. Happily it is not given to mortals to foresee the future; but clearly, whether this war be or be not the beginning of a great struggle, England must prepare one day to meet the Muscovite, perhaps on the Indus, unless he can be crippled by a fatal blow nearer home; unless, for instance, Poland were revived, and Scandinavia reconstituted.



QUI HY?

BY THE AUTHOR OF “A SUBALTERN’S STORY.”

WHAT, in the name of goodness, is the meaning of Qui hy? Is it the title of a book, like *Dred*; or of a new perfume, like *Frangipanni*? Does it mean something to eat, or is it the eccentric signature of some disconsolate individual advertising in the second column of the *Times*? Is it Hebrew, Russian, or High Dutch? Not to tax the inquisitive powers of the reader any further, it is neither; it is Hindoostanee, and means in the vernacular, “Who waits?”

To a man constitutionally lazy, India is a paradise of passive enjoyment, and his thatched bungalow becomes a perfect Castle of Indolence. If, on the other hand, he is naturally brisk and bustling, he soon succumbs to the force of circumstances; his sturdy resolutions to battle against the enervating influences that surround him gradually melt like snow before the heat of the climate; and prudently acting on the principle of doing at Rome as the other inhabitants of the Eternal City, he conforms like a sensible man to the customs of the country, in which he is an exotic, and subsides into the helpless state of dependence natural to his

position as a native of the temperate zone transplanted to the tropics.

Laziness, like other bad habits, is easily acquired; and the Englishman in India need never do any thing for himself but eat, drink, and sleep. Has he dropped a book, does he want his legs lifted on to a chair, or a handkerchief drawn from his pocket, or a fly frightened off his nose,—he has only to drawl out in languid Hindoostanee the exclamation that forms the title of this article, and, before the words have ceased to echo in his lofty apartment, a snow-clad slave glides silently in from the veranda, and raises the prostrate volume, places the weary limbs in a recumbent position, draws forth the cambric *mouchoir*, drives away the offending insect, and vanishes as silently as he came, without causing the Great Mogul, his master, more physical exertion than the expenditure of the necessary amount of breath to make his sublimity's requirements known.

We are not sufficiently conversant with the domestic habits of the English aristocracy to speak with any certainty on the subject, but we imagine that a noble duke in this country generally shaves himself, and that even the prime minister of England pulls on his own Wellingtons. They manage these things better in India. If the Grand Signior, rolling comfortably on a sofa in slippered dishabille, wishes to "cat the air," he signifies his sovereign will and pleasure to his retainers. One dusky vassal tenderly seizes the sahib's right foot, another softly takes possession of his left, and before his highness can utter the name of that mythical personage, Jack Robinson, he is booted, and spurred if necessary, without so much as moving a little finger in the transaction, or even taking his eyes from the book he is reading.

As for shaving, a panting Anglo-Indian possesses neither moral nor physical energy sufficient for such a fatiguing operation. An "artist in hair" is introduced, who prostrates himself before his excellency, seizes him respectfully by the nose, and in half-a-minute leaves him with chin "new reaped," and "showing like stubble-land at harvest-home."

Bell-hanging is still in its infancy in this luxurious but semi-civilised country; and shouting "Qui hy?" is such a recognised substitute for the English custom of "touching the bell," that the term, as every body knows, or as every body ought to know, when we can get from Southampton to Bombay in a month, has become the generic *nom de guerre* for such of the Company's servants as are doomed for their sins to vegetate in that part of its dominions where the expression is made use of, viz. Bengal, the north-west provinces, the Punjaub, and I suppose Cashmere, when we can discover some plausible pretext for taking possession of it.

For the benefit of the uninitiated in such matters, we may as well say that those vegetables which flourish at Madras are called Mulls—not in the Eton or Caledonian sense, as failures or snuffboxes—but from their, we must confess, very pardonable partiality for mullagatawny soup, in the artistic concoction of which savoury and stimulating compound they are unrivalled; while their brethren on the Bombay side rejoice in the *sobriquet* of "Duck"—not of the web-footed species so pleasantly associated in our imagination with green peas,—nor is the expression used as a term of endearment, as applied by a young lady to her bonnet,—but from a glutinous abomination of a fish-like nature, highly esteemed as a delicacy by gourmands in that part of the peninsula, and called a Bombay duck; which, when dried, grilled, and taken in connection with bread-and-butter, eats uncommonly "short," and has very much the flavour of burnt quills.

But leaving the Ducks and Mulls to enjoy their fish and soups by themselves, let us return to the Qui hys, who lead a much more luxurious life, in some respects, than their fellow-exiles in the other presidencies. The poorest subaltern in Bengal is obliged to keep on his establishment nearly a dozen servants; whereas in Madras or Bombay half that number would be sufficient. Each domestic has his own peculiar department—he runs, as it were, in a groove, and

no inducement will persuade him to undertake a duty out of his own particular line. The man who pulls on your socks will refuse to hand you a cup of tea; and the barber who cuts your hair considers it *infra dig.* to sweep away the locks he has severed. Luckily for the subaltern, wages are low, and his own pay high; so that he can afford to live like a gentleman, and support a small army of retainers besides, all of whom, in their respective grooves, are obedient to his slightest nod, when summoned to his presence by the magical incantation "Qui hy?" We propose to pass before the reader a series of pen-and-ink sketches, illustrating the various functionaries that will be necessary to minister to their comforts, should their "kismet," or fate, ever lead them to become sojourners in any of the northern provinces of Hindostan.

The first domestic, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall bring to your notice is the bearer or valet. His name is usually Gopant, or some other appellation of the azure-coloured Krishna; a deity celebrated in Hindoo mythology for his performance on the flute, and a fondness for practical jokes. The bearer is of good caste, and acts as your general major domo and confidential servant. Observe his clean and respectable appearance, and his lithe and bony figure. There is not an ounce of surplus flesh about him; and his legs are what *Punch* calls capital ones for top-boots: the Asiatic servant, who is a strict vegetarian, not being remarkable for the wondrous convexity of calf that so highly distinguishes the beefed British flunkey.

He is dressed in a light and airy costume, consisting of a white linen jacket open at the breast, and a salmon-coloured "dhotee," that falls in elegant festoons from the waist to the knee, and is a kind of compromise between the flowing petticoat of the Highlander and the baggy garments worn by the French Zouave. His turban is composed of innumerable folds of a white material artfully entwined, and when he goes out shopping in the bazaar, he puts his feet into a pair of clumsy canoes that make his polished mahogany legs look thinner than ever. In the house he is always barefooted, taking off his shoes on entering a room as we do our hats, and stealing about as noiselessly as a cat.

In a country where the currency is silver, and the weight of a shirt-collar an infliction, the European constitution is not equal to the fatigue of carrying a purse; so the bearer becomes your banker, and takes charge of the bag of rupees that constitutes your monthly "tullup." He pays all your bills, taking care to levy a recognised black mail, called "dustorce," from each creditor, and renders an account of his stewardship daily, if required. It is his duty to look after your wardrobe, and see that the necessary darning and fine-drawing is performed by your tailor. This fact may in some measure account for the comparatively small number of married men to be found in the country. Hear it, ye landresses of England, the Indian bachelor never knows what it is to be without a shirt-button! He is spared that fruitful source of misery that drives so many buttonless Benedicts at home to run in sheer desperation into the bonds of matrimony, as a kind of haven of refuge from the tortures inflicted upon them by remorseless washerwomen. In the matter of shirt-buttons, the most affectionate wife could not be more sedulously attentive than the careful Gopant. Each article of clothing constantly undergoes a rigorous scrutiny, and no incipient hole or microscopic fracture has the slightest chance of escaping his vigilant eye.

Day and night he is in the veranda, ready to minister to your slightest wish; and in times of sickness, Florence Nightingale herself could not be a more gentle or light-handed nurse. His pay is sixteen shillings a month; and it is good policy to wink at any little perquisites he may help himself to as a matter of right. If he plunders you on principle in a small way himself, he takes very good care that no one else shall; and you ought to be glad to compound for the security of your goods and chattels on such very liberal terms. He becomes, in fact, your insurance-office, and receives as a premium all your old clothes and boots. If you

only treat him well, he makes an honest, sober, and attentive servant; and many an old Bengalee at home, when he has to button his own boots, or pack his own portmanteau, would give a great deal to be able to shout "Qui hy?" and have it done by the slender-fingered black valet, whom he used formerly to thrash, and call "dog," "pig," and the other expressive but unpolite terms contained in the Hindoostanee vocabulary of abuse. Imagine the astonishment of an English footman at being called "the son of an owl," and kicked out of the room because, in pulling off his master's boots, he had pressed somewhat too heavily on a pet corn!

Having given a full-length portrait—from turban to canoes—of the domestic who does for you externally, I shall next call your attention to the Khidmutgar, or butler, who attends to the numerous wants of your inner man. He is a Mussulman, and wears long hair and a beard, in contradistinction to the bearer, who is a Hindoo, and shaves every thing but the moustache and a kind of a scalp-lock on the top of his head. He is dressed in loose trousers and a white dressing-gown, with a thick "comerbund," or sash, round the waist. On his head he wears a linen pancake, made up in the bazaar. In large establishments there is a head khidmutgar, who acts as caterer and housekeeper. He is called a Khausaman, and always possesses a flowing beard and a large corporation; enjoying the latter distinction in common with chief butlers in all parts of the world. He is usually stricken in years; and lines of silver in his capillary appendage give him a venerable and badger-like appearance. Under him are the common khidmutgars, who aspire, when they are sufficiently gray and short-winded, and he has succumbed to years and corpulence, to occupy his proud position.

Chief of the culinary department is a Bawachee, usually corrupted into "bobbachee," who, though not a khidmutgar, ought to be of the same caste. He is what is called in England a "good plain cook;" the Indian *cuisine* being of the old-fashioned table-groaning description, and more remarkable for quantity than quality. The bill of fare is usually copied from the English *carte*; but there are of course delicacies peculiar to the country, which, if they could be served up at Guildhall, would make an alderman's eyes twinkle with delight. The expatriated Briton, however, naturally sighs for the dishes of his youth; and stale importations from the mother-country, far-fetched and high-priced, and all the more valued for being dear, occupy the post of honour on every Indian mahogany. On all state occasions, the principal dish in connection with turkey is an immense English ham, crumbling to pieces from old age, preceded by tasteless salmon, mashed into atoms during long years of travel and shaking in air-tight cases, and supported by bad imitations of oyster-patties, made out of patriarchal natives with large beards, that were dragged from their beds some time in the reign of George III. and hermetically sealed up in tin canisters by the grandfathers of the present Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell.

But I am wandering from my subject, and trespassing in a department with which I have no business at present. To record the excellences of grain-fed mutton, roast kid, mango fish, kedgeroe, Burdwan stews, jullans, kebobs, koofas, and the rest of the queer-named but tempting dainties enjoyed by the Indian epicure, would fill a cookery-book, and require the enthusiastic pen of Monsieur Soyot to do them justice. I am writing of men, not dishes. Let me return to the bobbachee.

If the above-mentioned illustrious *chef* were to travel to Bengal in search of professional novelty, or for the purpose of writing letters to the *Times*, describing the result of his researches in Oriental culinary science, he would be profoundly impressed with the primitive simplicity of the kitchen-range used by the native artists. He would also be a good deal horrified at the want of cleanliness so painfully apparent in a "bawachee khana;" and with visual and olfactory organs unpleasantly affected, would wish himself back again in the well-ordered kitchen of the Reform Club.

We decline to penetrate farther into the unsavoury mysteries of an Indian cook-house, and the reader ought to thank us for our forbearance.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;"

and, as the greatest novelist of the day says, when he has got a couple of characters to a pathetic dead lock, "we will drop the curtain, if you please, upon *that scene*."

In the same category, or "boiling," but lower down, comes the Mūsālchee—literally a torch-bearer, from *mūsāl*, a flambeau—who washes the dishes, scours the saucepans, cleans the knives, and does the rest of the dirty work that devolves in England upon Buttons or the scullery-maid. Ambition is of no colour or country; and, as the plump and pimply page hopes some day to shed his glittering jacket, and burst forth in all the glories of a livery-coat and plush breeches, so the grimy and semi-nude mūsālchee looks anxiously forward to that turn in the tide of his affairs that may lead him on to fortune, and permit him to assume the dressing-gown and pancake of the smart khidmutgar.

In a bachelor's *ménage* this last-named official is a kind of servant-of-all-work, who unites in his own person all the responsible offices enumerated above; and, considering that eating and drinking are the chief amusements in India, he may be said to fairly earn the four shillings a-week that constitute his wages. Like the bearer, he delights in high-sounding names, and is satisfied with nothing under *Hyder*, a lion, or *Meeza*, a mogul. He has charge of your silver, if you have any,—I am supposing the reader unmarried,—and takes care of your wine and beer; of which, as India is a thirsty country, you are pretty sure to have a large stock. There is no fear of his helping himself, as he has taken the pledge; but, like other tectotalers, he has a weakness for tea and sugar, to which, if you give him the chance, he will help himself as unsparingly as the landlady of a London lodging-house.

If he speaks English, he is sure to be a rogue, and you lose in respectability what you gain in convenience. There cannot be a better standard of his honesty than the degree of proficiency he has attained in Anglo-Saxon. The former will be found to decrease in an inverse ratio as the latter approaches perfection; and the better linguist the greater rascal may be considered an axiom peculiarly applicable to native servants in general, and khidmutgars in particular. The reason of this is, that they have in all probability picked up the accomplishment while in service as cook-boys to a Queen's regiment, where, in mastering the idiomatic difficulties of our expressive language, they have also acquired the habits of drinking, swearing, and a few other little foibles that usually follow in the train of conquest and civilisation. Otherwise the khidmutgar is a respectable Mahometan, and a hard-working servant. His duty commences at daybreak. Directly the morning-gun has thundered through the sleeping station the aggravating announcement that it is time to get up, he makes his appearance at your bedside with the cup that cheers; unless you are feverish—or foolish—enough to prefer the one that inebriates, in which case he supplies you with brandy and soda-water. He has then to get-ready your "chotha hazaree," or little breakfast, consisting of tea and toast, which, with a cheroot, you indulge in after your morning ride. This is a mere snack, an "unconsidered trifle," that serves as an excuse for a little gossip in your veranda with and about your acquaintances. In a couple of hours he is called on to prepare a more substantial meal, comprising fish, flesh, fowl, and, if not good red-herring, perhaps a tin of sardines, or a pot of strawberry-jam. By two, you are ready for "tiffin," a dinner in all but the name; and then the khidmutgar has to tuck up his petticoats, and devote all his skill and energy to the preparation of his *chef-d'œuvre*, your "khana," which makes its appearance at seven o'clock. Should you happen to be invited out to the other end of the station, some three miles off, he girds up his loins, carefully wraps his full-dress turban in a handkerchief, that its glories may be veiled from

vulgar eyes, and with a natty little cap stuck on the side of his head, like a dragoon's,—for your khidmutgar is a bit of a dandy in his way,—trudges off to the bungalow of your entertainer; where, at the appointed hour, he appears behind your chair in a resplendent head-dress sparkling with gold, and ornamented in front with your crest cut in silver.

Do you wish for some particular *entrée*? he dashes furiously into the middle of half-a-dozen of his sable brethren, who are already at deadly strife over the coveted side-dish; and after a terrific combat, during which he, *sotto voce*, consigns them all, individually and collectively, to perdition, he triumphantly brings the wished-for delicacy to your side, panting meanwhile with his exertions, and glowering savagely from his dusky eyes at his late antagonists in the fray.

Are you athirst? he again plunges frantically into the furious *mêlée*—for there are more servants than guests—and by main force wrenches the napkined bottle from some less energetic attendant, casting at the same time the most cruel and unjust reflections on his opponent's nearest and dearest relatives, and victoriously replenishes your saucer-shaped glass with the creaming "simkin," which is the nearest approach to champagne his limited powers of pronunciation will admit of. Might is right on these festive occasions; and the man with the most unscrupulous khidmutgar is the best served at an Anglo-Indian dinner-table, particularly if it be at a mess where some thirty or forty sit down, and each officer has his own servant. When the impetuous Hyder has routed his adversaries, and all your wants, bibulous and otherwise, are temporarily supplied, he subsides into a quiescent state, and stands motionless behind your chair, where, with arms folded, he watches the movements of your knife and fork with the most intense interest. If you are dining in bachelors' society, as soon as the cloth is off the table he places your cheroot-case before you, and is seen no more. He retires to the offices, where he lights his own pipe, and, like other heroes, fights his battles of the dining-room over again. Exit Hyder the Lion.

Enter Dhoby. Washerwomen are unknown in India; the duties of those tea—to say nothing of gin—drinking females, who appear to live in pattens and black bonnets, stuck on their heads like hats, are performed by men, but on a very different principle; instead of being coaxed into cleanliness by the moral force of soap and hot-water, as applied by a London laundress, linen articles in India have it well beaten into them by dint of a sound thrashing. School-boys may be improved by this process, but not shirts; their delicate cambric constitutions are utterly ruined by such rough treatment, and a short course of flagellation soon renders them totally transparent. The operation is perfectly simple. A dhoby, or clothes-punisher, starts off to a neighbouring pond or river with a bundle of doomed haberdashery on his back. On arriving at the water's edge, he deliberately divests himself of the greater part of his extremely limited costume, and wades to a convenient rock previously placed there with malice aforethought, carrying with him half-a-dozen of his master's Eureka's. He then plunges the helpless garments into the water, and giving them a preliminary swing round his head, brings them down with all his force on the rock, uttering with the blow a noise like a paviour, only more vindictive, and sending showers of buttons flying about that fall into the water like rain. Should no suitable stone be at hand, a wooden stool is substituted, which answers his fell purpose equally well. It is quite heart-rending to see a row of these ruthless barbarians ranged in front of their altars on the banks of a river, immolating whole hecatombs of calico and fine linen, and hear them grunting like so many pigs, as if with joy at the havoc they are causing. The result may be imagined. In putting on a nearly new shirt your hand goes through the back instead of into the sleeve, and your collars speedily assume that spiky saw-like edge which produces such an agreeable rawness about the exquisitely sensitive region termed by ornithologists the lower mandible. Consi-

dering, however, the drawerfuls of clean "things" emptied by a dissolving "Qui hy?" in the course of the day, he cannot grumble at the half-a-crown a week which, as dhoby's wages, constitutes the only item of his washing-bill; but it may be easily supposed by thrifty British matrons that this castigatory system of cleanliness is any thing but economical, to say nothing of the wear and tear of temper at seeing one's stock of linen growing small by degrees and provokingly less under the vigorous thwacks of a muscular washerman. Ladies, I believe, establish a private laundry at home, under the superintendence of a female servant; as the flimsy articles used in their toilette, if subjected to the tender mercies of the dhoby, would be annihilated at one blow, and never be seen again.

As in the case of a railway accident a surgeon is always sent for to mend and patch up the fractured heads and limbs of the unfortunate passengers, so in an Indian establishment it becomes necessary to keep a Dherzy, or tailor, for the purpose of repairing the ravages made in your wardrobe by the necessary evil we have just described. This official, who may be recognised by his red turban, assumes the same uncomfortable cross-legged position on the floor as members of the fraternity in England do on their shop-boards; and what with making and mending gentlemen's coats, ladies' dresses, and children's frocks, the family tailor has plenty to do. Selfish bachelors, who have only to "find themselves," and know not the joys of millinery and baby-linen, employ a dherzy by the day or job; but in the veranda of the married man he is a fixture.

Proceeding with our list, we next come to the Bheestee, or water-carrier, whose name, literally "bihishte," though possessing any thing but a heavenly sound to English ears, signifies in his own language an inhabitant of paradise, from *bihisht*, heaven; and certainly, in a land where water may be considered the staff of life, the dispenser of it becomes in some measure a ministering angel.

The greatest luxury a man can enjoy in India is a bath; and hydropathy, to a certain extent, and minus the wet sheets, is one of the most cherished institutions of the country. High and low, rich and poor, white, black, and copper-coloured, are continually dabbling in cold water. With the respectable native, the daily ablution, or "goosul," is a religious observance; to the European it acts as a kind of spur. It gives new life to the tired soldier after a dusty march or broiling field-day, and enables the fagged civilian to get through his daily drudgery in the reeking atmosphere of a crowded court-house. The Company's work would be but badly done, and its rule cease to be ascendant in Hindostan, if its numerous servants were not wound up and kept going by the electric shock communicated morning and evening to their jaded systems through the instrumentality of the bheestee, who pursues his angelic vocation for the small sum of fourpence a-day.

By a people who carry wheelbarrows on their heads, a pump is, of course, an unappreciated invention; and all water is drawn by the hand, or a cumbrous arrangement of ropes, bullocks, wooden wheels, and earthen pots, imported from Persia about the time of Alexander the Great, which creaks and groans in the same feeble and melancholy way it did in the days of that greedy conqueror. When full, the "mud-buck," or skin, in which the bheestee carries his precious load, has the appearance of a fat sheep that has been deprived of its head, legs, and tail, and tanned whole, without the wool. In this state of dropsical extension it is by no means an easy burden; and the dark-skinned Aquarius may be seen at all hours of the day, toiling from the well to the house, with his back at a right angle to the rest of his body, and his skinny legs, like black tobacco-pipes, apparently in momentary danger of snapping with the weight of his load. In addition to the duty of keeping his master's tub constantly replenished, he has to satisfy the incessant culinary demands of the bobbaches, and is at the beck and call of any member of the household requiring aquatic refreshment, internally or otherwise.

On a march he becomes a kind of peripatetic douche-bath. A small bathing-tent is pitched, and the sahib takes his seat on a low stool. The bheestee, standing over him, loosens the mouth of his skin just where the head of the sheep has been cut off, and the whole contents of the "mud-buck" pour in a delicious shower over the couchant figure of his half-drowned lord and master.

The water-carrier is a follower of Mahomet, and his badge of office is a red apron.

The lowest menial in the domestic scale is the Mehtur, or sweeper, who acts as scavenger-in-ordinary to the establishment, assisted in his duties by dogs, kites, crows, and jackals. He is a man superior to all conventional distinctions of caste or character, who will eat any thing and stick at nothing. It is his duty to feed and exercise any dogs you may keep; and it is a good plan to see them eat their food every day, as otherwise the mehtur will in all probability convert it to his own use. In the native world he is considered a pariah; and he has a villainous hang-dog cast of countenance that enables him to look the character completely. If any article is missed from the house, in nine cases out of ten it may be traced to the mehtur; and he is so oppressed with a sense of his own unworthiness, that at the approach of his master he slinks abashed behind a tree, or round a corner, that his lordship's eyes may not be polluted by the sight of such an outcast. As he is not by any means an interesting individual, we will not dwell upon his character.

"No one, however," says Longfellow, "is so accursed by fate, but some heart responds unto his own;" in proof of which, the sweeper is usually a married man, and is doubtless considered by the sable partner of his hopes and fears a model of conjugal affection and propriety. His annual income is something under five pounds; upon which, and broken meat, he brings up a large brood of dusky little mehturs.

Leaving the house, we get to the stable. Every body in India keeps a horse, and each animal requires two men to wait upon him—a Syce, or groom; and a grass-cutter, whose name, supposed to be expressive of his vocation, is a pleasing fiction that leads one to imagine there are such things as meadows and green grass in India. Delusive hope! Every thing, except the corn and paddy fields, is drab, drab, drab—as Jetty Treffz used to sing, or something like it. The so-called grass-cutter, armed with a short spud, starts at sunrise for a neighbouring jungle, is away all day; and the result of his labour, which he brings back in the evening, is a bundle of dried roots, such as a gardener at home might amass in a day's weeding of his gravel-walks. This is given to the horse, more with a view of amusing him than any thing else, as none but a quadruped with green spectacles, or a lively imagination, could ever mistake for a heap of juicy grass the collection of green specimens before him. His principal food, in the absence of oats, is grain soaked in water, of which he gets three or four feeds a-day. This grain is a kind of pulse, or vetch, closely allied, we believe, to that miraculous prolonger of human life known in England as *Revalenta Arabica*, except that it grows in fields the same as wheat, and not on trees like cocoa-nuts, as represented in the pictorial advertisements of that miraculous panacea. Of its beneficial effects on the health and digestion of Arabian and country-bred horses there can be no manner of doubt; and the philanthropic Dr. Du Barry is perfectly at liberty to place this grateful acknowledgment of its merits by the side of the eloquent testimonials of Lord Stuart de Decies and Maria Jolly.

Walking is an exercise never dreamt of by a Qui hy; and the syce must hold himself in readiness at all hours of the day or night to put a saddle on a horse, or bring the buggy to the door at a moment's notice, if his excellency only wishes to go a hundred yards. He has then to run alongside, heedless of pace or distance, so as to be ready to hold the horse on his master's arriving at his destination. On long journeys, he is sometimes allowed, as a great treat, to

sit for a minute or two on the step of the buggy. Though deficient in the commodity called in an English stable "elbow-grease," the syce is an attentive groom, and becomes much attached to the animal intrusted to his charge.

The value of shade and flowers in India can be easily imagined, and it is the object of every one's ambition to possess a garden. For this purpose a "Molly," or gardener, is necessary, whose business is to provide a basketful of flowers, fruit, and vegetables every morning. This is called a "dolly," and is always sent into the house for the Sahib's or Mem Sahib's inspection, that they may feast their eyes upon something cool and pleasant. Some people who have no garden keep a gardener, which, owing to a kind of freemasonry in the craft, answers the purpose equally well, if not better, as, it is a remarkable fact, they always have better bouquets and more delicious vegetables than their neighbours. The plan, however, can hardly be recommended on the score of honesty.

The rest of the servants do not need particular description, and may be "knocked down" in one lot. On the march a Klassee is necessary, who pitches your tent and makes himself generally useful. During the hot season you must engage a gang of coolies, whose duty is to keep your punkah going day and night. Should you go to the hills, as of course you will whenever you can, you will want seven or eight Pharees, or hill-men, to cut wood for you and carry your wife, if you've got one, in a kind of arm-chair slung upon poles, called a "jonpon."

The only domestic we have omitted to notice is the Ayah. Being unfortunately of the rougher sex, and single, we cannot speak from experience of her professional abilities; but she has the reputation of being a clever handmaid and affectionate nurse. In her latter capacity, she exercises no sort of authority over the children in her charge, and teaches them a number of bad habits that no amount of education in England will entirely eradicate. Her personal appearance is any thing but prepossessing. In complexion, it is needless to say, she is a brunette of the darkest description. Her hair is coarse and her teeth red. The latter attraction she owes to an unpleasant custom she indulges in of chewing betel-nut. She is fond of silver ornaments, and wears them in her ears, and on her fingers, thumbs, toes, wrists, ankles, in fact, every where except her nose. She is always dressed in white and flowing garments, which, from her habit of continually squatting on the ground, have usually a dirty drangle-tail appearance. Her caste is generally nothing to speak of, and taken altogether she is by no means an estimable character. With this slight sketch of the Indian lady's-maid we close our portfolio. J. H. L.



YOUNG LADIES' WORK.

Nor potichomanie, nor wool-work, or bead-work, or *broderie Anglaise*, or any of the hundred-and-one devices popular among "young ladies," wherewith to suck up the priceless time as it flows by them, drop by drop, minute by minute,—of none of these do we profess to treat. Neither would we decry any of them. Appropriate and valuable in their way, to fill up the gaps, and ornament the corners, in the fair building of a woman's daily life, they become trivial and absurd only when used as the chief fabric in the construction of the edifice. Plaster and gilding are desirable constituent materials in architecture; but a house built entirely or principally thereof would be but a crazy and ruinous dwelling, equally hazardous to live in and uncomely to behold.

"The young ladies" of well-to-do families form a class by themselves among women. Like the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin; and we may carry the analogy further still as regards their external array. No household cares come within their province; they are exempt from most of those anxieties which beset ordinary lives; and even the common womanly duties of daughter or sister come to them easily, smoothly, and pleasantly. Their "education" finished, what have they to do? They rise in the morning; they daily gracefully with the two or three hours ensuing; play over a new waltz; try a song; write two or three notes till it is time to assist their mamma to receive or to pay calls; drive out till dressing-time, &c.; and after dinner, evening engagements fill up the round of daily "duties." Does the conviction never strike them that a God-given life was meant for better and higher things than all this; that it is but a poor apprenticeship they are serving to the great and sacred calling of woman—the refiner, the consoler, the helper? Verily it is a proof of how much innate goodness and strength exist in woman, when we see the many that issue from such a life as we have described, on to the duties of wisdom and motherhood, and seem to acquire intuitively the needed fortitude and patience, thoughtfulness and self-denial. But how much trouble and failure, how much trial and vexation of spirit, might have been spared, if the previous education and way of life had been what they should have been, as all differing degrees and stages of life should be,—no mere indulgence of the present, but a preparation for a higher future!

Moreover, viewing the question from another side, there is so much work waiting to be done, needing workers, and crying aloud for them, that if we could excuse the idlers among us their sin against themselves, we should still find it hard to palliate their sins of omission against their fellow-creatures. How many poor children might be led into the way of good, or at least rescued from the dark evil of ignorance, if all the unemployed "young ladies" in London, for example, devoted two hours daily from their lavish store of time to teaching "one of these little ones!" Many a mother who would not suffer her children to go to a ragged school would gladly accept an offer of "teaching" from such a source. And the manner of instruction, too, in many ways would be more individually valuable to each child so taught than the commoner method. National and parish schools, grateful though we may be for them, rather extend over large surfaces than plumb to great depths. "Education," in the true sense, is seldom perfectly efficacious in crowds. One person's care and thought will do most in proportion, when occasionally bestowed on a few, where there is time to *individualise*, to become acquainted with each separate temperament and character, and to call into action between teacher and pupil the best and divinest aid of sympathy. With love and patience we may do much among every class of God's creatures; but it is not too bold a thing to say, that with them we may do *all* among little children.

Now all young ladies love children. In simple right of their womanhood, indeed, they cannot do else. Let them, then, prove their love to be no mere empty and frivolous matter of words and gestures, but something real and earnest enough to make them willing to *try* at least to do good to any representative of beautiful and holy Childhood who may come in their way, or to whom their influence can reach. Many of us know instances, very good and pleasant to think of, where that which we are suggesting is doing and has been doing; where "the young ladies" have freely and gladly given a portion of their time to the task of teaching one or two poor children of their neighbourhood. They have battled bravely with the difficulties that met them at the outset of their undertaking—(There are always difficulties to overcome in commencing a good work: they are as bracing breezes to strengthen and invigorate. Meet them as such.)—and they have quietly resisted many temptations to relinquish or to neglect the work they began. In return they receive many an unspoken benison from lookers-

on; much simple affection,—shy and awkward perhaps in expression, but none the less real,—from the children, and, better than all, the unconscious contentment and serenity of heart that only comes to those who, in some way or other, labour *not* for themselves.

Other work of the same order, though differing as circumstances differ, will readily suggest itself to the seeker. To visit the sick, read to the aged, perform little services for the helpless,—such small benefits as these you need by no means confine to "poor people." Among your own acquaintance, surely you know more than one invalid, not very rich perhaps either in money or friends, to whom an occasional visit would give gratification or comfort. True, they may be "disagreeable," sharp-tongued, gloomy, or uninteresting; but it is possible your sympathy might console, your liveliness might cheer them into something better. At least, consider that you pay many visits for your own pleasure; will you not yield half-an-hour occasionally, hoping to give pleasure to some one else?

But this is only one example of what may be done. Look round you, willing to see, and you will find no lack of opportunities for rendering kindness or help. Sometimes the occasion may be close to you, even in your own household; sometimes you may have to go "out of your way" to meet it. In any case, and for any contingency, be alert and ready. You have the best wealth—plenty of time at your disposal; and it is but the will which is wanting to turn that wealth into treasures, often more precious than those of gold or silver, inasmuch as they can be purchased with neither.

A BATH IN EVERY HOUSE.

THE practice of bathing has existed from the earliest time, probably from the creation of man. It is one of those natural and healthy wants which barbarism and civilisation have both supplied, but in different ways. Before the influence of civilisation was felt, men were in the habit of plunging into rivers, streams, pools—any place, in fact, where water was to be found in sufficient quantity. No idea at this time existed as to the erection of an apparatus by which they might regulate the temperature to suit the health of the bather. There is every reason to believe that the discovery of hot springs led to heating water by artificial means, and to erecting suitable buildings for the accommodation of visitors. Warm baths were first known to the Asiatics. From Asia the custom was introduced by colonists into Greece and Italy.

Homer mentions the use of warm baths in his time, although the bath in the house was not general even in the time of Hippocrates. During the early period of the republic, the Romans, after a hard day's labour, threw themselves into the Tiber to refresh their weary limbs; the luxury of vapour or hot-water baths was not then known to them. A great change, however, took place towards the decline of the republic, when no gymnasium was considered complete without a bath being attached to it. For splendour, the baths of the Romans greatly surpassed the ancient Greeks; the grandeur to be observed in the ruins that remain, especially in those of Titus, Paulus Æmilius, and Diocletian, are the best and most positive proofs of the luxury and magnificence of the Roman people. It is said that in Rome there were 856 baths; but the use of baths was not confined to the metropolis, and they were to be found in all the towns of Italy.

To trace the history of bathing through the middle ages down to the present time would take more space than we can afford for the subject, especially as we wish this paper to be of such a practical nature, that by adopting the means pointed out, a bath might be erected in every dwelling at a very insignificant cost. Our continental neighbours are much before us in the use and appliances of the bath.

"In England," says Dr. Clarke, "baths are considered only as articles of luxury; yet throughout the vast empire of Russia, through all Finland, Lapland, Sweden, and Nor-

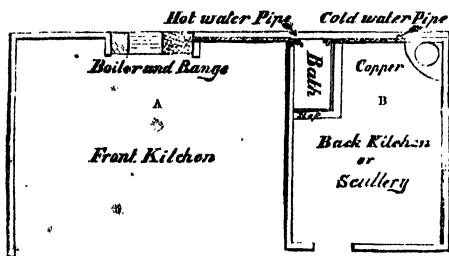
way, there is no cottage so poor, no hut so destitute, but it possesses its vapour-bath; in which all its inhabitants, every Saturday at least, and every day in cases of sickness, experience comfort and salubrity." After such testimony to the efficacy of the bath, we may use the words of Chaucer, and write—

"There is no more to say."

It should, then, we think, be a necessary consideration with every architect and builder to provide bathing accommodation in all new houses; this, it is true, is already done in the homes of the wealthy, where every facility for hot and cold bathing is always provided. Why may not this be done, at a less cost, for the middle and humbler classes?

A bath-room could easily be built, connected with the cistern for supplying water to the house, or at least it might have a pipe leading from it to supply cold-water. We would recommend the bath-room to be so arranged that a pipe from the ordinary boiler of the kitchen-range should provide it with hot-water when required. The copper, usually fixed in the back-kitchen, might be made to answer the same purpose.

In the dwellings of the poorer classes this could be done with ease, as shown in the accompanying plan. A is the



front-kitchen, showing fireplace, with boiler and range. B is the back-kitchen, showing the position of bath, which could be made of slate, and built of a sufficient height to enable its cover—a flap-lid—to serve as a table or dresser on ordinary occasions. In many houses a small bath-room could be constructed in the area, and supplied with water by the same means. If gas were more generally used, there would be even greater facility for practically carrying out the above suggestions.

The cost of fitting-up, in either of the ways suggested, is so very insignificant when compared to the benefit conferred, that a small addition to the annual rent would be ample compensation to the builder. We are not, therefore, without hope that as civilisation advances, no house will be considered complete without the bath finding in it a "local habitation."

THE "SPORTIVENESS" OF NATURE.

Those who love their home, and have, in addition, a nice garden wherein to make observations on the wonders of Nature, never need be subjected to *ennui*. Every day, every hour, brings with it unceasing novelty, and adds largely to the stores of useful and pleasing knowledge. It is not they who have travelled furthest that have learnt the most. Assuredly not.

It is in a private garden that the Sportiveness of Nature



HYBRID, BETWEEN THE GOLDFINCH AND GREENFINCH.

—the topic now before us—may be most readily perceived. Unchangeable in her fundamental laws which rule the universe, yet in her creations and particular fancies who more variable and whimsical than she? Look at the vast number of Insects that flit before us, and come under our eye at every turn. How humorously and exquisitely they are painted! On some, we observe an exact counterpart of the clouds of heaven; on others are represented flowing rivers, or the undulations of their waters. Numbers who has armed with coats of glittering mail, which reflect a lustre like that of burnished metals; in others, she playfully lights up the dazzling radiance of polished gems. Many are veined like beautiful marbles;

others have the semblance of a robe of the finest network thrown over them. The more minutely these "sports" are examined, the more numerous they are found to be,—the last ever handsomer than all that preceded. Nobody should be without a microscope.

Then how dearly Nature loves to sport among the Flowers! If she had her own sweet will, hardly any two of them would be alike. Stocks, peas, wallflowers, pansies,—and how many others?—can verify this. And she courts the bee, too, to aid her in these pretty vagaries. Her thighs covered with pollen, away she flies from flower to flower, fertilising in her progress no end of the oddest varieties. She is a fearful foe to all experimental gardening, and takes inexpressible delight in annoying the cross-breeder whenever she has a chance. It is only by placing a covering of gauze over the "married" plants that the bee can be excluded. Once admit her, and the progeny is no longer pure. Still, she is recognised as a very useful general fertilising agent.

Nor does Nature fail occasionally to present us with something very curiously "sportive" among the Birds that visit our gardens. It is not at all unusual, in summer, to see a bird near the window whose name we cannot pronounce, and whose plumage fairly puzzles us. His form is elegant, his carriage noble, and his beauty undeniable. All we can do is, to form a guess as to his paternity and maternity. This is not always difficult, as his voice generally resembles that of his sire. His wings, too, betray who was his father. The head and bill are indicative of the mother. These hybrids are usually very tame. In the course of the summer, I get many a visit from them. They are usually produced by crosses between the siskin, greenfinch, chaffinch, bullfinch, yellow-hammer, and others. The song of these hybrids is very charming.

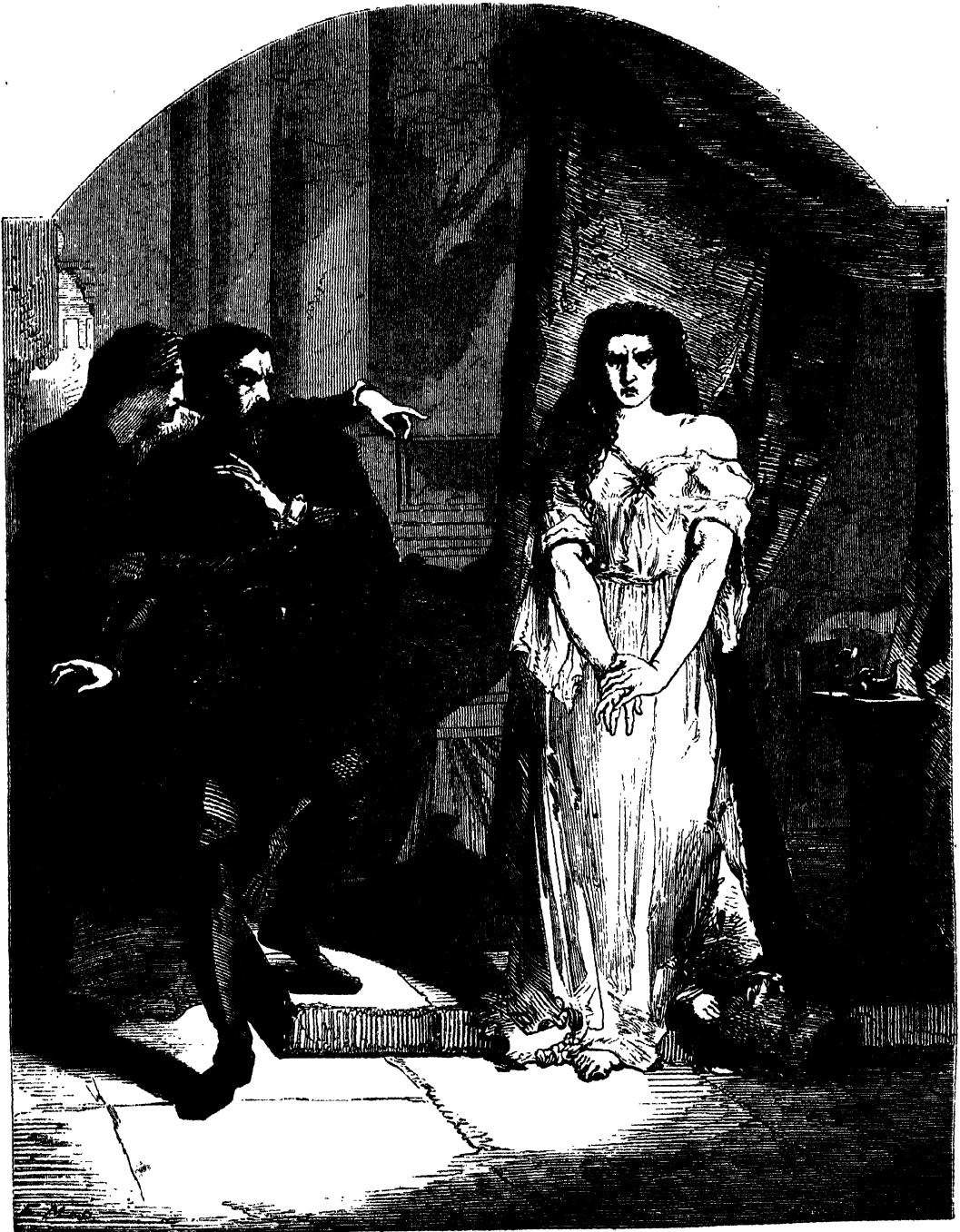
A very fine living specimen of a mule or hybrid,—his father a goldfinch and his mother a greenfinch,—has just been shown to me by Hugh Hanly, Esq., of the "1st Life Guards," a great admirer of birds, and an ardent lover of nature. It is so bold a bird, and its characteristics are so fully developed, that I have asked permission to take a sketch of it, which is here annexed.

It is a curiosity in every sense of the word. It has a fine plumage, is strongly marked, remarkably tame, and a noble songster. There is an unusual richness in the voice, and it has a melodious whistle peculiar to itself alone. It was bred wild in the fields, and caught in a net.

Nature, in the animal world, limits her sportiveness. She has good reasons for this. Mules do not reproduce.

In the insect world, she is less particular. Nor is she rigid in the rules which sway the floral world. There is, however, a fixed limit; and certain creatures suddenly die out, and become extinct.

WILLIAM KIDD.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. III.

PAINTED BY CHARLES LOUIS MULLER.

MACBETH.

ACT V SCENE I.

CHARLES LOUIS MÜLLER.

HIS LADY MACBETH (ACT V. SCENE I.).

In the French school of pictorial art, the last traces of the grandiose but false school founded by Le Brun were swept away, along with the race of feeble painters by which it was represented, in the social hurricane of the great revolution at the close of the last century. In such times of mental convulsion, art has generally been represented by special organisations seemingly predestined to reanimate its principles, and, with the aid of marked and powerful genius, to give new direction to its course. At the epoch of the "Reformation," we find Holbein and Luther born in the same generation; and at the breaking-up of the ancient monarchy of France, Louis David was found embodying in a school of painting established by the force of his individual genius the pseudo-classic ideas and forms which marked, even to official nomenclature, the establishment of the "Consulate."

The school of art then developed, protected and fostered as it was by similar tendencies in those sections of the governmental influences to which it looked for support, absorbed every other during the imperial *régime*; or rather, perhaps, no other was tolerated; for the independent spirit of Prudhon took an almost opposite course; but his works, which exhibit a grace and beauty of execution almost Corregiesque, were decried as barbarous returns to effete formulae. They did not range with the taste set up as the imperial standard of excellence, with the requisite military precision of the epoch; they were, in short, not in uniform.

And so the school of David and his *élèves* endured through the whole imperial epoch, and part of that of the Restoration; its cold correctness, statuesque draperies, opaque and stony colouring, being, however, partially overcome by the power and poetic treatment of Guérin, the more picturesque elements infused into it by Gros, and the imagination and technical excellencies of Girodet.

But its powers of expansion had reached their limit; and the advent of a new school, termed "romantic," as opposed to the classic, was at hand. The first appearance, in succession, of the works of Ingres, Delacroix, and Delaroche, created a kind of stupefaction among the critical and academical powers then in the ascendant. They were astounded at the fearless adoption of medieval forms, the reckless audacity of new methods of manipulation, and the novel and utterly revolutionary treatment of colour and chiaroscuro. And then broke forth the war-cry of *Classicists* and *Romanticists*, and a fierce struggle for supremacy commenced. The new school was, however, doomed to triumph.

One critic, M. Thiers, then a writer in the *Constitutionnel*, had declared for it at once, on the appearance of Delacroix's scene from Dante,* the work of a youth of nineteen; and such works as the same artist's "Massacre of Scio," which soon followed, and Delaroche's "Death of Elizabeth," aided by the productions of others in the new school, such as the first battle-pieces of Horace Vernet, and the "Raft of the Medusa," of the long-neglected Gericault, did the rest.

We have now to consider the works of one of a younger race of artists, who, following in the main the steps of these great leaders, have recently achieved remarkable success in independent, and to a certain extent original, styles. Among these, Charles Louis Müller stands pre-eminent. He has succeeded in avoiding many of the crudities of colour and general treatment observable in the works of his immediate predecessors,—defects which are inseparable from the sudden creation of a new and daring style. His works exhibit much of the rich transparency and gorgeous magnificence of colouring so remarkable in the great schools of Rubens and Veronese; and those effects are reproduced with all the technical excellence, appropriate expression, vigour, complexity of effects, and rich profusion of detail, which distinguish the best examples of modern art. In 1847, his "La Ronde de Mai" attracted universal attention; its fresh beauty

* Engraved in No. IV. of the *National Magazine*.

of colour, and sunny play of chiaroscuro, and the fascinating elegance of conception and execution in the female figures, were elements that at once stamped the work as "a success." Müller, already favourably known, rose at once to a degree of eminence which was more than sustained by the appearance of his "Madness of Haidée" in 1848, and his "Lady Macbeth," the subject of the present brief essay, which was at once purchased for the national collection of living artists at the Luxembourg on its appearance in the annual exhibition of 1849.

Like more than one gifted artist of the modern French school, Müller has seized the true spirit of Shakspeare with greater force and precision than the translators. The brush has been more successful than the pen in conveying to our neighbours a just idea of some of the finest scenes of our great dramatic poet. The attitude of remorse,—that racking remorse which "murders sleep,"—was never more finely conceived than in the *pose* and expression of the chief figure. "You see her eyes are open," remarks the physician. "Ay, but the sense is shut," replies the female attendant. True, but the painter has given them an inner sight, that tortures their sense with a ghastly picture, that will not be blotted out any more than the fancied blood-stains on those pale hands. "What! will these hands never be clean?" she mutters, as the white and delicate fingers, attenuated with unrest, clench each other in the delirium of the walking dream; and the agony of that thought is depicted in the whole attitude and expression with a vigour and truthfulness absolutely appalling. The figure of the physician, too, is finely conceived; and is executed with a bold facility that recalls the touch of Vandyke, especially in the fine transparent colouring in the flesh tones. The action of the female attendant is, however, somewhat overstrained and theatrical; and the arbitrary, though effective, play of light is ill accounted for. The capricious illumination of the hands and faces alone of the two secondary figures cannot, in fact, proceed from the lamp placed on the balustrade, nor from the open casement—through which, as we remember, the night-sky is seen sparsely studded with stars—unless, indeed, we suppose the moon to be shining beyond the limit of the picture, and lighting it through the same opening, in which case the tone of the colouring would be altogether false.

We must also remark, as a grave defect in this age of archæological research, and of general accuracy in detail, that the costumes of the physician and the attendant are rather those of the age of Shakspeare than that of the Scottish usurper Macbeth.

We conclude with a few words on M. Müller's masterpiece, "The Summons of the Last Victims of the Reign of Terror from the Prison St. Lazare." In this vast picture, the truly monumental dimensions of which far exceed any recent works of the English school, the individuality given to each of the dense crowd of figures, many of them accurate portraits, is truly extraordinary; and yet the general repose of effect, which should always pervade a truly great work of art, remains undisturbed.

OVER THE GRAVE.

POPLARS dim against the gray;
Silver lines that streak the west;
Stars that kiss the waning day;
Winds that hush it to its rest:
Stars that light me to thy tomb;
Winds that wail thy hapless doom:—

Stars and winds and poplars dim;
Silver gleams that bar the west,—
Fade before me as I dream
On the grass that braids thy breast:
Only thy sweet light I see,
In my spirit lighting me.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.

I.

"TAPP, sir?" said the waiter briskly; "no, sir."

"Tapp, Tapp?" said the landlord, shaking his head reflectingly; "no, sir; no."

"Sure?" said a grave-looking man in black, to whose inquiries these negatives had been addressed. "Somewhere about forty years of age?"

"Sure, sir," replied the landlord; "that is, not as I know."

"A short gentleman, rather stout; florid complexion," pursued the grave man; "generally wears blue with brass buttons and black stock; baldish."

"No, sir; haven't seen him, to my knowledge. In course, sir—"

This dialogue reached my ears whilst standing at the door of the hotel at Dover, at which I had passed the night. I was bound for Calais, and was waiting to see that my luggage was all brought down-stairs. Just as the landlord uttered the last words recorded, the porter, having completed the lading of his truck, began wheeling it away to the packet. I followed him, and so lost the conclusion of the sentence.

Of course, like other people, we had the roughest passage of the season. Nevertheless we arrived without accident, as travellers generally do; and starting by the evening train for Paris, I found myself, on the following day, comfortably established in my favourite hotel.

We had a very agreeable company at the *table-d'hôte*, where I was fortunate enough to recognise several of my acquaintance; and one day, when a new guest entered the *salle-à-manger*, and was greeted with a welcome recognition by some of the party, Mr. H—, my next neighbour, turned to me and observed, that his wife often said she was sure this planet of ours could not be so large as was asserted; for she had remarked that the same people were always turning up upon it.

I remember I had come home very hungry from my drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and I was at that moment discussing a delicious *riz de veau, sauce tomate*; so, not over-disposed for conversation, I only replied to the remark by a smile.

"Yes," said Mrs. H—, "I suspect it's but a shabby little world, not much bigger than a large orange. Henry, do you remember Tapp?"

"Tapp?" said I, raising my head.

"Yes," said Mrs. H—; "when we came to Paris, a fortnight ago, we did nothing but run against a man who was always inquiring for somebody of the name of Tapp."

"Why," said I, "I met the very man the other day; at least, I suppose it was the same—a tall solemn-looking man in black."

"Precisely," said Mrs. H—. "His sole object in life seems to be to discover Tapp. We met him in Paris, we met him at Versailles, we met him at St. Cloud, always asking anxiously at the hotels if they had got Tapp. Who can Tapp be, and what can he want with him? I have no doubt that at this moment he has got hold of some hotel-keeper, and is asking him for Tapp."

"I can answer for it, that is what he was doing last Tuesday morning," said I; "for I detected him in the fact at the door of the Ship, at Dover. It's odd enough; perhaps he's a monomaniac possessed with the idea of Tapp."

"Or an officer in pursuit of a criminal," suggested Mrs. H—.

"Or of a debtor," said Mr. H—. "He wants to tap Mr. Tapp on the shoulder."

"I wonder what sort of person Tapp is," said Mrs. H—, with characteristic female curiosity. "I can hardly fancy Tapp a black-looking villain."

"I should think Tapp was rather a genial sort of fellow," said Mr. H—.

"Tapp," replied I, gravely, "is about forty years of age;

short and stout, with a florid complexion and bald head. He usually wears a black stock, and a blue coat with brass buttons. I am disposed to think Tapp is in the military line."

"A regimental Tapp," said Mr. H—.

"Why, you have actually seen him, I do believe," said the lady, rather inclined to be jealous of my superior information.

"No," I replied; "but I heard his description from the man in black; and woe be to Tapp if I come across his path! I shall certainly put an advertisement into the *Times*, announcing that Tapp is discovered, and will be forthcoming on payment of a handsome reward to the advertiser. I shall stipulate for something considerable."

"How do you know that Tapp is not some innocent victim, pursued by that demon in a black coat? His *signalement*, as the French call it, rather prepossesses me in his favour; and if I meet him, I shall decidedly warn him of his danger."

The conversation now turned in some other direction; and although we often alluded jestingly to Tapp and his pursuer, I neither saw nor heard any thing of either of them during the month I was in Paris. At the end of that time, the heat becoming oppressive, I started for Belgium and the Rhine. I stayed a week in Brussels, ran over for a few days to beautiful old Antwerp, and then proceeded to Spa.

I took up my quarters at the Hôtel d'Orange; and after one of Monsieur Duchêne's excellent dinners, I went with all the rest of the world—the Spa world—to hear the band on the Place Royale. Meyerbeer was there; and they played some of his overtures so well, that I think the great *maestro* must have been pleased. He goes there every summer; and rides a black donkey, which has the honour to be called by his name, and on which he is said to seek inspiration from the beautiful scenery around.

As is the case with every body who goes to Spa, I met several acquaintances on the promenade; and when the band ceased playing, we walked up to the Redoute, where I looked over the newspapers, and then approached the roulette-table to see what was doing there. The player that seemed to be most attracting the attention of the lookers-on was a man with a long white beard, who had a heap of gold and notes before him; and I watched his varying fortunes with interest for some time, till, his store beginning visibly to decrease, he pushed back his chair in disgust, and left the table; his place being immediately taken by another eager aspirant for fortune's favours. This move of his caused a general, one amongst the spectators; and I and a friend who was standing beside me went round to the other side of the table, and took up a position exactly behind the centre croupier; when, casting my eye along the row of faces that were now presented to me, who should I behold seated exactly opposite but—Tapp! I was as sure it was him as if I had known him all my life. There he was; about forty years of age; short, stout, baldish, with a (somewhat faded) florid complexion. There was the black stock, the blue coat, and the brass buttons. I have said somewhat faded, because it was not the florid complexion of full health; you could discern that the colour had been higher, but that it was in some degree paled by sickness or trouble. He was playing *très petit jeu*, only two-franc pieces; but he punted every time, and seemed quite absorbed in the game. I watched him for several minutes with a strange feeling of curiosity, during which he never raised his eyes from the green cloth. At length, putting my fan before my mouth, I whispered to my friend, "Do you know the name of that gentleman opposite, with the brass buttons?"

"No," said he, "I don't. He lodges at the Flandre, and sits opposite me at dinner; but I have not heard his name. He has only been here a few days."

We spoke so low that it is impossible the stranger could have heard us; but at this moment he looked up, and our eyes met. He saw that we were talking of him, and he coloured and evidently became nervous. I instinctively moved away, not wishing to increase his distress, whoever

he might be; but I was so convinced he was the man, that I could not help every now and then taking a distant view of him. He continued playing for some time, and then I missed him; he had left the room whilst I was in the adjoining one.

I could not get out of my head that this was Tapp; indeed, I felt sure it was, and I could think of nothing all the evening but the oddness of my meeting him; wondering too, if it proved to be as I suspected, whether I should speak to him, and tell him about the tall man in black and his inquiries.

"But if he is a criminal," thought I, "I should be defeating the ends of justice; and it is scarcely likely any body but a criminal would be so pursued. Perhaps he is a fraudulent banker, or an embezzling clerk, or something in that line. He does not look like an assassin, certainly; but those smooth bald-headed men are very deceptive sometimes. He evidently became uneasy when he saw we were observing him." These were my waking reflections; and when I went to bed, I dreamed that I was pursuing Tapp along Pall Mall till he reached the Army and Navy Club, into which he entered; whereupon I discovered him to be my own son, with whom I was walking arm-in-arm through the Place Vendôme.

A lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance was lodging at the Flandre; and the following morning I resolved to call upon her, urged, I confess, by a restless desire to learn something more about the blue coat and brass buttons. I rang the bell, and inquired if Madame la Baronne de B— was at home. The waiter said she had not yet left her chamber; and I was just thinking how I could put another question to him, when Colonel V—, my companion of the preceding evening, having just finished his breakfast in the *salle-à-manger*, came to the door with a cigar in his hand, which he was preparing to light.

"Good morning, colonel," I said; "I came to call on Madame de B—, but I find she has not left her room. A fine morning."

"Very," said he; "by the by, that man's name is Tarp; he's there at breakfast, and I have just asked the waiter. Perhaps he means Thorp or Tharpe—the man you were asking about last night, I mean, he of the brass buttons."

We were standing with our backs to the hotel; but as Colonel V— uttered the last words, I turned my head, and there was Tapp immediately behind us. He too had come to the door with his cigar, and must have heard the conclusion of our dialogue.

I bade Colonel V— good morning, and moved off with the greatest celerity. "I shall become the poor man's *bête-noire*," thought I. "He'll take me for a police-officer in petticoats."

However, my suspicions were now confirmed; but reflection decided me to communicate my discovery to nobody, except, indeed, to my son, who quite coincided with me as to the propriety of silence.

"They are probably pursuing him for some fraud or defalcation," he said; "but we have nothing to do with it, and it is best not to interfere. He can't escape long if he comes to such public places as this."

I met Tapp no more that day; on the next, wishing to get a little information without directly asking for it, I inquired of Colonel V— if there were many English at the Flandre.

"More than half the table is filled with English. Two or three went this morning. Mr. and Mrs. G— are gone; and your friend of the brass buttons too—he's gone."

"O, he's gone is he," said I, wishing to hear something more.

"I heard him last night asking for his bill; and as he has not appeared to-day, I conclude he's off."

I confess to feeling disappointed. I had promised myself some amusement in watching the proceedings of this mysterious individual, and had flattered myself I might perhaps witness the *dénouement* of the drama. The tall man in

black might overtake his game here; and after the catastrophe I should have the pleasure of relating what reasons I had had for grave suspicions, and how prudently I had kept these suspicions to myself. However he was gone, and probably I should never hear any more of the matter; though I could not help thinking that the uneasy feeling I had created had hastened his departure.

Twice more on my route Tapp crossed my path, or rather I crossed his; once at Aix-la-Chapelle. He was approaching a table where the newspapers lay; but on seeing me, he turned round and went into the adjoining room. I had taken him by surprise, and he was evidently too nervous to control his first emotion. The next time was at Cologne, where I saw him on the platform at the station. He had apparently arrived by the same train as myself. This time I do not think he saw me. I was wondering whether we should meet on board the Rhine boat the next day; and I examined the passengers with great curiosity; there was a crowd of all nations and languages, but he was not amongst them.

This was the last I heard of Tapp for some time; but when I left Paris, I had intrusted Mr. H— with a small commission, requesting him to direct his letter on the subject to the post-office at Frankfort. There I found it; and I was not a little struck by the following passage: "My wife is quite triumphant about her theory. Who should we meet when we got to Ostend, where we embarked, but the man in black, inquiring for Tapp. We laughed so heartily at the sight of him, that we must have quite shocked his gravity."

II.

"Don't sit there fretting over that letter; but do come to bed, Maria." I was on the summit of the Righi when I heard these words proceeding from a female voice in the room adjoining mine. Like every body else there assembled, we were to see the sun rise the following morning, *if we could*; and as I had gone to bed very early that I might be the better able to encounter the fatigue of the next day, I was annoyed to hear two people conversing so near me. Whilst I was undressing, the noise I made myself prevented my distinguishing what was the subject of their discourse; but when I had lain down, my bed being close to the thin partition, the voices sounded almost as if the speakers were in the room with me.

"He'll never allow himself to be found, never, I'm certain," said a second speaker, whose by the tone I judged to be younger than the other.

"Nonsense," said the first; "how can he help it?"

"How has he helped it these three months, when no pains have been spared? It's my opinion he has left Europe altogether, and gone to America."

"No, no, Tapp will never go to America; he hates America and every thing belonging to it." I sat up in bed and listened attentively.

"Well, Australia then?"

"Not he; he hates Australia too."

"How absurd, mamma! How can he hate them, when he never saw either? Besides, when a man knows the police are after him, he'd go any where."

"The fact is, you are determined to keep me awake and make me ill, Maria. I am sure I have suffered enough, without your adding to my troubles. I know you'll say it was my own fault."

"No, I shan't," said Maria.

"I know it was my own fault, and I can never forgive myself for being so infatuated; but I've done all I can to repair it, and I shall never cease till he is discovered. You know, Tapp is not a common name; it's not like Smith or Johnson."

"How do you know he hasn't changed it?" answered Maria. "Indeed, I've no doubt he has."

"Now this is really cruel," said the elder lady, in a voice that showed she was not far from tears; "you continually reproach me, and now you won't let me sleep."

This appeal seemed to melt the obduracy of the younger lady; for I heard something like kisses, and they soon afterwards appeared to fall asleep.

For my part, I had at first thought of knocking against the partition, or rising and going to their room to tell them what I knew: but, in the first place, I should have lost my night's rest, and I was very tired; and in the next, I confess I hesitated about turning informer and giving up Tapp to his enemies. So I resolved to wait till the morning, when I should be sure to find my neighbours with the rest of the lodgers, looking at the sunrise. However, when we all assembled at five o'clock outside the inn for that purpose, there was such a grotesque group of strange figures, male and female, huddled in cloaks and blankets and shawls, generally thrown over their heads Bedouin fashion, that I could not even give a guess which amongst them was Maria or her mamma. Having really seen the sun rise over those majestic mountains, tinging their summits with that glorious purple hue, that I never saw equalled except when the sun at his setting clothed the mountains of Albania with the same royal robes, I retired to my room; and as the morning was very cold, and I knew my party were not disposed for an early breakfast, I went to bed again. For a few minutes I heard my neighbours discussing the beauty of the scene, and then I fell asleep. When I woke again, it was half-past eight; no sound reached me from the adjoining chamber; and on descending to breakfast, I learnt, on inquiry, that the ladies who had occupied it had departed. They had gone down the mountain on the Kreuznach side; we were going down the other; so that it was clear I had lost them for the present. I really was not sorry; for although curious to penetrate the mystery, I was not at all decided what I should do in the case. Now it seemed that fate had taken the affair in her own hands; and so she had, but not in the way I then believed.

It was not very long after the above event that I found myself at Vevay; we could not get rooms at the *Couronne*, so we went to the *Hôtel du Lac*, where, by the by, they give you very bad dinners; and where, when I was descending the stairs, after selecting bedrooms for myself and party, who should I meet but my tall friend, whom I had last seen at Dover, and whom Mr. and Mrs. H— had met at Ostend. He was not inquiring for Tapp this time, but carrying up a jug of warm-water; and it immediately occurred to me that he had come to Switzerland to meet the ladies, and that I should probably find them here; and so it proved. As there are two dinners, one early and one late, there are generally not a great many people at either; and I had no difficulty in fixing on the right parties, for the tall man stood behind their chairs. The elder, a nice ladylike-looking person; the other, a plain-looking young woman of doubtful age and a decidedly provincial air: but the expression of her countenance was pleasing, and I felt altogether a prepossession in their favour.

After dinner, we went into the garden, and I addressed some observations to them about the scenery; and as one of the steamboats came in view, I mentioned that I was going to Geneva the next day to call on a friend, and I hoped it would be fine.

"We want to go to Geneva too," said the elder lady. "We want to go to the banker's; besides, we ordered our letters to be addressed there. We expected to have come to Vevay by that route, but we came by Lausanne instead. Do you know of a good place to dine at Geneva? for we shall not be back here to dinner, I'm told."

"You'll dine much better at the Balance, there," I said. "It's an old-fashioned inn, but good and reasonable. I mean to dine there."

The next day we met on board the steamer, as I expected; and the elder lady and myself soon found ourselves in conversation about our travels. This was what I wanted; and I took occasion to mention that I thought we had been next neighbours on the Rhine, and that from the thinness of the partition, I had been an involuntary hearer of their con-

versation. She seemed to have no recollection of what had been the subject of that conversation, and only remarked that the partition was very thin, and she hoped they had not disturbed me.

"We were very uncomfortable there," said Mrs. Middlemas (such I found was her name); "for Bunbury—that's my servant—had not joined us, and I'm never comfortable without him; he's such a faithful intelligent person, and has lived in Colonel Middlemas's family all his life. He came home from India with me, and I never should have thought of travelling without him, only I was obliged to send him away about most particular business" (here a sigh escaped her); "one feels so helpless when one has always been accustomed to have every thing done for one. We have a maid; but she is of no earthly use in travelling, for she can't speak a word of French."

"Does your man-servant speak French?" I asked.

"O yes," she said, "else he would not have been able to do the business we've employed him in. He's been to Paris and to several places in France to make some inquiries of the greatest importance to us, and he has now been all through Belgium and Germany on the same errand."

I should like to have said, "And has he succeeded in his researches?" but it would have been too importunate; so I rejoined, "It's very odd, but I think I've met Mr. Bunbury before also. I saw him at Dover. I remember he was at that time making inquiries about a person named"—here I hesitated.

"Tapp," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"Yes, I remember it was Tapp," said I.

"He's been travelling these five months to find that man," she rejoined in a tone of vexation. "It is one of the most extraordinary and distressing things," she added, raising her hands.

"Really," I said, in an inquiring voice; for I saw she was half-inclined to tell me the story, and I believe I looked as if I should very much like to hear it.

"And what is worse, I have only myself to blame."

In this way we beat about the bush for some time; but before we reached Geneva I was in possession of the following facts, which I shall relate as faithfully as I can recall them.

Colonel Middlemas was a widower, with one daughter, when he met with this lady and married her. His regiment was at that time going to India; and Maria—for she was the daughter—was left behind with an aunt, a sister of her mother's, who greatly desired her company. This arrangement continued for some years; when Colonel Middlemas, finding himself unable to return to England, sent for his daughter to join him. But Maria objected, alleging that India would not agree with her, and that she did not like to leave her aunt. The colonel insisted; and communicated to the aunt, Miss Darnley, that besides wishing to see his daughter, there was another reason for his persistence: he had a project of marriage for her—he wished to unite her to a favourite *protégé* of his own; an amiable young man of good family but small fortune, whom he had brought forward, and whom he intended further to advance. "I shall be able to make them both comfortable by this means; and I feel assured I am taking the best step I can to promote my daughter's happiness."

But instead of complying with her father's wishes, Maria now wrote that her affections were irrevocably engaged and her word pledged. That it was therefore useless to put her father to the expense of her voyage to India, as she never should change her mind on this subject; nor could she with honour do it if even she wished it, which she never should, &c. The aunt wrote also to explain that the object of Maria's affections was Captain Tapp; he was on the half-pay list of the — regiment, and she was sorry to say that he had neither family nor fortune to recommend him; but she believed him to be a very amiable man, and well calculated to make Maria happy. At the same time, she owned that she never should have encouraged the attachment had

she suspected it in the beginning; but her eyes were not opened till too late. She added, that though it was not such a match as Colonel Middlemas's daughter ought to make, yet happiness was the first consideration; and that as she intended to leave Maria every shilling she possessed, she hoped he would not withhold his consent to their union.

This news was most exceedingly displeasing to Colonel and Mrs. Middlemas; and as he could not leave his post, and she required change of air, it was arranged that she should come to England and endeavour to break off this unpleasant connection, which nothing but the extreme simplicity and inexperience of Miss Darnley, who had passed her life in a country-town, could have countenanced or overlooked.

Accordingly Mrs. Middlemas came to England under the care of the grave Bunbury; and after a short sojourn in London, proceeded to the north, determined to use all her own and her husband's influence in opposition to the match. But she found that she had a spirit to deal with that was not to be overcome. Whether it was obstinacy, as Colonel M. called it, or strength of attachment, as Miss Darnley alleged, certain it was that Maria remained firm as a rock in her resolution to hear of no other suitor but Captain Tapp; which appeared the more extraordinary, as Mrs. Middlemas saw nothing in him to like. He certainly might be amiable,—she had no means of knowing whether he was or not, as he was so constrained in her presence that she could form no opinion on that subject; but he had no attractions of person or manner, and he was several years older than Maria; in short, she considered him altogether a very provincial common sort of person, and one that she was sure Colonel Middlemas would not be pleased to receive or introduce as his son-in-law.

However, Maria was resolved: but there was one chance left; Mrs. M. had some relations in Paris whom she wished to see; and she determined to take Maria with her there, and try the effect of absence. Besides, the young lady had been living in the country a long time, had become provincial herself, and was therefore blind to the defects of her lover. A little Paris polish, she thought, might render her more clear-sighted; and the object she and her husband sought be thus attained without further exertion of authority.

Unfortunately a year's residence in Paris proved the fallacy of these hopes. Maria was dressed and drilled, and taken to theatres, to *soirées musicales* and *thés dansants*; but with no effect whatever, except to produce a considerable degree of *ennui*, which manifested itself by very demonstrative yawns. She always insisted that these things afforded her no amusement; they were, on the contrary, an insufferable bore to her; she had no taste for such a life as she was leading now, and was much happier in the village home of her aunt, where she had passed so many happy years.

At length Colonel Middlemas's *protégé*, whom he intended for his daughter's husband, was discovered to have formed an attachment to a pretty penniless girl, who had been sent out on speculation; and that, together with Mrs. M.'s weariness of Maria's obstinacy, determined them to forego further opposition, and allow her to marry the man of her choice; though not without protest, and a hint that she need expect a very inferior provision to that she would have otherwise had.

This point being settled, Captain T. suddenly appeared in Paris. The truth was, he had been there some time, unknown to Mrs. Middlemas; but now he visited Maria without concealment, and Mrs. M. endeavoured to evince as little dislike to him as possible. However, she was willing enough to hasten the marriage and return to her husband; and as the ceremony was to be performed in Miss Darnley's parish-church, they began to make preparations for their departure from Paris.

When Mrs. Middlemas left India, she brought with her a little packet of diamonds, which the colonel directed her to get handsomely set, during her residence in England, as

he intended them for a present to his daughter on her marriage. The affair with Captain T. had prevented her taking any steps about them; and she had written to her husband to know what, under existing circumstances, was to be done with them. The day previous to her leaving Paris, it occurred to her that she might as well show them to some good jeweller there, and hear what he said of their value, and what style of setting he recommended, before she went; so, taking Maria with her, they started for Bassot's, in the Rue de la Paix. On their way they met Tapp; and Maria, who was not at all disposed to consider Mrs. M.'s feelings on the subject, asked him to join them, which he willingly did.

The respectable M. Bassot examined the diamonds, pronounced on their value, and recommended that they should be made into a brooch and earrings, after such a fashion as he described. The inspection over, as Mrs. M. said she was not prepared to decide on what she would do, he folded them in a bit of silver-paper, which he closed with a drop of green wax, after the manner of jewellers; he then put the little packet into a small box, which he enveloped in paper and sealed with another drop of wax. This done, he handed the packet across the counter to Mrs. Middlemas; she put it in her bag, and they left the shop. Tapp escorted them to the door of their hotel and then took his leave, saying he would return later to see if he could be of any use to them.

They had now no servant but Bunbury; for Mrs. Middlemas had dismissed her French maid, whom she did not intend taking to England; so they were engaged in packing all the remainder of the day. Towards evening Tapp came; and while they were taking a cup of coffee, Mrs. M. said to her daughter,

"Do you know, Maria, I am very sorry I did not buy that cap at Laure's to-day; after all, I don't think it was so dear, for the materials were beautiful, certainly."

"I dare say you may have it now," answered Maria; "I don't suppose the shops are shut. Send Bunbury."

"I don't know; Laure closes very early; and Bunbury is out paying the bills. Besides, I should like to go myself, to have another look at it before I decide."

"Well, Tapp can walk with us," said Maria. But just at this point of the discussion Bunbury returned.

"O, here's Bunbury. Then we'll go; and he shall walk with us, because he can carry home the cap, if I buy it."

"Then I had better stay here, to keep watch over all these treasures," said Tapp.

"Do, if you please," answered Mrs. M., "for there are so many things lying about the room; and, by the by, I'll leave these diamonds behind me; it's no use walking about the streets with them;" and so saying, she took the little packet out of her bag and laid it on the table.

Of course she bought the cap. The following morning they left Paris, and arrived in London on the ensuing day. There Maria's *trousseau* was to be prepared; after which they were to proceed to Yorkshire for the solemnisation of the wedding; and the ceremony over, Mrs. M. proposed rejoining her husband in India.

"I think, Maria," said Mrs. Middlemas, a day or two after their arrival in London, "that those diamonds would be useless to you in your position as Mrs. Tapp, living at a village in Yorkshire; and that it would be much better to sell them, and give you the money."

"A great deal better," said Maria. "I should never wear them; and being papa's present, I could not sell them."

Mrs. Middlemas arose from her chair, and proceeded to the adjoining room, which was her bed-chamber. There she unlocked a large trunk; and diving to the bottom of it, she drew forth her jewel-case, which she carried into the room where Maria was sitting.

"I think," said Mrs. M., "you might have a pretty set of fashionable ornaments more suitable for you, and a good bit of money over; for I know they're fine stones,—indeed, Bassot said so. We'll go to Hancock's this afternoon, and

consult him about it;" and so saying, she unlocked the jewel-case, took out the small packet, unfolded the outside paper, and lifted the cover of the little box, which, to her ineffable amazement, was—empty!

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It seems in politics to be a notable fact that the very worst thing you can do to a constitution is to make it logical. Let the great machine be constructed on the supposition that two and two make nothing in particular, that waxwork is the sort of stuff for furnaces and gun-cotton for safety-valves; and then, after finishing the job to this extent, sand the wheels, cut the straps, and throw water on the fuel, and in all probability your engine will set to work like a Briton, do all sorts of ridiculously good things, help itself, mend itself, and wear till you are tired of it. But begin in wisdom; have a reason for every thing; discard absurdity; stick to figures and common sense; and all you get by your mathematics is the mathematical assurance that the whole thing will be found at Jericho immediately after the first turning of the wheels.

One may feel freely delivered from the fear of any such catastrophe when the British Parliament meets for the despatch of business. The holiday veil is removed, and the fine old Constitution sweeps up the stage again in a hundred unaccountable forms,—some gray as ashes, some tough as leather, and most of them without one logical leg to stand upon. Yet we have much doubt whether the said Constitution would thrive better if it were a more logical invention.

This may seem curious doctrine; and yet there is nothing in it to be wondered at. This beautiful living world is not made of squares and circles, but of men and women, most of whom thank the gods they are not mathematical. They are not made, and cannot act, by arithmetical rule. Laws there are which their nature perforce obeys; but, like the law of storms, the chief thing certain about them is their profound uncertainty, and the surest rule, that of perpetual exceptions. Fixing our eyes on solitary facts and the short and simple sequence of their immediate causes, we can reason mathematically, predict securely, and trust to theories without being nervous as to the consequence; but in those larger processes where facts become gregarious and the universe works out its grander ends, the lines of cause and effect are such as no field of mortal vision can contain at once, and to treat them as if we were sure about them is like steering by the compass among floating icebergs, or trusting to the rules of chess on a battle-field. How an apple falls to the ground we know well enough; can reckon how thick a skull would be cracked by it at a given distance below the bough, and say to twenty decimals the space of time measured by the last foot of its descent. But how the apple grows is another affair. Chemical affinity and capillary attraction; the laws of light and heat, of exhalation and absorption,—we may put all these together if we like, but they will not enable us to say which buds on the flowering stem will ripen, and which will be blighted. In these respects a nation is very much like an apple-blossom. It is entirely so in the complex nature of the laws which govern its development.

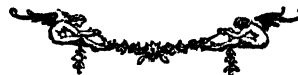
The weakest point in all abstract theories of government is this: they necessarily presuppose that some one or other will do his duty, and practically nobody does it. So the result is one thing, and the expectation quite another. You point straight at your enemy, and find you have hit your friend; you sow corn, and get a crop of cabbages. Electoral theories fail, because electors are neither saints nor sages; constitutions fail, because there is no sieve in the world

that will separate its honest men; despotism fails, because the first act of a despotic conscience is to put itself out of the way. Political systems want mending the moment they are made. The material is itself defective: if you let them lie quiet, they rot; if you use them, they go to holes and tatters. The reason why the most successful among them are to so great an extent the least consistent is, that in these the fabric has been repaired again and again, and their anomalies and contradictions are just the darns and patches by which it is held together.

We come here upon the true relation which political institutions bear to national progress. Whatever form of government a nation may adopt, the first inevitable thing about it is, that it will be continually out of repair; and the first condition of its utility is therefore that it should be well and regularly mended. If there is such capacity in the race itself, and such opportunity in the system of its political affairs as to insure this regular process of reparation; in other words, if the nation and its forms of government grow naturally together,—the result will be a successful one. It is not a perfect theory that we want. It is not exemption from political evils, which is impossible. It is not provision against all contingencies, which would be useless. It is a power of constant re-adaptation—a principle of life—a power of mending.

Looking with these thoughts at the old fabric of England's greatness, the fears or doubts which some parts of our system may at times occasion should fairly fade away. Our institutions are full of things odd and inconsistent, quaint and ludicrous; but their history is the history of steady growth, of continual development. Customs, shocking to our logic, are yet effectual for our wants; laws, untenable in theory, still hold us together in practice; and the experience of ages assures us that when the nation itself is fit to move onwards, its institutions make no obstinate resistance, but are soon ready to go along with it.

This is perhaps all that can be expected from human government. At best it is but a remedy for the shortcomings of individuals. If all men did their duty, its functions would be at an end. In the mean time reflection should make us tolerant of each other, and allay our impatience of political strife. The war of opinions in England means chiefly that many are zealous in the same good cause. We live in the struggle; we grow torpid in the truce; the grumbling, which is an Englishman's privilege, is also his very life. A man who is just content, is just good for nothing; a nation of grumblers is a nation that may rule the world. Society, however, is made of single souls, and can improve only by individual improvement. A statesman who mends a law, removes an obstacle to progress; but a father who brings up a noble child, has already made his country nobler.



HUGH MILLER.

THERE is no one who has heard of the name of Hugh Miller but will look with the deepest interest upon the characteristic portrait here presented. To those who had the higher privilege of enjoying his personal friendship it will be especially dear. How forcibly does it recall the plain and homely attire, the earnest and manly features, of the great geologist! All that is wanting is the coarse plaid, which was so often thrown over his shoulders; but it has been dispensed with for a little, the better to examine the geological specimen.

The sudden death of this remarkable man, and the tragic circumstances connected with it, are events which we hardly yet feel able fully to realise. Struck down in the midst of us without note or warning, the blow came with all the more stunning, stupefying effect. While the world of science and literature mourns over the loss of one of its brightest



Hugh Miller.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. G. TUNNY.

ornaments, we in Scotland feel the sad calamity with all the poignancy of a domestic affliction.

With the name of Hugh Miller is associated all that is honest, independent, and manly; simple and earnest nature, indomitable energy, and untiring perseverance. In his autobiography, published a year or two ago, we have a most notable instance of the truth that

"We can make our lives sublime."

It is the story of a career favoured at the outset with no accidental advantages of birth, wealth, or education; subjected to the common lot of working-men, and continued throughout amidst scenes of most surpassing interest. He was born, as he tells us in the fascinating narrative of his life already alluded to, at Cromarty, on the 10th of October 1802. He lost his father, who perished at sea, when very young, and the care of him and two younger sisters devolved upon his widowed mother,—a truly excellent and industrious woman,—who was left to support her family by her own exertions. At the three different schools at which Hugh was successively placed, he seems to have derived little or no advantage from the education there imparted; nor does he acknowledge mental growth to have been the result of attendance at any one of them. His real education began with many delightful walks along the unfrequented shore with one of his uncles, who used to point out to him the

effect of certain winds upon the tide, the habits of the crustacea, and the water-worn fragments of rocks scattered along the beach. In these walks we see the future geologist receiving his first lessons from the great book of nature spread out before him; and to them may be ascribed the bent of his mind towards his favourite science thus so early directed, though at first it lay rather in the direction of mineralogy than geology. Another of his uncles was a stonemason, and to him Hugh was apprenticed for three years. This occupation, though far from being congenial to his feelings, introduced him more fully to the study of geology, which he soon began to prosecute with much ardour, and lost no opportunity of enjoying his rambles by the shore, or of exploring quarries, hammer in hand, and picking up specimens even then. At the close of his apprenticeship, he quitted Cromarty and went to Edinburgh, where he procured employment as a stonemason. After working there for about two years, his health, never very robust, began to give way; and in order to recruit it, he returned to his native place, where he was kindly welcomed by all his old friends.

During this early period of Mr. Miller's life, he occasionally amused himself with attempts at verse-making; but though some of these effusions show considerable merit and feeling, it is by his prose alone that he will be remembered. One of these, however, became so popular in his native place,

that it was handed about in manuscript, and read at tea-parties by the *élite* of the village. It was even dressed up by a worthy old lady, the mistress of the boarding-school, and recited by some of her young ladies amidst the most rapturous applause. He was thenceforth styled "the Cromarty Poet." Having, in the summer of 1828, gone to Inverness, he sent to the editor of the *Inverness Courier* some of his poetical efforts; and it was then that he formed his first connection with the press, and became acquainted with Mr. Robert Carruthers, editor of that journal. By him Mr. Miller was induced to publish, in one volume, some fifteen or twenty pieces which had been written during the preceding six years. This unpretending volume (notwithstanding much adverse criticism), and some letters on Herring-Fishing, which subsequently appeared in the columns of the *Courier*, obtained for their author the notice and attention of many good friends, among whom were the late Dr. James Brown, of Edinburgh, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and Principal Baird. The last-mentioned gentleman very strongly urged Mr. Miller to quit Inverness for Edinburgh, where he might obtain literary employment. But the invitation was prudently declined. "I did think it possible," says Mr. Miller, "that in some subordinate capacity,—as a concocter of paragraphs, or an abridger of parliamentary debates, or even as a writer of occasional articles,—I might find more remunerative employment than as a stonemason; but though I might acquaint myself in a large town, when occupied in this way, with the world of books, I questioned whether I could enjoy equal opportunities of acquainting myself with the occult and the new in natural science as when plying my labours in the provinces as a mechanic."

About this time Mr. Miller began to collect the legendary stories of his native district, which were afterwards published in Edinburgh, under the title of *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*. This was his first great success in literature; it revealed the poetic imagination and the fine descriptive power of the writer. "A remarkable book," said Leigh Hunt, "written by a remarkable man, who will infallibly be well known." We also find him beginning to give more attention to political matters; and so interested in local affairs did he become, that on one occasion he even went the length of standing for a councillor at one of the municipal elections. Very much to his surprise, he was successful; but the honour soon lost its relish for him. "In duly attending the first meeting of council," he says, "I heard an eloquent speech from a gentleman in the opposition, directed against the individuals who, as he finely expressed it, 'were wielding the destinies of his native town;' and saw, as the only serious piece of business before the meeting, the councillors clubbing pennies a-piece in order to defray, in the utter lack of town-funds, the expense of a ninepenny postage. And then, with, I fear, a very inadequate sense of the responsibilities of my new office, I staid away from the council-board, and did nothing whatever in its behalf, with astonishing perseverance and success, for three years together."

Having accepted the accountantship of a branch agency of the Commercial Bank of Scotland about to be established in Cromarty, Mr. Miller went to Edinburgh to receive instructions; and after a few days was sent to Linlithgow to be practically initiated into the art and mystery of banking. On his return to Cromarty, he soon afterwards married the amiable and accomplished lady who now mourns over the great and irreparable loss she has so recently sustained.

During all these changes and promotions, the favourite study of geology was never neglected. He was diligently employing his leisure time among the fossil fishes of the old red sandstone, and the ammonites and belemnites of the lias, which abound in the vicinity of Cromarty. The discoveries and restorations in which these investigations resulted entitled Mr. Miller to take his place amongst the most distinguished geologists of the day. But a more exciting subject engaged his attention at this time—the ecclesiastical controversy, and the critical situation of the Church

of Scotland. "Could I do nothing for my church in her hour of peril?" he asked himself. "I tossed wakefully throughout a whole night, in which I formed my plan of taking the purely popular side of the question; and in the morning I sat down to state my views to the people in the form of a letter to Lord Brougham. I devoted to my new employment every moment not imperatively demanded by my duties in the bank-office, and in about a week after, was able to despatch the manuscript of my pamphlet to the respected manager of the Commercial Bank." This pamphlet at once attracted the attention of those ministers who afterwards founded the Free Church of Scotland. In 1840, it was proposed by the party of ministers already referred to, that a newspaper should be established to promote the popular views; and the author of the pamphlet was invited to become its editor. Thus *The Witness* was established, with Hugh Miller for its editor.

In 1841, the results of Mr. Miller's investigations were given to the world in his *Old Red Sandstone*; a work which not only placed its author among the foremost rank of scientific men, but even charmed ordinary readers by the novelty and beauty of its style. A few years later, he published his *Footprints of the Creator*. This work, undoubtedly his *chef-d'œuvre*, has been introduced as a text-book into the universities by the most eminent teachers of natural science. He opposes in it the views promulgated in the well-known book, *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*.

Some eight or nine years ago, Mr. Miller published an interesting book,—*First Impressions of England and its People*; but his published works are only a very small portion of the labours of his lifetime. For many years past he has been one of the most industrious and indefatigable members of the Royal Physical Society, at whose meetings he from time to time communicated the results of his observations and discoveries. The papers read there have never been published, with the exception of one or two which appeared in the columns of *The Witness*. It was his long-cherished intention that each of these should form a part of the great work to which for many years his leisure time has been devoted. His design was to combine all his labours among the different formations of Scotland into one grand picture of the geological history of the country.

But the work upon which he was more immediately engaged at the time of his death—only too laboriously—was a new work on geology, entitled, *The Testimony of the Rocks*. It is said to include the two lectures on "The Mosaic periods" delivered in London two years ago; the paper read before the British Association at Glasgow in 1855; and those lectures in course of delivery in Edinburgh on "The Noachian Deluge."

"That volume," says *The Witness*, "will, in a few weeks, be in the hands of many of our readers; and while they peruse it with the saddened impression that his intellect and genius poured out their latest treasures in its composition, they will search through it in vain for the slightest evidence of feebleness or decaying power. Rather let us anticipate the general verdict that will be pronounced upon it, and speak of it as one of the ablest of all his writings. But he wrought at it too eagerly. Hours after midnight the light was seen to glimmer through the window of that room which within the same eventful week was to witness the close of the volume and the close of the writer's life."

We do not attempt to give here any analysis of the character and genius of Hugh Miller. We have given what we considered might probably prove more interesting at the present time—a simple narrative of his eventful life. Of his conduct as a public journalist it is unnecessary to say much here. His brethren of the press have already testified how sincere was their admiration for him, who was such a zealous co-operator with themselves in endeavouring to elevate the tone and style of our newspaper literature. Perhaps of all the tributes to his worth and excellence which have been rendered since his lamented death, the following, with which we conclude our short notice, is the most generous, coming; as it

does, from the representative of other views and opinions than those advocated in *The Witness*:

"In Hugh Miller," says the *Sootsman*, "the newspaper-press of Scotland has to mourn the loss of one who was felt to give it dignity and character. Although scarcely aiming at the performance of some of the most arduous duties of a journalist, the vigour and completeness of many of the articles he supplied to his journal were the admiration alike of his own party and of the public, and of friends and opponents among his contemporaries. The purity and vigour of his English, his wealth of literary allusion, his trenchant sarcasm, his jets of true humour—never altogether wanting even in the least happy of his productions—gave to some of them a celebrity and length of life very rarely attained by any writings that make their way to the world through a newspaper. Having often had occasion to differ from him in matters of taste, and still oftener in matters of opinion, we are, at this painful moment, thankful that we did not, even when controversy was hottest, neglect any clear calls or fair opportunities to make acknowledgment, however imperfectly, of his genius and his moral worth."

A PAINTER'S REVENGE.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "ASPEN COURT," "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS," ETC.

VII.

THAT Herbert Disney left Mrs. Latrobe's with politeness, and then gave way to his wrath with ferocity, needs hardly be said. As he paced round Soho Square, he launched the fierce shafts of his scornful rage at every member of the circle to which we have had the honour of introducing the reader. Georgiana was a cold-hearted scheming flirt, with a vulgar feminine admiration of soldiery (mere livery-servants, after all); and she was really not worth another thought. The captain of Fusiliers was a most frivolous mischievous coxcomb, and a worthy sample of the officer-class, which Herbert believed to be composed of every thing that was profligate and audacious. As for Mrs. Parker, if Georgiana had not deceived her (and the girl was artful enough for any thing), that matron had been playing tricks with him,—perhaps set on to do so by that military cousin himself. And even poor Mrs. Latrobe came in for a share of vituperation. Why had she not taught her daughter to behave better, and prevented such barefaced flirtations and inconsistencies? Having slightly relieved his mind by apportioning to each of his enemies his or her place in the system of creation, Mr. Disney proceeded to consider his next move.

His evident and rational course was to do nothing; and it is highly superfluous, therefore, to observe that a young gentleman of two-and-twenty, who imagined himself in love, dismissed all idea of this course without a moment's hesitation. He conceived himself entitled to revenge of some kind, and this he determined to have.

But revenge is not an easy matter in England. In France, now, if a virtuous and injured young man desires to right himself, he can pick a slight quarrel with his foe, and be shot with much comfort and expedition. But that kind of thing has been stopped here, with no particular ill consequences. Although it was certainly predicted that the extirpation of duelling would turn all our gentlemen into savages; and that we should use bad names and slap faces in the presence of ladies, as soon as it became impossible to call us to account, I have not noticed much of that species of conduct in drawing-rooms. Herbert Disney thought that he should like to defy the captain to mortal combat, but owned to himself that it would not do. He felt satisfied that the Fusilier would summon the aid of a brother-officer in blue, and with a bracelet on his left wrist: and there is nothing chivalrous, or even satisfactory, in being taken in charge. So he abandoned all designs upon the captain's life.

Physical revenge upon the women was not exactly a

thing to plot; and, indeed, what could he do even to Mrs. Parker, who had chiefly caused the injury to his vanity? Unless, like the clown in a pantomime, he went and lay on his face across her doorway, and trusted to her tumbling over him when she came out, it was hard to say what he could do to hurt this aggravating old woman.

Now about this time it came to pass that the greatest poet of the day, aggrieved at certain satire by the most varied genius of the day, had penned some retaliatory verses in the wittiest publication of the day. They were then upon the lips of every body, and upon Mr. Herbert Disney's among the rest of mankind. And one line was this—

"An artist, sir, should rest in art."

And this wise counsel darted through the memory of Mr. Disney as he paced rapidly around Soho Square.

* * * * *

Two months have elapsed, and in the studio on the second-floor may be beheld a young artist toiling exceedingly hard at a picture. He is working with earnestness and gravity. He has discarded his elegant robe and golden bell-pull, and in an old cotton-velvet jacket is labouring away as one who thinks of his work, not of himself. Indignation makes verses. It also makes pictures. It sent our young Herbert to his case; but, in the first place, it sent him to his bookshelf. He required a theme, in dealing with which he might at once avenge himself on his enemies and vindicate his own genius; and he speedily discovered one, for a stick is easily found when—what is that familiar saying? In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* our painter detected a subject which precisely fulfilled his requirements; and that subject he has been busily treating for eight weeks, during which time he has never approached the houses where he sustained the injuries we have recorded.

He has painted a scene from the *Dream*. It is at the moment when Oberon, having awakened Titania, directs Puck to remove the ass's head from the shoulders of Bottom. You discover at a glance that in the charming features of the fairy queen may be discerned the best likeness which Mr. Disney could produce of Miss Georgiana Latrobe; and that the removal of the ass's head from the weaver discloses a malicious reproduction of the handsome lineaments of Charles Llewellyn. Oberon's back, as you see, is towards you; but you can quite perceive that the artist has thought of his own figure; and the portion of the face in view has a sarcastic expression, much cultivated by himself upon occasion. Even Puck is made a little like poor Mrs. Parker in features; and, in fact, the Painter's Revenge embraces every body who has wronged him,—for among some pretty fairies peeping through the branches are two or three ugly ones, and one of these is Mrs. Latrobe, with her mouth open in astonishment at what is going on. Dante himself did not carry out his revenge more completely.

The best, or the worst, of it is, that the young fellow has made a good picture. He has gone to work with so much heart and determination, that the goddess Art, who will be wooed as we are told to woo widows, namely, with vehemence, has listened. He has brought all his knowledge, and all his patience, and all his industry, to bear upon that canvas; and the result is, that he is rewarded by a real success. Drawing and colour and breadth and force and truth, and all the rest of the words which have a meaning, though incapable and immodest critics do sometimes sprinkle them, as from a flour-dropper, over their art-notice, are required if we want to describe Herbert's picture. He has done the thing this time, and feels that he has done it.

And now, O thou of little mind! thou art thinking that the painter's revenge is incomplete. Thou wouldst have him take such order that his satire should come under the eyes of those whom he has depicted; that Georgiana should colour with anger as she beholds herself owning that she has been enamoured of an ass; and that the captain's moustache should curl with ire as he notes how faithfully he is limned for posterity as the garrulous swaggering clown.

Thou wouldst even like the two old women to see their faces in the picture. We write no art-tales (with a purpose) to such as thou art, O friend; but truly, friend, wert thou now at the head of a flight of stairs, and I behind thee, I would gladly expedite thy descent by a leverage whereof thou must surely wot.

Not so; the artist rests in art. The impulse of wrath and revenge drove him to his easel, and aided him in his toil; but as he advanced, and found that he was succeeding, a better influence came upon him, and he worked away like an earnest man, and not like a passionate boy. His plan was laid, his likenesses were taken, before the change took place; but long ago he has forgotten his wrath, and is acting under a worthier inspiration. Look at him, and tell us whether that is the face of an enraged and vain young fellow, furiously caricaturing his rival; or is it the countenance of the art-student, following Art through all her thousand coquetties, assured of tracking his way at last to her inmost meaning?

It was late in the summer, and the Academy was about to close. One morning an acquaintance of Herbert Disney's called upon him, and apprised him that, having purchased one of the crack pictures of the year, with intention to engrave it, he much needed a brief pamphlet which should introduce the work in the provinces, whither it was to be taken. The more charming the description of the picture, the stronger the reasons assigned why the owner of an engraving from it should be the proudest man in the kingdom, the better. Herbert had a pleasant pen—guineas were no object to the picture-owner—would Mr. Disney write the pamphlet?

What a clever good little book he wrote! Utterly unlike any thing of the kind which he had done previously. He studied the great master's picture, and sought in earnestness and reverence to comprehend his treatment. A few weeks of sincere work of his own had marvellously opened his eyes to the work of others. Consequently, instead of a smart shower of sparkling words, which read most sweetly to the ignorant, and make the artist smile with not very cheerful contempt, Herbert prepared a genial but discriminating tribute to the masterpiece before him, in which some of its surpassing merits (not all, for no miracle had been worked upon the young man) were eloquently pointed out in a manner which carried to the mind of the educated reader the conviction felt by the writer. Let me add that, though the purchaser of the manuscript paid honourably for it, he did not like it half so well as earlier productions of Herbert's; he did not consider that it would "tell" half so well upon a subscribing world; and he gave the next job of the sort to a very smart and ready young writer, who "did" critiques upon every thing, and who would have cut up the Newtonian system without the faintest hesitation, and at the shortest notice, if it had been the Copernican that he was requested to puff. But the painter of whom Herbert Disney had written read his pamphlet, and made the young man's acquaintance; and in an hour's conversation before an easel, told him things in art that were worth a good many times the guineas he had lost by his earnestness.

Herbert Disney was in a fair way to be a distinguished painter. Let us say at once that he has become one, and that on the first Monday in May every body asks, "What has Disney done this year?" And now, perhaps, some readers may desire an end to this story. Well, what sort of an ending would any body like? I said that the thing was not a novel, but something with a purpose; and that you have had. There is no reason, however, for defrauding any body of the sequel to our history. Once more, what sort of an end would you like?

I see a very good "situation," will you have it? Herbert Disney's "Dream" is sent into the country for exhibition. It is shown, among other places, in the town near the residence of the rich baronet who intends to make Mrs. Charles Llewellyn his heiress. Sir Plutus Goldsworthy buys pictures sometimes; and upon the present occasion he drives in from

Aurifer Hall, with his niece, whom he supposes to be Miss Goldsworthy, to see the new work. Mrs. Charles advances to behold it, recognises the features of her beloved Fusilier, and rapidly drawing from the accessories the deduction that her soldier has been affectionately inclined towards some beautiful girl, represented as Titania, cannot repress her excitable nature, screams, sobs out her story at the feet of Sir Plutus, and is disinherited. There is revenge for the painter.

If you do not like this ending,—and I do not much like it myself,—I will give you another, which I think is the right one. I think that Llewellyn soon left off flirting with Georgiana, and went out of town to shoot; and that Sir Plutus, suddenly departing from this sublunary vale, left him next year at liberty to acknowledge his rich wife. I think that Georgiana speedily recovered from her folly, and that it taught her a lesson; and that at some of the parties in the spring she and Herbert met again, and friendly relations were resumed. Whether two or three years later, when he had a good income, and fancied that he knew his own mind, he was silly enough to go again to Charlotte Street on the same errand as before, and unlucky enough not to depart under similar circumstances of discomfiture, I really do not feel myself obliged to say. The moral of a story does not lie in its marriages. But I think it exceedingly probable that Herbert did marry Georgiana, and also that Mrs. Disney does justice to her sex, and to its logic, by maintaining to this day that all her husband's brilliant success in life is due to herself; for that if she had not driven him to earnest work, by what she tells him, and he tries to believe, was pretended coldness, he would never have achieved the Painter's Revenge.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

To take a comprehensive glance of invisible things, learning to appreciate them justly, and attribute to each its properties and value—presupposes no small advance in chemical philosophy. When the quantities of invisible gases floating around us are reduced to weight and measure, we rise startled from contemplating the figures these weighings and measurings disclose. When the invisible salts, and invisible organic fluids, which contaminate our wells and potable streams, are extracted, and brought by the force of chemistry before us—we gain some new and unpleasant ideas of purity and impurity.

Amongst scientific applications having popular interest at the present time, the economic purification of sewage-water, rendering it limpid and furnishing manure, is receiving much public attention. An elaborate paper on the subject has been read before the Society of Arts by Mr. Fothergill Cooke; the object of this gentleman being to demonstrate that the system of purifying water by means of cream of lime, introduced at Leicester by Mr. Wicksteed in 1845, might with advantage be applied to the metropolis; either exclusively or conjointly with irrigation.

The points seem to be on all hands conceded that cream of lime, when mingled with sewage-fluid in due proportion, can, and does, immediately effect deodorisation; that, moreover, it precipitates all colouring and bodily-suspended matter which may happen to exist in the sewage. Hence it seems to follow that the cream-of-lime process is partially effective; but to assert that it is *wholly* effective, that it can precipitate *all* the extraneous bodies, by the presence of which sewage-water differs from ordinary water, is no less at variance with the teachings of chemistry than the preponderating testimony elicited by the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Cooke's paper. The inhabitants of London, according to Mr. Cooke's estimate, consume no less than the enormous quantity of 12,000 tons of nitrogen annually. This nitrogen ultimately goes to form ammonia, with 15,000 tons of which it corresponds. Now when it is considered that the value of this ammonia may be estimated at 600,000*l.*, and that it would suffice to manure 820,000

acres, or 500 square miles of land, some notion may be formed of the shortcomings of any sewage-purification scheme, economically considered, which does not involve the capture and utilisation of ammonia. It is a fallacy moreover to regard the translucency of water as identical with purity; nearly all the soluble salts originally held by sewage-water will remain there, the agency of lime notwithstanding. Those who most strongly advocate the Leicester system of purification, admit that it is incompetent to deal with the case of highly putrescent sewage; in other words, sewage highly charged with ammonia. The practical question, then, arises, in relation to the metropolis, whether the putrefaction of enormous masses of sewage-liquid can be occasionally prevented under certain meteorologic conditions?

The public, and especially the artistic public, will be glad to learn that a novel, and apparently a good, process of conferring siccative properties on oils has been made known by Mr. Christopher Binks. It consists in heating the oil, previously incorporated with hydrated protoxide of manganese, in the proportion of from five to fourteen pounds of hydrated oxide to every ton of oil. The usual processes of rendering linseed-oil siccative have consisted either in boiling it alone, or boiling it with litharge, red lead, peroxide of manganese, acetate of lead, and sometimes sulphate of zinc. The theory of the effect of drying agents has hitherto been attributed to their oxidating property; yet it would be difficult to show that acetate of lead is endowed with this quality. Then sulphate of zinc can surely impart no oxygen; and as to hydrated protoxide of manganese, now employed by Mr. Christopher Binks, its chemical power is the very reverse of oxidising; it takes oxygen away. Is not the siccative agency of certain metallic salts and metallic oxides referable to the double agency of their precipitating mucilage and generating oleates, the latter being more siccative than uncombined oleic acid? One prospective advantage from the employment of hydrated protoxide of manganese should seem to be its unchangeable colour under the influence of sulphuretted hydrogen-gas. All drying oils rendered siccative by means of lead-compounds, and retaining a portion of lead, blacken by long exposure to atmospheric influences. This is a very serious consideration to the artist. Occasionally, Mr. Binks informs us, artists' colourmen effect a separation of the excess of lead by the addition of sulphuric acid. This, in our estimation, is calculated to make matters worse for the artist. The interests of fine art demand that more attention than heretofore should be devoted to the conditions on which the permanence of artistic colouring-agents depend.

The recent prominence which has been given to questions of poisoning has stimulated the investigation of toxicologists, both here and abroad. Among the most useful deductions arrived at in relation to strychnia, and the alkaloids generally, are those of Professor Otto, of Brunswick; who has recently published a record of his experiments in one of the German philosophical journals. The processes of analysis are, however, too technical, and too elaborate, for detailed cognisance to be taken of them here. That philosopher has, however, stated a fact in relation to the widely-extended existence of arsenic which is highly curious, and demonstrative of the fact that the objects of justice may be defeated by the very delicacy of chemical tests. Chemists have long drawn attention to the fact that ferruginous depositions from water contain arsenic. No one example of deposition of this kind, totally devoid of arsenic, has hitherto, we believe, been shown to exist. Cognisant of this fact, Professor Otto was impelled by curiosity to examine the crust which had deposited on the interior of his tea-kettle. Having collected a portion, and subjected it to the scrutiny of Marsh's test, he proved it to be arseniferous.

Whilst our knowledge of the properties of mineral poisons, and cognisance of the means of separating them, have arrived at a degree of excellence which leaves almost nothing to be desired—our knowledge, chemical and physiological, of organic poisons remains painfully incomplete. Even

the alkaloids, strychnia, conia, atropina, and others of that family, are a stumbling-block to toxicologists; and as for the animal poisons, all connected with them is no less inscrutable than ever. In the beginning of December, some interesting but unsuccessful experiments were performed by Dr. Chambers, at the solicitation of Mr. Temple, chief-justice of Honduras, for testing the antidotal efficacy of a Honduras plant, in relation to the poison of serpents. It appears that the woodcutters of Honduras are in the habit of relying upon the vegetable in question, when bitten (an accident of frequent occurrence) by the poisonous serpents so prevalent in Central American forests. Some of this vegetable Mr. Temple brought with him to Europe. It was thought to be the veritable Guaco; but on this point the chief-justice of Honduras was not positive. Two puff-adders and two rabbits were made the subjects of experiment. One of the rabbits, having been bitten, died in thirty-five minutes, notwithstanding the administration of a copious dose of Guaco infusion. Theoretical exceptions may of course be taken to the conditions of the experiment; and the fact sought to be elicited may, in strictness of language, be considered rather in the sense of remaining unsettled, than of being positively disproved. The result was nevertheless unfavourable; and leaves the whole question of snake-poison in the same mystery as heretofore. What successful physiologist will be fortunate enough to discover the connection which probably subsists between poison and the salivary gland? The fatal secretive organ, which belongs to many serpents, is only a kind of salivary gland, and the poison a kind of saliva. In these creatures, the secretion is poisonous normally. The poison of hydrophobia is also secreted by the salivary gland; but, then, only as a condition of specific disease, and abnormally. Contemplating the mysterious nature of animal poisons, one is led into the curious train of reflection—that amongst all the toxic agents of this class, whether naturally occurring or artificially generated, one, and perhaps only one,—cantharidine, the active principle of cantharides,—has hitherto been isolated and rendered amenable to the discrimination of chemical tests!

Dr. Royle, whose long experience of Indian vegetable resources gives weight to all his remarks upon them, bids English paper-manufacturers to be of good hope. Notwithstanding the enormously increased demand for paper, consequent on the abolition of postal restrictions and the spread of cheap literature,—notwithstanding the interdict which continental nations have laid on the exportation of paper-making materials—we have only, it appears, to utilise the fibrous vegetable substances which tropical forests so abundantly produce, and we shall obtain paper of better average quality than heretofore; and in quantities equal to the most exacting demands of our giant printing establishments. Amongst the fibre-yielding vegetables specified by Dr. Royle are—the Plantain tribe; the Marrooi, which latter yields large quantities of fibrous material of exquisite whiteness; the Palma tribe, so universal in its productions; the Leguminaceæ, Malvaceæ, Asclepiads, and Nettles. It appears that, owing to the predilection of English people for cotton consequent on the cheapness of this material, our writing and printing paper is of worse average quality than that employed by most of the European nations and the United States of America. What appears still more extraordinary, having regard to the freedom of the English press, and its enormous activity, the consumption of paper per head in England is less than in France, Belgium, Holland, or the United States of America. Every "Statesman," it appears, consumes 13lbs of paper per annum, on an average of the whole population; each inhabitant of France, 9lbs; of Belgium and Holland, 8lbs; while 6½lbs, or at most 7lbs, are available to every Englishman. The price of the raw material entering into paper is, it appears, in France, Belgium, and Holland, from ten to fifteen per cent below its price in England, and is at the same time much better.

M. Maumené, whose labours in the field of vegetable chemistry have been so conspicuous, has recently published his

suggestions for preventing the enormous destruction of sugar which is known to occur in the process of sugar-extraction from beet-root. One great objection to the economy of that process has been in the supposed necessity of digging out the beet-root, and storing it until the period of mashing and pressing had arrived. If the juice were expressed at once, and set aside in cisterns, the sugar underwent complete decomposition. Complete destruction of the sugar is avoided by allowing the beets to remain in store; but nevertheless the destruction which even then takes place amounts, according to M. Mauné, to no less than fifty per cent. He expresses the juice at once, and adds lime, by which treatment saccharate of lime—a body not readily subject to decomposition—is generated; and he separates the lime, when desired, either by carbonic-acid gas injected, or sulphuric acid cautiously added. Certain phosphates may also be employed to accomplish the same end.

Kopp publishes the details of his process—at this time extensively employed in England and elsewhere—for an improved manufacture of carbonate of soda; collaterally, too, he generates arsenic and sulphuric acids, the latter being turned to account in the generation of carbonate of soda. In prosecuting the manufacture of carbonate of soda by the process ordinarily followed,—the process of Leblanc,—nearly all the sulphur originally held by the sulphate of soda is wasted; and the enormous quantity of oxysulphuret of calcium obtained becomes seriously embarrassing. Moreover the process demands great individual skill on the part of the workmen, otherwise the calcination does not satisfactorily proceed. Kopp's process permits the employment of existing apparatus used in the manufacture of sulphuric acid and carbonate of soda; it dispenses with lime and chalk, whence the formation of the oxysulphuret of lime is impossible, and all the alkaline matter is turned to account. These are, as will be seen, great advantages. We would give details of the process were they not too purely technical for our pages.

Kuhlman—if his statements be confirmed by further experience—has succeeded in abating that pest and nuisance of applied chemistry, the evolution of muriatic gas attendant on the soda-manufacture. He absorbs that destructive gas by carbonate of baryta, and thus cheaply generates chloride of barium. Some time ago, and without reference to the present invention, the same chemist made known that chloride of barium acted more effectually than any other substance of which he was cognisant in preventing depositions on the interior of steam-boilers. At that period, chloride of barium was too expensive for employment in such manner; but it will henceforth be a cheap substance, if the process of Kuhlman be extensively carried out. Nevertheless the quantities of chloride of barium thus used would be, after all, inconsiderable. It is proposed, therefore, to effect its decomposition by sulphuric acid, thus liberating hydrochloric acid chemically pure; and generating sulphate of baryta for employment in the manufacture of paper. Kuhlman also employs carbonate of baryta as a condensing agent for the nitrous fumes which escape during the manufacture of sulphuric acid. He also liberates muriatic-acid gas into the flues of ordinary fireplaces, and of the furnaces employed for burning animal-charcoal: in this manner he obtains economically, large quantities of sal-ammoniac; and at the same time diminishes the evolution of smoke.

Aluminium does not quite maintain its character for nobility. Not only is its whiteness cold, and disagreeable—very much like the tint of zinc, but it tarnishes by exposure to air and moisture, just as much as copper, lead, and bronze tarnish when similarly exposed. To expect, then, that aluminium can ever occupy the position of silver, as a metal of domestic elegance, and as was once imagined, is futile; but it seems likely to come into use for another purpose. It is remarkably sonorous; more so than any known bronze or bell-metal compound. It has been proposed, therefore, to make bells of it; and we are assured that this, even whilst we write, is being done. A further proposition is, to wire-

draw aluminium, and employ such wire as a substitute for steel-wire in the manufacture of pianofortes; or to substitute for wire graduated bars of aluminium. If aluminium be sufficiently ductile, there seems no reason why the former scheme may not be advantageously carried out; but the mere sonorous quality of aluminium will assuredly not enable pianoforte-makers to substitute plectral bars for plectral wires. Whatever the metal of these bars, an insuperable objection lies against their use. No adequate method has ever been devised for regulating them, and keeping them, like wires, in tune. This defect of plectral bars was long since demonstrated by Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, inventor of the Bude-light. Apropos of aluminium, it is scarcely news to say it is now made from cryolite, a Greenland mineral, instead of the chloride of aluminium, which constituted its original source of supply. Wöhler, however, has considerably improved the process of manufacture of late; and Brunner substitutes for cryolite, fluoride of aluminium, prepared by transmitting hydrofluoric-acid gas through hydrate of alumina. Chemically considered, this is an interesting modification of the original process; but looking to the large deposits of cryolite, the latter will remain the better practical source.

Poor Alexis St. Martin, the Canadian, has once more been made the victim of physiological inquiry. When a youth, he had the misfortune to be perforated with a charge of duck-shot, by which means a hole through his side and into his stomach was effected. This aperture never healed; and its existence gave facilities to certain experiments on digestion, which Dr. Beaumont long since availed himself of, and with which all physiologists are conversant. Dr. Francis G. Smith, of Pennsylvania, has subjected St. Martin to experiment once more, and has arrived at the following conclusions: (1.) The stomach, when digesting, secretes an acid liquid. (2.) The acid is not phosphoric acid. (3.) Hydrochloric acid, if present at all, is there in very small quantities. (4.) But the chief, if not the only, agent to which the gastric juice owes its solvent powers, is the lactic acid.

We must not fail to record amongst recent scientific memorabilia the Photographic Soirée at King's College on the 17th of December. It would be invidious to draw distinctions where all was excellent; but perhaps the photographic moon-pictures, and the engravings wrought on copper by voltaic action from pictures made by photographic means, were the most novel, and extraordinary. By the by, why do not photographers try what formic acid will do for them? Its strong reducing powers suggest hopes of promise; and the plan newly discovered by Brunner, of making formic acid by distilling a mixture of oxalic acid and glycerine, removes the difficulty which has attended its production hitherto.



THE HOME FOR THE OUTDOOR DRESSMAKER.

By MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

It is now nearly a twelvemonth since *Household Words* called the attention of its readers to "The Day-worker's Home." The institution then described in its infancy is now, to the honour of its two noble patronesses, thoroughly established; and "The Day-worker's Home" has been transferred from No. 2 Manchester Street to larger premises at No. 44 Great Ormond Street, Queen Square.

Lady Hobart and Lady Goderich are the sole originators of this benevolent scheme. Young and energetic, endowed

with superior gifts of the mind, including a sound practical judgment, they ignored all those Utopian ideas which have so often upset the plans of philanthropists. These ladies understood the repugnance that the poorest, if worthy, must have to becoming the recipients of mere charity; so, in a simple and straightforward appeal to the outdoor workers of milliners and dressmakers, they invited them to become inmates of a Home specially organised for them. The tenants were to pay the same price which was charged for a miserable half-furnished room, mostly situated in a dingy court or narrow street impervious to light and air.

The originators felt sure that as soon as such a society was known, it would become *self-supporting*; and so, taking upon themselves the responsibilities of furnishing, &c., they secured the services of an intelligent person, of prepossessing appearance and address, as lady-resident of the establishment.

The lady-resident (Mrs. Lomas) sought out many sempstresses in their lonely attics, and drew vivid pictures of the manifold comforts this "Home" offered in contrast with the cheerless abodes to which, on an inclement winter's night, they often returned drenched to the skin, with no fire to dry their wet clothes, no warm food to restore their exhausted frames, no kind voice to bid the weary ones welcome, or to protect them from the temptations which assail the young and the unwary in every corner of the metropolis.

At first Mrs. Lomas made but little impression; the girls looked with suspicion at any interference with their liberties and independence; they could not believe that they, so unknown, should be objects of solicitude to ladies of station. The generous sympathy applied to their case was utterly above their comprehension; and they refused to avail themselves of the liberal offer of such a Home, until they were assured that no restraints were intended, except such as would be carried out in every well-regulated household. In the beginning a few only ventured upon the trial; but these few soon learned to appreciate the cleanliness and domestic comforts to which they were introduced. By degrees they won their fellow-workers to become partakers of advantages so cheaply procured.

The removal from Manchester Street to No. 44 Great Ormond Street was not only necessary, on account of the greater demand for beds, but also for the accommodation this locality afforded to the inmates of the "Home," as being more central,—nearer both to Regent Street and the City. This was important; for as soon as the summer season is over at the West-end, the autumn fashions commence with the milliners and dressmakers towards St. Paul's; and the increase of business in the latter quarter requires additional hands.

The inspection of the "Home," a commodious mansion, would well repay a visit. There could not, in all London, be found a better situation for the purpose. There are spacious rooms on the ground-floor, leading to a fine terrace, with a broad flight of stone-steps descending into the garden. The garden itself extends the whole length of the back of Queen's Square—a depth of about 230 feet.

One cannot imagine a more gratifying sight than that of these young people enjoying themselves on the terrace on a summer's evening, inhaling the fresh air and the perfume of flowers. How grateful a contrast to the hot and crowded workroom wherein they have been confined all day!

A grand staircase leads to a suite of drawing-rooms, large and lofty. Above them are the sleeping-rooms, capable of containing a hundred beds; some wide enough for two occupants,—sisters or friends, who may sleep together if they choose, and so diminish the expense, which, however, is very little; *a single bed, with the use of fire and candles and sitting-room, with library, only costing two-and-sixpence per week.*

A large fire is always burning in the kitchen till eleven o'clock at night, so that the girls may cook their own suppers at whatever time their labours are over; and the passer by, on a cold winter's night, may have his olfactory

sense regaled by the steam arising from sundry savoury messes, and his ears, if they be kindly ones, gratified by the peals of laughter heard during the process of cooking.

On Sundays the girls subscribe for their dinner, and buy good joints of meat, two sorts of vegetables, and puddings; the whole meal costing from sixpence to sevenpence a head. The cook, moreover, will often give inmates permission to prepare little dishes to take to the workroom on Mondays for the noonday meal.

On Sunday morning Lady Hobart gives Bible readings from ten till eleven o'clock, at which most of the girls attend; and all join in singing sacred music in the afternoon, and are expected to go to some place of divine worship in the evening.

There are French classes, conducted by these ladies, twice a-week; and a singing class once a-week, when one of the lady patronesses presides and takes great pains in teaching her willing pupils.

An annual concert is also given; and a grand pianoforte is sent in for the evening gratis by some well-known maker. Musical professors are kind enough to assist gratuitously.

During the year there are lectures given upon interesting and popular subjects.

Usually on week-day nights, from supper till bed-time, one of the girls reads aloud, whilst others ply their industrious needles in earning a little money, by making caps or trimming bonnets for their acquaintances, or by preparing little gifts to friends in return for civilities received; and so in peace and harmony all retire to rest in their well-ventilated dormitories.

The library at present contains but few volumes; but how easily the shelves might be filled, if kind-hearted people, who desire to promote the pleasures of their poorer fellow-creatures, would present to this Society a few books, stray prints, or periodicals!

It is pleasant to say, that the originators of this excellent institution are appreciated as they deserve by the objects of it. It would be well if the noble example here set were followed by other ladies of influence, as more Homes are now required.

There are still hundreds of these hard-working dressmakers' girls, who pass their few leisure hours in solitude and in unhealthy localities; many of them, weary of their isolated position, become a prey to the worst dangers of the capital, and sink into a degradation from which they find it impossible to emerge. It is no small happiness for parents in the country to know, that when they now send up their daughters to town, they can, by bringing a proper certificate of respectability, be at once received into a safe asylum, and procure comforts only to be found in a private family. It will be an additional satisfaction for such parents to hear that dressmakers and milliners send to this institution for young people who want employment.

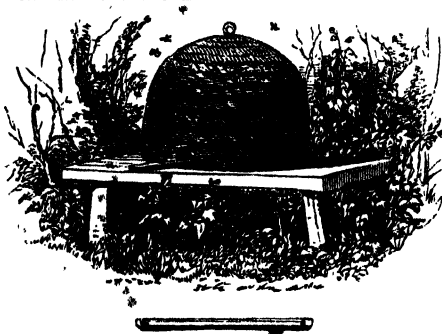
One of the great evils which young dressmakers have to endure is, the length of time they are compelled to work; those out of doors go to their establishments at nine in the morning and leave at nine in the evening; for which they receive from seven to nine shillings a-week, including their tea. But the indoor workers are much worse off; they get no exercise, and are usually expected to be in the workroom from seven in the morning till ten o'clock at night, being scarcely allowed the relaxation of talking; and in the busy season it is often daylight before they retire to bed, too weary to gain even the few hours' sleep which is allowed them.

We all know how difficult it is to obtain a legislative enactment; but it is in the power of the ladies themselves to effect much good for their poorer sisters. It is suggested, as a means of carrying out the present object, that the noble Patronesses of this Institution should use their influence to form a league amongst the ladies of England; and that the members of this should bind themselves not to employ any dressmakers but those who would guarantee that the workwomen in their establishment should under no cir-

circumstances be employed more than *ten hours out of the twenty-four*.

In cases of emergency, the head dressmakers should undertake to procure a relay of fresh hands to accomplish any necessary extra work; which would not be difficult, as there are generally numbers of girls disengaged, who would be but too willing under such circumstances to be employed. For this end, application might be made to the "Home," or similar institutions; which might always be furnished with accessible lists of young persons of efficiency ready to be hired upon a press of business requiring prompt attention.

Milliners and dressmakers would find it greatly to their advantage to aid in furthering the objects of such an institution, as by their more humane treatment of young needlewomen they would command the greater amount of patronage and consequent remuneration.



PRESERVATION OF BEES.

The winter is a season of trial to bees, even under the best of circumstances. Their numbers decrease, and their stores decrease, and many a fine stock perishes from causes that cannot be ascertained. Where bees are kept, the greatest circumspection is necessary at this time of year, in order to tide them over safely to the spring; and the worst season is yet to come, February and early in March being the periods most frequently fatal to them.

The bee-keeper should now look over his stocks, and form an estimate of the general state of things. Stocks which have been fed up to the present time must be fed very assiduously until the honey-season has fairly commenced; and many of those that have not yet been fed will be found so light as to require it. When feeding has once been commenced, it should not be discontinued till the currant-trees are in bloom.

Bee-food is the most important matter the apiarian has to consider in winter; for where the stocks are numerous, feeding is rather an expensive affair. The best food is honey, and the best feeder is a piece of clean comb. But honey is dear, and syrups of some kind or other usually take their place. If the apiary is provided with feeding-pans, and liquid food be preferred, that recommended by Mr. Taylor is unquestionably the best. To make it, use good sound ale and loaf-sugar, in the proportion of a pint of ale to every pound of sugar; boil for five minutes, and then add for every pound of sugar a tablespoonful of rum.

Liquid foods are, however, fast going out of use, for experience has satisfactorily proved the superiority of solid food, when properly prepared. Take loaf-sugar, and to every pound add a gill of water and a tablespoonful of good vinegar. Boil for about thirty minutes, or until a little of the boiling liquid dropped into cold water becomes instantly solid. Then pour out the preparation on a marble slab or dish, previously smeared with oil or butter; and as soon as it is sufficiently hard, cut it into strips of a convenient size for insertion in the mouth of the hive. If the liquid does not quickly solidify, or if it shows the least tendency to crys-

tallise, return it to the pan and boil it up again. It should be quite solid, so as to bear handling, and be free from any tendency to candy. It is barley-sugar in a pure form; and though you may purchase barley-sugar ready made, it is usually flavoured with lemon, or some other objectionable matter obnoxious to the bees. I made my first trial of this food last spring, and this winter have used no other food. The saving of time and trouble is immense; feeding-pans are quite unnecessary; there is no occasion for shifting or altering the hive-cover; and robber-bees are never attracted by it, as is always the case when honey or sugared mixtures are used.

But many bee-keepers will adhere to old-established rules; and for the benefit of those who have experienced the difficulties and dangers to the stock arising from the use of liquid food, I will suggest a mode of feeding which I used to practise years ago, when barley-sugar had not been thought of. I used to procure a few rods of elder-wood, of about an inch in thickness. These were cut up into lengths of four or five inches; then split, and the pith removed, and each end stopped with a piece of cork cut to fit, so as to form a shallow trough, that could be inserted in the entrance, and filled every evening from a can with a very thin spout. For occasional feeding, as after hiving a swarm, or during sudden trials of weather in spring, such a simple feeder would often prove the saving of a stock.

Sunshine is a frequent cause of injury to bees at this time of year; and the hives should be shaded by means of squares of wood fixed to posts sunk before the hives, sufficiently high to leave the causeway open to the south. The shades should incline a little towards the west; for in winter the afternoon sun is the most powerful. Snow is another cause of death to bees. The glare of light, and the bright weather that frequently follows snow, tempt the bees out, and many perish of cold; hence, as long as the snow lies, keep them prisoners, with only sufficient room for admission of air; but as soon as the snow disappears, let the bees have their liberty again. To imprison bees for any length of time is ruin to them.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

MINIATURE FERNERIES.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

I DESIRE to offer my mite towards the recreations of Home, having derived so much enjoyment from the perusal of your high-class Magazine. What I have to offer is, a new and pretty mode of cultivating small ferns, Lycopodiums, and, indeed, delicate and pretty plants of any kind, provided they are small in size. We use in our family a goodly quantity of Florence oil for salads, dressing fish, &c.; and as the flasks get empty, I remove the binding, cleanse them with potash, and then make of each flask a miniature fernery. A little soft peat is dropped into the bottom of the flask, and the fern or other plant is then neatly planted in it by thrusting into the flask a slender stick with which to bury the roots in the soil. A cork is then fitted, and a string attached to the cork to suspend the flask; and a number of such flasks have a very pretty effect in a student's window.

The great value of this plan is, that it enables any one, without the aid of expensive appliances, to cultivate some of the rarest and most beautiful of our smaller native ferns and flowering plants—such as the Tunbridge fibry fern in its young state, the lovely spleen-worts, and the wall-rue, as well as the wood oxalis, *Lycopodium denticulatum*, and others; and lastly, it is just the very perfection of a plan for raising ferns from seed.

I have ventured to call your attention to this plan of mine, feeling assured that if you approve of it you will gladly make such suggestions as may enable me to extend my own operations, and induce many others to follow my example.

H. H. COWLEY, Birmingham.

[A pretty suggestion, on which we shall have something to say hereafter.—*Eds. N. M.*]



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. VI.

BY E. H. BAILY, R.A.

MARIUS, AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

MARIUS, AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

By E. H. BAILY, R.A.

"TELL the Senate, that you found Caius Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage!" Such is the text which has suggested to Mr. Baily the fine work whose outlines form the subject of our engraving to-day. The mere choice of such a theme, to find expression through the medium of a single sculptured figure,—including, as its terms seem almost necessarily to do, many of the conditions of picture,—is itself an evidence of the genius which alone could execute it. The power to will in such exceptional cases includes the power to perform. The master-handling and consummate execution have, from these seemingly inadequate materials, brought out all the thought; and the story of Marius in his desolation is here told, as it were, in one grand epic phrase.

There is one respect in which this work of Mr. Baily's recommends itself particularly to our selection as an example of his art,—in the fact of its being a male figure, and of the heroic type. Steeped in the dreamier portion of Greek poetry, the mind of this sculptor has, as a habit, wrought preferentially on female models; and the mental tendency in that direction is sometimes visible in even the particular type of male beauty which he selects. Among the long series of poetical creations of various kinds that he has contributed to the native school of which he is the chief living ornament, he is therefore more familiarly known by his works in the classes referred to than by a performance like the present,—while nowhere, perhaps, has he delivered a more direct and emphatic utterance of his power than in this. We thus provide for our readers here at once an expression of his genius and of its variety.

There are no statues in the world beside which this figure might not stand. The action is studied, yet without affectation; and the modelling presents one of those felicitous instances of complicated arrangement by which great variety is obtained out of the lines of a single figure, and which are not unfrequent with this sculptor. In the case before us, the effect is that of a bold handling to match the bold thought. We know not why we should speak of this production as having a Grecian character, save for its kindred excellence and its conformity with the Greek canons. The sculptor is here throughout forgotten in his work:—to be which, is to be immortal in art. Form and action and attitude, accident and attribute and sentiment, are idealised into one assenting whole, which utters well the moral of the fallen Dictator. The work is dramatic, because the incident is dramatic. As we have said, the treatment is heroic, as the attitudinal character of the theme demanded; and it is a condition of this treatment, that the figure is entirely nude. But it is a curious evidence of the manner in which genius can deal with a poetic license like this, that at first sight it is scarcely noticed that the forms are naked; and when that fact *does* present itself, it is felt that all the time it has been yielding its unconscious contribution to the sentiment of abdicated greatness and ruined fortunes. The physical nakedness symbolises, as it were, the political destitution. The moral of the situation and of the condition speaks powerfully from this work. There is even, as it were, a sense of the desert about it.—All these things are the evidences of that fine thought in the treatment of sculpture subjects which alone can unlock their inner meanings and evolve their spiritualities. The hand that works thus, is working, we repeat, for immortality.

Another reason why we have selected this particular performance of Mr. Baily's as our specimen of his art, is, because it remains uncommissioned in his studio; and we thus introduce our readers to a work with which they have not had such obvious opportunities of making acquaintance as have been afforded them in reference to so many another masterpiece from the same hand. There are few things finer than this in the English school; and it cannot, we imagine, be long ere it will find its way into marble.

PICTURESQUE SINS.

By WESTLAND MARSTON.

EVERY moralist can show us that vice is universally wrong. I wish some one would arise to show that it is universally ugly. As the world goes, there are many sins—admitted to be sins by their perpetrators—which, so far from being concealed, are worn with a certain ostentation. The reason is, that they are supposed to be picturesque. As some noble houses have been content to hint their royal descent by the blazon of a bar sinister, there are men who will parade their pet sins, from a notion that they are related, however illegitimately, to the more striking and heroic virtues.

There is Harry Carter, for instance, called "Prince Hal" by his boon companions. His house is open to them; they empty his cellar, and hack out his hunters. He has so much conscience left, that he has not yet plunged beyond his depth in extravagance. He can still touch the bottom of solvency on tip-toe; but his fine estates are heavily mortgaged; his old English home, neglected and stripped of its trees, looks at him with mingled warning and reproach. Even the avenue is half cut down, and might tell Hal, whenever he rides up to the house, that he is, in a double sense, on the road to ruin. Worst of all, I am not sure that Hal even enjoys the life for which he pays so dearly. The wine in which he dissolves his pearl has not always the merit of being palatable; and there are certain soda-water moments besides, in which he has twinges of downright remorse. Still, on the whole, he believes himself to be a liberal, spirited fellow—a little reckless, he grants you, but nevertheless a thorough English blood. In other words, he lives in an attitude. He is sure that if you took his moral portrait as he stands, the whole effect—spite of some irregularity in the features—would be picturesque. Could any one prove to him that to trifle with the trust of wealth, to leave labour unencouraged, diligence unrewarded, ignorance uninstructed, was not only immoral, but ugly, I should still have hopes that Harry Carter might be reclaimed.

Our young squire, although he affects indifference, to women, is complacently aware of the favour which they bear to him. It is when Lady Nancy, Miss Ditchley, and other Amazons, are in the field that he takes his most astonishing leaps. After the run, he wheels round to the ladies with a confident laugh, not quite free from effrontery. He is jovial, patronising, even careless. Yet if, in the midst of his loud mirth, the slight figure of Grace Noel on her pony should meet him in the lane, a grave deference would come suddenly over him, and he would uncover to her as to a queen.

Grace has not yet seen five-and-twenty summers. She lives in a little ivy-hid cottage, in a lane that skirts Mr. Carter's estate. Two years since, an annuity of two hundred pounds—the produce of a great aunt's legacy—made the young lady independent. An ancient spinster—once housekeeper of the aunt aforesaid—now resides with Grace, rather as a friend than as a dependent. Kindness to the humble is one of Miss Noel's characteristics. You will often find her on a sunny afternoon at the village-school. She will personally examine the little Browns, Parkers, and Smiths, as to their spelling and their samplers; or question them on home affairs, and the interests of their parents. She will cheer up Dame Gossett herself,—the victim of a malady which (without due regard to her position as an instructor) she is teaching the new generation to pronounce "rheumatiz." Does Grace enter the small shop of the village linen-draper, she never by any chance reminds him of the scantiness or old-fashionedness of his stock; but pays with a smile as bright as if she had never seen Regent Street. In general, she consents to encase her dainty feet in boots of country manufacture, and undergoes a martyrdom, compared with which that of the pedestrian who walked on unboiled peas was a trifle, rather than wound the village

Crispin by discarding his clumsy goods for those of the capital.

No wonder that Grace is in high favour with the poor. They all feel the charm of her simple and kindly manner, and vote her unanimously a "born and bred lady."

Grace has, however, less attractive aspects for some people. When a governess in the family of Mr. Tibbetts, the retired oilman, she was duly taught to "know her place" by Mrs. Tibbetts. To dine with the children—to refrain from intruding into the drawing-room, or from mingling with the wealthy guests—often to take her seat in the "rumble," and to bear the rough practical jokes of the elder Master Tibbetts—were a few of the trials to which the poor governess submitted in proud silence; and she a Noel, who could trace her descent to one of the oldest baronial houses in England, and who had a titular interest—though by no means a territorial one—in the romantic ruin of Noel Priory!

Grace did not forget this. Pride of family, and contempt of the merely wealthy, grew together in her breast, both feelings being nurtured by the hardships of her early days. She never forgot that she was born a lady, and did not perceive that her over-consciousness of the fact was gradually sapping its chief moral charm.

For nothing has Miss Noel been more applauded than for her felicity in repelling vulgar ostentation. Some decisive dowager, who wears her jewels as profusely, though less quietly, than the waxwork ladies at Madame Tussaud's; some red-cheeked plethoric little man, who made a lucky hit during the railway mania, and who utters truisms in an authoritative croak; some hopeful heir of the aforesaid speculator, who makes up a "book" for the Derby, and backs, in one sense of that word, horses which he could hardly venture to back in another,—one and all of these have at various times assailed Miss Noel with their condescension, and retreated from her with amusing precipitancy. Never rude, seldom sarcastic, there is a sort of rebuke in her low clear voice, in her smile full of civil attention but stopping short of interest, and, above all, in her look of perplexed interrogatory when patronage is specially intended, that delights the initiated. They can never admire enough the ease with which she puts down pompous old C—, or arrests the assurance of dictatorial Mrs. F—. She is so self-possessed—so much the lady; her pride, in a word, is so picturesque! Would that Grace could see such pride in its nakedness—a sin, and an ugly one.

For think, Grace, where it is leading you! Already it has taught you gross injustice to a large section of your fellow-creatures, taught you to confound a whole class with its worst examples, and to overlook the refinement and generosity which so often distinguish the architects of their own fortune; and, worse than this, taught you to attach undue value to manner and bearing, and to rate as nothing the warm and honest feelings, which may consist, not only with defects of breeding, but even with vulgar foibles.

Are you yourself, Grace, so certainly free from that very vulgarity which you despise in others? Would it not be a fair definition of vulgarity in its essence, to say that it is the sense of self predominating over the sense of one's relations to others? A woman of your taste, of course, would never make herself a locomotive advertisement of her jeweller and her milliner,—never use her tongue as if it were a weapon, and bayonet society with dogmas; but, in the perpetual sense of what is becoming to *you*,—of what befits the lady that you are,—in the suppressed but complacent contrast of yourself with others, is there nothing, Grace, of the same self-consciousness that lies at the root of all vulgarity? Even your suavity to the humble, which had once its source in spontaneous kindness, is already vitiated by this consciousness. There is more self than charity in your courtesies to the poor, when rendered chiefly because a lady is never arrogant to her inferiors. What will time make of you, with all your delicate tact, if you go on referring conduct, not to duties and sympathies, but to what

sets off and indicates your position? You will be a polished vulgarian, but a vulgarian no less because self-wrapped and heartless. And will not the narrow, though refined nature, that turns ever on itself as a pivot work at last the traces of its petty circuit into your face, until one sees there within how mean a round a soul can prison itself? Compared with a Christian woman, who hopes the best of all, who can see worth beneath a coarse exterior, who aims to make even the worst better, whose free kindness flows out of her like the perfume of a flower or the song of a bird,—compared with such a character, Grace, your own is not merely unamiable; it is ugly.

There is another sort of picturesque sinner, not unknown in our day. We lately met an example of this class, in the person of Mr. Leigh Challoner. Challoner is an amateur artist, poet, and musician; and his capacity in all these directions is current in a very select circle. It is mysteriously hinted that Challoner is a great genius, but that he scorns general opinion too much to write, paint, or compose for the public. He scarcely deigns to abuse it, except by implication. If a genial humorist sends a laugh rippling over the face of society, if a poet rivets its attention by some simple earnest strain, Challoner smiles, observes that A. or B. was the very man to succeed—there was no dangerous depth or subtlety in either; and tells you that the painter understood the public to a nicety who wrote "this is a horse" under his picture of the quadruped. Challoner receives we know not what admiration on the strength of being superior to his kind, and especially because he never helps it to his level. This quiet supremacy and disdain are again supposed by some to be eminently picturesque. O, Challoner, under any interpretation of your mind, it seems to us an ugly one! If you have not the genius to which you pretend, you are simply an impostor. If, possessing it, you purposely shun the homeliest phrase or form that may touch the heart of your brother with beauty or enlighten it with truth, you are a misanthrope: you may choose between the hypocrite and the scorner. Good men will raise statues to neither.

Many are the personages once held to be picturesque who are now seen to be mere scarecrows: powdered gentlemen of fashion, who founded their own reputations on those they had ruined; who could first insult the wife, and then "pink" the resentful husband; highwaymen, who rode to Tyburn-tree decorated with the favours of the fair; duellists, who were knaves in disguise, and compelled men to stake lives that had the sterling ring of manhood against their own brazen counterfeits; fools, who affected Byron's faults, without a touch of his genius, and disdained the world that they neither comprehended nor improved. Touching these, the delusions of society have long ago ceased, and they are now either abhorred or despised. Their successors will share the same fate. May we not learn from experience that whatever runs counter to moral worth is ugly, and that in reality there is no such thing as a picturesque sin?

THE ROMAN BALLADS.—No. I.

By PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THE Greek language, as it now exists, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of the human mind. Jews and gipsies are well known as capital specimens of the obstinate persistency of nationality in races, and of the resistance which they offer to the accumulation of the methods of fusion which are constantly acting on a dispersed people shaken loose from a firm footing in any particular locality. But the continuity of national existence in the case of the Greeks presents phenomena to which neither Jews nor gipsies afford a parallel. The gipsies no doubt carry about with them a peculiar spoken language brought from the east, but it is a language of no historical significance or literary culture; while the Jews do indeed teach their children to mumble prayers and texts of Scripture

in their original national speech; but it is a process of indoctrination altogether forced and artificial, and as far remote from the daily life and habits of any modern Hebrew sojourning in Germany or Poland, as the Horatian stanzas and Greek iambs manufactured by boys in a classical English school are from the quotidian instincts and habits of the great British beefeater. But the Greeks, with an unbroken continuity of the strongest national feeling, possess also a spoken and written language, which is in all substantial elements identical with the dialect hummed by the musical young Homer on the banks of the Melas at Smyrna nearly three thousand years ago, and rolled out with the awful weight of moral dignity and political sagacity over the fine-eared crowds of the Athenian forum by that famous Pericles, who, like a terrestrial Jove, "lightened and thundered, and confounded Greece," more than four hundred years before the Christian era. The Greek language is, in fact, the only European dialect that by its continued existence bridges over the mighty gulf between the classical and the modern times. Latin has been transmuted into Spanish, Italian, French, and those wild uncultivated offshoots of the stout old Roman speech that still survive on the banks of the lower Danube, and in the country of the Grisons; but the long life of the Byzantine empire, protracted with so many painful struggles and morbid convulsions during the whole period of the middle ages, saved the language of Plato and Chrysostom from having its rare elements thrown into a crucible, for the purpose of forming a new product. Greek, even in that worst stage of corruption which it exhibits in the metrical romance called *Erotocritus*,* is in no sense a new building made of old materials; but rather an old building somewhat weather-beaten, with the polychromatic decorations in some places washed off, and with lichens here and there eating into the solid stone, and defacing the beauty of the sculptured forms in the frieze: recognisable, however, plainly as the very sacred temple in which anciently a blue-eyed Minerva, or a dark-locked Jupiter Olympius, possessed their terrestrial tabernacles. The whole solid framework and substantial materials of the building are entire, ready to shine out in almost pristine brightness, when the brush of a loving renovator and the touch of a skilful restorer shall be applied.

Those who wish to see in what a state of perfection the language of Homer and Pericles now exists, after the most recent refurbishments, applied with such skill and zeal since the example was shown by the illustrious Corais at the commencement of the present century, can be referred to no better or more obvious source of information than the *History of the Greek Revolution* by Tricoupi, of which three volumes have already been published in this country; but in this, and a few subsequent papers, it is our intention to leave out of view altogether the Greek of living polite writers, and say a few words on the songs and ballads of the unlettered peasantry, which form such a valuable department of the essentially national and popular poetry of modern Europe. When the Turks took Constantinople in 1543, they found a corrupt people no doubt in the metropolis, and a government in every respect worthy of the enslavement to which it was subjected; but it is seldom that a people is so worthless as the government which represents it; and a nation is never truly conquered so long as the peasantry, and the better portion of the lower and middle classes, cherish the national traditions, use the national language, and glory in the national faith. So it was with the Greeks. Nothing but absolute butchery or systematic expatriation could have caused the Greeks to cease from the land which was hallowed to them by every thought and every feeling by which man lives, when he is a single inch removed above the brutes that perish. Turkey could never conquer Greece morally or intellectually, fallen as this country undoubtedly was from that high position which

enabled its wise men to come forward as the schoolmasters of pretors and pontiffs in that all-embracing Rome to which they were made subject. The soul of Greek independence lived on for four centuries under the trampling hoofs of Mahometan despotism; and the spirit that once inspired the lofty odes of Pindar, and the choral-hymns of Æschylus, still made itself heard in the chanted liturgies of unlettered but faithful priests, and in the rude songs of high-hearted freebooters, who maintained the independence of their native hills by disowning the yoke of a law which could only be received on condition of national slavery and degradation.

The popular poetry of every people,—that is, the poetry which gives expression to the thoughts and feelings of the many in language intelligible to the many, without the aid of a special artistic culture,—will, in its characteristic outlines, as well as in its lights and shadows and whole tone, be a faithful reflection of the public and social condition of the people to whom it belongs; and herein lies its great value. As pieces of art many of the Romaic ballads are utterly worthless: were such things written now by any poet of the day, no person would take them for worth more than the paper on which they are written; but as "voices of the people,"—to use a phrase made popular by Herder,—as mere breathings, if you will, of popular feeling, and occasional jets of popular fancy, they are invaluable. In the simplest and least cumbrous form they give us the very soul and atmosphere of the popular life. In this view, the exploits and fortunes of their famous robber-chiefs, to which many of their ballads refer, possess no vulgar interest. A few of these we shall now translate in the measure of the originals; which is, the common long iambic verse of fifteen syllables, with a regular cesura after the fourth foot, following the accentuation of the spoken language, as distinguished from the quantities of scientific musical training,* and without the modern accompaniment of rhyme. In "The Death of Diacos," the brigand appears in his noblest character, dying the death of a Leonidas, indeed, almost at the very gates of Thermopylæ; for the event described in this ballad took place on the banks of the river Spercheius, at the outbreak of the Greek revolution in the month of April 1821.

THE DEATH OF DIACOS.

A CLOUD is blackening o'er the plain, a cloud as black as ravens!
Comes here Kalivas with his band, comes here Leventoiannes!
'Tis not Kalivas with his band, 'tis not Leventoiannes;
But 'tis Omasr Bríónes comes, and with him eighteen thousand.
This news when Diácos heard, I trow his soul was fierce within him;
His voice he lifted high, and spoke to the chief of his Palicari:
"Come, gather all my host, and call my valiant Palicari;
Deal powder freely to the men, and give them lead by handfuls!
Come quickly, quietly! then with me march on to Alamanna,
Where ramparts strong and trenches are; and there we will encamp us."
They took their bright blades in their hands, their heavy guns they shouldered;
To Alamanna's camp they came, and stood within the trenches.
"Look cheerly up, my sons," he cried, "look up and never fear them;
Stand to your post like Greeks, and fight like valiant old Hollenes!"
But fear came o'er them, and they fled dispersed all through the forest
But Diácos stood, and faced the fire with eighteen Palicari.
Three hours he stood, and fought with them, these eighteen Palicari;
Fought till his weary rifle burst, and fell in pieces near him;
Then drew his sword and bravely rushed there where the thickest fire was hailing,
And cut down Turks in countless lines, and seven Booluk-Pashas,
Till sprang in twain his trusty blade close to the hilt; and Diácos
Fell on the ground, and came alive into the hands of foemen.

* Nothing can be more perverse than the modern practice of the Oxonians in pronouncing Greek prose according to artificial laws founded on musical quantities; whereas, the mere fact of the modern Greeks having preserved the accent, while they have lost the quantity of the ancient words, proves that the former was a much more essential, and therefore more persistent, element of classical speech than the latter.

* Written in the sixteenth century by Vincenzo Cornaro, a Cretan of Venetian extraction.—See Brande's *Mittheilungen über Griechenland*. Leipzig, 1842, vol. iii.

And on the road Bríones thus with private word bespoke him :
 "Diácos, a Turk wilt thou become, and change the faith thou
 holdest,
 Wilt worship in the mosque with me, and leave the church of
 Christians?"

Then answered he, and thus in wrath bespoke Omafí Bríones :
 "Away with you and with your faith, ye dogs, to black per-
 dition !

Greek was I born, and when I die, you'll find a Greek in Diácos !
 But if a thousand golden coins with Mahmud's stamp upon them
 Will satiate your greed, for six days wait, till comes the brave
 Ulysses

With Athanasius Vaías here, and they shall pay my ransom."
 These words when Chaliboy did hear, he wept, and cried with
 anger,

"A thousand purses I will give, a thousand and five hundred,
 To him that strikes stout Diácos down, that robber bold and
 lawless,

Who wastes the Turkish land with war, and saps our wide
 dominion !"

He spoke, and straight stout Diácos seized, and on the stake
 impaled him,

And placed him upright in the midst. But Diácos laughed and
 scorned them,
 Flouted their faith, and taunting called them dogs and im-
 believers.

"When I upon the stake shall die, 'tis but one Greek that's
 perished !

Ulysses lives; and prospers well our captain, brave Nicotas.
 They still shall waste your lands with war, and sap your wide
 dominion."

It is interesting to compare with this record of popular
 tradition the account of the last hours of this modern Leo-
 nidas given by the polished historian Triconpi, in the four-
 teenth chapter of his first volume. We translate only the
 concluding part of the narrative.

"After the battle, the pashas took the road that leads to
 Zetouni, taking with them Diacos and his foster-son,* who had
 been taken captive with him, and commanded the stout old
 chief to walk before them to grace their triumphal procession.
 But fearing lest he might run off and escape on the way, they
 soon afterwards set him on a mule, and bound him with chains.
 The night after they arrived at Zetouni, they caused him to be
 brought before them in presence of Chali Bey, and began to in-
 terrogate him about the insurrection. Diacos replied at once,
 without fear, that the whole Greek nation was sworn either to
 be exterminated or to achieve its liberty. Whereupon Mahomet
 Pasha, admiring the boldness of the man, said that he was wil-
 ling to deliver him from his present evil case, if he would serve
 him faithfully. To which Diacos replied, 'I will not serve you.'
 'Make your choice,' said the pasha; 'serve me, or I will kill
 you.'† 'Hellas,' replied the captive, 'has many a Diacos.'
 On the following day, the 24th April, the order went forth that
 he should be impaled. The man who communicated to him the
 harsh ordinance, put into his hands at the same time the pain-
 ful instrument by which he was to die, and told him to carry it
 and follow him. But Diacos threw the stake on the ground,
 and turning to the Albanians who surrounded him, exclaimed,
 'Is there no one here who will kill me? why do you allow these
 Orientals (τοὺς Ἀνατολίτας) to torture me? I am not a malofac-
 tor.'‡ When on his way to the place of execution, he stood, and
 casting his eyes on the ground, which was smiling with all the
 green freshness of the spring season, he repeated the couplet—

Ὡς δὲ καὶ τοῦ διαλέξειν ὁ Χάρος νὰ μὴ πάσῃ
 Τάρα τ' ἀντίσταν τὰ κλαδιά καὶ ἑγὼν ἢ γὰρ χαράρι.‡

Arrived at his final destination, he bore manfully the most pain-
 ful of deaths, being in torture for three hours."

In the following ballad, representing a dialogue between
 Olympus and Kissabos, the natural opposition between the
 mountain country as the home of liberty, and the plains as
 the abode of slaves, is well brought out. In the translation
 we shall depart here from the strictness of the original
 rhythm, and adopt our common rhymed ballad verse of four-
 teen syllables.

* The modern Greek word for this is *ψυχώνης*, literally son of my
 soul—a fine idea.

† Here the original presents another example of a frequent new ap-
 plication of a classical word, *ὁ ἐκστρέφω*, literally I will darken you—
 quite Homeric.

‡ We have retained the original of these lines that any of our readers
 may have an opportunity of judging in what way the vulgar Greek
 of the uneducated modern peasantry differs from the classic old dialect
 of Homer and Plato. The translation is,

"Behold the time when Charon grim to take my life hath chosen,
 Even now when green is every branch, and grows each blade the
 greenest."

OLYMPUS AND KISSABOS.

OLYMPUS high and Kissabos once hotly strove together,
 Of storms they talked and blustering days, of snow and rainy
 weather.

White snow from high Olympus came, dark rain from Kissabos,
 Then Kissabos turns round and speaks to high Olympus thus :
 "Strive not with me, Olympus high, thou lawless robbers' nest,
 With Kissabos among the hills of Thessaly king confessed,

Whose lofty grandeur from the plain Larissa's agas know."
 Olympus then to Kissabos turns round and speaketh so :

"Ha, Kissabos, inglorious hill, foul misbeliever's nest !
 By cruel agas ruled at will, by Turkish foot oppressed ;

The old Olympus high am I by all the world confessed.
 Fifty cloisters I can count, my peaks are sixty-two ;

On every ridge a church, a well 'neath every peak I view.
 On me the robbers dwell secure through all the wintry snow,

And when the spring with green is bright a-roving forth they go.
 Free robbers in the mountains dwell ; slaves litter in the plains ;

On me with kingly flapping wings the golden eagle reigns,
 And sits upon a mist-crowned crag, and to the sun doth say :

O sun, thy morning beam is faint, but strong thy noontide ray,
 My claws thou makest warm and strong, that I may find my

food,
 Where lurks the partridge in the field, the pigeon in the wood !"

This little piece is of more value than many pages of
 high-toned historical rhetoric, to show by what habits of
 thought and association it was that the Greek *klepht*, or free-
 booter, became clothed to the popular imagination of his
 countrymen with many of the finest poetical qualities of the
 hero and the patriot. William of Deloraine, Watt of Harden,
 and the other moss-troopers of Sir Walter Scott's lay, were
 robbers unquestionably in many of their habits of life, if
 judged by the strict law of our peaceful and proper times ;
 but they were stanch Scotchmen also, and patriots, better
 than many who now breathe. In the same way it is un-
 questionable that the mountain-caves of Olympus, Pindus,
 and Parnassus, which sheltered the freebooting clan under
 Turkish despotism, were the nurseries of Greek nationality,
 and the training schools of Greek independence.

In our next Paper we shall give a few more specimens
 of the genuine Klephtic ballad, and then proceed to cull a
 wreath of more miscellaneous interest.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable
 Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate
 with the writers.]

WHAT, more poisoning, more cases of garotte and of wife-
 beating? Yes, it is even so. We might be ashamed (only
 that it is out of fashion to feel ashamed) to own how our
 type of crime has changed, and become essentially one of
 cowardice. The terrors of Hounslow Heath are a tradition.
 We no longer emulate the deeds of Turpin or Claude Duval.
 We pity the foolhardiness of Colonel Blood and Jack Shep-
 pard. The bull-dog characteristic is wearing away. We
 do not affect that now. When we shoot a man, we prefer
 doing it from behind a wall ; if we rob him, we do not stop
 him on the highway, pistol in hand, with the old-fashioned
 choice, "Your money or your life;" but we spring on him
 from behind, and throttle him as well as we can. It is a
 slight comfort that this detestable mode is still considered
 so un-English that we express it by a French name. But if
 the crime takes root, we may as well invent a word for it.
 We have taken to infernal machines and strychnine. Cer-
 tainly the terror of those who are not yet garotted or poisoned
 has risen to the height when it becomes deadly ; and Sir
 George Grey, who represents, we suppose, the feelings of
 the masses, has been hanging right and left with much im-
 partiality. We dare not reckon up how many men have in
 the year of grace 1856 been put to the worst use to which
 it is said a man can be put. Perhaps these very men have
 perished on the scaffold mostly in order that ticket-of-leave
 men should still enjoy their liberty and breathe the pleasant

air of their native country. The same difference is beginning to be perceptible in warfare. Bull-dog courage is not less valued, but it obtains perhaps a less reward than skill and dexterity. Not only the valour to do, but the knowledge how and when to do, is prized; so that as gunpowder first insured death at a distance, so now revolvers multiply with terrible precision the number of deaths, and economise the time spent in doing it. We have altered even in our minor vices. We no longer drink until we are mad; we only smoke until we are stupid. We have raised our examinations, and lowered our regulation height. Paul, Sadleir, Robson, Redpath, Palmer, and Dove, are specimens of our present race of criminals; and it is undeniable that cowardice and subtlety are the characteristics of their offences.

This is the moral aspect of the age. Now let us regard the physical aspect. In the eyes of some it will merely present a coincidence; to the minds of others it will appear as the root and reason of that condition. It is a patent fact to the most idle of observers, that the treatment of disease is essentially different now to that which was practised 150 years since, and is suited to the æsthetic type which in these times predominates. Fevers are principally of the low typhoid order, acute inflammatory diseases have decreased; while cholera and influenza have established themselves among us. Wine and brandy are prescribed in spite of what teetotalers say; and taken also, or refused under peril of death. Insanity, essentially a disease of debility, has largely increased, and though our extended population, and the accurate classification of our pauper-lunatics supply a reason for a part of that increase, there is still a large margin for which we are unable to account. Ask the next person you meet if he has no case near home of palsy, apoplexy, paralysis, epilepsy, and such diseases as depend more or less on the brain. If he answer truly, he will confess to more than one. The excessive use of tobacco has been urged as a reason for this; but perhaps with more plausibility than truth. We could not, if we would, stand the immense amount of drinking which our forefathers did. That they could was owing to their exercising the body considerably more than the brain, and to their out-of-door life. Sedatives or narcotics are the natural and appropriate remedies for cerebral excitement. Smoking promotes dreamy thought, and soothes the brain; hence, probably, the secret of its extensive increase. Philosophers have suggested as one cause the state of the atmosphere, and the greater cold and damp which have prevailed ever since the Lisbon earthquake: but this is but one of many. Our growing tendency to forsake the fields and dwell in large cities; the difficulty which thence arises of supplying pure air and water to the poorer classes; the unhealthy trades, and indoor life of our artisans,—these are the real causes. In fifty years all this has had time to tell; and the result is seen in our precocious children, our conceited and vicious youth, our stunted men, and in the shortened lives of our ablest and best men. No doubt cultivation is much more general, and intellectually much higher, than in the last century. In the present day, to obtain the chief honours in our universities demands, not only great and steady industry, but a brain of certain size and power, and some surplus of health. It is probable that in time our senior wranglers and double-firsts will not win their laurels without a sacrifice of youthful energy perilous in the extreme to the future man. Kirk White said that there ought to be a picture of Fame in the University Senate House, represented as concealing a Death's-head under a mask of beauty. Byron, Swift, Cowper, Laman Blanchard, Kirk White, Canning, form a group of examples. Scott said of himself, "Though the plough neared the end of the furrow, he was still urged on by the fixed habit of labour." Leland perished in a like struggle; and but a few weeks since one of our most industrious, learned, and kindest of spirits—Hugh Miller—has passed away.

Among the less cultivated, the highest knowledge and science have been simplified and popularised until the dis-

coveries of learned professors, and the laborious conclusions of our deepest thinkers, are A B C to the mass. The Eleanian mysteries are profaned, and the multitude run riot. And precisely because minds grasp results which they have never needed to fag out for themselves, they lack the humility and reverence which that discipline grants to the hard-working student. The Germans have a proverb: *Doctor Luther's Schuhe sind nicht allen Dorfpriestern gerecht*.—"Not every parish-priest can wear Dr. Luther's shoes." "If at an altitude of 102 feet the barometer stands at 29.71, what would be the pressure to the square inch?" This was a question actually propounded by a self-educated pert youth to a certain professor of note. "Do you think I carry my head stuffed with facts for your convenience?" was the reply. "My boy, you need to learn how to learn." It is a pleasant thing to confess, on the other side of the question, that the increase of brain-work, and of thoughtfulness generally, though it has tended to deteriorate the animal, has also produced a greater amount of moral courage among a larger number of people than in former times. Thus the moral courage to desert a side, not because it is falling, but because it is false, is not wanting in these days. And those who call Sir Robert Peel and Newman apostates or traitors, with many a score of others of the most subtle intellect and purest moral character, must remember that they deserted for no reward, but, sure of opprobrium, of the upbraiding of their friends, and the scoffing of their adversaries. If this was not to obtain ease of conscience, what other dream did they hope to realise?

But to return once more to our subject. Figures go to prove that among a given number of persons a given number of crimes are annually committed. It is even tolerably certain that of these so many murders will be perpetrated with pokers, sticks, and such things as come first to hand, indicating sudden revenge; and so many by means of guns, knives, poisons, and the like, denoting more deliberate vengeance. It is also found that certain conditions pressing incidentally—such as scarcity, want of employment, epidemic disorders, political or religious excitement—will increase temporarily particular classes of crime. To those who have arrived at the conviction, that a certain extent of crime must always exist among a given number of people, and inquire no further, it is sufficient to urge, that though unquestionably what we call evil may never in the present life be wholly extirpated, nor that which we know as misery be banished entirely, it is well to remember that though "these offences must come, woe unto those by whom they come!" Since certain ascertained conditions increase evil, change or ameliorate those conditions, and you have the amount though not the existence of evil to contend with. Since there are many in whom the principle of right and wrong is naturally feeble, who require hope of immediate palpable reward to keep sober, to be clean, to act honestly, and fear of punishment to deter from violence and cruelty, and the indulgence of powerful propensities—in a word, since there are many in whom the cerebellum predominates over the cerebrum, it is manifestly the duty of those to whom wealth or talent or influence has been committed to use them for this end. Let the rich man give of his means. Let him who has moral strength show the way. Let the man who can work his brain, and the orator use his best speech. The work is not hard to find, or far to reach; it is near, to each man close at hand: let him do it with his might.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

DON'T LOSE A SHEEP FOR A HA'P'ORTH OF TAR.—This appears to be the true reading of the proverb, and to make better sense than the more current one, "Don't spoil the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar." So much might save a sheep from the scab; but it is hard to conceive how the spoiling or not of a ship could be a question of a bit of tar more or less.

W. K. KELLY.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPELEY," ETC.

III.

MRS. MIDDLEMAS could not believe her eyes, nor Maria either, when she discovered what was the matter. They had both seen Bassot place the diamonds in the box, and seal it up only a few days before. It had never been opened since. It was put into the jewel-case the same evening, and that was placed in a trunk, from which it was now first taken. The jewel-case had a Bramah lock; and the key was attached to her watch-chain, which was at the head of her bed by night, and round her neck by day; and yet the diamonds had disappeared. Somebody must have stolen them; but when? Certainly not since their arrival in England; for the trunk in which the jewel-case was packed had not been opened till that morning; she was still without a maid; and the keys had never been out of her own possession. "The Custom-house," suggested Maria; but Bunbury himself went to the Custom-house with the luggage, unlocked the trunks, and locked them again; and the jewel-case had never been opened,—for Mrs. M. had gone straight to the hotel, and the key was hanging to her chain. "They never took it out of the trunk, nor touched it," said Bunbury, on hearing of the calamity. "I was thinking what I should do for the key, if they wanted to open it."

Of course, when this sort of inexplicable thing happens, people can do nothing but wonder and talk and recapitulate all the circumstances; and when they have come to the end, begin over again.

"You know, we stood talking to Bassot whilst he put the diamonds in the silver-paper. I remember how neat and flat he folded it, turned up the two ends, and sealed them with a bit of green wax; my eyes were never off him for a moment."

"Nor mine either," said Maria.

"Then he folded the box in paper, and sealed that also, and then handed it to me. We can't be deceived in that: he certainly put them in. If I never see the diamonds again, I can't accuse him. I remember," she continued, after a pause, "that when I got home, I laid the bag on my bed; it had never been out of this hand till then since I left Bassot's shop; and there it lay till I was going to Laure's. Now, nobody could get into that bedroom without going through the *salon*, which we never left for a moment the whole afternoon."

"No," said Maria, "except when we were in the bedroom. It is impossible that any living thing but a mouse could have got at the bag without our seeing it."

"Then, I remember, when I had got my bonnet and cloak on, to go to Laure's, I took up the bag, for my purse was in it; and that as I was going through the *salon*, I remembered the diamonds; and I said it was no use walking through Paris with diamonds about me, and I took out the packet, and laid it on the table."

"And Tapp said he would stay and take care of them," said Maria.

"Very true; so he did," rejoined Mrs. Middlemas; but the tone of her voice was changed; she spoke slowly, as people do who are arriving at a conviction.

"And he never stirred out of the room, I am certain," pursued Maria. "Indeed, I recollect he said he had not when we returned. He said, 'Here I am, like a faithful watch-dog; I have never left my charge.'"

"He did; and he was the only person who ever saw the box, or who knew what was in it," said Mrs. M. significantly.

"If it had not been Bassot himself," began Maria, after a pause.

"It's nonsense to talk about Bassot, Maria," said Mrs. M. impatiently; "we know very well he has nothing to do with it."

"Well, but who has? It's impossible to fix upon any body."

"Hum! Somebody must have done it, you know," said Mrs. M., looking at Maria with a peculiar significance.

"Who?" said Maria, whilst the blood rushed to her face; for she was struck with Mrs. M.'s expression.

"It must be somebody, you know, who had access to the box. Now, whilst it was in my bag, you must admit, nobody could get at it, unless they were magicians, and could make themselves invisible."

"Well, I know they could not," replied Maria; "I don't know what you are driving at."

"And certainly nobody could have got at it whilst it was in the dressing-case, and the dressing-case in that trunk; you'll admit that, I suppose."

"Of course I admit it," said Maria, drawing up her head and looking steadily at Mrs. M. "And what then?"

"Only that the diamonds are gone, that's all!"

"I see what you mean," said Maria, bursting into tears; "I could not have believed such a thing."

"Nor I either," rejoined Mrs. M. coolly.

"I mean, that I could not have believed you would be so cruel, so insulting, so unjust!" sobbed Maria.

"You may say it's cruel, insulting, and unjust, Maria; but do me the favour to tell me, who ever had a moment's opportunity to take the diamonds, or who could have any motive for stealing the contents of that little insignificant-looking box in preference to all my jewels and valuable things, which they might quite as easily have taken? He did not know they were for you, nor you either; because, till I got your papa's letter about them, I would not mention it, for fear he might say I was not to give them to you."

"I have always known you hated him, and wished to separate us," sobbed Maria.

"I own I never approved of the match," said Mrs. M. "You could not expect I should—a penniless-fellow, of no family, and nothing in the world to recommend him. You know the distress it has occasioned your father; and now that this has happened—"

"Now that what has happened?" said Maria fiercely.

"You may be as indignant as you please, Maria; but you cannot alter facts. You know, as well as I do, that nobody else could have taken the diamonds."

Maria's faith was strong; she could not for a moment believe it; and yet what Mrs. M. said was unanswerable. Nobody could have had access to them but Tapp; he alone knew any thing of them at all; he alone knew where they were; and alone he was left in the room, with the box lying on the table, for three-quarters of an hour; he had plenty of time to open the paper it was enveloped in, and to seal it up again. There were wax and matches in the room.

Overcome with grief, indignation, and perplexity, Maria retired to her room; and after indulging herself with what ladies call a good cry, she sat down to write to Tapp, who had left London for Portsmouth, where his brother, a lieutenant in the navy, was then residing. She told him of the loss of the diamonds, and of their great perplexity as to what had become of them; but she could not bring herself to hint Mrs. M.'s suspicions. She begged him to write by return of post, which he did, saying he was very sorry, and that it was very strange, &c. &c.; but on the whole treating the matter very lightly, as Mrs. M. indignantly said; which apparent indifference, Maria held, went to prove his innocence; while her mamma, of course, held a directly opposite opinion.

"It's his interest to make light of it," said Mrs. M.

"He doesn't see what he has to do with it," said Maria. "Besides, he doesn't set any value on such things."

"He sets some value on money, I suppose; and I presume he's aware that diamonds are very saleable articles. There are plenty of Jews at Portsmouth. I thought he was in a great hurry to get away. Besides, it's such a convenient place for sending them out of the country: I dare say they are across the Channel by this time."

Great as was Maria's indignation and faith, she had nothing to answer. There was no denying that appear-



CALAIS PIER. BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

ances were very much against Tapp, and that, in short, nobody else *could* have taken them; yet she could not believe that he had; and all she could do was to say so.

"Well," said Mrs. M., "the loss of the diamonds is very serious; but there is a much more serious consideration involved in the business than that. Of course you will not marry a man that lies under such a stigma."

"I shall certainly not give up my engagement," said Maria.

"I think you had better consider a little," replied Mrs. M. "Of course, neither I nor your father can ever give our consent to, or in any way countenance, the connection. Your aunt, I am quite sure, when she hears what has happened, —and I shall write to her immediately,—will withdraw her consent; so, setting aside all other considerations, I should like to know what you are to live on?"

"We shall find the means to live, I dare say," said Maria.

"Well, certainly you may, I forgot that: if Captain Tapp is a dexterous hand at this sort of thing, he will find the means to live for a time; but that is but a precarious mode of subsistence, you know, and it's apt to end in a visit to the colonies."

Maria's iterations, that she did not believe in his guilt, of course, were of no avail, in face of the unanswerable proofs Mrs. M. could allege. Miss Darnley, horror-struck, withdrew her consent from the match; and Colonel M. was written to on the subject. The poor girl could do nothing but weep; she could not bear to tell Tapp of the conviction that prevailed, which he did not seem to suspect, or passed over in silence; whilst Mrs. M. was unwilling to take any legal steps, for fear of making public an affair that would connect Miss Middlemas's name with such a low-born contemptible scoundrel as Tapp.

"I wonder if I could convince you of this man's guilt," said Mrs. Middlemas, after some reflection, "whether you would be willing to give him up?"

"Certainly," said Maria; "I wouldn't marry a thief; but it is because—"

"Well, never mind arguing the point now. But I am determined to go back to Paris, and put the affair into the hands of the police; for indubitably it was there the diamonds were stolen: but, before I speak to the police, we'll go to Alexis, and hear what he says about it. He was certainly the means of finding Madame de T—'s bracelet; he described the woman that had taken it, and told when and where it was stolen."

"With all my heart," said Maria, who, having witnessed several successful experiments, had a thorough belief in clairvoyance; and if he says that Tapp took them, I'll believe him; but I am certain he will not."

The next day they started for Paris, leaving their luggage at the hotel, and mentioning their design to nobody whatever. If any body inquired for them, the waiter had orders to say that they had gone out of town for a few days.

On their arrival, they drove to the hotel they had formerly inhabited, but made no allusion whatever to the loss they had sustained; and the following morning they were the earliest visitors Alexis received. Being put to sleep, and his attention directed to Mrs. Middlemas, he said, "I see you have lost something; it's something of value; it's something bright—how it shines! Ah, they are jewels—you have been robbed!"

"Wonderful!" said Mrs. Middlemas, whilst Maria's heart beat with anxiety.

"And can you see the thief?" inquired Mrs. M.

"You lost them here in Paris. I see the room; it's a large room, and there's a door open to another room; there are a great many things on the table, and the jewels are there too, in a little box. He should not open the box."

"Who?" said Mrs. Middlemas.

"The thief. He has taken the jewels, and put them in his waistcoat-pocket."

"Can you describe him?" said the mesmeriser.

"He's short, not thin; he has not much hair; I think he is a soldier—yes, he's a soldier."

Mrs. Middlemas nodded her head, as much as to say, "I know it;" whilst Maria sat pale and trembling, overcome with grief and astonishment.

"And can you see where the jewels are now?" inquired Mrs. M.

Alexis said yes, that he could see they were in a box with a great deal of other jewellery, and that box was in another large box; but he did not succeed in conveying an idea of where those boxes were to be found. However, the information, as far as it went, was decisive. Alexis could never have seen or heard of Tapp in his life; it was utterly impossible he could have learnt their loss, as they had mentioned it to no one in Paris, and only to their own family in England. The evidence appeared to Mrs. Middlemas irresistible; and even Maria felt that she could not reject it. The next day they had an interview with the chief inspector of the *arrondissement*, and told him the story. He expressed a strong conviction that *ce Monsieur* was the thief. Naturally; for who else could it be? And when he heard he was no longer in Paris, observed that it was much to be regretted, as his absence greatly diminished their chance of recovering the jewels. However, he promised that every diligence should be used, and immediate inquiries made amongst the receivers and others, in case he had disposed of them before he left France. He proposed also that the police in London and Portsmouth should be put in possession of the circumstance.

"What could you do more if he were here?" said Mrs. M.; "for I don't wish any publicity given to this affair, for particular reasons, though I should be very glad to prove his guilt, and also to get back the diamonds."

"We should have him under surveillance; we should know all his goings and comings, all his associations and resorts," said the official; "we should ascertain what money he had, or had spent."

The revelations of Alexis, and the conviction of the shrewd inspector, produced their natural effect on Maria. Unwilling as she was to do so, there was no alternative but to believe her lover had taken the diamonds. But now a new idea occurred to her: he had doubtless done it as a jest, to frighten and perplex them. He was certainly not habitually a joker, practical or otherwise; but he might have taken a fancy to exhibit himself in that character for once; so she resolved to write to him, assuming that view of the case, saying that they had discovered his jest through the revelations of Alexis, blaming him for carrying it so far, and requesting him to write by return of post if he had them, of which fact she felt no doubt. Thus, she thought, if he has taken them in jest, he will exonerate himself; and even if it was not in jest, this will give him an opportunity of returning them. By the same post, unknown to the ladies, the French inspector notified the circumstance to the chief of the London police, who lost no time in conveying the information to the inspector at Portsmouth.

On the third day after these letters had been despatched, Tapp entered the *salon*, where Mrs. M. and Maria were sitting at breakfast, in a state of extreme fluster and agitation. He said he had started immediately on receipt of the letter, and protested violently against the supposition that he had the diamonds. His protestations, however, produced no effect on Mrs. Middlemas; the diamonds had been taken, and it was morally impossible that any body else could have taken them. The circumstantial evidence was as strong as circumstantial evidence could be; even the police said there could be no doubt as to the fact. "If you choose to return them," she said, "we shall consider the affair as a jest, and you shall hear no more about it; if you do not, you must take the consequences." Tapp maintained his innocence; appealed to the evidence of his former life, of which, however, they knew very little; and urged the cruelty of branding him with such a crime, when they had no evidence that he had committed it. Mrs. M. answered that many a man

had been hanged upon less; she became very angry; Tapp covered his face with his hands and wept, and Maria kept him company.

"Perhaps you had debts," said Mrs. M., "and you wanted to discharge them before your marriage." He declared he had no debts. "Perhaps not now; you may have sold the diamonds, and paid them; but only confess it, to relieve our minds from anxiety, and I promise that no further steps shall be taken in the business."

But her entreaties and Maria's tears availed nothing; he swore that he had not taken them at all, neither in jest nor in earnest; nor ever even touched the packet, which he admitted Mrs. M. had left on the table when she went to Laure's. This scene lasted some hours; and at the end of it he went away, saying he should go and give himself up to the police. But the police declined taking him into custody. They left him free, which answered their purpose better. But he soon became aware that every step he took was watched; and it appeared to him that every body was in the conspiracy against him. He thought the people at the hotel where he lodged looked suspiciously on him; and the *garçon* at the *Café Anglais*, where he dined, had his eye upon him. If he passed a *sergent-de-ville* in the street, the man turned his head to look after him. If he went into a shop to make a purchase, he saw the people took him for a thief, and followed his movements with suspicion. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he felt he was never alone. He had no motive for staying in Paris; he wished to return to his brother at Portsmouth, whom he had so hastily quitted; but he was doubtful whether he should be permitted to depart. However, driven to desperation, he at length resolved to try, and he found no obstacle placed in his way; but when he went to *Lafitte's* for his money, the clerk that took his paper looked up sharply over his spectacles when he read the name; and when he took his tickets at the railway, he observed a man standing beside him, who followed him to the carriage, and never lost sight of him till the train started. He took his ticket to London, where he saw a policeman whispering to the cabman who drove him to his hotel; and he had not been at Portsmouth half-an-hour before he observed another talking to the cook through the area-rails.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Middlemas and her daughter returned to London, where, alas! there was no necessity to purchase a *trousseau* now; and after a short stay there, they proceeded to Yorkshire, where they intended remaining some time with their relation before they left England. Mrs. Middlemas was going to rejoin her husband; and Maria, wretched and ashamed, had consented to go with her. "I don't believe in his guilt," she said; "I never will; but I know I can't marry a man lying under such a stigma; and therefore it's better I should go with you."

When the time approached for their departure, Maria, who had broken off all communication with her lover, could not resist the temptation to write him a farewell letter, saying that appearances were unfortunately so much against him that she could not act in opposition to the opinions of her family; and that therefore, as their engagement was terminated, she was going to India with Mrs. M.; that she hoped he might form another that would be conducive to his happiness; and that it might be a satisfaction to him to know that, in spite of the strong circumstantial evidence adduced, she could not bring herself to believe in his guilt.

This letter she addressed to the care of his brother, at Portsmouth, and she looked anxiously for an answer; but none arrived; and as she had informed him of the period they had fixed for the termination of their visit, she concluded he had either not received her letter, or that he was too much hurt and too indignant to write. This gave her a great deal of pain; for she had a longing desire to hear from him once more before she set out on her long journey, which was to be on the ensuing day; and as she sat in the bed-chamber occupied by herself, and Mrs. Middlemas, surrounded by trunks and boxes, and all the litter of a great

packing-up, she thought sadly of her disappointed expectations and blighted hopes. Her habits and her tastes wholly unfitted her for that life in India which Mrs. M. described as so agreeable. She was leaving the friends of her youth for strangers; for even her father she had been very little with; and she felt that, though she should be living in his family, she should never feel herself of it. Then she thought of her lover. She was confident he was not habitually dishonest; and if he *had* taken the diamonds, it must have been under some extraordinary pressure of circumstances,—the relief of his brother, perhaps, who she knew was very much embarrassed by a narrow income and large family—two things which are dreadfully apt to go together. But no, he had not taken them; nothing but his own confession should ever convince her of his guilt; and if he was innocent, how cruel, O, how cruel it was! with that warm and affectionate heart, that simple unsophisticated nature, that shy and susceptible temperament. She knew he was not handsome, though in her eyes it was a good honest countenance. She knew he was not polished up to the mark of a fine gentleman; but his manners partook of his character: he was too good-natured to be ill-bred. And he was so alone in the world; for what acquaintance he had were in the village where Miss Darnley lived, and where he would no more appear. He had no relations but the poor brother at Portsmouth; and she herself had been his hope and his mainstay for five years, during which they had kept their engagement secret, knowing it would be disapproved. "And how he relied on me!" And she wept and sobbed till her aunt's little dog Spot, who was lying under the bed, crawled out, and, rising on his hind-legs and placing his fore-feet on her lap, looked up with his large brown eyes, expressing wonder and commiseration, into her face.

"Ah, Spot," she said, with that melting of the heart that makes us greet with welcome the humblest sympathy; "ah, Spot, he was always kind to you, and you loved him! What nice walks we had together, Spot,—hadn't we?—through the green lanes and over the broad fields, when you used to scamper away after the hares and rabbits that you never caught! Ah, Spot, there'll be no more such walks for us!" But Spot seemed to take a more hopeful view of the case; he wagged his tail cheerfully, and seemed to be of Gripp's opinion, that we should never say die. Relieved by her tears, Maria dried her eyes, and set to work once more at her packing, while Spot crawled back under the bed.

We are all more or less disposed to melancholy on the eve of a long journey. Parting with people or places that we may never see again, even when we don't care much about them, arouses recollections and reflections that soften and sadden the heart; and this mood of mind is not diminished by the air of discomfort that usually pervades the house on these occasions, and the irregularity that deranges the establishment. Even dogs are sensible to this influence, and generally fall into low spirits when they observe symptoms of a great move.

"By the by, where's Spot?" said Miss Darnley, as they sat in silence over the fire after dinner; for she had been thinking what an unfortunate thing this broken engagement was for her. If Maria had married Tapp, the young couple were to have lived with her; in fact, in countenancing the connection, she was not quite free from selfish motives. She loved her niece, and they perfectly suited each other. She knew it was not such a match as the colonel expected for his daughter; but she firmly believed Maria and her lover were calculated to make each other happy; and their pecuniary interests she was herself able to provide for. "Now," thought she, "I shall pass my latter days in solitude, with nobody but poor Spot for my companion." But this put her in mind of the dog, and she remembered that he had had no dinner. "Poor fellow!" she said, "he never could bear packing; the sight of trunks and litter always takes away his appetite."

"I think he's under our bed," said Maria; "I'll go and fetch him."

"You had better take a candle; you'll fall over the boxes," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"No," said Maria, "I'll only go to the door and call him."

"Spot, Spot!" said she; and immediately she heard the dog crawl from under the bed. "Poor fellow!" she added, patting him as he came to her feet; "come with me, and I'll give you some dinner,—it's the last dinner I shall ever give you, I dare say;" and wagging his tail, Spot followed her down-stairs and into the dining-room, where he was very civilly received, and his dinner presented to him.

After he had eaten it, and refreshed himself with a little water from his basin, which stood under the sideboard, he drew towards the fire, by which they were sitting, and having turned round four or five times, curled himself up on the hearth-rug, and lay down.

"What's that shining on Spot's ear?" said Miss Darnley, as the firelight gleamed on the dog's head. "Come here, Spot; let me see what it is you've got there. I declare it's a bit of glass entangled in Spot's curls;" and she picked out the bit of glass. "And here's another bit. Has there been a glass broken in your room?"

"No," said Mrs. Middlemas; "not that I know of?"

"Here's some more of it sticking in his frill," said Miss Darnley, feeling about the dog's throat. "Do ring the bell, Maria; let us have candles; he may lick himself, and swallow some of it."

So the candles were brought, and the little bits of glass picked out and laid on the table.

"How they shine!" said the ladies, taking them up and examining them.

"Is it glass?" said Miss Darnley; "I don't think it's glass: they appear to be crystals. Look, when they are all together;" and she put them in a cluster. "Why, they might be taken for diamonds!"

"I don't know what it is," said Mrs. Middlemas; "I think it must be glass."

"It's out of your room; for Spot's been there all day. Run up, Maria, and see if there is any more of it."

Maria, who had at first not paid much attention to what was going on, at the word *diamonds* had approached the table, and taken one of these shining atoms in her hand. She rolled it between her finger and thumb, and satisfied herself that it was not glass: it was perfectly smooth and polished; if it had been broken glass, the edges must have been rough. Then she looked at them clustered together; and she observed, when the light fell on them, that they reflected various hues. There were six or seven of these shining atoms found entangled in the dog's hair. What could they be? She took up the candle, and walked slowly up-stairs, with a sort of vague feeling of, not hope, but wonder and curiosity; for she believed in her heart that they were actually diamonds; and if they were, they could scarcely be any other diamonds than the lost ones, for they had no others unset. But then it was impossible: where could they have been all this time? Somebody must have taken them out of the box in the first instance; and that person could, it was proved, have been nobody but Tapp. Suddenly a dreadful thought struck her. He *had* taken them, and this was the means he had adopted to get rid of them, and escape further detection and trouble. He *had*, in some way, got them conveyed into the house, and probably into their bed-chamber. He had several acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and had probably induced one of them to undertake this enterprise for him; or he might have bribed one of the servants to do it. Her heart turned sick at the thought of this confirmation of her lover's guilt. With a pale cheek and trembling hand she opened the door of the bed-chamber; and stretching out her arm with the candle, so that the light should be diffused, she looked around the room, but no shining objects presented themselves. Then she examined the carpet; nothing of the sort. Lastly, she lifted the valance of the bed. Ah, here indeed was the nest from which Spot had purloined those bright feathers! There was a cluster of them, together

with bits of torn paper and unconsidered rubbish, that in the course of a week's packing, during which the housemaid had been forbidden to touch any thing, had got kicked under the bed. With a feeling of intense grief at this overwhelming proof of Tapp's unworthiness, Maria summoned Mrs. Middlemas and her aunt up-stairs. "Look under the bed," she said, holding up the valance, and throwing the light of the candle on the stones.

"Good heavens!" said Mrs. Middlemas; "it's certainly the diamonds;" and she stretched out her hand to draw them out. "How in the world could they come there?"

"There!" exclaimed Miss Darnley; "and how you have accused that poor fellow, Tapp, of stealing them, and you had them yourself all the while."

"But it is impossible," said Mrs. M.; "every thing has been packed and unpacked and packed again; besides, how could they get out of the box? There must be more: look, Maria, the largest of them is not here. Pull out all that litter; it's the most incomprehensible thing!"

Maria said nothing; she would not be the first to suggest how they got there; it would probably be discovered soon enough. "Here's the box," she said; "Bassot's box."

"I remember, I threw it on the floor yesterday when I was packing the jewel-case," said Mrs. M., as Maria handed out the lower half of the box, and then the cover.

"And Spot's been gnawing it," said Maria.

"He always gnaws something when he is forgotten at dinner," said Miss Darnley; "I think it's to teach us not to do it again."

"O," cried Maria, rising from her knees, "O, look, mamma! look, aunt! they've been here all the while!—they've been here all the while!" and sitting down on the side of the bed, she burst into tears.

It was quite true; the diamonds had never been out of the box where Bassot had placed them. He had sealed the bit of silver-paper in which he had folded them; and when he put on the cover of the box the little packet had stuck fast to the top by the warm wax. There it was still, adhering by the same green wax, though happily torn by Spot in impatience for his dinner. The remaining diamonds were found in its folds.

We will not dwell on all the emotions of joy and remorse to which this strange discovery gave rise. Letters were immediately despatched to Portsmouth explanatory and apologetic; the voyage was given up for the present; and Tapp was invited to present himself without delay. But in a few days an answer came from the brother, saying that the poor fellow had been so broken-hearted about the whole thing, and was so possessed by the belief that the police were after him, that he had left England without telling where he was going; "for," said he, "if I am inquired for, you can then say with truth you don't know where I am. If I find myself uncomfortable on the continent, I shall go to America; but if I do, I promise to write to you." Therefore, said the brother, "I think he is still in Europe, though where I have no idea. He knew he could never prove his innocence, and expected to live and die with this stigma upon him."

The discovery of the diamonds had taken place about three months previous to my meeting them; and in spite of Bunbury's travels, Tapp had not been traced, which I thought might be owing to the delicacy with which they conducted their investigations. They were afraid, if any vague rumour of pursuit reached him, he might leave Europe.

The information I had to give was of course most joyfully received, and they were encouraged to undertake a fresh campaign by the hope it inspired. They left Vevay the next day, to return towards the Rhine; whilst I was left to meditate on these strange events, and on the curious trifles which often decide our destiny. What would have become of Tapp, and what would have been Maria's fate, if Mrs. Middlemas had not thrown that box on the floor; or if Spot had been called down to dinner at the usual time?

Who can tell? Certainly, the whole course of their lives would have been changed.

I thought of the extraordinary error of Alexis, too. I have never seen him; but I have witnessed many wonderful phenomena of that description, and I concluded that it was a case of thought-reading. He was placed in *rapport* with Mrs. Middlemas, and gave back her own impressions.

Some time afterwards I heard, with great satisfaction, that the poor injured Tapp had been discovered at a hydro-pathic establishment on the Rhine, where he had gone to avoid English travellers, and also with a hope of obtaining some relief from the state of nervous disorder to which these events had reduced him.

The wedding was fixed for an early day, and I shortly afterwards received two cards, united by a bow of white ribbon, which I suppose was the supreme fashion at the village of B—. They were inscribed with the names of Captain and Mrs. Tapp.

TERROR IN THE TILL.

REVOLUTION is a catching disease. When it once breaks out in your neighbourhood, you never know who will take it next; yourself, perhaps. And the after-consequences of an old revolution in former times are almost as bad as the effects of a recent eruption at the present day; they are apt to show themselves when least expected, and to betray a constitutional taint where we never dreamt of looking for it. Charles I.'s decapitation was made the precedent for guillotining Louis XVI.; and the two together will serve as a joint example for some unhappy monarch one of these days. But that ugly grim French revolution not only violated the unity of royal and aristocratic necks, it did worse in some folks' opinion,—it rifled people's pockets, it touched their tills. Citizens and citizenesses were compelled to buy and sell in novel coins and weights and measures of unheard-of relative proportions. Nothing but tens, and multiples or decimal fractions of tens, were permitted to pass current by the *Assemblée Constituante*; and the result was, a system of decimal moneys, measures, and weights, which endure, and are even approved of, to this day.

It was hard upon the vested interests of the old-established coin to be thus swept away into annihilation. The plea was the old one—necessity, that it served the culprits right, and that they richly deserved their fate. For it must be confessed that coins current, like feudal tyrants, may sometimes reach the point of unbearable; men can put up with their exacting and impracticable nature no longer. The Code Napoleon and the decimal system of coins, weights, and measures, founded on the *METRE* (or the ten-millionth part of the earth's meridian from equator to pole), have conferred such inestimable blessings wherever they have been adopted, that we will not now too nicely discuss the price at which they were originally purchased. I will put a few questions to the point.

Have you ever travelled through Switzerland and the minor states of Germany? What do you think of the small change there? How did you get on when you crossed the frontier out of one grand duchy or canton into another? Did you ever find you were able to dispose of your foreign cash in hand at a premium? Are not batzen, groschen, silber-groschen, schelings, bloutzgers, rappen (whence the phrase, "I don't care a rap"), gulden, kreutzers, florins, sols, and the rest of their mis-minted race, enough to make a man curse the day when coppers in general, and base silver tokens in particular, were invented? Do you think you ever got your fair change, or half of it, out of a silver five-franc piece or a golden sovereign? And did you bewail your destiny, or bless your stars, on escaping out of the monetary labyrinth into Belgium, France, Geneva, or Sardinia, where decimal francs and centimes are the national currency?

Things are not quite so bad as that in England; but we

have still had enough to worry our patience. We have such harmonious and consistent proportional parts as, five yards and a half make one rod, pole, or perch; twelve ounces make one pound troy, while sixteen ounces make one pound avoirdupois; and for every-day convenience, we have the simple and rational combinations,—so uniform and easy for foreigners and children to learn,—of four farthings make one penny, twelve pence make one shilling, and twenty shillings make one pound. Verily the pence and shilling tables are a fascinating study,—such as you give to good boys and girls as a pleasing recreation, and as a reward for having said their lessons well. Nay, some worthy Dominies of the olden school consider the shilling-table far too easy, and see a radical defect in the decimal element which enters into its constitution.

It is further back than yesterday that a monetary revolution has been threatening to break forth, even in our own beloved anti-revolutionary island. Murmurs, not loud, but deep, have been heard to issue from the lips of people who think themselves, justly, somebody. Conspiracies have been hatched in high places, in dark places, and in light ones too; for an international convention held its sittings in the Palais d'Industrie at Paris, during the Great Exposition there. To be brief, our tills and cash-boxes are seriously menaced with a thorough reform, which will completely change the aspect of compound addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, not to mention reduction, practice, and tare and tret. "Woe's me!" shouts the ciphering-master in an awful fright. "My bread will be snatched out of my mouth, if a decimal system of accounts be adopted. I must have compensation, or a retiring pension. It is a barefaced robbery, of which we, poor pedagogues, are the innocent victims!"

For the present, the evil day is staved off a little while, by a combination of bankers, who patriotically consult their own convenience, and have voted, when referred to by high authority, that things shall continue in *statu quo*. But the English plan of progress is, to move on slowly and surely. The coinage-reform may not come immediately; but, sooner or later, come it will. Meanwhile the revolutionists are slightly divided among themselves, though rather apparently than really so. Some say, "Take the sovereign as the starting point, and found a decimal coinage on subdivisions of that respectable piece;" in which case the penny must be sacrificed. Others, more democratic in principle, say, "No; the penny is the people's coin. At all events, we will be true to our coppers. Make a decimal coinage out of multiples of pence, if you like. You will have to throw the sovereign overboard; no matter."

Terror is in the till; the trembling money-counters speculate as to whose doom it will be to be immolated first. As often happens, the lowest in rank are the loudest in their lamentations and appeals for mercy.

"Help!" cries the penny in an agony of apprehension. "Help! Murder! Fire! Thieves!"

"And pray," we answer, "what's the cause of all this riot, you brazen-throated representative of George III.?"

"Why this, sir; although I wish you would mind your own business, instead of interfering with mine. During a late session of parliament, on the motion of Mr. William Brown, the great Liverpool merchant, and one of the members for Lancashire, a resolution was carried in favour of a decimal coinage. A committee of inquiry was consequently appointed, at the head of which Lord Overstone,—better known as Mr. Jones Lloyd, the great London banker,—presided. It would be the business of the committee to obtain information from every quarter, and to report in favour of what it might consider the most eligible plan for the introduction of a decimal system of book-keeping and accounts. Of course any recommendation of this committee would have much weight in influencing parliament in its final decision. It is right this should be generally known; because within another year or two perhaps we shall have an act of parliament in force establishing a decimal system."

"Do you really think so, my dear Mr. Penny? I only wish we may get it."

"You do, do you? I don't; that is, not exactly. I therefore advert to this important matter, in order to call public attention to what seems strangely overlooked by the press, and in public discussions of every kind; although there can hardly be any public question of greater importance, or which more concerns the interest and convenience of every individual in this country."

"Very well declaimed, Penny Brown, Esquire; but what is this point so strangely neglected by the press, and in public dis—?"

"I advert to it, sir, inasmuch as Mr. Brown (no relative of mine—I disown him!) urged upon the House of Commons the propriety of adopting a system which involved in its establishment the disarrangement of me, the present penny. He proposed to retain the pound unaltered, but to divide it into a thousand instead of nine hundred and sixty parts, as at present; thus inevitably deranging the value of the nearest equivalent to the penny four per cent, less or more. At present there are two hundred and forty pence in the pound. The new plan gives two hundred and fifty pence, decreasing the value of each penny in proportion. I will not submit to be so degraded."

"But surely you will yield a little, to accommodate your superiors in pecuniary rank?"

"Don't talk to me about superiors. I say the disarrangement and inconvenience which would ensue, should the member for Lancashire's reasonable plan become law, on a vast number of small payments is very obvious; and the injustice—the inevitable injustice—such a system would induce is a matter of no small importance. I warn my countrymen what they may expect should there be no decided expression of public opinion in favour of me, the existing penny, who have no desire to become the late Mr. Penny; for it is understood the views of all the members of the committee are in favour of retaining the pound, dividing its nine hundred and sixty farthings into a thousand, and thus entirely superseding the penny. Yes; don't treat the matter lightly. I warn you, the infringement of my (Penny's) rights will be the break-up of the British Constitution. The banishment and expulsion of the penny will be followed by the same disastrous results as the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the last total eclipse of the moon, the introduction of railways, the great comet, free-trade in corn, and the winding-sheet on my grandfather's rushlight."

"But do you mean to say that we are to abandon decimals altogether, in order to preserve untouched the entailed inheritance of the Penny family? Have you the face (whatever you may have the reverse) to say that decimal accounts, weights, and measures, are not desirable for Great Britain to adopt?"

"Not quite that, sir. The importance of a correct system of decimal coinage and accounts can hardly, I own, be over-estimated, and must shortly inevitably engage the serious attention of the mercantile community. There can be no question of the vast convenience of decimal book-keeping, compared with the mode at present in use; but, sir, in adopting the change, it would be infinitely more easily effected, and inconceivably more convenient, could it be accomplished in a way not necessarily to require the setting aside of any of our existing coinage; and above all, so as not to interfere with the present penny. It is atrocious on the part of Mr. Brown to retain the pound, but to alter the value of the penny. It is a base violation of all national feeling."

"Nonsense!"

"You may call it nonsense; but I tell you that it will be found much more important to preserve inviolate the penny than the pound. Such an arrangement would occasion infinitely less inconvenience to, and misapprehension among, uneducated people. Rather more than a century ago, when the adjustment of the style took place, there were very large numbers of the people who honestly believed that

they had been cheated out of eleven days of their September in that year; the same will be the case with the Pennyites, if you depreciate their favourite coin at the rate of four per cent."

"And so the enlightened and well-informed portion of the community is to yield to the prejudices of the ignorant. Had you not better instruct them a little in the real state of the case?"

"I know nothing about that. I only know that no later than fifteen years ago, when a new copper coinage was obtained for the Isle of Man,—when the old fourteen-pence Manx to the English shilling was assimilated to our currency,—there were in consequence actual riots in the island, far more serious, comparatively speaking, than any of the Sunday demonstrations in Hyde Park. The calculation there was clear and explicit—three-pence-halfpenny Manx equal to three-pence British; yet there are Manx people, even at the present day, who speak of the measure in bitter scorn, as having robbed them of their twopence to the shilling."

"But as we are to have a thousand pretty little new coins, to be called 'mils,' instead of nine hundred and sixty farthings, people would be much more reasonable were they to rejoice at having gained forty 'mils' in the pound."

"More sophistry, sir, which will persuade nobody. Should the value of the penny be altered, so that there can be no precise equivalent, the people will persist in the belief that decimals are only an attempt to injure them for the benefit of the rich; and the allegation would not be entirely unfounded. Why should the rich man be enabled to compute his pounds as heretofore, while the poor man is called upon to pay his penny and a fifth, most probably his penny and a quarter, postage for his letter or his newspaper, in place of a simple penny? It would be a tax of four-and-twenty or five-and-twenty per cent, falling almost exclusively upon the poor, for the convenience of the rich and the middle classes. There will always be an insuperable difficulty in introducing a demical coinage, if the present PENNY is in any way interfered with. Mark me; you will, and shall have penny riots, perhaps a penny revolution, if you dare to touch the sacred penny."

"Who would have thought that an honest penny would have ever turned firebrand and agitator! In the first place, is it quite a fact that it is poor people who pay the penny postage? And are you sure that that same postage would not be reduced a fraction, instead of increased a fraction? But please just have the goodness to inform us how you would patch up a coalition between decimals and pence."

"Easily enough. I have two plans; both admirable. The first, without being exactly a decimal system, would closely approximate to it, without interfering with the present coinage in any respect. Let accounts be kept in crowns and pence; the crown, value five shillings, equal to sixty pence. According to the proposed method, the sovereign would be equal to four crowns '00 pence; the crown would be expressed thus, 1'00; the halfcrown, 0'30; the shilling, 0'12; the penny, 0'01; the halfpenny, 0'00½; and the farthing, 0'00¼. The pence-column must be added, and divided by sixty, the quotient (crowns) carried forward, and the remainder (pence) set down. This would be a very near approach to a decimal system, and would embrace many of its conveniences."

"Whew! you make me whistle Lillabullero, like Uncle Toby. Decimals, by Irish arithmetic! A multiplication table made of india-rubber, and stretched cornerwise, so as to make twice two are five, and twice three are seven! Certainly a very near approach, a close shave, to decimal accounts, with four farthings (in vulgar fractions) to a penny, and sixty pence to a crown! You would get, however, still nearer to decimals were you to take either nine or eleven pence to the shilling, and either nine or eleven shillings to the pound. My dear Mr. Penny, you must be joking."

"Never was more in earnest in my life. But I perceive, sir, you are determined to find fault with every thing that I

propose. However, you cannot refuse to accept my second proposition of victorines and mils."

"Victorines! Do you mean fur-tippets?"

"No, sir; I am shocked at your levity. I say we can establish a perfect system of decimals and decimal book keeping without disturbing our present coinage in any respect. Suppose we reckon in victorines (value four shillings and twopence) and mils (halfpence), value as at present, there would be a hundred mils in the victorine. Mr. Brown's thousand-mil system would involve three or four (?) decimals, and this of itself would become an inconvenience tending to inevitable confusion; whereas the same end may be accomplished by this invention of mine, without altering or interfering with the penny, that is to say, with the halfpenny. By this system no present coin need be withdrawn. A new silver coin, the victorine, sufficiently dissimilar not to be readily mistaken for the present five-shilling or crown piece, might be issued. It would perhaps be more simple, and answer every purpose, to continue to reckon farthings in vulgar fractions. A farthing might be called a demi or half mil."

"Very simple indeed, to have two silver coins current at the same time, one equal to four and twopence, and the other equal to five shillings! Very simple to have vulgar fractions in one column and decimal fractions in the next! Go on, brave Penny!"

"The method of expression would stand thus: the sovereign would be 4 victorines 80 mils; the half-sovereign, 2'40; the shilling, 0'24; the penny, 0'02; and the farthing, 0'004."

"And so, dear Penny, to save yourself, you would make the sovereign an odd number; that is, a value which is not a multiple of your unit, the victorine?"

"O, that's a trifle! In any conceivable alteration of the coinage which may be proposed there will always be some obstacles to surmount."

"Perfectly true. And therefore we may as well take the trouble of surmounting them for the attainment of a wise system rather than a foolish one."

"But mine is wise, and easy too. The process of conversion from £ s. d. into victorines and mils is very easy. Reduce the sum to halfpence, strike off the two right-hand figures, which are mils; those to the left are victorines. You may perhaps say that this is not strictly an original plan, but a sort of imitation of the American dollar of a hundred cents, or of the French franc of a hundred centimes. What if it be? There is nothing absolutely original in the system of decimals; adaptability is of more importance than originality. And what originality is there in dividing what is now nine hundred and sixty into a thousand, unless it be an originality in needless confusion and positive injustice? The American and French systems are both equally excellent, and better than any thing we can create at the expense of disarranging the important penny. Should parliament pass a decimal law, setting aside the present penny, the legislature neither would nor could (except in the exercise of a liberality or an injustice which the country would not submit to) at the same time sanction a universal reduction, or a general imposition of four per cent on all present payments. Besides this, the inconvenience, misunderstanding, and confusion which such a law would inevitably occasion among small traders and the humbler classes of society would arouse an outcry against it, and an opposition not to be endured beyond the termination of a single prorogation of parliament. It is of no use your saying that the poor man (on the thousand-mil system) would receive fifty mils for his shilling, instead of forty-eight farthings; and, in purchasing power, the mil would no doubt be as great as the farthing. You are trying to bribe the poor man with the base temptation of gaining two mils on the shilling. Such a corruption of principle horrifies me. To be sure, the thousand-mil per pound would be all very well, if we only wanted a new system, and were not called upon to deal with, what I glory in, the existing state of things; above

all, with that great national bulwark, popular ignorance and popular prejudice. I prophesy you will have a penny outbreak. With a penny match you will set fire to the wooden framework of society—I mean the assembled blockheads. A penny, sir, notoriously regulates all existing contracts, and the amount of every monetary transaction. London streets may be paved with gold; but, sir, coppers are the keystones of the Royal Exchange, and of every arch in London Bridge, not to mention the tolls over Waterloo ditto."

"And when do you propose the introduction of your victorines and mils?"

"There is not the slightest occasion to hurry. In our grandchildren's time will be soon enough. The great beauty of the project is, that it may be adopted permissively rather than compulsively—in fact, gradually, or not at all, if you like. An act might be passed allowing its optional use, but legalising contracts and accounts kept either according to the existing system or the new one. All large establishments, at least the majority of such,—all government offices (so fond of improvement!), including the Custom-House, the Stamp-Office, and the Post-Office, would probably adopt it at once of their own free-will and fondness for change. Perhaps they wouldn't, and there would be no legal obligation on them to do so. Perhaps some might like to try the new plan, while others would have too much reverence for the good old times to abandon the genuine British coinage. Thus even the prejudices of large numbers of the people would be properly respected, as they ought. In process of time, within another generation, or two, or three,—for all schools and educational establishments more or less would exclusively teach decimals perhaps,—the decimal system (with vulgar fractions for the farthings) would become universal. And, with the exception of the new silver coin (the victorine), value four shillings and twopence (which could never be mistaken for a five-shilling piece in a hurry, or in the dark; it could give rise to no disputes with urbane cabmen and mild omnibus-conductors), no other new coinage would be required for at least a quarter of a century. After the lapse of some such period, the present silver and copper coinage would be considerably worn, and would require to be withdrawn from circulation. Then, and not before, the new issue might be called respectively half and quarter victorines (value 2s. 1d., and 1s. 0½d.), ten-mil pieces (value 5d.), and five-mil pieces (value 2½d.). The two first would be very similar in appearance to the florin and the shilling, and the two latter rather thinner, but having very much the appearance of the present sixpenny and threepenny pieces. The new copper coinage might be of two mils (one penny), the mil (one halfpenny), and the half-mil (one farthing). The present pound would always be the equivalent of four victorines and eighty mils. Discontented people might call that an awkward proportion; but to show how unreasonable is such a complaint, I have only to mention that the five-pound bank-note would just be twenty-four victorines. What do you think of that, sir? You have your decimals, and the penny is saved."

"Confusion worse confounded! Contradiction! Absurdity! Indecision! Delay! If that be all the prisoner Penny has to say for himself, his days are numbered, though his sentence may be deferred. But the indictment is already fully made out. The preamble was published in the *London Gazette* for October 26th, 1855, as follows: 'The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the great seal, nominating and appointing the Right Honourable Lord Monteagle of Brandon, the Right Honourable Lord Overstone, and John Gellibrand Hubbard, Esquire, to be her Majesty's commissioners for considering how far it may be practicable and advisable to introduce the principle of decimal division into the coinage of the United Kingdom.' If nothing comes of it immediately, something surely will by and by."

"And that's the way in which an old servant is to be treated? Spare me, gentlemen, spare me, on account of my previous good character. Pity the sorrows of a poor old

Penny, whose trembling rim has rolled him to your door, whose life is dwindled to the shortest span. O, give him a reprieve, and Heaven will bless your store (of halfpence and farthings)!"

E. S. DIXON.



THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

I.

We were travelling a few years since in Cornwall, outside the antiquated vehicle, a four-horse stage-coach, when we suddenly came upon a singular feature in the landscape—a brook flowing with milk, or what seemed to be such. In that land of hills and rocks most of the streams are of an ochreous red colour, opaque and unsightly, owing to their being fed in part with the refuse-water from mines. But at this stage of our journey the brook which foamed and tumbled at the roadside was of the purest white; the mud which lined its banks was white; the very grass and briars that grew within reach of its spray were encrusted with white. We rattled along by the side of this river of milk for a brief space, toiled up a steep hill, and emerged on a wide common, when the mystery was at once solved. We had reached the china-clay works; and the water which had excited our curiosity had been employed in washing one of the materials which contributed largely to the excellence of English pottery. The geological structure of the country is granite; a rock which, though generally exceedingly compact and hard, is liable to be converted into sharp gravel by the decomposition of one of its constituents, feldspar. The result is a white powder or paste, according as it is dry or wet, mixed with crystals of quartz and mica, the other minerals of which granite is constituted. To be available, the former substance has to be separated from the others, which is effected by letting the water run into pits filled with the mixed mass in the state that it is quarried. There the lighter particles are suspended in the fluid and allowed to run off into other pits. After a time the water is drained off; and the sediment is pure feldspar, of the consistence of clay. This, when sufficiently dry, is cut into cubic blocks, and shipped off to the potteries.

But why, it may be asked, is it not manufactured on the spot, and the expense thus saved of conveying it to Staffordshire, and of bringing back the pots and jugs to Cornwall? For two very good reasons, each of which (as is not always the case when two reasons are given) would be a sufficient one: first, because feldspar alone is not convertible into jugs and cups, other ingredients being requisite which are not found in the neighbourhood; and secondly, because potteries consume a vast quantity of fuel, and Cornwall can supply neither coal nor wood. A similar white clay is found in Devonshire; but there a manufacture is established, because the other necessary minerals are within reach, and coal is also found. There exists at Bovey in that county a manufactory which turns out no small quantity of articles in pottery of excellent quality; the necessary fuel being afforded by the stone-coal, or anthracite, found there.

The main seat of the potteries, however, is in Staffordshire; and thither, a few days since, we were whisked in a very different sort of vehicle from the Cornish stage-coach, being deposited by railway at the Stoke station of the North Staffordshire Railway. No granite rocks, heathy commons, or rivers of milk here! Dingy walls, cone-shaped furnaces, and a smoky atmosphere, indicate the centre of a crowded population devoted to some occupation more artistic than

that of raising to the surface the natural products of the earth. Passing through the office, we found ourselves under a portico paved with encaustic tiles; the road, wherever its materials can be discriminated from the black mud which coats it, appears to be composed, here of coal-ashes, there of potsherds; a dirtier place we have never set foot in. But if a good workman is known by his chips, we have here ample evidence that the industry which scatters such chips as these must be gigantic. We proceed towards the town.



NEW FLOWERS.

CALYSTEGIA PUBESCENS.

THIS will soon be one of the most popular flowers for the adornment of verandas, summer-houses, rustic bowers, and garden-screens. It is a bindweed,—in fact, a convolvulus of rich habit and most exquisite form, when considered in detail.

The first plant raised in this country was the produce of a half-dead chip sent in a box from Shanghai to the Horticultural Society by Mr. Fortune in 1844. The root was found inserted in a dead peony-root, and the box was labelled as containing a plant of double convolvulus.

The semi-defunct chip was submitted to the operations commonly used to restore vitality; and the result was, a plant of fine promise, that won favour for itself at once, and is already in the hands of the trade, for the good of every body.

Imagine, in the first place, a common bindweed of the hedges,—one of the noblest of our wildings; then make the leaves smaller and more leathery in texture; make the flower as large as a double anemone; crimp it up irregularly after the fashion of a nearly full-blown rose; paint it of a delicate pink; and you have *Calystegia pubescens* in its individual character. Then imagine a fine breadth of garden-hedge festooned with it from head to foot; or a bowery retreat sheeted with it in rich masses, the slender stems covered with their elegant foliage, and a profusion of flowers creeping into every crevice, and breaking every angular outline with dashed leafiness and soft blotches of colour; and you have, in your mind's eye, the same fine trailer in its landscape or ornamental character.

It is very hardy, grows freely—too freely sometimes—in the worst of soil; but prefers a rich moist loam, like other convolvuluses; it is increased by division of the root, and flowers freely in July and August.

Those who cultivate this *Calystegia* must beware of its fast-spreading roots. If planted any where in the open garden, it will be likely soon to monopolise every square yard of ground, and choke up neighbouring things with its luxuriant growth above ground. For an archway of wire, or a

trellis, in any spot where a delicate climber would not grow, or where some ugly object is to be “planted out,” it is very useful; but the cultivator must, in planting it, not forget the tendency of its roots to set all boundaries at defiance. If allowed to run riot in a rough shrubbery, or mix with a tall fence, where its roots cannot reach the general garden soil, it is a fine thing, and worthy of adoption. I cannot speak positively as to its capability for bearing the smoke of towns; but did I need such a climber to screen a town-fence, I should not hesitate to plant it.

Messrs. Henderson, of Wellington-Road Nursery, St. John's Wood, have an improved form of this plant, raised by Mr. Donald Beaton; it is called *Calystegia pubescens simplex*, a chaste French-white single flower, which lasts from June to September. Mr. Beaton says, in the *Cottage Gardener*, it should be grown in masses in by- corners, and allowed to climb over pea-stakes, no matter how rich or how poor the ground is. This variety of Mr. Beaton's will certainly become a popular flower as its merits get more fully known.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

FAMILY UNITY.

ONE, perhaps, of the greatest miseries is a lack of unity of feeling and affection in a family, and one also that unfortunately too often prevails. A “lone body,” and a looker-on, for nearly threescore years, I have seen much of this unhappiness, almost invariably arising from the most insignificant causes,—a want of forbearance and unselfishness in the every-day course of life,—exactng too much similarity of mind and feeling. It is strange how very little concession we can make to others in unimportant things, if they differ from us. An opinion is passed on the most trifling subject; some one dissents, and then follows an argument, which, as neither will “agree to differ,” ends with angry feeling on both sides, simply because we wish to make our own ground good, and exercise no control over our “unruly member,” the tongue.

Again, in our intercourse with those around us, we rarely are careful always to maintain that true politeness, which is only another name for a much higher feeling—unselfishness. The sacrifice of perhaps a favourite seat, or a pet habit only, or some such seeming trifle; but which would very often greatly conduce to the comfort of those with whom we associate so intimately. I had the privilege of once knowing well one of those rare beings who found her life in promoting the happiness of those around her. She was perhaps, in the eyes of the world, a quiet unobtrusive person enough; but in her family she was a spirit of light: an atmosphere of peace seemed to pervade when she was by. Was there a sick child to be amused, quieted, she was the one called on. (Children especially acknowledged her influence by their conduct while with her, as children always do intuitively perceive when they meet with one whose habit of mind is higher, purer, than is generally met with.) Was there a piece of disagreeable advice to be given, to her tact it was committed, and it assumed a different aspect. In any little dispute, both parties felt she could settle it without either feeling they had been *worsted*. In any press of occupation, her time was always available when others required it. And so it was in every thing; and I believe the whole secret of her influence over others, and her power of conducing to their comfort, lay in perfect forgetfulness of self, which gave her the power of throwing herself into the very thoughts and feelings of others, while carefully bearing in mind the relative claims each had upon her. Did we all bear in mind that, except when actual duty points another way, the greatest virtue in social life is to conciliate all with whom we come in contact, and consider them in every way before ourselves, we should find life never wanting in that interest of which so many complain; while by this abnegation of self our own daily upward course would be much smoother.



PAINTED BY G. R. O'NEILL.

SCENES OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. 11.

VILLAGE GOSSIPS.

VILLAGE GOSSIPS.

By G. B. O'NEILL.

THE old fellow before us is relating some marvellous hap,—appearance of a ghost maybe, “down by Farmer Hodges’ five-field;” or something which has occurred in a far-off country—some tale of Australian or Californian gold-finding; or what “them Booshians” did in the Crimea. Whatever it be, his auditors have fallen into the interest of the tale with all their hearts. Often has the tale been told by him, we see; for his senses, which age has half-blunted, have overcome the shock of the first news, and he has become critical, telling his story with comments of his own. ‘He is a practised snuff-taker, as his eye shows, and also the form of his nostrils; notice, too, the habitual pinch of the right fore-finger on the thumb, and the way of use with which the left hand holds his box. There is an intelligent look about him; and it is evident that he has seen many a seed-time and harvest, not without profitable reflections thereupon. He is the gaffer of the village.

But if his senses have become blunted, not so the girl’s. Look how she takes in the marvel with eye and mouth! Her action is capital, and her face healthily pretty. She is the future belle of the village perhaps; for we see by her dress that modern customs have not been without their effect upon her.

The dame’s face is good. See how she reprehends something which is in course of telling; and how the form of her hands shows a life of labour, contrasted with those delicate ones of the girl!

The picture has a pretty little frame in itself, of those great leaves of the vine, and the white-flowered alder-bush. The only thing to be regretted in it is, that the old man’s arm is rather too small for his head and his approximation to the spectator; and also we doubt if the action of the girl’s right hand should not be more in unison with that of the left. These hands are so capitally drawn, that this is the greater pity.

The reader will see how important a part the hands play in such a picture, if he hides the faces; when it will be perceived that the action of the hands alone would almost tell the tale.

JOHN PIKE YAPP.

A TALE OF MAYO.

By THE AUTHOR OF “PAUL FERROLL.”

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THERE is a tract of land in the West of Ireland, comprehending 45,000 acres, which has been bought by an English gentleman. He took to it after the great famine had won the battle over it, and after the battle-field had been cleared of victims, and the very walls which had once sheltered human beings had disappeared.

So complete was the desolation, that in places all trace of habitation was lost. The new owner was once superintending the cutting of a deep drain, which was to prepare the way for the operations of the plough, and for introducing the cultivation of wheat in the west of Mayo. As they cut, the workmen came to a spot where some large stones retarded their operations.

“What is this?” he said. “It is strange to find these stones in the bog.”

“This was father’s cabin,” said a gaunt naked boy, who, with a score more idlers, were gazing on the Englishman’s movements. Those few words went to the English gentleman’s heart; but to the young savage they conveyed nothing more than the fact; for they had all been so used to misery, that misery came naturally to him, and left little space for feeling.

There had been, however, dwellings in the bog, where things were a little better; and among these John Pike

Yapp’s had perhaps been the least wretched. This was owing in part to the small number of his family; for he had but two children. His wife and he were both young and healthy; their boy was beginning to earn money by running on errands, when an opportunity offered itself; the girl was the youngest and the least hearty of the family, and, from the cares she required, was the one who had wound her way deepest into poor Pike’s heart.

He had been employed up to 1848 on his own bit of land, and a job or two in harvest; and although the produce of his labour did but just keep him and his family above starvation, still it had done so, and they had been content. But the beginning of that year had been the beginning of the great woe of Ireland. The partial failure of the potato-crop of 1847 had exhausted all the small reserve of resources the inhabitants possessed; and the doubtful appearance of the actual crop, with the report of disease already apparent in different parts of the island, alarmed the more prudent with the prospect of the winter.

Pike among others took alarm. Many of his neighbours had often gone east in the summer, and returned with the gold of the east to pay their rent, or repair their ragged wardrobe; and Pike, though he had been able to avoid this severe experiment hitherto, came by degrees, in the early summer of 1848, to the conviction that it was the only course remaining for him.

“And when will ye come back, Pike—when will ye come back?” said Honor, his wife, when the last morning was come, and they were up with the light to speed him on his way.

“I’ll be back, my girl, by the blessing of the saints, before ye’ve done grieving for me,” said Pike.

“Ah, Pike, ye must grow an old man or ever I leave grieving,” said Honor; and hiding her face in her hands, she burst into unrestrained tears.

Pike sat down by her, and flung his right arm about her neck. He drew up his children on his knees and kissed them, and twined his hard begrimed fingers in the shining curls—shining, though they were matted and tangled—of the little girl.

“Purty curls!” said he. “May the blessed Mother protect ’em till I come agin! Don’t disremember yer dad, my little ones, and mind ye what yer mammy says; and look out for me one autumn day, and ye’ll see me coming over the hill as ye see me going now. So come, Honor, come past the big stone with me, and there we’ll part.” And hand in hand, silent and with swollen hearts, they left the cottage together, and walked up the steep bank at the bottom of which it was built.

A traveller on horseback was going along the road into which the path emerged. He was Mr. Threader, the English agent for most of the property in the neighbourhood. His attention was caught by the pair who approached, their heads drooping and their hands together: the woman in the dress of the country—the red petticoat and blue cloak; the man with his long coat, patched and mended, his brimless hat, his small bundle, in a once bright-coloured handkerchief. Pike and Honor reached the big stone where they were to part; and here they looked each other in the face, and tears and sobs broke out from either heart, the man and the woman alike breaking down and giving way to nature. Neither spoke, nor was another kiss given; but at last they let each other’s hand fall, and each turned to go on their different way, weeping aloud.

The Englishman was less moved than he would have been by more silent sorrow: this was not the sorrow of his country. Presently he rode up by Pike’s side, and said to him:

“Well, my man, is it like a man to give way thus to your grief?”

“In throth is it,” said Pike; “for it’s being a man makes me feel it.”

“Still it’s women only who shed tears,” said Mr. Threader.

"And what for should not they that's woman-born shed tears, when their natural sorrow comes upon them?" said Pike. "But I've done; I'll go forward now; so good morning to your honour."

"And where are you going?" said the traveller.

"To the east, to win bread."

"What do you expect to earn by the time you come back?"

"Arrah, I'll be discontinued under three guineys," said Pike.

"How easy it would be to give him three guineas, and let him stay with his wife and children!" thought Mr. Threader; but he did not do it. Instead, he pulled out the substitute for most of our painstaking and most of our charity,—half-a-crown namely,—and made a present of it to Pike.

"The blessing of Heaven be upon you!" cried Pike, astonished and delighted. "Ten times twenty thousand blessings be upon ye! It's good luck, besides three tinnies. I'll take it to the woman." And turning, he ran down the hill as quickly now as he had come up it slowly, and rushed into his own cottage once more, which he had not thought to see for so long. Honor was raking together the turves on the fire, weeping still; the boy was watching his mother very gravely; the little girl was on the ground, setting up a broken teacup.

"Here's a Godsend!" cried Pike; "here's enough to buy oatmeal these three weeks. And here's another kiss, my woman; and God bless the purty ones! A gentleman give it me, and give me a light heart too. It's loock!"

"And I've seen ye agin too," said the woman. "O, ye'll come back now; I feel ye'll come back!"

"And good by agin, Honor. That run has done us both good," said Pike; and away he shot with an easier heart.

Mr. Threader's half-crown had been well laid out in the purchase of light-heartedness for a fellow-creature.

The summer wore away, and Pike prospered. He did not find it necessary to cross the seas, but got enough to do in Dublin and the neighbourhood; and by the time harvest was housed, had accumulated the sum he had fixed upon. He had heard no news from home, nor had he sent any; the natural thing was, that all should go on as if he had been at home, and vain fears did not torment him. Honor, who was safe at home, was more troubled for her wandering husband than he for her; for she knew not where to look for him, nor in the perils of the way what might befall him. Still she believed for the most part in the natural course of events, and took patience to wait till they should unfold themselves at their own leisure. Thus, when October was half over, she began to expect him every day; and it was no surprise, though it was great joy, when one evening the latch was hastily lifted, and Pike himself cheerily burst into the room.

"Honor, how is't all with yer? I'm here, my girl, agin at long last; and where's the little ones? All right—all right; yes, here's kisses for all, and long life to us!"

"Why, then, 'tis you that are welcome entirely," cried Honor; "and no more trouble at home, at all at all, now the man's in it agin."

"And I bring the guineys too," said Pike, carefully drawing his old handkerchief from his bosom, and showing her the three golden sovereigns.

"Ah, indeed!" said Honor; "but the master's proctor has been here after the rint, and that will take the biggest part, honey."

"Sure it will," said Pike; "but it'll save the phaties."

"Pike, Pike, haven't ye seen all along the country they're gone every where?"

"Nay, I see two or three patches as green as never they were; and I thought all along ours was to be one of them."

"Scarce a root here in Castle-Anton," said Honor; "not a blessed root."

"But, woman, what's the heap at the door? sure I see a covered-up heap as I come over."

"Ah, Pike, it's just a few not so bad as the others; but last year we would not have given them the pig."

"Well," said Pike cheerily, "we have never a pig this year to give 'em to."

"But my cousin Johnny died, by lave of the Virgin herself," said Honor, "and left me yonder milk-pitcher. See if she shan't have the best corner and the best cover, the blessed cratur." And she led her husband to the side of the few smouldering turves; and there (lifting a very old bit of sacking) showed him a goat, whose swelling udder justified the fond title, of milk-pitcher, which she had given it.

"Blessed Saint Anthony!" cried Pike. "Is not she better than the Dublin Savings Bank? And the childer themselves can put in their gatherings of grass, and draw out preciouiser than money from her blessed teats."

"Ay, but it's very little support with scarce no food besides," said Honor gravely.

"Well, but have not I brought you a present as was made me by a gentleman's house that saw me walking past. Here's crusties for all, and some for to-morrow," said the hopeful Pike, emptying his pocket of broken bread, which he had hoarded since yesterday for this home-feast.

Both parents were well aware of the extreme difficulties which threatened them through the approaching winter; and they managed the little store they had like sailors, leagues from land, who have to spin out the resources to which there can be no addition till the long waste of ocean is past. They ate the worst of their small stock of potatoes, and every day turned and wiped the others, renewed the earth over them, and chose out for their meal those which decayed. They determined to send their goat to a distance along the bog, where it might find fresher pasture; and every day Pike himself, or the little boy, if his father could find any better employment for himself, fastened a string, knotted together out of numberless pieces, to the animal's neck, and patiently attended on its nibblings. They laid out a very small portion of Pike's earnings in oatmeal, and this they kept in a jar with a stone on the top, which stone was thoughtfully lifted and parsimoniously replaced. More than all his money was due to the landlord; but these were not times when landlord or tenant could contemplate the payments proposed when things went prosperously. Payment of some kind, however, must be made. Accordingly, one fine autumn day, Pike drew from his hoard of money four-fifths of his whole substance, and wended his way five Irish miles to put it into the hands of his landlord. The landlord had, indeed, no hands of his own; he had tied the cords of debt fast about himself, and was a mere lay figure between his income and his creditors. As such he kindly received his numberless tenantry, and as far as a good word would go had one for every body.

It was chiefly such tenants as had any property which could be seized, should they not pay, who came to bring their money to O'Toole. No doubt Pike had had his own thoughts of the turf-heap and the goat, the cabin and the garden where potatoes used to grow, which he should have perilled had he not produced his earnings; at all events, there he was, fumbling with the bit of rag that folded them up, and slowly counting to himself, as if it were unnatural to finish in a moment a matter which, to him at least, was so important.

"I hear you've been from home," said O'Toole; "but not across seas, hey Pike?"

"No, your honour; only far enough to fetch these many shillings for your honour. There's forty-two of them and one goat. Will it be enough?"

"We'll put them to your credit," said the agent, booking and bagging the coin. "There'll be ten still to pay some day."

"Or maybe ye'll get excused," said O'Toole in a low voice; "times are hard on us all, and I've me payments to make as ye have," he continued, "else perhaps I could do more than good wishes for me people."

"Long life to your honour for that same," said Pike, folding up the empty rag and replacing it in his pocket.

"But I'll tell ye something," said O'Toole, "that's better than any thing I could do for you. England's ashamed of herself, wallowing in luxury while poor Ireland's starving, and has been stirred by her conscience to send us over a few of her loose guineas: I'll tell you what it is, Pike, there'll be no starving, if indeed you're not better off than before; for if all's fairly divided that's coming, there'll be a raal ten-shilling piece for every man, woman, and child in Ireland."

"Salvation to me!" cried Pike in astonishment. "Then it's myself wishes I had a dozen childer! Why, I'd get a dozen illegant ten shillings, and that's six pounds, among us four,—Honor and little Honor, and Johnny the spalpeen, and me!"

O'Toole laughed at Pike's calculation on his imaginary twelve, who were to feed his real four, and told it as a brave bull in as many companies as he went into for a month to come. But the impression on Pike was more serious. He went home in the state of mind of a man whose most confirmed and habitual opinions have been overthrown by some undoubted authority, but he does not understand the reasons.

"Honor," he said, "here's great news indeed. We have not need to fear any longer; for there's a terrible good lady been a-looking after us."

"Then God bless her sweet face, and give her back her own and three halves!" said Honor. "And who shall she be, honey?"

"The lady with the pitchfork in her hand, and the deep bonnet on her head, and the big pan she holds fast to sit upon, and her clothes so thin you'll see her skin through," said Pike, who had been deeply studying and admiring Britannia on his groat as he went that morning to O'Toole's.

"Hut, Pike; who are you maning?" said Honor.

"Who could I mane but England her ownself?" answered her husband.

"Ah, what jeer has the master been putting upon you?" said Honor. "I fear you had a taste of his drink after the rint."

"If I but had!" said Pike. "But no such luck for tinnepny tenants like me, girl. No, no; it's all thrue. England has been sending over more gowd than goes in forty ships; and we're all to get a piece of it in place of phaties."

"O, blessed mother, what a stone off one's heart!" said Honor; "for I've been afraid days past to look on the phatie-heap and think of the winter."

"That's bein the way with me too," said Pike; "but I said nothing till now. And now, girl, my opinion is, 'twere best to eat away while the creeturs are good at all at all, and then go in and get the bounty they have for us."

"Besides," said Honor, "the less we have the more they'll give, I'm thinking. Maybe, if we said we had kept a store, they'd answer, Then you don't need."

"That's as like as not," said Pike, struck with his wife's foresight. And accordingly they took the stone off the jar of oatmeal, and dived among the potatoes for the best of them, and for some time eat fearlessly, and rejoiced to see the little ones stout and cheery again.

This temporary and comparative plenty existed more or less all over the neighbourhood, as the news spread of the expected bounty. It was, however, but a very short-lived gleam of comfort; for the unusually scanty resources of the country were soon exhausted when thus called upon.

"Neighbour Pike," said a voice at the door one day, when they sat about nearly the last bowl of potatoes they could collect out of the decaying roots, "I'm called on you to see can you spare half a phatie; I've not eaten too long—all out;" and the man who thus spoke staggered into the room, eagerly staring at the food which was on the bench.

"Take your share," said Pike, handing him the bowl; "but fairly, man," he added; for his hands seemed about to grasp all they could hold of the slender meal.

"O, if ye knew what it was to burn here as I do for want of natural food!" said the man.

"And don't I; and don't we all in our turn?" said Pike.

"And what's to be coming of us I can't see; for the bounty of England is long reaching us."

"Some have had it, but not me," said Lewis.

"I thought ye war above wanting it," said Pike; "yo had yer males always convanient at Miss Tredabor, when I went east."

"Ay, but there was a loss of grain there," said Lewis; "a sack or so out of her hundreds of sacks; and they went and proved it on me, though I was as far from taking it as you may yourself suppose, Pike; and I've lost my males ever since entirely."

Pike shook his head. "Arrah, Lewis, I did not think you'd fall into the ould way agin. But take ye food now; I don't believe we shall have it to take or give by and by."

"And milk ye have!" said Lewis. "How came you by milk, yer sowl?"

"There's a little left in the creetur," said Pike, pointing to his goat, which was tethered behind the cabin.

"Troth, if she was mine," cried Lewis, "I'd eat roast this day."

"Keep yer hands off her," said Pike; "she's our salvation. I'll look to her like the youngest child, or I'll know the reason why any body casts his eye on her."

It was not unadvisedly that Pike spoke; for the eyes of the starving man coveted the goat; and when he was gone, Pike observed to his wife, that if any harm happened to her he should know whom to accuse. Nor was it long before he found he had some reason for his fears.

Shortly after, the famine, which had been hanging over the country, descended with all its blighting influence; and the small stock of provisions being exhausted, the inhabitants rapidly fell into the fangs of the torment. They searched the earth for one decayed fibre of the once friendly potatoe; they travelled for miles to buy half a peck of oatmeal a halfpenny cheaper in one place than another; they tore off the bark of trees; they dug up the roots of grass; they turned their languishing eyes to the promised help from England; and crowds beset the doors where those appointed to the office divided as well as they could whatever stores reached them. It was quite impossible to give to all, and nearly so to give in the proportion of need. Cousins and kinsmen came in for Benjamin's share, and those who showed misery most got more than those who bore it best.

Pike saw Lewis among the foremost; and when Lewis's bag was filled, pushed forward himself, knowing that his own claim was at least equal. But he spoke the truth in saying that he had only two children, and that he had earned money in the harvest; and as they were compelled to refuse many applicants, they refused Pike, at least for the present. His visions had been of four ten-shilling pieces—unreasonable visions; but his betters it was, who had raised them; and when they vanished, and not even one meal of food took their place, the poor fellow's heart sank within him. Could he return and carry nothing home? Impossible; and he took a circuit of ten miles to pass by his landlord's house, where he had first heard those tidings which had so deceived him. He did not need to go quite so far; for as he crossed the moor which lay all round O'Toole's demesne, he espied on the side of the hill, where the heather conquered the bog, the master himself, gun in hand, striding along, with the usual attendance of ragged boys.

"Good loock to yer honour," said Pike; "and better loock than's with me the day."

"Ha! it's you, Pike," said O'Toole. "Well, and I am glad to see you. Is all well with you?"

"All's can't be worsar," said Pike, "save seeing yer honour in health."

"And how's that? though indeed, except health, I won't say there is a great prosperity in my own concerns."

"Ah, yer honour has no needcessity to depend on them ten-shilling pieces as ye promised me."

"What, don't ye get them?" said O'Toole. "How's that, I'd be glad to know?"

"Jist because there are none to have," said Pike.

"Then I've been misinformed," said O'Toole; "and that's treatment I don't understand."

"Meantime, if yer honour had but an errand to run," said Pike more doubtfully, "or a broken vittle—the childer at home is well-nigh out-hungred."

"And, by Jove, ye should have it, had I it," cried O'Toole enthusiastically; "but am I not here,—I'll tell you the simple truth, Pike,—trying for a bird, because there's gentlemen coming to dine with me; and save the salmon, which is out of season and can't be had, and the grouse, which I have not got yet, and the claret that remains in the cellar, I've just an empty larder for them."

"O, yer honour is pleasant," said Pike; "but ye would think seriouser if ye saw the childer at home."

"I could not think more, nor graver than I am thinking, if it was my own," said O'Toole. "But see, Pike, this I'll do: I put these pence, out of the back of the drawer, into my pocket this morning; and they are yours. I do believe they may be a few of your very own at rent-day; for some were put by for my private use. And here again, here's bread-cake, which stayed after breakfast on the table, and I took it up and thought I or some of the boys would like it. Take it, Pike, and good may it do you;" and O'Toole, with generosity that warmed his own heart, emptied his pocket, and put into Pike's ragged garment a little heap of the brown cake.

"Then the blessing of the Lord be upon you!" said Pike, "and give ye half every thing to the day of judgment. I'll go home with an easy heart now that I dare face their hungry crying this night. Long life to yer honour, and give ye yer heart's desire on the birds for dinner;" and well satisfied with his day's work, he descended the hill, and in the village he went through laid out his few pence in the shop, and made his way home as fast as his faint limbs would let him.

When he was within half a mile of his cabin, he saw before him on the moor a boy, whom he recognised as his own, very slowly leading the goat, which he suffered to stop every moment to crop the bog-herbs and grass. The boy, he soon perceived, was crying bitterly; and when he called to him, sat down by the wayside and sobbed as if his heart would break. In vain the father for some time inquired what had befallen. At last the lad, waxing more and more loud as he came near to the necessity of explaining his woe, pointed to the udder of the goat and, scarcely audibly, said, "She's milkit."

"Murder!" cried Pike. "Who's done it?" and stooping, he verified the too true word by examining the only storehouse of life that remained to them—the udder of the animal. "That blackguard, Lewis," he added directly. "Stop yer roaring, Johnny, you young bull-calf, and tell me."

"The man that put his hand so far in the phaties," sobbed Johnny.

"And this is his thanks!" cried Pike. "How long ago? Which way did he go?"

"Before sundown," said Johnny; and it was now waxing dusk.

"Which way, I say?" cried the father, greatly excited.

"Home," said Johnny, pointing behind to a cabin just visible above the bog.

Pike said no more, but darted away to the place pointed out. The door was ajar; it could not be shut close. Lewis was within, sitting on the floor, his back against the wall, a child crawling over him, and seeming to kiss him; but the hapless wretch was gathering the remains of food from his shaggy bristly beard. Two more had got an iron-pot between them, scraping it for remnants which no longer existed. A ragged woman stood in the bare cabin weeping. There were few cabins then that did not contain that dismal sight—a woman weeping; but *her* tears were bitterer than most.

"Ye thief!" said Pike, bursting in; "where's the milk ye've stole from me this day—my childer's milk?"

"And what will I know of yer milk?" said Lewis, stumbling to his legs.

"It's just in yer throat; it's on yer beard still," said the angry Pike; "ye've made a meal of my childer, and I believe ye've not even fad yer own."

"And that's truth," said the weeping wife. "The brute, —was not he *there*, a-standing *there*, this minute past, with his one hand in the dish and the other a-fighting us away; fighting even the little one, that was made worse, seeing and not tasting the food."

"Ye base, ye cruel!" cried Pike, scarce comprehending what he heard.

Lewis at this time was in a state of satisfied hunger; human feelings could get in, the wolf's being appeased. He tried at first to bully; and then, every thing convicting him, gave in and burst into tears. "I could not help it, Pike," he said; "it's harder for me than other men to starve; there's that here when I starve that nobody feels but me. But I am sorry now."

"And don't we all starve?" cried the indignant Pike. "Is it since yesterday morning I've not had the blessed bit in my mouth?"

"Noa, Pike," cried Lewis; "and what's that in yer bag?"

"Is it not the childer's and the woman's own, that should have been a meal with the drop milk that's in yer greedy paunch, and would I touch it?"

"Ah, yer sowl," cried Lewis, drawing near, and folding his hands as if he were praying, "give a bit jist to this famishing child!"

"And ye dare!" cried Pike, astonished at the boldness of the request; "ye—ye that are full of my meat, and would have the robbed man feed yer own. No, by the powers, if they all starve dead before the eyes of us!"

"It wasn't I drank the milk, neighbour," said the wife; "twasn't the little ones,—one crumb for the childer."

"Ask your husband," cried Pike. "Didn't I hand him the bowl when he was hungry? didn't I tell him the ones-at-home's life was in the goat's teats? wouldn't I have shared with him the bit of my own share?—the thief! And he and his comes thinking I shall just feed 'em for robbing me. Be aisy, ma'am, be aisy." And so saying, indignantly did he fling out of the cabin, pushing back the children who clung about his legs, and who wailed and wept with weak voices as they ran after him, holding their arms up to shield their heads from the thrusts he made at them.

Pike's kind heart bled to hear those weak wailing voices. Even as he ran, his fingers fumbled in the bundle and broke a piece of the coarse bread. "Then it's jist eating the less myself," said he, breaking it into four, and giving each a bit; and turning again, he ran all the way home, overtaking his sobbing boy and the goat, and bringing, together with the bad news of her robbery, the good news of food to stop the direct present starvation.

BOOKS AND MEN.

THERE are, in the realms of literature and thought, as in the more material world, byways as well as highways. Besides the great works in poetry, philosophy, history, and science, there are many lesser productions which deal nevertheless with topics of no little significance; and others which, though in peril of neglect and oblivion, are, in their small way, not unimportant, and supply indications of approaching discoveries destined at a future time to be regarded as of considerable value. The multitude of books, of which we all wish to know something, consists of such tentative efforts: the higher creations of the intellect are necessarily the few. Out of the mass, we may occasionally make a selection, on which some passing remarks, conceived in a right spirit and applied in a proper manner, may not be altogether unprofitable.

A curious state of feeling has arisen in some thoughtful

minds, both in America and England, in relation to SHAKSPEARE, owing to the exceedingly doubtful character of the documents usually relied on for testimony as to the supposed events of his life. It must be confessed that we can scarcely touch one of them, as proof of a fact, without its becoming on the slightest inquiry transmuted into a myth. An instance of the sort occurred lately in our own experience. There is a passage in Fuller's *Worthies*, which is relied upon by Shakspeare's biographers for contemporary evidence of the poet's conversational powers, as discriminated from Ben Jonson's. Here it is: "Many were the wit-combates between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances; Shakspeare, like the latter, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." Who would suspect that this celebrated passage was written by a man who was only eight years old when the poet died? Yet such is the fact. Its value, therefore, is only traditional, and not personal. It is a fancy portrait of the two dramatists, derived, not from actual intercourse, but probably from the perusal of their writings; not a record of what their conversational "wit-combates" really were, but what, from a critical estimate of their works, they might be imagined to be. With such examples of the tricks to which the inquirer is liable from acknowledged authorities, no wonder that scepticism should in some minds take an extreme form. The latest is, that Shakspeare is not at all the author of the works that pass under his name; but that they may with greater probability be referred to Lord Bacon. This is the theory propounded by Mr. William Henry Smith in a printed letter to Lord Ellesmere, and since advocated by him in more than one lecture delivered at the Beethoven Rooms and other places. Of course his argument is mainly negative, tending to make out a *prima-facie* case for inquiry, rather than supplying data for a demonstration; and, indeed, it would be absurd to attribute any larger value to the argument than to show how curiously circumstances will range themselves about a startling theory when once propounded. According to Mr. Smith's statement, we have no reliable sources of information as to Shakspeare's boyhood,—no suggestion of any precocity of talent, any adequate schooling, whether in circumstances or tuition, or any manifestation of superior attainments at any period of his life. Taking Shakspeare's antecedents, the production of the plays under his name by him would be simply miraculous; while taking Bacon's antecedents, it would be no marvel at all. Mr. Smith adopts Pope's notion, that what occasioned the "plays to be considered Shakspeare's was only this,—they were pieces by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him." That this was the case with some of the plays is generally acknowledged; Mr. Smith asserts it of all. William Shakspeare, then, in this gentleman's opinion, was the man of business of the theatre, who had to provide the wardrobe, properties, and plays, and exhibited in the purchase of any or all of these matters much shrewdness, skill, caution, and sagacity. As to the authorship of plays in general, "the chambers of the briefless barrister have ever been the hotbed of dramatic productions." In Lord Bacon, we find a man who had been unexpectedly driven to the study of the law as a *métier* of subsistence, with scanty means whereon to support luxurious habits, and who would naturally add to them by pursuits so usual with persons similarly situated. Proof exists that Bacon had great dramatic talent. It is recorded that "he could assume the most different characters, and speak the language proper to each, with a facility that was perfectly natural," and that he both "wrote and assisted at masques." In a letter to the lord treasurer, Bacon expresses his regret that "a joint masque of the four innes of court," which had been intended, could

not be performed; and informs him that there are "a dozen gentlemen of Grey's Inn ready by themselves to offer an entertainment to the queen." We are also informed that, in a masque acted before the queen, at Greenwich, in February 1587, the "dumbe shewes" were "partely devised by Maister Francis Bacon."

It would be between the years 1579 and 1611 that Mr. Smith supposes that Bacon was thus occupied with dramatic production, while he was studying for the bar at Gray's Inn, and was on terms of intimacy with Lord Southampton, the avowed patron of Shakspeare. That he was during this period in that state which induces men to adopt almost any means of raising money, is attested by this fact, among others, that he was arrested in 1598 by one Sympton, a goldsmith of Lombard Street, for the large sum of 300*l*. And, in conclusion, "surrounded by enemies ready to represent him upon all occasions to the greatest possible disadvantage, we can readily conceive that he felt the necessity of keeping his connection with the players unknown to be hardly less urgent than the necessity which compelled him to resort to them."

In his lectures on this subject, Mr. Smith calls in the testimonies of Coleridge, Macaulay, and Pope, to prove the identity of the faculties exerted by Bacon and Shakspeare in their various writings, and particularly in regard to the remarkable strain of humour displayed by both. An examination of the text, too, shows some singular resemblances,—frequently the same allusions, indicating the same course of reading, and the same errors of reference and citation. Without, therefore, supposing for a moment that it will at length be proved that Bacon has any right whatever to these immortal dramas, we may conclude that the inquiry set on foot, and the collation instituted between the texts of the works of the sage and the bard, may result in some curious coincidences, and lead to very suggestive inferences. One thing must be granted, that justice has not yet been rendered to Bacon's poetic talents, and that the verses which are extant in his name have far more merit than is generally supposed. There are verses, too, of Shakspeare, which Mr. Smith himself has undervalued,—the sonnets and poems of Shakspeare, which prove Shakspeare's capacity as a poet, and, in Coleridge's opinion, manifest all the powers afterwards more fully developed in the dramas. *Venus and Adonis* was published in 1593, *Lucrece* in 1594; and Francis Meres, a writer of the time, mentioned, in 1598, Shakspeare's "sugered sonnets amongst his private friends." It seems to us, therefore, that Mr. Smith's first inquiry should be to account for Shakspeare's power to produce these. The same man who wrote the poems evidently might write the plays: the critic's wonder is accordingly misplaced.

A work has been lately published calculated to throw some light on our Elizabethan literature, and which may rightfully be mentioned in connection with this subject. We allude to the collection of Sir Thomas Overbury's *Miscellaneous Works*, edited by E. F. Rimbault, LL.D.; an author most famous in his day, and since unjustly neglected. His poems, *The Wife* and *The Remedy of Love*, are replete with every excellence: they have imagination as well as wit; the learning of the schools, and the knowledge of the world, are combined in these compositions. Of his prose works, that entitled *Characters* is the most meritorious. Here are indeed shown graphic power and skill in word-colouring seldom reached. Both Shakspeare and Ben Jonson were indebted to Overbury's works; and the latter bore express testimony to him in verse and prose. No such record proceeds from Shakspeare in relation to any contemporary. It certainly is extraordinary that Shakspeare has not left a single commendatory line concerning his fellow-workers, in an age in which commendatory poems abounded.

In dealing with a forgotten poet of a past age, let us not forget a minor poet of the present, whose merits are considerable. There is many a lover of elegant verse who will be pleased to learn that another volume has proceeded from

the pen of Mr. W. C. Bennett. It is entitled *Queen Eleanor's Vengeance, and other Poems*. Among these, there are strains that bring Tennyson and Browning to mind, without abating our respect for the immediate author. The ballad which initiates the collection is written in stanza-couplets, and shows a power in dealing with the elements of the terrible perhaps not suspected by the author's admirers. On the fair Rosamond he dwells but little; the vindictive feelings of the jealous Eleanor are those that have plainly fascinated the poet's genius. A dramatic poem, entitled "A Character," manifests the same tendency. The creole, Lina Merton, is a Queen Eleanor on a small scale, and of a more metaphysical turn of mind; but her vengeance is equally cruel, or rather more so. The queen only murders, but the creole annihilates. The piece, however, most to our mind is "The Boat-Race." The "New Griselda," which is evidently the writer's favourite, has less of pure beauty, and the conventions introduced disturb the ideal impressions. Mr. Bennett's classic imitations are, as usual, excellent. Theocritus writes again in such pieces as "Pygmalion," "Ariadne," and "The Judgment of Midas." The political pieces are vigorous, satirical, and fully justify the reputation already acquired by the author for compositions of the kind. But it is in his domestic moods that we best love to encounter Mr. Bennett. Is not the following exquisite?

"BABY'S SHOES.

O THOSE little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
O the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!
For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet,
That, by God's good will,
Years since grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.
And O, since that baby slept,
So hushed, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!
For they mind her for evermore
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.
As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.
Then O wonder not that her heart
From all else would rather part
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!"

No doubt the hypocritical will discern faults in the above; but the true natural feeling manifested will atone for all trifling defects. Among the more ambitious efforts, we may note with especial commendation the poems entitled "Columbus" and "The Star of the Ballet." The last is a ballad in which simplicity, thought, and sentiment wrestle for the victory, and lovingly unite, as it were, in a war-embrace. The most remarkable poetic phase of the times is truly that of our minor minstrelsy.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

Mrs. Norton has made many powerful appeals through the press in behalf of the rights of mothers to have the care of

their own children. But this is only half of the argument, and goes upon the assumption that all mothers are good and careful trainers of children. The following plain narrative shows another side of the question.

A wealthy man in the sister kingdom, in the first-class social position, was married to a lady of corresponding position, and had a family of four children, three boys and a girl. The father was a *bon vivant*, who kept horses and dogs and claret, frequented the turf and gaming-table; and after being "nobody's enemy but his own," died of *delirium tremens*; and his wife soon followed him to the grave, leaving the children utterly destitute. Relatives "well-to-do" abandoned them; and refused to bestow upon them even the means of showing their destitution in the commonest conventionalities of outward garb. They were thrust forth as pariahs upon the world.

But the eldest boy, scarce sixteen years of age, had the heart of a hero. A tradesman of his father's gave him some coarse mechanical employment at a few shillings a-week; and then seeking a poor lodging in an outskirts of the town, he became the father and protector of his brothers and sister; feeding on potatoes, but exulting in the thought that those he loved were kept away from the dregs of vice. Horror-struck at his father's end, he took the temperance pledge, and religiously kept it.

Grown to man's estate, after privations that none but the heroic nature can undergo without debasement, he made his way to England, and obtained good wages. All the luxury he then indulged in was changing his diet of potatoes for a diet of dry bread. Every farthing of his wages beyond this and lodging was devoted to the task of sending out his brothers and sister to establish them in the United States. This heavy task accomplished, he married a delicately-nerved woman, of nature as heroic as his own, and power of self-sacrifice that was a marvel. Goodly children were born to them; he rose in position from a workman to a foreman, with the confidence of his employers; and all would have been well, but that one of the brothers in America had married a dawdling worthless wife, and become a drag on his resources. His incessant help was unavailing. His sister came home to him; and one after the other his brothers died.

Meanwhile hosts of relatives poured in upon him in his prosperity. They who had shirked him as a poor boy were now not ashamed to borrow his money, and quarter their families on him, till human nature could bear no more; and the delicate nerves of the wife, roused to action, forbade with resolute will all further encroachment. Letters came from America, asking for more assistance to enable the widow of the deceased brother to carry on his business. A consultation was held, and husband and wife resolved to send for the widow and her four children, to bring them home to live with them, treating her, a stranger to them, as a sister, and her children as their children. The money was sent out to pay their debts and their passage home.

They came: a girl of ten, two boys of four and five, and another boy a year old. Nothing could be kinder, more genial, than their reception. The mother was placed in the position of sister, and the children put upon an equality with their cousins. Soon came out the truth, that all the children were afraid of her, that the daughter had been made her drudge and slave, and the other children victims of her tyranny; that the death of her husband had been a consequence of her selfish misconduct, if not worse. The children, browbeaten into fear, were all liars from terror, and frightened at her. She would do no kind of work, give no help, even to the care of her own children. All she cared for was, to eat and drink, and complain of want of society, and denial of places of amusement. At home she preferred the kitchen to the parlour.

At length she told her brother-in-law, that if he would take all the children on himself, and give her a specified sum of money, she would go to her relations in Ireland, and trouble him no more. She went; and the children were



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. FROM A MEDALLION BY MARSHALL WOOD.

sent to school, and were gradually trained to better habits. The youngest child remained at home, and became a favourite.

Six months elapsed, during which the worthless woman had spent the money, and tired out all her relatives. She then came back, and wanted again to be taken in; but this was sternly refused. Then she tried to exact black-mail, as a compensation for leaving her own children to be maintained. Failing in this, she laid down at the door for the whole day, howling like a wild-cat, to get the commiseration of the neighbours on account of her "cruel separation from her dear children." Then she set up a life of mendicancy in the neighbourhood, making her occasional appearance whenever the children were at home, and scaring them out of their senses. At length, on promise of better behaviour, she was allowed to come to the door and see them from time to time. It almost required force to get the children to her; and her practice was to threaten them, that when they grew up she would shame them all. One day she called, and the servant set the youngest child down at the door while she went to fetch the others, who had run away to hide themselves from such a mother. During the servant's absence, she carried off the child, to use as a means of better obtaining charity.

And so, as the plea of maternity is in all cases to give a right to the care of children, this unfortunate child is to

be brought up in a condition of hopeless misery. The heroic self-sacrificing nature of the husband and his wife is simply martyred by the malicious will of a demon in woman's form. The question, therefore, is, not one of woman's right to her children, or man's right to his children, but the right of the children themselves to such training as may raise them to be useful members of the community, and not mere pests to society.

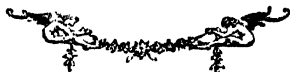
And the wretched woman herself thinks she is ill-used. She tells every one that her father kept his carriage, and that it is the duty of her relatives to see that she is comfortably maintained, without being degraded by working. To her own mind, she realises a series of iniquities practised on her, and is very desirous to have possession of her daughter, that she may work for her, while she lives in idleness. She can only see justice from the side of her own comfort.

She too has been injured in being badly brought up. Her lazy and worthless nature might have been turned in early youth, not to love justice, but to recognise necessity, and bow down to it, instead of uselessly struggling to plunder the industrious. Meanwhile there is a clear case of an unscrupulous wild-beast in woman's form passing her time to compass the misery of a generous and self-sacrificing household, in order to extort black-mail, with more calculating wilful cruelty than a garrotter. And probably when

she has thoroughly destroyed the child by the inculcation of vile practices, she will some day leave him at the door of his uncle—when she can no longer extract a profit from him—a poisoned thing, to inflict still greater pain on those whose affection will forbid them to abandon him.

In the eyes of the law, the uncle would be justified in sending the whole family to the workhouse; and the humanity and affection of his nature is made an instrument of torture to him.

When will the law provide a remedy for the wrongs done by, as well as against, mothers as well as fathers; and give to the children a chance of being well cultivated, as a counteraction to being badly born?



AURORA LEIGH.*

THE progress of Mrs. Browning's mind, from her earliest poems to the present, is an interesting study for the poetic observer. After the plaintive human tenderness of her first lays, now little known, we had the spiritual aspiration revealed in the "Seraphim;" then the strife between human love with its mortal crosses, and faith with its immortal crown; which formed the frequent burden of her two volumes in 1844; then the sympathy evinced in "Casa Guidi Windows" with the present condition of Italy,—a poem proving the writer's sense of the uses and responsibilities of her power; and finally, the present volume, *Aurora Leigh*, in which a direct and practical interest in the world of to-day is yet more evident.

Mrs. Browning has lost something since she began to write; but she has gained more. There is less tenderness, less of the touching music drawn from grief, less of those qualities that come home to the individual; but there is more strength, a yet nobler aim, a profounder insight, a deeper sympathy with universal man. There are times now when Mrs. Browning becomes sarcastic and denunciatory. Her genius has laid aside the lute that whispered of life's sorrows, and done battle with its ways. Its mien is at once sterner and loftier; less winning to the many, but with a grander expression, enhanced, as it were, by the scars of conflict.

Aurora Leigh is a poetess. She is so, not by any formal choice or mere mental aptitude, but by nature. Her genius is the growth of her being, the necessary efflorescence of such a root. Given the quick instincts of right, the warm impulses, and the ideal yearnings that are blended in this woman's heart, you have as its inevitable result such a creation as an Aurora Leigh. Such a woman will pierce to the core of things, despise all false semblances, aspire to an unattainable perfection, and turn at first with a sad scorn, not only from the counterfeits of worth, but from its true exemplars, if they move on the humble level of mere utilities, and propose by their benevolence to ameliorate man's outward condition only. Her cousin, Romney Leigh, embodies this latter type of character. He is a philanthropist who would rescue the victims of poverty and crime chiefly by an improvement of their circumstances, and who is apt, in what are called practical reforms, to condemn the influences of imagination and feeling, and the solemn realities of man's inner life, to which they point.

Spiritual agency and material agency are symbolised in these two persons; and their union in the sequel signifies the fusion of the principles which they represent. The aspiring and scornful idealist finds the noblest use of her gifts in their practical application. The material worker learns that man's social progress is blindly aimed at unless pursued in the light of his immortality; and, better than all,

both acknowledge that in every true worker there must be that which is lovelier than any glimpse of imagination, director in its blessings than the most practical deed,—the surrender of the doer in soul and act to the Source of all good, a will that seeks but to reflect His, and leaves results with Him who, through all intermediates, is the One Cause. Says Aurora to Romney, referring to a long-past conversation:

" 'We both were wrong that June day,—both as wrong
As an east wind had been. I who talked of art,
And you who grieved for all men's griefs . . . what then?
We surely made too small a part for God
In these things. What we are, imports us more
Than what we eat; and life, you've granted me,
Develops from within. But innermost
Of the inmost, most interior of the interior,
God claims his own, Divine humanity
Renewing nature,—or the piercingest verse,
Prost in by subtlest poet, still must keep
As much upon the outside of a man
As the very bowl in which he dips his beard.' "

Interwoven with the story of Aurora Leigh and her cousin Romney is that of Marian Erle; and there are passages in it which will startle and probably repel the reader. In selecting an image of almost saintly purity from surroundings of misery and sin, Mrs. Browning has so far exercised a choice which cannot, we think, be fairly impeached. Such cases are exceptional; but an exception, no less than a rule, is a fact, and may claim its place as a true contribution to our experience. Moreover, the exception is here fraught with meaning. Providence does at times demonstrate the worth of the soul by showing it victorious over circumstances; and the effect of such an instance is always ennobling. Still, there are certain external impresses left on the forms of character, even when they do not touch its essence. The spirit of a Marian Erle might possibly, under all opposing conditions, have remained holy and devoted, as it is here shown; but its mode of expression would have been more homely, and its very purity would have earlier conducted it from those scenes of pollution by which it is so long environed in the story. But when from these considerations we pass to the graver one, that Marian Erle becomes the innocent victim of an outrage almost too horrible to glance at, we naturally demand from the poet overpowering reasons to justify such a result.

Doubtless Mrs. Browning has set forth these terrible details partly to show the nobility of Romney Leigh, who will not allow the foulest indignity of circumstance to shake his constancy to one who is virtually pure. Doubtless the truth that no malignity of fortune can stain an unblemished soul finds a powerful illustration in such a narrative. Yet we are bound to say, that all these ends might have been attained by means less harrowing and repulsive; although we fully admit, that if we could reconcile ourselves to the obnoxious theme, it has been treated with consummate delicacy and power.

Yet again, while on points of taste, we must object to that abrupt invocation of sacred names which so often occurs in the book. Irreverence is the last quality that we should really attribute to Mrs. Browning; but there is a savour of it in her manner which will give needless pain.

In unfolding its general design, the poem touches upon the chief figures in modern society. The poet, the artist, the high-churchman, the pantheist, the woman of convention, the woman of fashion, the seamstress, the mechanic and labourer, with all the varied social problems which such characters suggest, have their place and their comment. Again, there are exquisite descriptions of scenery, a wonderful affluence of fresh and striking imagery, and passages of story intensely dramatic. In treating of the poet's art, which may here stand as the symbol of all intellectual effort, the perception that religious feeling is the prime element of the highest genius is finely conveyed. The transcripts of nature and external life, it is urged, lack their real value, unless they express man's spiritual condition.

* *Aurora Leigh*. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. London: Chapman and Hall.

"There's not a flower of spring,
That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence; to that spirit-world
Outside the limits of our space and time,
Whereto we are bound. Let poets give it voice
With human meanings; else they miss the thought,
And henceforth step down lower, stand confessed
Instructed poorly for interpreters,—
Thrown out by an easy cowslip in the text."

The following, too, is nobly felt and expressed:

"Fame itself,
That approbation of the general race,
Presents a poor end (though the arrow speed,
Shot straight with vigorous finger to the white),
And the highest fame was never reached except
By what was aimed above it. Art for art,
And good for God Himself, the essential Good!"

The poet's duty to apprehend sublimity in the present is not less grand in conception and utterance:

"Every age,
Through being beheld too close, is ill-discerned
By those who have not lived past it. We'll suppose
Mount Athos carved, as Persian Xerxes schemed,
To some colossal statue of a man:
The peasants, gathering brushwood in his ear,
Had guessed as little of any human form
Up there, as would a flock of browsing goats.
They'd have, in fact, to travel ten miles off
Or ore the giant image broke on them,
Full human profile, nose and chin distinct,
Mouth muttering rhythms of silence up the sky,
And fed at evening with the blood of suns;
Grand torso,—hand, that slung perpetually
The largesse of a silver river down
To all the country pastures. 'Tis even thus
With times we live in,—overtime too great
To be apprehended near.

But poets should
Exert a double vision; should have eyes
To see near things as comprehensively
As if afar they took their point of sight,
And distant things, as intimately deep,
As if they touched them. Let us strive for this.
I do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times,
And trundles back his soul five hundred years,
Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle-court,
O not to sing of lizards or of toads
Alive! the ditch there!—'twere excusable;
But of some black chief, half knight, half sheep-lifter,
Some beautiful dame, half chattel and half queen,
As dead as must be, for the greater part,
The poems made on their chivalric bones.
And that's no wonder: *death inkerits death.*"

Free on the whole from the obscurity that counterfeits depth, the book is not, on the other hand, poetry made easy. It deals both with imagination and philosophy; and those who love neither, and yet expect to understand the entire poem, will be disappointed. Yet there are many pictures invested with such a glow of feeling, that even a dim imagination will make them out by the light of the heart. Has there been any thing yet written of a babe more lovely suggestive or musical than this? The mother

"Approached the bed, and drew a shawl away:
You could not peel a fruit you fear to bruise
More calmly and more carefully than so,—
Nor would you find within a rosier flushed
Pomegranate—

There he lay, upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples,—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light-glare, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart-blood ebb'd away into,
The fluster for his love. And love was here
As instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,

Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;
The little naked feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; every thing so soft
And tender,—to the little holdfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of 't.

The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,
And, staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence,—gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there,—never moved,
But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy (half with her and half with heaven)
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,
But smiled and lay there. Like a rose, I said:
As red and still indeed as any rose,
That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
Content, in blowing, to fulfil its life."

In almost every page the reader will meet the proofs of a moral insight, keen and noble, embodied in felicitous diction. As an instance, take this on the superiority of the blindest veneration to frigid and learned scepticism:

"Good love, how'er ill-placed,
Is better for a man's soul in the end
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.
A pagan, kissing, for a step of Pan,
The wild-goat's hoof-print on the loamy down,
Exceeds our modern thinker who turns back
The strata . . . granite, limestone, coal, and clay,
Concluding coldly with, 'Here's law! Where's God?'"

Nor are examples wanting in which a fine meaning is disfigured by a reckless audacity of phrase. Thus:

"Headlong leaps
Of waters that cry out for joy or fear
In leaping through the palpitating pines,
Like a white soul tossed out to eternity
With thrills of time upon it."

In many cases, where the talk of frivolous persons is reported, the language becomes mere prose cut into lengths; but the dramatic intention is here obvious, and the writer should be allowed the benefit of it. She never puts trite dialogue into any mouths but those from which nothing better would emanate in life.

Still, it must be said that the poem wants some of the graces of art, even though it often shows that better grace which is proverbially beyond art's reach. Hasty and even random execution is often visible. The last touch of the chisel is lacking, and will be regretted by all except those sectarian minds who mistake roughness for strength, and cannot believe that grandeur of idea may consist with accuracy of detail. When Mrs. Browning is logical or philosophical her verse is often harsh, and outrages every rule of scanning. When, on the contrary, she writes from emotion, the defect rarely occurs; at times, indeed, the lines swell upon the ear, wave after wave, as it were, with the fullness and the cadence of a tide. As critics, we of course register these peculiarities of style for praise or censure; but let us say (and we can pay no greater homage to Mrs. Browning's mind) that praise for her merits as an artist is the last thing we care to tender her. There is a strain of noble intensity in her book that attracts us from its manner to its substance. We feel that we have been communing with a spirit, perhaps somewhat extreme in its scorn of pigmy natures, and at times confounding narrowness of view with insincerity of motive, but a spirit so generous, earnest, and high, that it lifts from the transitory and the mean all that come within its range; translates us from the world of shows to that of realities, and makes us feel that the noblest things are also the most real. There is so much help, truth, and sympathy in the aspect of such genius, that we only notice by an after-thought the wreath upon its brow.

LONDON CHILDREN.

By G. W. THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD."

I REMEMBER of old time attending a public lecture in Whitechapel. What the lecture was about, I cannot at this distant period take upon me to distinctly say; but this I know, that the very climax and bloom of the evening—the noisy tumultuous hand-clapping moment, the umbrella-knocking and toe-crushing period—was when the lecturer produced a handful of green corn, just picked, and a bunch of ripe wheat-ears saved from last year's harvest, and explained to the children the rise and progress of the quarter loaf, from the small dry yellow seed to the full wonder of the autumn fruitfulness.

Not a child present had, I am sure, ever seen a corn-field; and such delight and twinkling of small pale faces I never beheld since I once attended a meeting of five hundred white-faced bakers, who intended to strike, and were planning a rise in wages,—five hundred bakers, I may say, in a violent and distressing state of fermentation, who found they could not make their own bread by manufacturing other people's.

On my way home from Whitechapel I fell into a muse on the hard lot of London children, whom Fortune has driven out of Paradise, that is, the country, into the flowerless thistly world, which is London. No angling for minnows for them; no knocking down of glossy chestnuts; no dog-roses to pick to pieces; no blue sky even; no swift chase of purposeless sunbeams over field and common;—but instead, black alleys walled out from heaven; subterranean cellars, where even the yellow-toothed rat sickens; noisome fever-garrets, where the spider would be too feeble to trap even the thin fly, were the thin fly in a proper robust state of health, or of an average good constitution.

For them no autumn gold trees wave, or blue violets grow; no rich crabs lurk sour, yet tempting, behind sheltering leaves; no stream babbles its unformed child-music; no bird prates its one untiring thought of love and spring. O, friends, what must the London street-child think of God, for making that city, which he supposes is all God's world! Spring he knows by the bunches of primroses sold by squalid pale men in Oxford Street; autumn by the dead dry leaves that blow and whisk idly about Russell Square. He knows nothing of stillness or of solitude; you can't be quiet in London. His idea of the perfection of the human voice is derived, not from Lind or Grisi, but from Brother Jack, who cries all day past the doors of rich fraudulent bank-directors, "Buy a rope—buy a rope!" a cry which might be thought personal, did we not see Jack means a rope of onions, red and yellow and brazen, with shivery shining skins, and a scent disliked by all respectable people. The child's idea of an octave is not drawn from Mario, but from Uncle Bob's "Salmon—delicate salmon!" a sound which makes musical critics tear their beards, and thrust their fingers in their, alas! too sensitive ears.

I watched a pair of children only yesterday: the eldest girl with her mother's bonnet on, the bonnet too large, and much squeezed and doubled up; the girl overwhelmed with a pile of fat listless babyhood hidden in a shawl; the youngest a little Saxon angel, with dirty face and eager wondering eyes, very quick in their azure changes to various brightnesses and aspects of joy. As to dress, the youngest had very little on but an old dress-coat, the tails sweeping the ground, and evidently much used for purposes of warfare and traction. The pair were on a tour of sight-seeing between school-hours, and I determined to follow them, just to see what amusement they would pick up.

First they halted, with a wistful deprecatory look, alternately coaxing, flattering, and independent, before an old woman's fruit-stall, that stood under an archway not far from a crossing in a street in the Strand, where the river showed by fits below, flashing now and then like a

silver sword half-drawn suddenly in playful anger. The stall was gay with five-fingered chestnut-leaves, and had cherries tied with white thread on sticks. To London children's eyes, they seemed so many blood-red jewels, brought from distant lands of sweetness and delight. Alas, to me had long passed away the great days of bob-cherry and knuckle-down! There were apples too, dry and red as old men's cheeks, and leathery gold pears, and chestnuts, mealy and out at elbows, suffering a crackling martyrdom over a kettle of red-hot coals, and singing as they died. There were nuts, too, mahogany-brown, that the old cheery woman, who was reading a greasy tract and knitting, would roll and shake about in a tempting way that Government ought not to allow; it was so deliciously cruel. A sarcastic and reproachful glance, which signified, "You little miserable creatures, you haven't got a halfpenny; don't stare about here, if you don't buy!" drove the children on; but they stopped at the next crossing. Here was something too good to lose,—a real sham soldier, with a wooden leg and a sham medal on his chicken heart. Why, Lor', this is better than the blind man who stands in the Clapham Road, shuffling about his eyelids, with a dirty card on his breast, on which is written, "Blind from his birth, likewise totally deaf," as if he was rather proud of the thing. They stop and see how the sweeper splashes those who don't give him any thing, and how he grinds his old teeth when a cab almost amputates his toes. The men who sell sweet herbs and boot-laces stay them for a moment; but, great observers as they are, they must run home now, for father comes to tea at five.

Then a chatter and a squeak drives them into instant hysterics. Yes, it's PUNCH; and Punchdom, with its sudden revolutions, its *émeutes*, suppressed revolts, and final tyrannicide, hurries them away to fairy-land, and drowns all thought of mother's hard knuckles, father's fist, and daily short-comings; or perhaps some eventful day presents to their large eyes those Apollos of Southampton Street, the Arabian acrobats, rich in spangles, boneless, extraordinary men, who perform feats of superhuman agility with a jaded and morose air of disconsolate, yet almost regal pleasure. Wonderful sights are waiting at shop-doors, too, for these favoured children: enormous turtles flapping on the backs of fat porters; stuffed birds, all emerald and crimson, standing in conceited attitudes in shop-windows; squirrels in the treadmill at bird-fanciers' doors, with real chickens, that the children feed with their scanty meal.

So that, after all, in spite of black mud, houses, and dark alleys, and screams of quarrelling women, and curses, and dog-fighting, there is some compensation for London children for the flowers, meadows, and the trees that make a low noise at night as if they were audibly breathing, and for the blue skies that ripen at sunset into red. Yes; these poor London children, that stare greedily into pastrycooks' windows, that watch older and richer boys buying fruit at stalls, that push through the legs of an execution-crowd, that laugh when elderly gentlemen trip up, that watch old flaunting dowagers get out of their carriages at Regent-Street doors, that pinch footmen's fictitious calves, that laugh at fussy barristers' wigs, that sing popular melodies, that fly kites and drive hoops in quiet streets,—the pert, ready, lively, sarcastic, suspicious, cynical street-children have their amusements, and do not pine for the country's summer green or autumn orange.

I love these London children, with all their diseased precocity, their pert premature manliness and womanhood, their air of patronage, and their indomitable republican independence; their daring, energy, and restless curiosity are all cherished by me. All the same to them is it whether a pale face and a heap of wet rags is carried dripping on a stretcher to a suburban hospital, or if it be two red-faced cabmen pounding themselves to "purple ruins;"—it is all one for the gesticulating boy, who forgets his special errand in his wider sympathy for the human race in general.

The London child knows nothing of the dear old country sights. He has had no glimpses through black doorways of

gigantic blacksmiths emerging from glazes of orange light; for him are no chasings of stately geese over thirsty commons; for him no silvery dances of merry dace or gold-finned minnows round the green fresh water-cresses in the brook. He traps not the hesitating sparrow or the wily finch; for him no starlings' necks twinkle, opal and emerald, in the sunlight that bathes with gold the elm-tops. The jolting and ceaseless thunder of the Fleet-Street omnibuses is for him a poor exchange for the mellow pounding of the thrasher's flail, or the rasp and tinkle of the whetstone and the scythe. When he meets in St. Giles's a band of Irish reapers, with their sickles twisted with hay, and their faces turned countryward, he thinks little of the golden seas they will soon be wading in waist-high; or how the larks, a thousand strong, will carol to them as they toil with their hot faces all in a row. He sees man's spoiled muslin-work till he forgets the perfection of God's wild-flowers.

The London child's world is one of blank squares, with black bushes like worn-out brooms, and leaves on which the lamplight shows the black dew; soot-dripped statues on sooty pedestals; silent by-streets and noisy courts, where every body seems washing and no one washed, where half the population are children, and the rest women and thieves. He plays with oyster-shells, or builds palaces of mud. Walls particoloured with handbills are his delight, and the Temple Gardens are his idea of rural perfection, if it wasn't that he had seen Rosherville. He is always watching, whether he is an errand-boy studying the flageolet, or a butcher's boy with slate castanets in either hand—now it's a shoal of black lobsters who object to being dyed red; or, at the same fishmonger's bulkhead, a prism-coloured mackerel, or a basket of eels, who will tie themselves into dark slippery knots. To-day he rubs his nose flat against the window of a shop by St. Paul's, and sees the silken vanities that flaunt in mockery of the church and its stone seraphs and protesting saints. To-morrow, the purple satins and the yellow tiffanies that stream in coloured cataracts in other windows are better to him than a peep-show. For him the street ballad-seller tapestries the black railings with fluttering songs; and in the square of Leicester the itinerant astronomer offers men a view of another world for "one penny." Every one who passes him is to his eyes a sight, an amusement, whether porter with white apron and shining badge, lawyer with friz-wig and blue-bag, brewer with quilted doublet and copper-nailed shoes, shoe-black in scarlet, or even the dismal man in livery who deals out handbills as if he were dealing at whist. The jeweller's shops, with their golden trophies; or the cobbler's stall, where the busy dwarf jerks the thread,—it is all one to him; for he is a child-philosopher, and from all things draws inferences. The London boy is generally a cynic, and contemptuous of foreigners, particularly thin shivering Hindoos; and quizzical Germans with red mops of beards are to him guys—just that—guys. He is all eyes, and is quick as a spy, keen as a detective.

I still look on London children, I repeat, as so many fallen angels driven from the paradise of the country to the purgatory of the town. Exiled from all pleasant sights, scents, and sounds, to inhale the exhalations of sewers, to batten on fogs, and to toil through mud, deafened by the brute violence of the endless roll and roar of trade. To live only, and not to live well, is the object of the poor in cities. The flowers he sees are cut and dying flowers; the birds, the poulterers'. His sky is a lurid vision; his air, bearable miasma. He is thrown cheek by jowl with vice, as poverty always is in cities. His life will be toil, and its end the workhouse; his grave will be in a dripping corner of that grassless burial-ground that makes rich men shudder to look at or to think of.

Do London sights compensate children for the loss of their country birthright? I trow not. No, not even those great globes of crimson blood that incarnadine the common pavement with rich reflections cast through the chemists' windows; not even the Zoolu's skull and the alligator's jaw at the old curiosity shop; nor the medieval upholsterer's

helpless armour and china teacups;—no, not even the blue-eyed portraits next door to the dentist's, nor the miles of tapeworm put in pickle in the enterprising medicine-man's window in Long Acre.

Not but what there is something very supernatural and haunted about the broken windows of a house in Chancery, with its walls sloughed and speckled with posting-bills and notices. A London harse, too, with its nodding black feathers and red-nosed coachman, is a thing to be remembered; so is a country-waggon, with a red-checked girl staring from under the awning-tilt for the first time at daybreak at the unheeding town. There is no place where amusement is so thrust upon you and forced down your throat as in this London. The broken-down gentlemen that lurk about at ginshop-doors, the wrinkled veterans at cab-stands, are all part of the London boy-experience. Every street is a leaf in the page of the great volume he can't help reading. The tinker with his flaring kettle of coals, the sparks spiriting from his sandstone-wheel, the chair-mender on the door-step, the grinning Italian with his shuffling feet, the sly groom in the Quadrant with a stolen dog under his arm, the itinerant almanac-seller, are all his friends and fellows. The beadle, the costermonger, the pugilist, the soldier, the city-man, the beggar, the cabman, the carter, pass before him in shifts and changes, and all for his amusement.

Over this great mammon city, with its black dome, red roofs, and white towers, the coppery fire of the blank sun smoulders through the fog; and all for his delight as much as for the big thirty-thousand-pounder just stepping into his barouche and bound for Clapham. For him, through tawny smoke and lurid clouding, break the soft blue spots of summer sky, like glimpses of the very veil that hides Heaven's Holy of Holies. The stars shine and interchange for him, though he does live underneath an alley, and next door to a potato-cellar. For him every sunset flowers and widens into the great black blossom of night, on whose sable leaves the stars shine but as dewdrops.



THE CONDENSED AIR-BATH.

BY AN M.D.

THE effects on the health and spirits of the various changes of weather, only too numerous and sudden in this capricious climate of ours, are well known and constantly experienced by every one. The circumstances to be taken into account as producing these effects, in connection with changes of weather, are numerous. Differences of temperature and of amount of moisture, the force and direction of the winds, electrical changes, ever-varying degrees of light, have each their effects on the human system; but there is one circumstance,—depending to a considerable extent, indeed, on some of those already mentioned,—not so perceptible to an ordinary observer as most of them, which nevertheless must bear a large share in producing the results of atmospheric changes. We allude to the varying density, weight, or pressure of the air, indicated by the rise and fall of the mercurial column in the barometer; the former, of course, indicating an increase, the latter a diminution, in the weight of the air. Judging by our sensations merely, we should be inclined to suppose that the state of the atmosphere was just the reverse of what it really is. In fine weather, when the barometer is generally high, we feel a lightness and exhilaration of spirits, an increased aptitude for exertion; while nothing is more common, in an opposite state of the weather, than to hear it said that there seems to be a weight in the air. We then

feel heavy, languid, and unwilling to exert ourselves, and our spirits are more or less depressed. These varying effects are more perceptible on the occurrence of sudden changes.

The effects of diminished atmospheric pressure also are manifested in a marked degree by the change from low to high altitudes, and have been graphically described by many travellers and aeronauts; while those of increased pressure are experienced on descending in the diving-bell or into deep mines.

There has just been introduced into this country a means of taking advantage of increased atmospheric pressure in the treatment of disease, which, although it has been in successful operation in France for a considerable number of years, has attracted but little attention from the members of the medical profession in this country. It is, however, to an Englishman that we must ascribe the merit of making the first steps in this direction, without at the same time detracting from the deserts of the French philosopher, of whose researches we have afterwards to speak. So long ago as the year 1664, Dr. Henshaw constructed an air-tight chamber, in which, by means of a large pair of organ-bellows, the air could be rarefied or condensed; and he seems to have applied this means to the treatment of various diseases, using apparently rarefied air for those of a chronic character, and condensed air for the acute. The degree of rarefaction or condensation was regulated by the sensations of the patient as regarded his respiration. He states, however, that difficulty of breathing is oftener experienced in condensed than in rarefied air. We shall find, as we proceed, that the contrary is the true state of the case, under moderate increase of pressure. These experiments do not appear to have led to any useful results; and no doubt from various causes, especially the insufficiency of the means available for the purpose, and the supposed dangers of increased pressure. The subject seems to have fallen into unmerited neglect, till M. Tabarié, in 1832, presented to the Institute of France a report on the effects of differences of atmospheric pressure; and starting from the idea that an element so indispensable as the air to the existence of all organised beings must also, by modifications of its physical and chemical qualities, become an inexhaustible source of useful influences on the organism, after long and laborious research established this fact, that compressed air is an agent of the highest importance in the treatment of various maladies, and enunciated certain principles serving as guides for its efficient application. He was assisted in his researches by Dr. Bertin, of Montpellier; and Dr. Pravaz, of Lyons, has made a series of independent investigations, the results of which he has published in an essay, which received the honour of being *couronné* by the Institute of France in 1850. M. Tabarié found that, to produce salutary effects, the pressure must be gradually increased, sustained for a time at a certain degree of intensity, and again gradually diminished; and that the amount of pressure calculated to be of greatest service is moderate, an increase above this not being attended by any increased advantage, but rather the reverse, as he believes that the principal salutary agency is *continuance* of the high pressure, that the transition from any pressure to a higher has a disturbing effect, and that therefore the shorter, within certain limits, we can make the interval of transition the better. Dr. Pravaz also has shown, that beyond a certain limit no advantage is to be expected, principally because the pressure of the air, when highly increased, overcomes the resisting elasticity of the lungs. The amount of pressure considered most beneficial is about two-fifths of an atmosphere additional; that is, about six pounds on the square inch more than the ordinary pressure of the air, which is fifteen pounds. These researches have led to the establishment of compressed-air baths at Montpellier, Lyons, Nice, and more recently at Ben Rhydding, in Yorkshire, where we have had an opportunity of experiencing and observing its effects. We shall now proceed to give some account of the construction, use, and effects of the bath itself.

An iron chamber is constructed, of sufficient strength to bear the increased pressure, provided with windows of strong plate-glass, and a door fitting in such a way as to prevent any escape of air. A pair of force-pumps communicates with the chamber by a pipe, opening by numerous minute apertures in the floor, and is worked by a steam-engine. By a simple arrangement, a sufficient quantity of air is allowed to pass off constantly to keep that in the chamber of the purity requisite for the purpose of respiration. A barometric tube is placed outside, its upper end open, and communicating therefore with the external air; while the cap, or curved end below, and the mercury contained in it, are subjected, by means of a tube, to the pressure of the air inside the bath. The height of the mercurial column, therefore, will always indicate the difference in pressure between the air outside and that inside; and a scale is attached, showing the amount in pounds.

The interior of the chamber is furnished with seats, a couch for weak patients, and any other convenience that may be requisite; and the iron walls are cased inside with wood. The entrance and exit of the air should be so managed as to cause as little noise as possible, so that patients may sleep, if so disposed. There is an arrangement also by means of which, without allowing of any escape of air, small articles, such as books, letters, &c., may be conveyed into or out of the chamber (for in this bath patients may read, write, or converse, as they please); and by means of a bell, those inside can summon an attendant, to whom orders are conveyed by writing on a slip of paper, and showing it at one of the windows. If necessary, an apparatus may be adapted for heating or cooling the air before it enters the chamber. The barometer and the valve for regulating the escape of the air may be placed in the engine-room, so that the whole is under the eye of a single attendant.

The patients, then, being seated in the chamber, the door is closed, and the engine set in motion. By regulating its velocity and the amount of air escaping, the pressure is raised to the amount of $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb to 6 lb on the square inch, as indicated by the barometer, at a rate of 1 lb in five minutes. When it has reached the desired maximum, the engine still continues to work, as there must be a constant supply of fresh air. The high pressure is kept up steadily for a time, varying from half an hour to an hour, and is then reduced as gradually as it rose. In general, the entire sitting occupies two hours; but the amount of pressure and the length of time must be adapted to the capabilities of the patients, some being unable, from weakness or peculiarities of constitution, to bear it so long.

The first feeling generally remarked by an individual in the bath is a sense of pressure, sometimes, though rarely, amounting to acute pain, in the ears. This is easily accounted for, when we remember that the internal ear communicates with the throat by a small tube, and is separated from the external by a membrane commonly called the "drum of the ear." The pressure on the drum, then, is caused by the loss of balance between the air outside and that inside the ear, the former not gaining immediate admittance to the internal ear from the walls of the tube, at its opening into the throat, being in contact. Swallowing once or twice, or endeavouring after inspiration to expel the breath while the mouth and nostrils are kept closed, will in most cases open the tube and establish the balance of pressure. When the maximum pressure is attained, the sensation in the ears generally ceases, but returns again as the pressure is brought down, from a reversal of the causes above mentioned; the condensed air in the interior of the ears not finding a ready exit by the tube, and therefore pressing the drum outwards. After a few sittings in the bath, the tube commonly continues pervious, and no uneasiness is experienced. The saliva is generally increased in quantity. But the best marked effects are those on the circulation and respiration, particularly in persons labouring under maladies implicating these functions; for it is to be remarked, that a person in health

may not experience much, if any, change beyond the pressure in the ears. When the pressure reaches its maximum intensity, or rather after it has continued for a time at that intensity, the pulse undergoes in most cases a diminution in velocity, varying from a few beats per minute even to forty-five; and what is most remarkable is, that in many cases the pulse does not again rise after coming out of the bath to the same amount as before, and so its velocity has thus been permanently reduced. The same remarks apply to the rapidity of the respiration, which, as is well known, is in some diseases much increased; while under the action of the compressed air difficult and rapid breathing becomes easier and slower, and even persons whose respiration is healthy find a remarkable facility of breathing—feeling, indeed, as if breathing were unnecessary. In most persons there is a greater flow of spirits and increased appetite for food; and in some drowsiness comes on in the bath, and sleep is improved after it.

The diseases in which the air-bath is found most beneficial are those of the air-passages—such as relaxed sore-throat, loss of voice, diseases of the windpipe, chronic bronchitis, asthma, consumption, palpitation of the heart, and chronic congestion of the brain.

On the theory of the mode of action of the air-bath we shall say but little. There are one or two circumstances, however, connected with it which we may briefly notice as contributing very much to the results. First, the effects of increased pressure on the tissues with which the air comes in contact, especially in the air-passages, which may easily be conceived to have a tendency to diminish congestion, that is, increased quantity with diminished circulation of blood in a part. Secondly, M. Pravaz has shown that an increase of the capacity of the chest is caused mainly by the compressed air opposing a greater resistance to the natural contractibility of the lungs. And thirdly, in breathing condensed air, we receive into the system, through the lungs, an increased quantity of its vital ingredient, oxygen-gas; for not only is the actual volume of air inhaled increased by the greater facility of respiration, but that volume contains a larger quantity of oxygen than an equal volume of air at the ordinary pressure, though the proportion of oxygen to nitrogen remains the same. How important a due supply of oxygen is to the system, and what beneficial results may be expected to flow, in many cases, from an increased supply, we cannot here fully explain. One thing will be obvious to every one, that if oxygen is necessary to the system, a patient whose lungs are so affected as to diminish the quantity of air respired, must suffer from the want of a due supply of that gas. This want, then, the air-bath tends to supply, both by introducing air charged with an additional amount of oxygen, and by increasing the capacity of the lungs for receiving it.

The results already obtained in the treatment of disease by this method are very striking; and there can be little doubt that it is destined to become one of the most valuable means of alleviation and cure in a large class of maladies.

Among the cases we have seen treated at Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire, with favourable results, may be noted one of palpitation of the heart, and two cases of consumption.

One of the most remarkable cases we have noticed, however, is that of an old soldier who had suffered from chronic bronchitis and asthma for the long period of twenty-seven years. Here also there was increased mucus; and in some parts of the chest a wheezing or coting sound, generally accompanying asthma. After the first sitting the cough was gone, and after five baths the mucus sounds were much less distinct; and other favourable changes had taken place in the chest. This man's pulse before commencing the baths was 108 per minute; during the first bath it fell to 84. When examined the day after his fifth sitting it was 96. His weight increased in five days three pounds and a half. But a still more remarkable change and improvement had taken place. When first examined, it was ascertained that the utmost amount of air he could expel from his lungs, after the deepest

possible inspiration, was 80 cubic inches; 180 less than a man of his height in health ought to breathe. After five sittings, the amount was 150 cubic inches. His breathing, as might under these circumstances be expected, was much relieved, and his sleep greatly improved. In the two cases mentioned before, the increase of vital capacity was by no means so great; but still remarkable, considering the amount of morbid deposit in the lungs. In one it rose from 73 to 80; in the other, from 130 to 140 cubic inches after ten sittings.

Such results are truly encouraging, and give good reason to anticipate still further advances in the treatment of that sad malady which annually destroys so many of the young, the beautiful, and the accomplished, in our island; and we may expect that when the benefits of the air-bath become more extended, it will do away with the necessity, in many cases, of patients' seeking in other lands the mild atmosphere they cannot find in their own, and too often suffering and dying far from the friends and comforts of home.

THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

II.

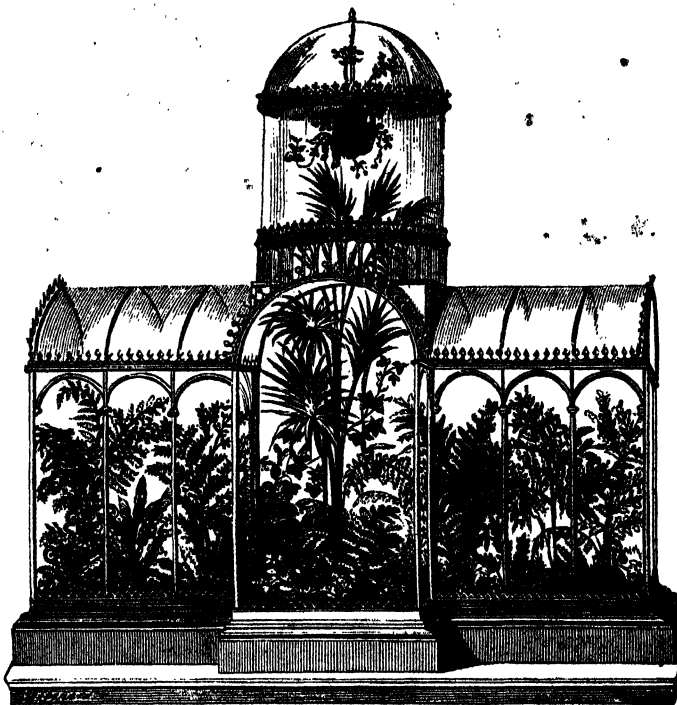
In the neighbourhood of the canal are extensive yards and warehouses, in which are collected or stored away the raw materials on which the skill and taste of the artisan are shortly to be expended. These masses of flint, of so little value at home in the chalk districts; these blocks of steatite, amazingly like the specimens we brought away from the Lizard Point; these cubes of white clay, the very counterpart of those we saw being carted away from the Cornish clay-works,—are the far-fetched treasures of the Staffordshire potter. This art took root here in some distant age, when men were contented with mere earthen jars and beechen platters. Here it spent its little-progressing infancy; here it gained its strength under the stimulus afforded by wealth and luxury; and here most undoubtedly it has attained perfection. Some poor wanderer, perhaps, centuries ago, discovered that the country afforded clay to mould and coal to bake, and here set up his wheel. His trade thrived, he employed his children, and hired labourers to help him; and now, though most of the materials of modern pottery are fetched into Staffordshire from a great distance, the wheel still revolves in its primitive simplicity, and Staffordshireware is to be found wherever the English language is spoken.

A familiar sound of heavy dull hammering calls us to look into a shed from which the noise proceeds, and here we find a stamping-apparatus precisely similar to that used in Cornwall for reducing tin-ore to powder; here employed in pulverising the burnt flints, which play a very important part in the finer kinds of ware. The use of flint as an ingredient in potters' clay is said to have owed its origin to the following accident. A potter, named Asthery, travelling in London, perceived something amiss with one of his horse's eyes; an ostler at Dunstable said he could soon cure him, and for that purpose put a common flint-stone into the fire. The potter, observing it to be, when taken out, of a fine white colour, immediately conceived the idea of improving his ware by the addition of this material to the whitest clay he could procure. Accordingly he sent home a quantity of the flint-stones of that country, where they are plentiful among the chalk; and, by mixing them with tobacco-pipe clay, produced a white stoneware much superior to any that had been seen before. Some of the other potters soon discovered the source of this superiority, and did not fail to follow his example. For a long time they pounded the flints in private rooms, by manual labour, in mortars; but many of the poor workmen suffered severely from the dust of the flint getting into their lungs, and producing pulmonary disorders. These disorders, and the increasing demand for the flint-powder, induced them to try to grind it by mills of various constructions; and this method, being both effectual and safe, has continued in practice ever since.

THE PLANTING OF A WARDIAN CASE.

CRYSTAL Palaces for Home have been treated of as to their general principles; and we have endeavoured to show that unless they are regarded as miniature greenhouses no permanent success can be expected. Since the appearance of these papers in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, several other journals have taken up the question, and have adopted similar views. Mr. Glenney, in *Jerrold's paper*, Mr. Appleby, in the *Cottage Gardener*, and other practical writers, have called public attention to the original failings of the Wardian cases; and though we should hesitate to say that we gave the hint for this new view of the subject, it is certain that *we were the first* to analyse the causes of failure, and point out the remedy. A correspondent has called our attention to some passages in the pamphlet of Mr. Stephen Ward, alleging that we have dealt with it unjustly. We desire to act fairly and openly; and the only difference between ourselves and Mr. Ward is this: he trusts for ventilation to the impossibility of hermetically sealing the case; we insist that ventilation should be properly provided for. Between the two the difference is great indeed.

The design for a crystal palace is intended for the adornment of a window, a conservatory, or any position where its outline would produce a pictorial effect, and where abundance of daylight and little sun would reach it. We need say nothing as to its construction, except that access is to be obtained to the interior by having the front of the central compartment and the end of each wing fitted on hinges, so that the glass-plate forms a door. In each division the framework running along the roof should also be finely perforated, and a slide of zinc fitted so as to move to and fro in a groove, to admit air, or close the ventilating holes, according to circumstances. The two wings and the central compartment might be made separate, so as to fit neatly together, and allow the three parts to be removed from the trays in which the ferns are planted. If so constructed, several trays for plants may be made; and when the vegetation loses beauty, as it may do with the changes of the seasons, the trays can be lifted out, and fresh ones containing new sets of plants inserted in their place, and those removed from the case carried to the greenhouse to be regenerated by careful treatment. This is the way the Wardian cases are managed by the nobility, who contract with nurserymen to supply trays of plants from time to time; and this trick has been kept secret, so that many a connoisseur not *au fait* in the matter has been puzzled again and again to discover by what process the Wardian cases are brought to such perfection just as the London season opens. For it is agreeable to change the vegetation occasionally, however well the plants may be doing, with careful management.



The case here figured is planted as follows. In the centre is the beautiful dwarf palm of the south of Europe, *Chamaerops humilis*. At its base grow some dwarf ferns and lycopods—such as the Tunbridge filmy fern, Wilson's filmy fern, the True Maiden-hair, *Adiantum capillus veneris*, *Asplenium marinum*; the lovely little bladder ferns, *Cystopteris fragilis*, and *C. alpina*; with *Lycopodium stolonifera*, *formosa*, *denticulata*, and *apothecia*.

In the left wing are specimens of *Lastrea cristata*, the crested fern; *Lastrea filix mas*, the common male fern; the lovely Hart's Tongue, *Scelopendrium vulgare*, of which there are at least twenty-five distinct varieties; *S. vulgare proliferum* being very

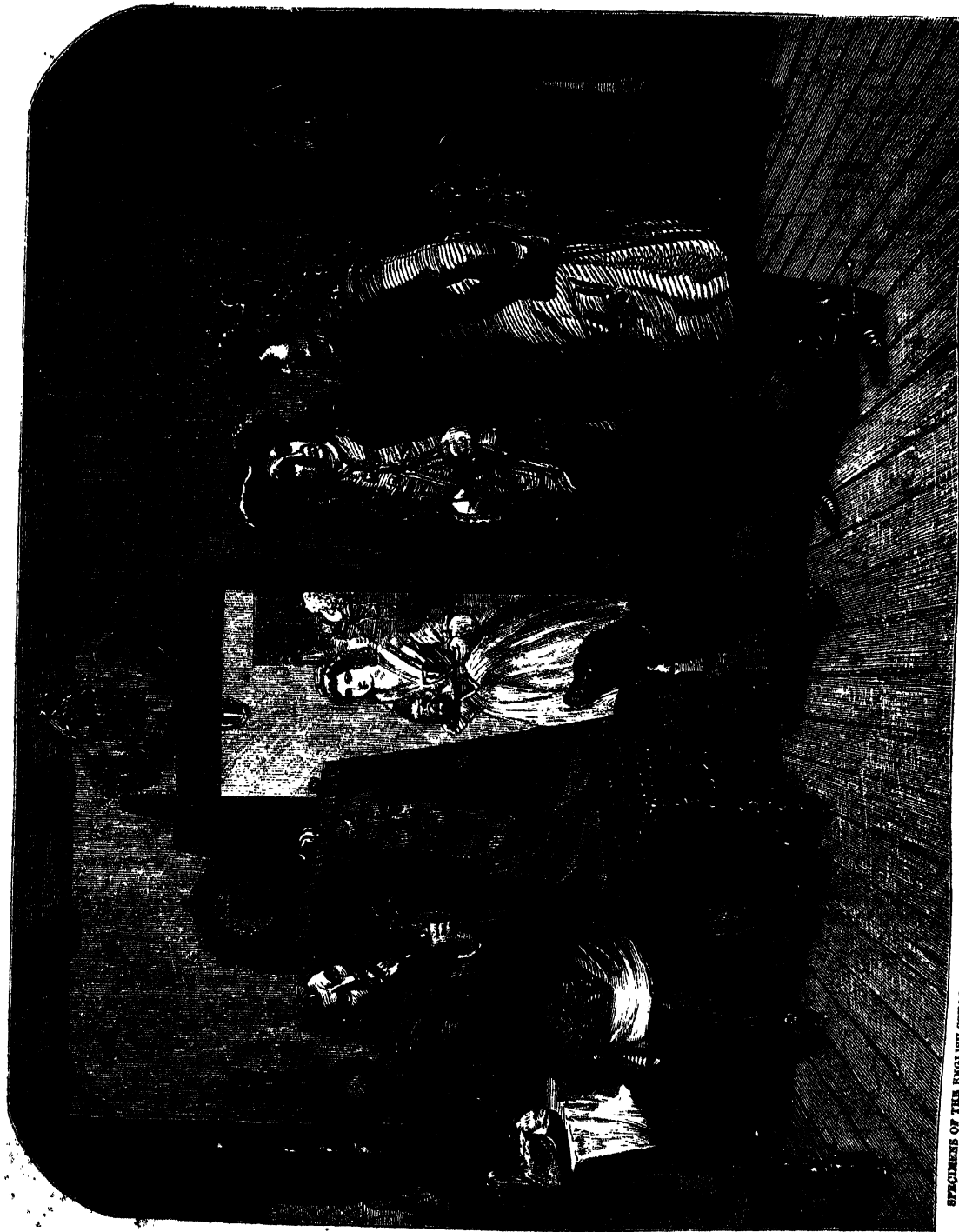
desirable as a diminutive curiosity: it bears little plants on its fronds. On the right of the Hart's Tongue, *Osmunda regalis*, the most renowned of British ferns, completes the planting of this side, as far as conspicuous plants are concerned.

In the right wing the graceful Lady fern, *Athyrium filix femina*, throws up her plumes of verdant feathers. At her feet is the common polypody, *Polypodium vulgare*; the commonest and most easily cultivated, and, with two or three exceptions, the most beautiful and distinct of all the British ferns. Another polypody, *P. dryopteris*, rises from the hollow below it: it has one clear stem, with three branching divisions of the frond; the colour a most refreshing green, and the whole aspect of the plant distinct and elegant. The common brake, *Pteris aquilina*, and *Lastrea spinulosa*, complete the planting on this side. All the plants are drawn from nature.

For covering the diversified surface and filling the hollows of the rock-work, there are many interesting British ferns and flowering-plants suitable. Spleenworts, the Adder's-tongue, *Asplenium lanceolatum*, *A. trichomanes*, and *Trichomanes radicans*, are low-growing ferns that delight in the moist air of a Wardian case; and among flowering-plants, the pretty *Drosera rotundifolia*, Marsh Pennywort, Ground Ivy, Hound's-tongue, Wood Oxalis, Rosy Oxalis (a border-flower), Germander Speedwell, and common small-leaved Ivy, are gems in their way.

The same soil will suit the whole of these, namely, one-third fibrous peat, one-third loam, and one-third river-sand, with a moderate mixture of broken flower-pots and soft charcoal. The soil should ~~not~~ be sifted, the coarser its texture the better; but the several ingredients should be well incorporated, and the whole brought to a friable and light texture. A layer of crocks should be placed below the soil, for drainage.

Most of the nurseries contain collections of ferns from which selections may be made. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining just what are required, Mr. Sim, of Foot's Cray, Kent, can supply from his splendid collection any kinds, whether British or foreign. SIMPLY HIRMAN.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. VII.

PAINTED BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.

SCENE FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A SCENE FROM THE "SPECTATOR."

By W. P. FRITH, R.A.

Among the other tokens of affection which Sir Roger de Coverley's neighbours were frequently exhibiting for that most worthy of country-knights,—the Quixote of modern times,—the Spectator relates that a former servant of his who had set up a hostelry in that part of the country was struck with the idea of having a portrait of him painted for a sign, doubtless reckoning that such a mark of respect to this common friend of all the country round would be duly appreciated by Sir Roger's friends from far and near. This was done, and the portrait suspended from the appropriate post in front of the inn. There it hung a week, until the unexpected and most undesirable compliment came to the ears of the man so honoured; he, with that chivalric consideration which is one of the most subtle characteristics of Addison's greatest creations, went to see this work of art; and finding that it was really intended as the highest honour which could possibly be paid by his old servant to him, took no offence, but quietly said that he considered himself quite unworthy of such a compliment, and suggested that a few touches would sufficiently alter the face to something else, and promised to be at the cost of doing this. The artist was again called in; and by the addition of whiskers and an exaggerated expression to the countenance, turned it into a tolerable representation of the "Saracen's Head;" but the worst result of this was, that a strong resemblance remained to the good knight himself.

The scene Frith has chosen is where the Spectator and Sir Roger are inspecting the picture after its metamorphosis. This picture is one of the very best of this artist's works, in a class which he seems to have made almost his own by his perfect success therein. It will not fail to catch the observer's notice, how truly he has given the good old-gentlemanly aspect of the knight; not without a touch of vanity most becoming to the enslavers of the fair widow. Witness the black wig and feathered hat. How capitally the expression of nervous irresolute benevolence which belonged to him is shown by his way of standing, and the action of wiping the spectacles; the look of appeal, too, at the Spectator himself, not without a suggestion that his vanity had been secretly flattered by the mere fact of that outrageous compliment!

The Spectator's attitude is also most excellently characteristic; see the stoop of the shoulders, like that of an habitually observant and thoughtful man; the genial laugh. Notice the different manner in which his feet place themselves on the floor to the way in which Sir Roger has his, and the way of use with which he holds the whip behind him. The dog's half-dubious look of recognition is, however, one of the finest parts of the design of the picture, and one which the text does not suggest.

It is amusing to notice how the addition of whiskers, the change to a bare neck and dishevelled hair in the portrait, have metamorphosed Sir Roger into the Saracen; and also how even this could not entirely overcome the likeness, although the panther's skin thrown over the shoulders, and the bow and quiver, are far removed enough from an idea of the original. There is an excellent piece of humorous perception by the artist in putting flashes of lightning playing about the head of the ferocious Syrian. This is one of those points of wit which are so frequently found in Frith's works.

The host's half-conscious deprecatory look as he appeals with the eye to the Spectator, his hostile costume and attitude, as though he had got into an habitual start, with "Coming, sir, coming!" like the "Anon, anon!" of Shakspeare's Francis, is well marked.

The luncheon is set out on the table, and introduced in the picture in order to allow of the presence of the girl. See how healthily pretty she is, coming through the sunbeams. Frith's waiting-girls are always capital. Witness his "Sherry, sir?" which is so popular at present.

The county-map on the wall, the tea-board, arranged after the fashion of hostesses, behind the punch-bowl and coffee-pot, are points well made in the picture, as well as the look of the chairs and tables, evidently from some mansion, and perhaps Sir Roger's gifts to his old servant on starting in business; the footman drinking at the bar on the other side of the house-passage, the hostess behind, and the string of lemons suspended from the ceiling in the further room, are parts of character which we should be sorry to miss.

The Spectator, relating the story, says: "Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, 'that much might be said on both sides.'" This is one of the finest hits in all the series of papers, which is unquestionably Addison's *chef-d'œuvre*.

It may be remarked of Frith's paintings, that although it is to be regretted that his style of execution is not more solid, he is yet beyond doubt the most successful of the humorous painters of the day; that he deals with the vanities of men with a skill and delicacy of perception and gentlemanly feeling which is only inferior to the manner in which Hogarth dealt with their crimes and follies. Frith is to humorists what Hogarth is to satirists; and higher praise than this it would be difficult to give to any man.

The picture we have engraved is very brilliant and powerful,—of course not so rich in colour as some of Frith's other works; his excellent judgment would not allow him to indulge in this quality in a sober English scene; but, as the reader will see from the engraving, the expressions of the faces are as full of character and humour as they can be. He is one of the few painters who, having confined themselves to almost a single range of subjects, have not fallen into the besetting sin of mannerism. This work is one of the most solid of his pictures, far more so than one which attracted much more attention,—"The Coming of Age,"—and is one of his most excellent works in his best style. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1847.

JOHN PIKE YAPP.

A TALE OF MAYO.

By THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLL."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE few people in the neighbourhood who were above the rank of peasants themselves did what they could for the universal distress; but, after all, it was but prolonging death by starvation for the most part. Twice a-week some few gave to some few. Every body was poor, and they could do no more. Then the poor souls, with their wretched cans, or broken pitchers or cups, would crowd in hungry multitudes about the doors; and some would receive, and many would fail of receiving, the pittance which seemed necessary to keep life within them. Yet they lived on; and how? It would be hard to answer that question. But, for instance, Lewis had a lean and hungry dog, to which, except in the matter of giving him any thing to eat, all the family were kind. Even Lewis, when he was trying to doze on the stool, with his back to the wall, would call him to his knee; and hungry man and hungry dog would warm each other into a sleep that comforted both. The children, of course, were its companions; when not too miserable, they still played with it, and it still followed them as they toddled by the brook, looking over the bog for some remaining berry. This dog Lewis took one day from the sun, where it lay shivering, and without a word to any one killed it before them, as if he neither saw nor heard them. He was in a transport of hunger; and when the prospect of satisfying it occurred to him, he could see nothing but that one object. Timmy was

relieved from his own wretched life, skinned, cut in pieces, and laid over the smouldering turf, while the children yet screamed around; and then, like a savage, Lewis tore the unpalatable morsel with his teeth. The wife and children also ceased to lament; the irresistible smell and sight of food overpowered all the rest, and in silence they too partook of the half-cannibal meal.

When they had done, the wife prepared to lay by something that remained; but Lewis interfered:

"Tib," said he to the eldest child, "take the bit to Pike, with my sarvice; but mind you, Tib, don't say it was poor Timmy." And forth from the hut he walked leisurely, and lay himself down under the shelter of a wall, there to go profoundly to sleep.

Whether the meal did good or not, I cannot tell. However it may have been, Lewis's wife Nancy, a few days after, passed from active illness to passive; for, indeed, the change was little more than that she could no longer drag her weakened frame about, but sank down to perish. Pike heard of it, and came with a quarter-pint of his goat's-milk to do his neighbour good. "And I took it very kind of ye," said he, "sending us some of your own mate the day by; queer mate it was though; who give it ye?"

Lewis with his foot pushed something which lay on the floor towards the corner. Pike's eye fell upon it:

"Sure 'twasn't the dog we ate?" said he.

"Why not?" said Lewis.

"The mate had an unkind taste anyhow," said Pike, his eyes fixed on the paw, which nobody had thrown out of doors. "But the dog's aisy, and was born to help Christians, the poor baste. Notwithstanding here's a more humane potion like, for the poor 'oman, that I've spared ye the day."

"More of the illigant milk!" cried Lewis, his hands twitching, his mouth twisting, at the sight of it.

"Let alone—let alone!" said Pike; "not a drop except for Nancy only, the crone."

"Give it her, quick!" said Lewis; "I don't want to see it with my eye; take't away, lest it be too much for me." And squeezing his rags about him, he turned and went out of the cabin, picking up a bit of dry stick and chewing it, as if to employ the saliva which the delicious morsel had excited by its mere sight.

It comforted the poor woman for half an hour; perhaps for so much time it delayed her death; but death at that time was the familiar friend of those whom it took, though still hideous and dreaded by those whom it only threatened. She was the first in the immediate neighbourhood whom the famine destroyed, and she was buried with decency in the Catholic burial-ground; but a month after that, nearly all attempt to lay the dead respectfully to their long slumber ceased; and left to themselves, the perishing peasantry could but just remove out of sight, any where, the corpses which encumbered their cabins. There was none to bear them to the churchyard, none to receive them there, no power to invoke spiritual help; for the faint remains of life were employed in feeding its own flame, and all interests were absorbed in suffering, buried under the dead weight of famine.

Lewis's family soon dwindled to two children. Pike's at this time were down in the fever, as they termed it. None had died yet; but his little boy had been the first seized, and would plainly be the first to go. Honor held him in her lap, or sat by his side most of the day. Pike led out the goat, which they had never trusted far, when the children were its guides, since the day of Lewis's robbery. Pike's frame, accustomed to hardship, still fought bravely against famine; and he as yet felt no symptom of the famine-bred fever. He would take his little girl with him, —the fair-haired child, whose pretty locks so pleased his eye, and whom her parents had saved as yet from the worst extremities of hunger by sacrifices which destroyed themselves.

It chanced one day that the father and child had climbed

the hill above their cabin, and were slowly attending upon the goat by the side of the mountain-path which ran along the face of the ridge. It was the end of the third quarter since Pike had here parted from his wife, and since Mr. Threader, making his periodical round, had witnessed their tearful parting. Again Mr. Threader was taking the same route; and when he came upon Pike and his child he stopped, with some vague idea it might be the peasant whom he had then seen, and asked, "Did he remember him?"

"Ay, by token the three tinpennies," said Pike, scratching off the ragged remains of his hat, and joyfully recognising his benefactor.

"And were they lucky? Did they bring the luck you expected?" said the Englishman.

"In throth did they," said Pike. "I remember prospering terrible well."

"Remember?" said Mr. Threader; "why it's not so long since."

"It seems to me before time," said Pike.

"Did you get the three guineas?" asked Mr. Threader. "If so, you ought to be rich still."

"The rint," said Pike, "the rint swallowed all."

"Well, I must say your honesty was most commendable," said the Englishman, "to provide for your rent when you were in such want yourself. It's very honourable to you."

"But look ye there, yer honour," said Pike; and he pointed a little farther, where three small heaps of ruin lay together,—shattered walls without roof, grass growing in the windows, stanchions in the stones, but no doors. "My own full cousin, and my wife's half-cousin, and another, lived there; and the roofs were taken away as they laid on the floors—all for rint. I don't complain," added Pike; "but they had not got it, and I had."

"What became of them?" said Mr. Threader.

"Dead," said Pike; "and for that matter it wouldn't matter if we all was with 'em,—and shall be, some sooner, some later."

"Nay, I hope times may mend. Have you lost any friends yet, my poor fellow?"

"My boy's a-dying," said Pike, "and Honor's sickening this morn."

"I'm sorry to hear it," said Mr. Threader. "But the little maiden—no, no, she's well yet."

"Ay, bless her!" said Pike; "she was the last as ate any thing among us."

"Could you eat again, my pretty curly-pate?" said Mr. Threader, taking out a sandwich-case and a flask containing a slender glass of whisky.

The child's eager eyes answered.

"Take my luncheon," said Mr. Threader, reaching down to her a slice of bread and meat. "And you, my man, swallow this drop; it will keep up your pluck, and that you deserve."

Father and child eagerly seized the gift. Little Honor was comforted and inspirited; but poor Pike's exhausted frame was set on fire by the potent spirit. It did not inspire him; on the contrary, it seemed to sever all the bonds of habitual restraint, and set free the anguish that had collected and frozen in his heart. He caught Mr. Threader's hand, and tried to speak; but his speech turned all to water, as it were, deep sobs burst from him, and overcome with emotion, he struck his breast fiercely, and uttered the most dismal lamentation.

"O, my poor boy! his poor great eyes staring so piteous; poor Honor a-trying to carry him, and forced to catch at the chimney to steady herself; and the little one, the youngest little one, that the sun's shining on there, and that will be cold under the sod so soon. And all day and night to be yearning for a morsel, and the childer crying through the cowl, though the cowl is only starvation. Ochone, ochone, the Lord is departed, and not a saint to listen!"

Mr. Threader was shocked. He got off his horse, and supporting Pike to the bank, made him sit down. There

his passion exhausted itself; and again by degrees there shone out of him "the sacred patience of the poor." But he was shaken by the outbreak of passion, and Mr. Threader would take his own way about accompanying him down the bank to the cabin.

In this time of trouble he had given his services as one of the committee for the distribution of assistance; and as the present case was evidently one which claimed whatever could be done for it, he readily took the opportunity of examining into the misery of the family, and relieving it as far as the funds intrusted to him might be so employed.

Pike had said truly that his boy was dying. He lay on the floor, with the heather from the hills under him, his cheeks flushed, his eyes half-open, his almost naked body showing every bone under the skin. The mother had resigned him; misery, sickness, and custom had quite trained her to suffer, and she sat on the low stool near him, supporting her aching head on the wall, and half-stupefied with fever.

The scene was one which Mr. Threader had witnessed over and over again for weeks past, and which he knew existed wherever he should turn his steps. He looked on it very differently from what he would have done, had one individual instance of such misery been seen by him in better times. He gave what the funds could afford without wronging other poor wretches, and he authorised Pike to make a claim upon the food distributed at the town, if, when he should apply, there was any food to be distributed. Thus were those who could eat in the family kept alive for that time also, and a little comfort of their hearts bestowed by the notice taken of their great woe.

The boy died; and wrapped round in the branches which had been his bed, was carried in his father's arms to lie in the trench dug by his father in the enclosure of turf and stones which surrounded the cabin. The mother mean time lay struggling with the fever; the fire of it, which was feeding on her life, gave her as yet a false strength. She went on from day to day, moaning and tossing on the fresh heather which her husband had brought from the mountain. He did not stay by and watch her; he went out in the morning to feed his goat, the only hope left. The little curly-haired girl, at five years old, was her mother's nurse; she brought water,—for the spring hard by glistened and whispered on through all that deadly season; she pushed together the branches of heather, all scattered by the poor woman's uneasy movements; and when she herself was sleepy, she lay down by her mother's side, her lips, healthy as yet, parting and inhaling the hot pestilential breath of the nearly unconscious woman. Pike came back in the evenings, sometimes with an ounce of oatmeal, begged or given, or a cup of broth; often with nothing but the milk of the goat, now sadly diminishing. When that was the case, he himself tasted no food whatever; and his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes told how famine preyed on his frame.

One night his wife, who had not spoken all day, called him in a clear sharp voice, as those do who, suddenly aroused from slumber, imitate the tone they would have had if perfectly awake.

"I'm going a journey, Pike," she said. "I've been sent for by a great lady; but if she spares me, I'll be back."

"Are ye going indeed, Honor honey? Honor, my darling," said Pike, "is it you are going?"

"I'll see you perhaps again. Isn't Johnny ready yet? He came first among us, ye know, Pike."

"And he's gone first; then ye, Honor honey, and little Honor no doubt next, and me. Ah, Honor, tell them as ye're going amongst not to forget me." Thus spoke Pike; and the tears gathered and ran down upon her parched face, but she hardly seemed conscious of them.

"Lewis is always a-watching," she began again. "When I am away, mind him; I see his face at the winder when we're both out—I seed him just—"

"No, no, darling," said Pike soothingly; "I'm not thinking that—don't trouble for Lewis."

"Ay, but he was here," said the little girl.

"The thief!" cried Pike. "And what did he want?"

"You, daddy," said the child. "He said Tike was dead and Tib was dead."

"Both!" cried Pike; but his attention was more fixed on the dying woman.

She wandered still, but mildly and less distinctly every minute. Her words came by ones and twos. The name of her dead boy, whose death they thought she had not noticed, occurred often, and once she bade the little girl be good, and held her lips to kiss her. The child stooped for the deadly kiss. "So, good bye, Pike," said she; "good night;" for indeed the shades were darkening over her eyes, and after another half-hour's perhaps unconscious struggle for breath, she lay at ease on the cold couch of the dead.

Pike sat by in silence. He was hungry and tired; there was a crust on the table, which he meant to have soaked in water for his wife; and now the child, the little Honor, having fallen asleep during the stillness of her mother's death-struggle, it remained for him. But, though hungry, he could not eat; though tired, he could not sleep. He sat and waked by the dead: it was the old custom in the oldest natural shape. Towards midnight he heard a tap at the window; and presently Lewis, pushing open the door, stole in, and came up to where Pike was sitting.

"She's gone, is she?" said Lewis, fixing his eyes on the dead body, over which the moonlight shone. "So are mine—all gone."

"I wish we were the same," said Pike.

"No, no—not I. Who knows what the dead knows?" said Lewis. "I would rather be here, provided I could get one morsel of Christian food."

"Christian food," said Pike; "is not all that is, Christian?"

Lewis did not answer; his gloomy eyes fixed themselves on the floor. After a silence, he looked up. "It's the blessed male I want to taste; I want the taste of the herb, the oatmeal agin."

"I care not if ye eat *that*," said Pike rather disdainfully. Lewis required no more bidding, but took the morsel, and ate it slowly, tasting it as he did so.

"My dead lies close by me," said he at last, "beside the big stone where the first phatics used to come. I did the best I could for 'em."

"I must do the same by mine," said Pike; "for I've not the strength left, no more than you, to take them to chapel. Come, neighbour, ye are restless like me the night; ye shall help me to open the earth and put her in. I brought her to a poor home, but I didn't think to carry her out to such a last one."

Lewis silently assented, following his benefactor—for such he was—into the bit of ground where still the perished potato-stalks showed themselves, and with a broken pitchfork helped him to open a deep trench. They worked in silence. Both were feeble, and the drops of perspiration stood on their brows in the cold night air. When the space was large enough, they went together into the cabin, and bore the hapless mother from her hearth, no covering over her but the remains of the red petticoat, in which he had left her in the spring, when she had bade her husband farewell; and laying her down in mother-earth, heaped the clods over her. When they had done, Pike sank on his knees, and kneeling upright in the moonlight, prayed and wept aloud, mingling his wife's name with that of the saints.

Lewis stood beside in gloomy silence. "Ye've an aisy heart, Pike," said he, when the latter rose from prayer, and stood looking on the new-made grave.

Pike looked up. "It's the last convanience I may stand accused of," said he. "What mane you saying that?"

"Yer a good man," said Lewis, "and can pray near yer dead; for they can't cast nothing in yer teeth."

"Ah, neighbour, I understand you," said Pike. "Ye've not always been as tender as ye might; but ye see, tender or not, they all do but die. Mine are dead."

"I ate all from them," said Lewis, "and now I'm afraid of them."

"Art afraid?" cried Pike. "Mighty Father! speak a word man; say ye have not lifted yer hand—"

"By the powers, by the saints! have I never done any sich thing," said Lewis. "Father Humphrey knows it, like as I know it mine ownself. He come in, and held Tib in his arms to die, while Tikey lay dead. But they was starved—I ate all, Pike. Was that enough, or no?" and Lewis fixed his eyes on the ground in silence.

Pike also said nothing, but stood with the fork in his hand, leaning on it partly, and his eyes fixed on his neighbour. Many thoughts passed through his mind, but they all merged in one at last. "Lewis," he said, dropping the pitchfork, and going nearer to him with clasped hands, "I've got one left; and I've one way of saving her, maybe. O, by yer mother, Lewis, spare me the goat. How am I to watch the oratur now, how shall I keep the one drop o' milk, if yer will is to take the goat? I've gived you my own, and ye've tooked my own, and my mate's in yer mouth now, and welcome with it; therefore be a man, a human man, to me, and spare me the goat."

Lewis's heart was touched. Tears mingled with his words, as he took hold of his neighbour's hand. "I've been more villain nor man," said he; "but I won't be to you. I'll go away—I'll forget the look of her. Indeed, indeed, Pike, in my hunger I grow to be a dog—just a cur, that the nature of is to stale. If I'd been born a lord, and had my full of mate, I'd have been a good man."

"Even those lords have their trials," said Pike; "but, friend, I, that am sich a poor man, have been good to thee."

"And I shall think of it," cried Lewis; "and I'll do ye the best of kindness by taking myself clane away. Let me lie on yer floor till the morn's morn, and I'll throuble ye never more in this world."

"Lie down, if ye will," said Pike. "The morning's in the sky, and where shall we be in the eve?"

III.

The day which poor Pike saw breaking was one of those mild days of winter which can be found in no place like Ireland. Rain was far off; its heavy clouds gathered back in the horizon, and like a curtain rolled together, giving a sight of the pale blue sky overhead. Between the swellings of the ground on the bog were here and there little sheltered valleys, through the lowest part of which trickled a thread of water, and the sides were drained and dry. Here the sun shone through the mild damp air, collecting its warmth upon the steep slopes, and bringing out the fragrance of the earth; and here Pike and his little girl sat down the day after the mother's death, and their goat browsed among the tussocks before them. The child had followed her father up the bank; but as soon as they were seated, her eyes seemed to grow heavy, and though he woke her once or twice, she as often fell asleep again. He was glad of it. She did not feel hunger whilst she slept; and he sat by in inert repose collecting the sunbeams, and afraid to disturb the stillness that came over him. The little girl roused up once or twice, and went down to the brook to drink; came back, got close to her father, and again fell asleep.

When the evening came on, Pike roused her at last, and said they must go home. The child arose; but shivered so violently she could scarcely stand, and Pike laid hold of her. Alas, the burning skin, the parched lips, told him that the day's slumber had been but the first inroads of the fever! Before morning she was quite prostrate, sick as her brother and mother had been. Pike had believed that she would live; for no good reason, but he longed for this last tender life; and the human heart revolts from going over again the scenes of misery which it has just passed through. Yet she was there; on the same pallet with the same pain. He had no help either; he knew every cot was starving; and save he himself could aid her through, his darling must die.

He watched her continually: his few moments of relief were when he brought the goat to the spot where she lay, and there pressing the little supply of milk into the can, raised her head on one arm, and with the other hand held it to her lips, which gratefully received the comforting draught. This was done many times a-day; and the creature, growing familiar with the practice, would utter a low bleat when he gave the signal that she was wanted, and come of her own accord to yield her treasure, and offer her shaggy beard to Honor's thin fingers, if she was well enough to play with it. The only employment that took him away from the cabin was, to obtain a supply of food for the animal. He would fasten it within his door; and then going to the hill, tear up such herbs and grass as he could find, and return as hastily as was possible, fearing lest in that short absence something should be worse at home than when he left it. At the door he would pause an instant. The low bleat of the goat, acknowledging his return, was the first sound he heard; then he would hearken as he opened it for the sobbing breath of the little girl, dreading to hear that expression of pain, fearing still more the deadly stillness in which every hour it might be quenched. As yet, however, she struggled hard with the malady, and rewarded her patient father with signs of life more precious than the childless man knows how to believe.

It was nearly a week after the death of his wife, that he lay on the bare floor one midnight, stupefied by exhaustion, while the child dozed under the influence of the fever, half-conscious, on the few rags of the bed. The heat within her agitated her brain, so that it presented no clear image; a thousand phantoms hurried over it, and her low voice perpetually murmured sounds which, low as they were, yet were uttered with the exertion which would fain have made them loud. Pike's heavy slumber was unbroken by them; he had watched, he had given her the last drops of milk which he could collect as yet, and he lay silent and pale in a sleep that imitated death.

Presently, however, the child was aware that some one was standing at her side; it seemed to her that her father was in two places at once, *there* on the floor and *here* beside her. She thought there were candles in the hut; she thought the moonlight had lighted up candles, coping in as it suddenly did at the opened door. Then the figure went away from her; the father who was standing and awake stood by the father who was asleep. She spoke to it and said, or tried to say,

"Don't go from us, father;" for it seemed to her the soul of her father was stealing from the body.

But the standing figure did not move. There was a horror in its face which shot through the bewildered senses of little Honor; the staring open eyes were fixed on the prostrate figure, and terrified her weak consciousness; but at that moment, the father that lay on the floor groaned and stirred, and then the standing figure drew noiselessly back into the shadow. But Honor's consciousness was comforted by perceiving that the horror passed away from its face as the prostrate figure gave signs of life. Still she tried to call, to make a sound, to rise up; she stretched her hands to touch the shape that lay on the floor, and which she thought would rise and hold her in its arms, for she trembled; but when she did so, the other shape swiftly and silently rushed up to her, and, with threatening gestures and strange distorted face, terrified her to silence and inaction. Her pulse throbbed till there came a dizziness over her brain, in which twenty figures seemed to be threatening and grinning, and then to go reeling about the room. She heard a faint murmuring sound which made the goat's bleat come into her mind; there was a struggle going on; a heavy body seemed dragged about by those reeling figures. One of them seemed to pass out of the door, and the rest vanished at the same time, leaving her father alone on the floor, on whom her dizzy eyes fixed themselves in anxious uncertainty and dread, till the nightmare spell was dissolved, when he awoke and raised himself.

It was now daylight; and he came first to the side of the child, whose wandering words and beating pulses he tried to soothe with kind fond words.

"Jewel! is she bether? Hush, darling! what is it she's saying? Was I dead, was I angry? What's that all? Hush, hush! she shall have poor Nanny's comfort." And he turned to the dark corner where poor Nanny's bed of leaves was made; and there—unbelieved was the blank darkness at first—the goat was gone.

In vain was every corner searched, in vain the broken enclosure, in vain the hill-side; despair had never filled up his heart till now; and the gasping lips of his child, which he had used to wet with the precious milk, raised into fury the untamed passion of his heart. He seized a stone—a huge stone—which lay by his door, and uttering an imprecation and the name of Lewis in one, rushed with weak strength across the moor.

Lewis had not been seen in the country since the night they parted by Honor's grave; but Pike felt in his heart that there was none but he by whom this cruel deed could have been done; and, in fact, when he approached the cabin, Lewis was seen sitting on a heap of earth a little way from his own door. When he saw Pike running towards him, he also rose and rushed on the angry man, eluding the stone which was hurled at him, and with little difficulty bore his weak adversary to the earth. When down, however, there seemed no anger kindled at his attack; he let him rise again, and hanging his fingers as it were on his own collar-bones, stood looking him in the face with a dogged persisting look. Pike was confounded.

"Why don't you kill me at once?" said Pike. "If ye did not do it, ye've a right to kill me, for I would have killed ye; and if ye *did* steal her away, best, best kill me, not to see Honor die."

"Do it, ye say?" asked Lewis. "Do what, neighbour?" "Ye know, ye know," said Pike. "What is it but one thing?—the goat, the life of *her*!"

"Ye shall have lost your goat?" said Lewis composedly. "Shure, and have ye jist looked every where?"

"D'ye think I've got to be reminded to look for her?" said Pike. "I believe it's yourself; man, man," cried he, falling on his knees, "I pray to you give me the creature: the strength's gone by; I've none to fight for her."

"And is not it myself wishes I had her?" said Lewis. "If ye doubt, jist set your feet inside the hut, and see if moral be there, or has been these Sundays past."

"And it's I'll do it," said Pike, turning away, and eagerly entering the wretched cabin.

All was bare; no spark of fire, no remains of household stuff, no broken cup, no half-bowl. Pike went outside, and searched every where for the appearance of blood where the animal might have been killed—for hair, for any thing suspicious. But he found nothing; the ground was disturbed in one place, but that was beside the bit of rock where early potatoes used to come; and Pike remembered that the children were buried there.

"Neighbour," said he, "it's *not* you. O Lewis, had ye one little cratur left, ye could overlook my raving! She must die now, like poor Tike and Tibby have done."

"Never mind them," said Lewis; "we must all die one day."

"Never mind yer childer!" cried Pike; "and indeed to see the way the earth's scarce put down upon them, it might be said you minded little."

"Mind you less," said Lewis, pushing him away from the rough untidy ground under which he had said the bodies lay. "In these times there's but one thing we've need to think of—food, food, that's all; I *must* live."

"Where's the *must* to live?" said Pike. "That cruel villain that lives by stealing little Honor's goat had oughted to die far sooner, or he'll know the worse in yonder world."

Lewis answered nothing; he turned off with a sneer; but Pike took no notice of that, or any thing but his loss, and returned broken-hearted to his desolate cabin.

Hope now was over; nothing was to be done all the long day but watch and wait the fluttering life, which still was life, and while it lasted seemed as if it might have been saved from death. We all know the efforts we make to do *that*; how hoarded money is lavished; how there is no prudence thought of, no obstacles attended to: aid for the sick, though it be but imaginary aid, becomes an absolute necessity of our existence, or seems so; for there are thousands to whom it is such an impossibility as it is to the blind to see, or the old to be young. It was so impossible to Pike that he did not think of it; he thought only of the means he had yesterday, and had been deprived of to-day.

The winter sun shone in that day through the open space made for a window; the winter blast, too, made itself felt; and towards evening little Honor, who had not spoken for several hours, uttered a complaint of the cold. The father had sat all day in the dull despair which patience itself in untaught minds becomes. He had sunk this time into a half-slumber; but he rose and took her in his arms, and with what warmth remained in his thin frame, once more cherished the vital flame of his darling. The time for help was gone by. The world's wealth at that time could not have turned back the spirit of life which was slowly leaving its human dwelling-place; the little hands, though cherished in his bosom, froze by degrees; the lips, though he tenderly blew upon them, grew whiter and stiffer; a little froth gathered on the mouth, the father gently wiped it away with his torn sleeve; the golden curls were still the same as they had been in health, except that the scattered hairs were matted to the forehead by the dew that gathered there; he lifted them up softly, and shook his head.

It was now the evening, and every thing within the cabin grow dusky and indistinct. All was still also, except the breathing, which became slower and more laborious. It was the last time,—the time so sacred by the bedside of the rich, the time of such respectful silence.

But at the poor man's door there came the hasty sound of horses' feet, and then the rider's knock repeated, when it was not at first answered. The haggard man, carrying in his arms the dying child, obeyed the call, and undid the door. Mr. Threader stood without; he started at the ghastly faces and figures that met his eye as the door unclosed.

He uttered a low exclamation; and hanging his horse to the post, entered softly, saying, "I would not have disturbed you. Alas, this is a sad sight!"

Pike sat down again, answering nothing.

"She's gone almost," said Mr. Threader; "there's no help for her. But for you—"

"Be silent," said Pike. "Let her die." The spirit within him was worn out, and the further he was from human help the more out of sight was respect for human distinction.

The Englishman stood by compassionately. It was not for long; the breath had almost ceased to labour, the teeth no longer touched, and the cheeks had fallen in where the teeth parted; there was no more struggle, scarce any panting now; the body was clay, the spirit passed; all that had been Pike's child was gone, except the withered discoloured case.

When he saw how it was, he laid the body down on the wretched pallet; and throwing himself beside it, gave way to ungoverned sorrow. Mr. Threader was astonished, for he had seen his patience when first death visited his house. He tried to comfort him.

"Ay, but it's the last," said Pike; "and I'm weaker, and *this* might have lived;" and the passion of grief shook his gaunt frame almost to dissolution.

Mr. Threader had come to the cabin partly with the purpose of bringing to it, as well as to others, a portion of relief; and he now, cautiously remembering the effect of the over-potent draught he had last given, prevailed on the starving man to take some portion of nourishment. He ate; and like the Egyptian, his spirit came again; and though it seemed to grow stronger only to suffer, still the embers of life were at least rekindled.

Mr. Threader promised that the body of the child should be interred in Christian ground, and then went on: "I'm sorry to disturb you just at this moment; but the business I partly came upon is to lay hold of a culprit who has been robbing the whole neighbourhood, I've heard that you may perhaps help me. What are your neighbours here?"

"Most that were neighbours are dead," said Pike.

"But some remain, I suppose; for instance, here's the name of Lewis Callaghan."

"He was alive yesterday," said Pike.

"Is he a good neighbour to you?" asked Mr. Threader.

"I've no harm to say of him," answered Pike.

"Any good?"

"Very like," said Pike; "I'm unfit to judge since all my trouble; and I did him a wrong, thinking him to have stolen the goat."

"That's the very story," said Mr. Threader. "It was your goat, then?"

"What was mine?" said Pike, hopelessly and without interest.

"Well, there's been a strange story brought to me about the robbery of a goat, and many other things. I wish, Pike, if you've lost one, you could come with me for half an hour. I'd give a guinea to catch that fellow."

"Yesterday, would not I have died to have cotched whoever laid hands on her; but I care not now," said Pike, folding his arms. However, a request was enough to make him obey; and hanging his head, and laying his arms over his breast, he patiently went where Mr. Threader led him.

Mr. Threader had been roused that evening by a report of crimes committed; and when he came over with help among the cabins, he had at the same time taken measures to inquire into it. Lewis was the man accused; during his absence from his own cabin he was supposed to have been the perpetrator of a number of robberies, in none of which, however, he had been actually caught; but respecting one, there was evidence likely to commit him, supposing the owner could identify the remains of the animal whose hide he had been seen burying. Pike's robbery had been heard of; and it was conjectured that his loss and Lewis's crime might be found to relate to the same object.

When Pike entered the cabin, Lewis was standing at the other end, his face averted and his exit prevented by a man whom Mr. Threader had left as guard till he should himself return. He perceived his neighbour come in, and after a moment's doubt turned full upon him, and said:

"So ye're not yet contint, though yourself searched for yourself; ye are for making me guilty, though ye know the clane contrary."

"Is it mysell knows or cares?" said Pike. "Honor's dead."

"'Twas not the goat," exclaimed Lewis; quickly checking himself, however, when he had uttered half the last word; then he added in an artificial tone, "Arrah, neighbour, but I'm consarned to hear that news."

Pike took no notice of either part of what he said; but Mr. Threader was convinced by the first that the suspicions as to the theft were correct; and telling him what he was accused of, ordered a search to be made.

"And it is a credible story entirely," said Lewis, looking round the small bare cabin, with a look and tone of contempt, "that a big carcass will be here hidden, and jintlemen's eyes not see it."

"Suppose ye," said one of the men who had come in with Mr. Threader,—"jist ye suppose it might not be inside the walls we are going to sarch."

"And what's outside, save nothing at all at all?" said Lewis; "not a phatie-stalk even to hide as big's a mouse, let alone goats, which is bigger."

"Then what was yer hands a-tearing up earth for at the shriek of day, two morns since, and putting in bigger nor mice?" said the man.

"I was not doing so," said Lewis.

But heedless of this denial, they moved into what had been the garden, leading Pike with them; and Lewis, who, though watched, was at liberty, following at a little distance. He trembled while he did so, but kept silence during the time they went round the enclosure; for the man who said he had seen Lewis employed in moving the earth could not identify the exact spot. They observed that the ground was disturbed near the rock; but the man felt certain it was not there that he had seen Lewis; and they left it to examine other parts, but saw no evidence elsewhere that it had been moved.

It was now quite dark, and they were making their search by the light of lanterns. Pike's interest was gone; his thoughts were all in the cabin where he had left his dead child. But presently he felt his arm grasped, and heard a tremulous voice in his ear, Lewis himself having drawn close up to him; and while he held Pike with one hand, he pointed to the searchers with the other.

"Neighbour, stop them; they will turn up that awful ground. But you know what's there; I always told you it was my dead."

"I can't hinder them," said Pike.

Lewis watched them, and, in fact, after a few moments' consultation, they determined, as they could find nothing elsewhere, to search the stony ground where Pike knew the children were buried, though the man who had watched still persisted it was not there he had seen Lewis at work. But with the first stroke on that ground Lewis gave way. He could not bear it. "'Tis not there," he cried aloud; "you shall not break that earth at night. The dead will appear. Hold, hold!" And finding they did not heed him, he flung himself on the ground, crying, "I did it, if ye must wrench it forth; ye need not look there. I tell you 'tis here." He pointed to what seemed a piece of solid rock at some little distance from the spot where the children lay; and rolling it over, he pushed away the earth under it, and uncovered part of a shaggy hide.

Mr. Threader and the rest had run up when they saw what he was doing.

"Is it yours, Pike? Look at it," said one of the men, pulling it out from the earth; for Lewis had quitted his labour as soon as they left the grave.

In very truth there it was—the skin of the goat; the spots and marks Pike knew so well, the brown and white hairs, which Honor had so often twisted together. Dead as his feelings had become, they were all roused by this sight. He burst forth upon Lewis with a storm of indignation before which the wretch shrank as if the words had been thunderbolts. All that Lewis answered was, "I did it for life."

"And starving's better nor life," said Pike, "if life's so dear as you paid down for it. Murderer—the sweet soul's murderer."

"Ye may think life's little worth and say so, but not I," said Lewis. "Pike," said he, coming close to him, "I dare not die. Hear me. Ye *shall*; and none else shall hear; nor see neither," he added, glancing back at the children's grave. Then he went on, his voice lowering at every word: "A thing is on my soul, let alone the goat." And here he put his mouth upon Pike's ear, and his two hands, one on each side, so as to shut out the sound of his words from every creature else.

Pike heard, and his passion subsided in an instant; his hands fell by his side; the excited colour faded utterly from his face; he staggered back two paces, and murmured, "I forgive him; he's a more miserable wretch nor I."

"I did it for life," repeated Lewis, in a scarce audible voice.

There was a silence all about them; for every one was trying to make out what was passing; watching their gestures, catching at every sound. Mr. Threader was the first to speak.



OLIVIA AND THE SQUIRE [VICAR OF WAKEFIELD]. BY J. ABSOLON.

"This is not the time to make further inquiries," said he. "Enough is known to prosecute this fellow, and I shall take care it is done. Take him away. But you, kind-hearted Pike, you must live too. I've had the means furnished me of sending a few of you across the Atlantic. You shall have ten pounds—do you hear me, Pike?—five to take you over, and five to set you going when you get there."

"I thank your honour," said Pike languidly.

"You shall go to America, you know," said Mr. Threader. "Have not you heard of America?" he added, trying to rouse him.

"Yes, yes; we often talked of migrating," said Pike, "when there was we in the cabin."

"I can't bring *them* back; would I could, Pike," said Mr. Threader compassionately. "But take comfort; *you*, at least, shall go; *you* shall yet live and prosper."

"Thank you, sir," said Pike feebly; "blessings be on you!" And then getting into the conventional tone, he added in an unmeaning voice: "Hunder thousan blessings on yer honour; and may you never"—and now real natural feelings sprang up, and he took Mr. Threader's hand in both his—"and may you never know what it is to see your own childer die of hunger!"

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It was said in the *Times* that at the Agricultural Exhibition in Paris of the past year the English peasant appeared in person, in manner, and in dress, the poorest-looking man of his class in Europe. We were, of course, inclined to treat the assertion as an abominable slander, and to deny every word of it. For all that, however, the statement has an awkward trick of rising up, confronting us, and defying us to disprove it.

Village-greens are being enclosed, rural sports are passing away; education is very very low; wages are low; there is more than enough *koò-tooing* to dignities; and too little manly independence,—for how can a poorly paid, hard-worked, ill-clad, ill-fed, untaught man hold up his head independently? Morally, he is a *serf*. He cannot be bought or sold, it is true; but he is bound down and fenced about by an incapacity as strong as prison-bars. He contains the

undeveloped elements of a man, while he toils as a machine. Hands to labour he has, and they are the only part of his organisation which has ample play; his mind lies fallow, his heart, his soul,—God only knows the mysteries of their working! We have often wondered what are the thoughts in the minds of these poor fellows as they tramp at the plough-tail, or gather in the harvest they have sown, but of which they eat so scantily. It is a relief to us to turn from these hard-worked realities to an estate which we possess in Utopia.

Our estate in that happy region comprises many thousands of acres—meadow, moor, corn-land, forest, marsh, and glistening streams; and it maintains some hundreds of men, women, and children. The wild creatures are as free to them as to ourselves; they prey on their little holdings, and ought to redeem the tax they levy. The fish in the river are free to them also. (We cannot quite understand why, even out of Utopia, the flowing rivers and the great sea should be held as individual property.) In our village there is a spacious green, or common, which we shall never enclose as a market-garden for a rental of five pounds. On the summer evenings it is merry with the voices of young men and maidens, old men and children; there obsolete sports and games go on till twilight; there the training of rural militia takes place; there the annual feast is held; there the poor man's donkey can browse, and the poor man's sickly child sit under the broad shadow of the green elms. At one side of this green is a spacious room—school by day, library and reading-room by night. A fair education can be had there free: it is a government school. The children attend it until they are fourteen years old. We hold that the great instrument to raise men in their stations is education, religious and secular; and till they get it, they will look poor, melancholy, and degraded. There is nothing that gives men a feeling of such true and honest self-respect as minds disenthralled of ignorance, and rising to the level for which God has given them capability. It is the dull consciousness of something starved within him that gives the downcast look to the peasant's countenance. Improve the race morally, and it will improve physically also. In support of this, I will instance the improvement education is working, and has worked, in the physique of other classes. What a coarse race in appearance, to judge from still extant portraits, were the country squires of a century ago; and what sweet minds and manners many of them had, and not they only—kings, queens, and "polite people," "the quality," would bear a poor comparison with many a citizen and a citizen's wife of now-a-days! In perusing the annals of courts scarcely a hundred years back, vulgar people may be thankful who know nothing about their great grandfathers and grandmothers; for then, at least, there is no need to blush for them, and there is room for a doubt whether such progenitors may not have been as decent as they were obscure. Now, if education and improved taste have raised nobility out of its slough of grossness,—if education has so far refined the middle classes that they severely gall the kibe of courtiers,—why cannot the hard-handed children of labour profit by the graduated scale of progress, and rise too? In our Utopian property the peasantry have been taught, and well taught; every man and woman amongst them can read, write, and cipher; they have had good maps of their own country, and other countries too, before their eyes on the school-walls, and have profited thereby to a considerable extent. History, both sacred and profane, has been offered to them; social and religious truths have been inculcated, and by one means and another the scales have fallen from their mental eyes. Knowledge has given them more self-confidence than an untaught clown can have; they bear themselves freely; there is nothing of that slouching, under-looking, reluctant courtesy to superiors, which stamps many rustics with an air of stolid malignity, or shrinking bashfulness, as if in the presence of the squire they saw an enemy or a despot.

They work the better for having an intellect awakened;

the head guides the hands. In times of unavoidable distress they are not like mere broken machines; they can devise expedients to help them through the evil day, which no illiterate boor can do. Self-respect is a better guardian than law; but the law that acts amongst them best is the law of public opinion. The whole moral tone of the class is elevated; they are not drudges merely, not so many mere hands to sow and reap that others may eat. Enjoyment, relaxation, ultimate rest from toil, are theirs. On the village-green may be heard, on summer nights, the strains of the band of rural musicians. There is the village flower-show, and due distribution of prizes to the cottage gardeners. Every tenant on our estate has a neat home and sufficient garden about it to grow a portion of his family's subsistence, besides a piece of land in the allotment field.

The wages are better than any body gets out of Utopia; but then we, the owners or stewards of these thousands of acres, are amply content with very moderate interest on the value of the land leased to our tenants, and with still less upon that of the simple cotters; thus, with providence and industry, a man may hope to rest from his hard labours before "the keepers of the house tremble, and the grasshopper becomes a burden;" in short, a time of independence and rest may be attained to by all who merit it, except in those isolated cases of trial, loss, and misfortune, of which every community will produce examples enough to keep alive human charity. We have less, our tenants have more; and thus the whole is fairly balanced, and every body in Utopia is content.

The minister of our parish is known to his people as the director and promoter of their temporal as well as spiritual good: he awards the prizes at the flower-shows, is an encourager of all manly sports, is president of the school and library, friend and adviser and comforter to all in distress, and general court of appeal in difficulty and disagreement,—a wise, honest, God-fearing man; and, what a good priest always is, the best-beloved and chief man in the place. It is very pleasant to walk about the village on festival-days—the cottages so fresh and clean; the gardens so bright and healthy; the green covered with holiday-folks, less rough and far more hearty in their civility to their superiors or masters than they are out of Utopia; children loud-voiced, rosy, large—not pined and stunted with insufficiency of food; and every body in spirits and enjoyment, free from the black shadow of to-morrow's poverty; happy themselves, and unenvied of those whom the Creator of ranks and orders of men has placed above them. They are raised in their station, but they are not lifted out of it. This is only in Utopia, in foolish dream-land!

Elsewhere I have seen wretched cabins,—property of men of thousands a-year,—cabins not fit to house a dog;—we wondered the very owners did not pull them down as cyssores, and build better. The British peasant is of good *pâte* (are not our soldiers the pick of the peasantry?); but he is born in poverty, bred in poverty, nurtured in ignorance, and left to grovel in it his life through; therefore his countenance is mean and mournful, his figure is bent and slouching, his manner is that of a poor overtasked serf rather than of a free man; and in the sight of Europe he is a satire on the vaunted wealth, charity, and liberal government of his country.

In my lifetime I have seen a good many plump squires and ladies, some very plump farmers and traders; but I scarcely ever saw a plump labourer—scarcely one middle-aged man who did not look too small for his clothes, and of a spare worn countenance. Other people may have been more fortunate in this respect; but generally speaking, the race is capable of much improvement in the matter of feeding, so far as I have observed. As children, they have been insufficiently fed and clad, and put to work too early; and the result is, what has been exhibited in Paris in company with fat cattle. Might it not be well if some of those noble lords and gentlemen who give such ardent interest to the producing of superlative beef would turn their ambition to

improving the peasantry? I am persuaded that the speculation, though it seems so little profitable, would prove a glorious mine to any who may work it, and that prizes would turn up, at least as valuable as those gained by ponderous swine.



TO THE AUTHORESS OF "AURORA LEIGH."

A SONNET BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

WERE Shakspeare born a twin, his lunar twin—
Not of the golden but the silver bow—
Should be like thee. So, with such eyes and brow,
Sweeten his looks; so, with her dear sex in
His voice,—a king's words writ out by the queen,—
Unman his bearded English, and, with flow
Of breastfull robes about her female snow,
Present the lordly brother. Oh East-of-kin,
There be ambitious women here on earth
Who will not thank thee to have sung so well!
Apollo and Diana are one birth,
Pollux and Helen break a single shell.
Who now may hope? While Adam was alone
Eve was to come. She came, God's work was done.

LIFE IN CHEAP LODGINGS.

LIFE in the large manufacturing city in which I dwell has many different aspects. Ephraim Hardcash, Esq., who rides in his handsome well-hung carriage from a spacious and well-appointed mansion in the suburbs to a palatial warehouse, teeming like a fair with almost every thing marketable, has a different look-out from Jem Ancoats, fustian-coated, cotton-flaked, and oily, in whose idea of rural scenery houses a-building and cindery footpaths are constant elements. What life is to these I can only guess at. Seeing that Ephraim Hardcash, Esq. is sleek, portly, and complacent, I infer that his life is pleasant. As I once saw him enter his mansion, closing the door behind him with a bang, I caught a glimpse of a stately matron in purple velvet; so I infer that it is likewise connubial. Of Jem Ancoats' life I infer from Jem's demeanour, which is generally a blending of exhaustion and doggedness, that it is not altogether a healthy one. I see Jem in the fields sometimes with "a lass," and charitably hope that if his life is not connubial at present, it will shortly become so. And from seeing Jem's excitement on a certain canine Derby-day, and the ardour with which he backed the favourite, by the name of "Mikil's Dog," I infer that even his life has its *agréments*. But the life which I *know* is something different from both of these. It is the life of the lonely bachelor in lodgings,—of the clerk, the warehouseman, the teacher of languages,—the life of many thousands. For a short term of years, as a chrysalis-state certain to unfold into the fluttering delights of family life, this sort of existence may be endurable,—nay, even pleasurable; but I say, in the words of Paracelsus,

"If this be all,
And other life await us not, for one
I say 'tis a poor cheat."

I may be bitter—indeed, I know I am; but if these lines should meet the eye of her with whom I danced at the last Parthenon ball (tickets five shillings; ladies three-and-six), she will understand the root of my bitterness. I will just explain enough to account for, if not to excuse, the somewhat querulous tone in which I am aware I write.

In the Milton Road, just opposite the cab-stand, there is a stationer's shop, which is also a circulating-library. It is just like other shops of its class. Its window contains the usual amount of packages of extra-superfine double-laid

cream note-paper and periodical literature; and in the early spring breaks out into the usual blossom of valentines, of the boisterously offensive sort, representing very rubicund cooks brandishing saucepans, or old gentlemen in blue coats, drab breeches, white stockings, and pigtails; and of the serious and sentimental sort, on white satin with real solid metal spangles, and verse at once touching and business-like:

"A constant heart I bear, and true,
And feelings warm as usual;
I really shall expect from you,
My love, the first refusal."

But if the shrine was but ordinary, how rare was the goddess! O, dimpled rosy little librarian, how much you have to answer for!—for the hungry foreigner's threepence, expended nominally upon *The Coming Struggle*, but really that he might obtain a fuller survey of you, whose chestnut curls he had got a glimpse of through the window; for the shilling of the young warehouseman, ambitious to shine in your blue eyes by the purchase of cheap treatises on abstract science, astonishingly clear in the first page, and unintelligible in the second without a knowledge of the Differential Calculus; for the useless hiring (for had we not read and re-read them?) by self and another gent of the *Pilgrims of the Rhine* and Thackeray's *Edmund*,—for so you most musically pronounced them; for profuse and reckless cab-fares; for Parthenon ball-tickets; for awakened hopes of leaving, and increased disgust at continuing, my solitary life in lodgings. O, the fatal evening when we gents, returning from the city, and beginning to revive in the fresher air and quiet of the suburbs, learnt with dismay that you had married a thriving salesman, and would never more sit behind the little red curtain, protective from admiring glance of passing butcher-boy! O, the dreary Milton Road, perambulated by tall policemen, unrelieved throughout its weary length by the prospect of a cheerful word or smile from you! O gents, O my brothers, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all-rounders encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow!

Lodgings there are, I know, even in this city of my desolation, comfortable enough for the most fastidious bachelor,—quiet, airy, thick-walled rooms, with recesses for book-shelves, and depths of cool shade in the hottest weather—rooms in which a student may read and a Sybarite repose. But these are not for me to dwell in or to dwell on. I leave them to the unfortunate younger brothers of fashionable novels, stoically supporting existence on eight hundred a-year. Lodgers there are, too, with tranquillity proof against the annoyances of any lodgings; fellows of bovine health and iron nerves, who take possession of their apartments like conquerors, and test the resources of the establishment the very first evening of their arrival by entertaining a few friends, who sing and play the hughle, and two of whom stop to breakfast; or men with minds so concentrated on some abstract study as to be insensible to concrete discomforts. But I am blest with neither the overriding animal spirits of the former, nor the lofty insensibility of the latter. I am neither Bob Sawyer nor Isaac Newton. Life is to me neither an uproarious picnic nor a wrapt meditation. I am not superior to circumstances. I am very much acted on by my environment. I do not expect luxurious elegance; but I do complain of cheap and pretentious inconvenience. Why should every twopenny-halfpenny row of houses be stuccoed and glazed into absurd imitation of its betters? Why should one side of my little room be taken up by a great ill-fitting plate-glass window, exposing me to the pitiless rays of the afternoon-sun and the derision of street-boys? What comfort is there in these colossal knobs of earthenware screwed into door and shutter? Now-a-days a piece of plain, honest, unsophisticated, good old English wood dares not show its face in the humblest dwelling, but it must be painted, varnished, marbled, veined, stained, grained, or somehow hypocritically disguised. Tidiness before tawdri-

ness, bareness before *bad* ornament, is what I sigh for in cheap lodgings. To attain it, as far as rests with me, my first care on taking fresh rooms is to make a clean sweep of all shepherds and shepherdesses, all small marble peep-shows that work with a click, and strike the looker-in with dizziness; all hideous little green china-teapots (of great value); all wax fruit and flowers; all "presents for Mary Ann;" all moth-eaten, one-eyed, stuffed birds, frightfully off their legs; and, as I am not a conchologist, and object to those very prickly shells as dangerous, and to those rich brown smooth speckled ones as nauseous, "I'll thank you, Mrs.—Mrs.—" "Awkins, sir." "Yes; I'll thank you, Mrs. Hawkins, to remove them also." "You'll let them pictures bide, sir?" "Why, no, I think not. That lady in the lace-cap and blue-satin dress is yourself, of course—I should have known it any where; and that good-looking gentleman is Mr. Hawkins,—a speaking likeness I have no doubt, and very handsome pictures both; but I do not like pictures. (Art, forgive thy worshipper; Truth, thy votary!) That engraving of the Rev. Noah Walker you would naturally prefer to have in your own room; and, let me see, what's this? The Great Exhibition? No. I see; a lithographic view of an entertainment given to the workmen of Messrs. Horrocks and Jorrocks on occasion of the coming-of-age of Ralph Horrocks, jun. Esq., when upwards of four hundred sat down to a warm and sumptuous dinner. You *may* take that down as well."

There is always a Mr. Hawkins; but though he uncords your boxes, fetches your cabs, cleans your boots, and—Mrs. H.'s education having been neglected—casts up your weekly bills, you never see him. His entrance into and his exit from his own castle is by the postern. He leads a back-kitchen and knife-house sort of life. You hear a dull heavy chopping sound at a distance, and suppose he is amongst the coals. You guess his whereabouts by a subdued grumbling or a smell of strong tobacco, which occasionally ascends from the lower regions; till at length, one night, you are startled by the apparition of a man in shirt-sleeves and without his shoes creeping stealthily upstairs. The thought strikes you that it is a burglar; but you check yourself—that is Mr. Hawkins going to bed.

I am by no means an epicure, and have rather a dislike to "warm and sumptuous" dinners; but I like a meal of meat and vegetables tolerably cooked once a-day. Yet even this modest requirement is, in my experience, unattainable in cheap lodgings. The various wholesome and nutritious products of the garden which I see in the greengrocers' shops are forbidden fruit to me. If they require a little extra attention, an impassable barrier excludes them from my table. I am doomed to the everlasting potato, in a state of watery mash or stony hardness.

O, those mockeries of mutton-chops, those leathery beef-steaks, insoluble by any gastric energies save those of a fowl's gizzard! Do I dream, or was there in my childhood such a dish as boiled-beef with accompaniment of soft and delicious carrots? Perhaps pleasure in eating is a feeling peculiar to childhood, like the love of buttercups and daisies; and pain is the normal affection of the mature mind with reference to its meals. In my first revolt against the dreadful oppression of these dinners, I abolished, instead of endeavouring to reform, the system under which I suffered. I treated the custom of dining as an irrational and antiquated practice, kept up only by timid and conventional people. I ceased to dine. For a few days I exulted in my freedom. I felt an ascetic self-complacency; but I was soon convinced by unmistakable signs that, like most violent radicals, I had gone too far. Reaction set in. I began to think that, after all, our ancestors knew what they were about when they set up the institution of dining, and that I would resume it, at all events provisionally, until the discovery of something better. But as the dread of Mrs. Hawkins's cookery was still strong upon me, I took to living like a mariner on a North-Polar expedition. I procured certain soldered tin-cases, which would open only by the use of powerful levers,

and contained concentrated soups and meats of such essential strength, if the advertisement said true, that I was once horrified to find by accurate calculation that I had just consumed for one dinner as good as sixteen pounds of animal food. I fancied that my manners, in spite of my acquaintance with the ingenious arts, were becoming fierce. I had a secret dread of cannibalism. One day, after long fasting, I caught myself looking at my friend Lovesy, who is plump and rosy in an esculent point of view. He observed it, and grew cooler towards me. I would not lose my friend, so I abandoned the tin-cases. Then, though quite as averse as Jean Jacques to *la gêne de la bonne compagnie et la crapule du cabaret*, I tried Overdone's Universal Commercial Dining-Rooms. Every thing looked satisfactory,—baskets of bread, ample platefuls of meat, sufficient portions of tart. But the palate soon became aware that the viands had been prepared in some wholesale and summary manner. That meat was tender, but with a sodden and unnatural tenderness. The joint from which it came had been subjected to the influences of some powerful machinery. It had been educated along with dozens of its fellows by some wholesale and indiscriminating process, instead of having its individual character studied, and its peculiar excellences fostered by the judicious basting of a private cook. That tart, too; its fruit was too fruity and its paste too pasty. They had evidently met for the first time upon that plate. Where was that delightful intermediate substance, neither paste nor fruit, but partaking of the qualities of both, and better than either, offspring of warm and oven-born union, which I remember in the pies of other days? No good thing comes of crude and hasty alliances.

Candide, we are told, "found life most tolerable after meals." But then he did not know what it is to spend an afternoon in cheap lodgings after a dinner cooked by Overdone or Mrs. Hawkins. The afternoon, under all circumstances, is the most tedious part of the twenty-four hours. It is the dull, unbelieving, disenchanted middle-life of the day. You shrug your shoulders more frequently than is your custom. You begin to think you expressed your feelings rather too warmly in that letter which you wrote last night and posted this morning. But when to the natural influences of the time, and the miseries of a resentful digestive apparatus, are added the outcries of an importunate rag and bone merchant, painfully audible through the whole of his course down the street; a lugubrious barrel-organ playing deadly-lively tunes under your window; a chattering, stamping, shuffling nigger, with no more humour in him than a pulverised mummy-cloth; the squalling of two babies brought by a colony of children on your door-step, who have evidently come to stay, and have brought their bread-and-treacle with them; and through, and above all, that woman, who sings in a cracked, shrill, and yet pathetic voice, suggestive of other and severer ills of life—Well, I will write no more of mine.

DALTON, AND HISTORY OF THE ATOMIC THEORY.*

THEORETICAL, and practical, are two expressions by which the world seeks to discriminate between two antithetic phases of human knowledge—two opposite characteristics of mental energy. The phases themselves are well marked; they are mentally recognisable to all who, bringing adequate power of analysis to the task, contemplate the steps by which, the triumphs of mind over matter, and material laws, are effected. But though mental discrimination between the two antithetic phases be readily conceivable, the words employed to embody the conception are devoid of the clearness which a logician desires; nor are they free from the charge of leading the public mind astray,

* *Dalton, and History of the Atomic Theory.* By Dr. R. AUGUS SMITH. London: Baillière.

and committing an injustice to the so-called "abstract worker," or "theoretical man."

We doubt whether in the whole range of mathematical and physical science there be such an entity as a purely abstract truth; that is to say, a truth which could not find some practical application, if man only knew how to apply it. The time for such application may not come in a life, in a century—it may never come; still the truth may not necessarily be an abstraction. The laws of the properties of conic sections were not altered by the discovery of ships, and the necessity for navigating them which arose. Yet these laws were numbered in the category of so-called abstract truths, until they found a practical aim in the science of navigation. The discovery that we do not see the heavenly bodies in their true positions—in other words, the discovery of the aberration of light—was a so-called abstract truth, until it found its application in confirming what had already been adduced through other channels concerning the velocity of light. Oersted's discovery, again, of the law of magnetic deflection by an electric current was of the nature of abstract truth, until it found its application in the telegraph of Cooke and Wheatstone. And thus might we proceed in our citations of examples of so-called abstract truth made practical throughout the records of every physical science; giving weight at every step to the hypothesis which denies the existence of any such entity as an abstract truth.

Such is our faith; and entertaining it, we award all honour to the so-called worker-out of abstractions, the so-called theorist, ay, if the term must needs be used,—the unpractical man. Honour to him who reveres the pure spirit of truth for itself alone, because it is truthful; not for its immediate applications and the money it will bring. Nor let this be unjustly construed into a disparagement of the labours and a depreciation of the services of practical men. Both qualities are necessary to the development of human progress; that progress would be checked in its career by the destruction of either. A watch, as a keeper of time, would be no less destroyed by the annihilation of watch-mainsprings than by the destruction of mainspring-makers. Still the contingencies would differ in importance; and the case affords an apt illustration of the comparative rank of the men who discover laws or forces, and those who merely apply them.

In its essence, there is something unselfish in the prosecution of truth for its own sake; and amongst the workers of whom this attribute is typical, the records of all countries demonstrate how ill-requited the noble sentiment has been. The self-dependent principle, which lies at the foundation of England's political greatness, renders our system obnoxious to the tendency of giving an undue advantage to the mere utiliser of discovered truths. He who is fortunate enough to apply a truth second-hand to the improvement of some technical process subservient to the wants of man has seldom just reason to complain; he can obtain in England, better perhaps than elsewhere, the solid recompense he seeks. Far otherwise is it with the theorist, the man of original conceptions; the man, in short, of genius. For him, whilst alive, the praise of a scientific coterie is too often the only reward; when dead, an epitaph. By chance almost, and owing to the earnest solicitation of his friends, the illustrious originator of the atomic theory, or doctrine of chemical equivalents, had a small pension allotted to him on the civil list; but this not till late in life, nor until the period of highest mental activity had gone by. The best years of his existence had been given to the drudgery of teaching. What might we not have expected from his original genius, had early means been afforded him of giving it fair scope!

To mention the name of Dalton is to suggest the grandest day-dream made tangible, the greatest example of law made evident, which has occurred in modern times; assuredly the greatest since the discovery of the laws of gravitation, than which it appears to us in some respects more extraordinary. The atomic theory holds a position exceptional, and almost

exclusive, in the circumstance that it passed nearly at once from the domains of apparently the most abstract to those of the most practical departments of truth. Its deductions found practical application immediately; and what is still more strange, the atomic theory, exclusively accordant with facts though it be, admits of no final appeal, no *experimentum crucis*. The ultimate testimony would be a sight of the atoms; but their inconceivable smallness precludes that hope. A theory, then, it is, and must remain; but to use the language of Dumas, "A chemist speculating on the laws of definite combination is constrained to admit, that whether matter be composed of atoms or not, it could not act otherwise than it does, were it really atomic."

We have preferred to associate the name of Dalton with the name of the atomic theory rather than with the phrase "doctrine of equivalents," though the latter would have been more general in its scope. Nevertheless the evidence favouring the existence of atoms furnished by the laws of definite proportionalism is so strong, so practical, and moreover, it was so cherished by the great philosopher himself, that we unhesitatingly adopt it. Even those who object to the word "atom" as characterising a unit particle, admit it to the extent of signifying a unit force; and the latter term does not beget the more intelligible idea.

There are many persons who, unacquainted with chemical science, will, on first encountering the words "atomic theory," turn away from them as the representative of something difficult to understand, or something which, if understood, would be devoid of popular interest. Both assumptions are founded on error. Though the words "atomic theory" may sound harsh and technical, and the words "equivalent proportion" be still less popularly expressive, the genius of the thing can be made evident, even to persons totally ignorant of science. Firstly, what is an atom? To reply, "A very small particle of matter," is not enough. Granted that experience teaches us atoms are particles inconceivably small; but the derivation of the word "atom" (*a τειναι, incapable of division*) has no reference to size. Chemists are at this time acquainted with sixty-three different kinds of matter; and every testimony short of visual demonstration points to the inference that *all* matter is atomic. Nevertheless, testimony proves these atoms to be small beyond conception. We may therefore say, speaking of known matter, that atoms are particles inconceivably small; whence it has come to pass that the terms "atom" and "particle" have long been popularly used as synonymous. The thinker who would understand the doctrine of atoms as propounded by Dalton, and corroborated by all subsequent chemists, should carefully fall back upon the idea of indivisibility, regarding the quality of size as one altogether collateral. It is certainly not a probable, but nevertheless a possible assumption, that deep down towards the centre of our planet, farther beneath the superficial crust on which we stand than man has penetrated yet, not only another form of matter in addition to the sixty-three at present known may be found; but that the new matter may be composed of an aggregation of visible parts, all of equal weight and colour, shape and size. If these parts,—we need not say *particles*, for the assumption imposes no limit as to size,—if these parts were found to resist all human means to divide them, they would be, according to definition, atoms, notwithstanding their size. It so happens, however, that if matter at present known be atomic, we cannot hope to see these atoms, they are demonstrably so small. Newton did not despair of seeing them by the application of high microscopic power. No one entertains that hope at the present time. The question whether matter be or be not ultimately divisible was a favourite one with the ancients. Long and tedious were the arguments on both sides. The Grecian philosophic bent was the very antitype of our own. The Greeks contemned all applied philosophy; our tendency is to hold it in undue respect. The question of the ultimate divisibility or indivisibility of matter became too impractical for modern philosophy; it therefore died out. Strange

that an hypothesis so exclusively physical as it seemed to be should have received its strongest affirmative testimony, if not conclusive proof, from the hands of a chemist; stranger that the day-dreams of Leucippus, Democritus, and Lucretius, should now form the basis of all that is certain in practical chemistry, to whatever art applied!

The ancient advocates of material indivisibility failed to recognise the difference between matter, and the space which matter occupies. Taking any given ponderable mass—an apple, for example—a mathematician would be likely to affirm that the infinite divisibility of the atom must be accepted as obviously belonging to things possible in essence, though impossible in effect. The division might be continued, he would argue, so far as our senses, our time, and our manipulative dexterity permit; and that the possibility of still further division must be received as a corollary. Horcin lurks a fallacy. The idea has a contingent relation to the matter of the apple; but a direct and immediate relation to the space filled by that matter. Suppose each of the gigantic atoms, the existence of which we have already assumed, to equal the apple in size, then we perceive how fallacious is the ground taken by those who would deny the existence of atoms by geometric reasoning. Each of the newly-found atoms, though equal to an apple in size, would, being ~~an~~ atom, be indivisible; though the space filled by such atom would be capable of subdivision. Pass we now on to the task of examining how, by the labours of Dalton, the theory of atoms was rendered so probable, that no other theory squares with the chemical functions of matter. Addressing ourselves not to the chemist alone, we shall be sparing of chemical demonstrations, resting content with indicating the broad principles of the subject.

If A and B are two kinds of matter, capable of uniting chemically with each other, then the combining portions of the two, and necessarily the compounds formed, are either unlimited or limited. If unlimited, any number of parts by weight (say 1 part) of A may combine with any conceivable number of parts of B (say 8 parts); and in like manner with any fractional number above 8 and below 16, or finally above 16 and below 8. If limited, what are the limits and the conditions of limitation?

Of this kind were the questions which suggested themselves to Dalton. The unchemical reader may now translate A into hydrogen and B into oxygen; when our arbitrarily taken 1 and 8 respectively become 1 part by weight of hydrogen, and 8 parts by weight of oxygen. Now the combination of 1 part by weight of hydrogen with 8 of oxygen is water. There is one other, and only one other, compound of hydrogen and oxygen, resulting from the union of 16 parts of oxygen with 1 of hydrogen. Where are the intermediate compounds? Where the compounds of $8\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, 9 to 1, 9 to 2, and so on, up to 16 to 1? They are absent; they do not exist. Of such examples chemistry is full, and they unmistakably point to the atomic constitution of matter. If hydrogen and oxygen be not atomic, if the numbers 1 and 8 do not stand for the ratio of the weight of their atoms, wherefore this long absence of all compounds of the two between 1:8 and 1:16? Dr. Angus Smith has well acquitted himself of the task of making the atomic theory comprehensible. Still better, he has vindicated the memory of Dalton from the vague charge of plagiarism often brought against that philosopher; and has furnished an interesting biographical record of an extraordinary man.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

LAZE, HORSE, AND YOU'LL GET GRASS.—This is also Italian, —*Caval non morire, che erba da venire*. And it is even found in Turkish: "Dis not, O mine ass; for the spring is coming, and with it clover." Unfortunately, "While the grass grows the steed starves;" and "For the hungry, 'wait' is a hard word" (Germ.), —*Dem Hungerigen ist 'Harr' ein hart Wort*.

LUCK IS ALL.—A desperate doctrine, founded on that one-sided view of human affairs which is expressed in Byron's droll parody of a famous passage in Addison's *Cato*:

"Tis not in mortals to command success;
But do you more, Sompronius—don't deserve it;
And, take my word, you'll have no jot the less."

"The worst pig gets the best acorn" (Span.), —*Al mas ruin puerro la mejor bellota*. "A good bone never falls to the share of a good dog" (Fr.), —*A un bon chien n'échet jamais un bon os*. And "The horses eat the oats that don't earn them" (Germ.), —*Die Rosse fressen den Haber die ihn nicht verdienen*.
W. K. KELLY.



CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM,—Having read in the last Number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE your article on "Young Ladies' Work," I am induced to write to you in the hope of making known to the public through your pages, a new work for the good of suffering humanity. It is one which has already been tried with perfect success; and if entered into by the influential in all parishes, would take its place among the very finest efforts for the amelioration of crime and misery. One of the largest metropolitan parishes has lately sanctioned the visits of ladies to the different departments of the workhouse. The system was originated about six months ago by two ladies, and was found so efficacious in general and individual instances, that a committee was formed, consisting of the wives of the district clergymen and some of the most respectable ladies in the neighbourhood, to the number of fifteen. Every ward of the workhouse (except one, the casual poor) is visited twice a week; each lady taking a separate department. I will not intrude on your time or space by entering into details which would describe the great utility of this arrangement. Imagine the blessing to the poor sufferers from sickness, poverty, insanity, and old age, of thus receiving sympathy and kindness from those willing and able to give them help and comfort. Formerly their only experience was of cold harsh nurses and the officials of the establishment. Now they see kindly faces, and have ready help from private charity. Also suggestions for various improvements can be made to the proper authorities, offered, not with any impertinent intrusiveness, but respectfully urged. In many instances such suggestions have been adopted, to the great advantage of the suffering and helpless inmates.

This plan has now been in operation long enough to prove what a boon it would be, if it could be adopted in every parish. That the wives and daughters of the influential would readily give their help, there is no fear. What is wanted is, that those in parochial authority would consent to this arrangement throughout the land. It is the women of England who must exert their influence, and bestow a small portion of their time and thought, to the forwarding of this work of love and charity. They would need no other inducement, could they but see the gladdened faces, and hear the expressions of delight and gratitude with which "the ladies" are welcomed to the several wards by the poor inmates.

Few persons duly recognise the fact of what a vast mass of apparently hopeless wretchedness and vice fester in the workhouse of every large parish. Surely it behoves us to try at least, every means of alleviating both. In the instance where this system has been in operation, I have simply to say it has proved beneficial beyond our hopes: ameliorating

much misery, comforting much affliction, and exercising a most blessed influence alike on the vicious, the ignorant, and the suffering. I may add, that this beneficial influence extends to the nurses, who, aware of the check upon them, are far more careful and diligent in the execution of their duties.

I will now trespass no longer on your space, but remain, yours obediently,
S. P.

AN EPIQUEURE'S STEAK.

I GLORY in a steak. It is a microcosm of all that's good in the wide circle of edibilities. It delights the palate, invigorates the frame, makes life bearable, and—who can doubt it?—is a guarantee of longevity. See it broiling—what a sight to console a hungry stomach and gladden a heart capable of joyous tremblings! See the clear fire glowing with a new joy in the consciousness that it is doomed to make that bovine slice a diet fit for gods—ay, too good for gods, such as antiquity represents them, bolting thunder-balls and quaffing the steam of earthquakes! See the gridiron, with its geometric bars checking with black lines the ground-colour of incandescent charcoal; the steak itself nicely lined with oleaginous bark, frizzling for your good, and gradually changing from sanguinary red to palatable brown; then how the gravy runs from it in luscious streams, mingling with the creamy slice of butter, and acquiring a medicated perfume with the powdered produce of the Spice Islands! I never see the gridiron ready for a steak without thinking of those lines of Gerald Massey's, where he describes somebody who

"Trode the red-hot bars of fiery torture,
And went his rugged way with bleeding feet;"

which image must have been drawn from the spectacle of a steak undergoing martyrdom in behoof of appetised humanity. Then, when the broiling has commenced, Southey's lines on *Lodore* always come into my head as most appropriate to the convulsions of a steak, which always groans on the fire, as if a particle of the soul of the ox had been cut away with it:

"Shouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around,
With endless rebound;
Grunting and fighting—
A sight to delight in—

Charming and telling the ear with its sound."

If a steak feeds one, it has its moral uses also; it suggests country, and calls to mind whole pages of Thomson, and Clare, and Carrington, and Tom Miller, and a hundred other hearty-brained men who have glorified the fat ox as the symbol of strength and endurance and patience, ay, and bodily cheer.

But how do you cook your steaks, eh? "There's the rub." Broil them? Good. Fry them? No, no. If you want to convert tender ox-flesh into leather, use the pan and a slow fire, and the experiment will be sure to succeed; but adopt my plan, and my head for it, you will eat nothing but steaks for the next three months.

Well then, fry it; but not in the vulgar way, with just a bit of fat to keep it simmering. A steak fried in the ordinary way ought to be carefully dished, trimmed up with parsley, and then—consigned to the dusthole. But I'll tell you how to fry a steak; and I do so tremblingly, for it is so grand, so original a recipe, that I think, if I were briske enough, I might get a million francs for it from the society of gourmands; and now, if I "let the delicious secret out," my prospective million will be lost for ever.

Have your steak cut in one large slice from the middle of the rump; thickness, *one inch*; superficial measurement, seventy square inches; weight, about one and a quarter pounds. See that it has a nice rim of yellowish bark—that

is, fat—along the outer side; and if it is not really handsome, call a poor woman and make it a present to her for her hungry ones, and liberally pay for another for yourself. Take it home yourself, and from that moment let no hand but your own touch it. Even obtrusive eyes should be "kept off;" for my plan of cooking it is not to be hackneyed and vulgarised. Hunt up all the pickle-jars, and take from each kind of pickle a little of the vinegar, say a teacupful each of onion, cauliflower, cabbage, and French-bean pickle,—home-made of course, and with plenty of spicy flavours. Lay the steak in a deep dish, and pour over it the whole of the vinegar. Let it lay an hour. Then take a clean frying-pan; throw in three ounces of butter, and pour into it some of the vinegar from the dish, sufficient just to stew the steak in the refreshing compound. Lay the steak in it; let it stew; turn it as judgment dictates; and if you manage it right as to the quantity of liquor, it will, when done, be found imbedded in a thickened gravy formed of its own juicy essences and the dried-up pickle. Put the steak into a *very hot* dish before the fire, and into the pan throw an ounce more butter, one chopped-up clove of garlic, and two tablespoonfuls of ketchup, and a spoonful of raw mustard. Fry up the gravy, butter, ketchup, &c. in the pan till it boils, and pour it over the steak; and presto! the whole house will be fragrant with a dish that, in the words of puffing traders, "needs only one trial," &c. Only *one trial*, ha, ha! EPIQUEURE.

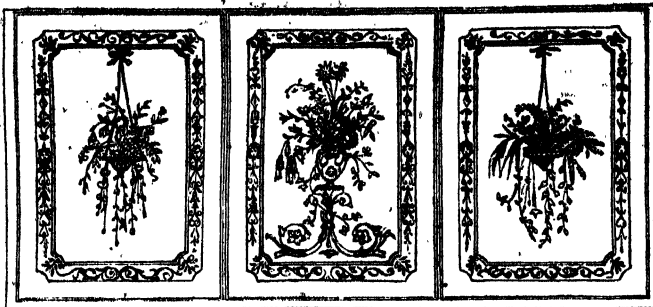
THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

III.—THE MANUFACTURE OF ENCAUSTIC TILES.

OUR cursory inspection of the raw material being concluded, we proceeded to Minton's tile manufactory, where are made those beautiful encaustic tiles now so generally used as the flooring of churches and halls; in which, though chiefly prized as being ornamental and dry, they afford by their exquisite neatness and cleanness a contagious pattern of what should be the condition of the rest of the structure. Models of propriety as are the tiles, it would be unjust to withhold the same tribute from all Mr. Minton's workmen, who, though we were charged with no commission to purchase flooring for church or hall, took as much interest in showing and explaining all that we had any right to see and know, as if they, and not we, were the sole gainers by the examination. It being the dinner-hour, the men were not at work; but nevertheless, wherever we went, some skilled workman was at hand, who, with civility that would have graced a far higher rank, performed, for our special inspection, each his own share in the manufacture. We were taken first into a room where, affixed to a bench, was a screw-press, like that used in coining. A heap of pulverised dry clay lay beside. A portion of this was swept into a mould beneath the screw, and made level with a piece of wood; and the cover of the press being worked by the hand of the operator, the screw descended with a pressure (if we remember rightly) of a hundred and fifty hundredweight, and forced down the clay-dust into the mould; from which it was immediately afterwards raised, by a simple contrivance, no longer in the form of dust, but a solid earthenware tile, requiring only the action of fire to be fit for use. Some of the tiles were plain; others, into which various colours were to be *burnt in*, and which are therefore called *encaustic*, had a pattern sunk in them. These were passed on to other workmen, who poured into portions of the pattern variously-coloured compositions in a semi-fluid state: the groundwork of the whole, for instance, might be buff, with a blue pattern in the centre and a red pattern at the angles. The tiles thus filled are laid aside for a certain number of hours to dry, with the upper surface rough and unsightly. When the colours are sufficiently set, the upper surface is scraped with a smooth piece of iron, and the pattern reappears, defined with wonderful sharpness, and with all the colours distinct, but of a dull hue.

From this workshop we were taken to an empty kiln,—

a huge cone-shaped building open at the top, and having several openings below. In these the tiles are placed, packed in cases of rude fireproof earthenware, called saggars (safeguards), which are piled on each other until the oven is filled nearly to top of the dome. Fire is then applied externally at the openings described above, and the heat is conducted through flues round the inside and under the bottom of the oven. The fire is applied very gradually, and is continued for several days; when it is allowed to subside as gradually, and the saggars, with their contents, are withdrawn, the cracked or imperfect tiles destroyed, and the rest prepared for the market.



EMBOSSSED GLASS.

SIR,—Having perused with much pleasure the different useful articles you have introduced in your valuable publication under the head of "Home," and feeling that any little suggestion which can practically aid in promoting the improvement and comfort of that little world, dear to the hearts of all, may be received as an acceptable offering, I venture to intrude upon your space with a suggestion for the ornamentation of window-glass, simple in execution while it is beautiful in effect. Most persons know of the existence of what is termed embossed glass; an article expensive in its manufacture or preparation, and therefore out of the reach of many; while the attempts made to imitate it are in general meagre and uninteresting. The usual method of imitating ground-glass is by dabbing the surface with putty, or painting the glass with a thin coating of white paint.

This last is the mode employed by the writer for carrying out his process; and a few words are necessary to explain the proper manner of performing it, which requires some little practice. The glass being first well cleaned and free from grease, is then covered with a very thin and delicate coating of white, applied with a short-hair ordinary paint-brush, great care being required to have only sufficient colour on the tips of the hair to leave the smallest possible stain upon the glass. The paint so laid on must not be applied by a sweeping motion of the brush, but by dabbing the end of it gently and with equal pressure over the surface. To avoid the colour being too thick in the brush, it is best to rub most of it out on a piece of board previous to applying it to the glass; in fact, if this is done, the brush can be readily replenished by dabbing it on the board instead of dipping it every time into the paint.

If care and attention are paid to the manner of applying this coat of paint, a uniform shade is given, bearing the closest resemblance to ground-glass. While the paint is wet, take a sharp-pointed piece of wood; and where lines are required to be drawn, a rule should be employed to draw them with. The pointed stick will remove the wet paint, leaving the glass clear; but the stick must be carefully wiped previous to commencing a second line, as, if not, the mark required will be smeared; and it is difficult to clear it, unless drawn clear at the first instance. With the same piece of wood the ornament and patterns may be drawn; but in some instances it is well to provide several sticks of different widths at the end for drawing with (as shown by figs. 1, 2, 3), and these wider ones should be cut with flat ends like the edge of a chisel.

The advantage of these over the sharp point is, the removal of a broader surface of colour; and where great precision is required, a piece



less to attempt its restoration. The window to be ornamented should be painted on the inside; and if the paint is properly mixed, will, when dry, bear any amount of washing, provided no soap or alkali is employed, a sponge with some lukewarm water being all that is necessary. Of the durability of this kind of work the writer has had ample experience, having decorated the windows of his own studio in this manner, which remained unchanged for fifteen years. It is admirably adapted for windows near the street, or facing a disagreeable view; and is preferable to every other kind of blind, inasmuch as it admits the same amount of light as ground-glass, and may be made most elegant in appearance. It is well calculated for staircase-windows, hall-doors, and inner glass-doors; and has this great advantage, that if the occupant of the house have ingenuity, taste, and perseverance enough to try the experiment of doing it himself, the cost is insignificant, and the pleasure will be enhanced by its being the result of his own labour. The best vehicle for painting the glass with is very pure white-lead, or flake-white, such as is prepared by the artists' colourmen, and sold by them in collapsible tubes; and this should be mixed with very pale drying-oil diluted with pure spirits of turpentine.

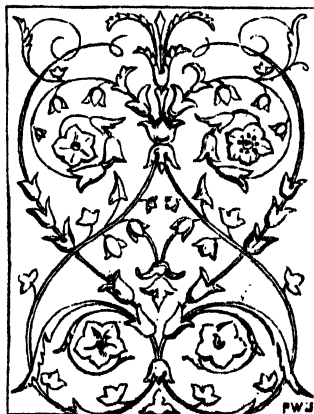
The writer has employed with great success diluted copal varnish, which has the advantage of greater durability; but it requires considerable management, and dries so rapidly, that in the hands of an inexperienced person its use would be more difficult. Annexed are some designs for the decoration of the glass. That at the head of the page is suitable for a blind, when done on the three lower panes of a window; here is a design for a separate pane. Combinations of such designs will of course readily suggest themselves for a staircase, or any other window requiring to be covered entirely.

If difficulty in drawing the patterns on the glass at once, without something to guide the hand, be feared, take a piece of paper cut to the exact size of the pane of glass, and on that carefully draw the design to be executed; then with a fine needle or pin prick holes in all the lines of the pattern.

You must also prepare a little very finely-powdered dry colour (blue is the best), and tie it up in a fine piece of muslin; and having prepared your glass with the coat of paint, place the paper-pattern against it, holding it so as to avoid any pressure upon the glass, lest it should remove the surface; then gently dab with the powder-colour in the muslin over the lines of the pattern, and enough colour will pass through to make it sufficiently distinct for drawing with the point.

I am, &c.

ALPHA.





PAINTED BY A. SOLOMON.

CONTRAST.

PEASANTS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. IX.

"A CONTRAST."

By A. SOLOMON.

AT low-water, on the long low coast of Artois, with its dwarf earth-cliffs, a party of English visitors are attending upon a young invalid lady, who has been sketching from her wheel-chair. Two of the Boulonnais fishing-people,—in that costume which so astonishes fresh English tourists,—having encountered the party, are scrutinising them with a want of tact which is not very French. The commiserating kindness of the girl's regard is some sort of compensation for this: she is evidently making a comparison between her own robust figure and the delicate one of the invalid before her, not without admiration of the latter's surprising accomplishment of drawing; to the flattering result of which she is obviously aided by the whispered remarks of her companion, who is leaning upon the rolled-up shrimp-net. There is indeed a contrast between the bronzed healthiness of the one and the delicate pallor of the other—opposite results of such opposed courses of life. The lady's husband leans upon the chair paying his affectionate compliment to her skill, and is himself robust enough to be a fitter mate for the fish-girl than for the frail being upon whom he is attending. The observer will notice that the painter, with a sort of sarcasm, has given the palm, not only of healthiness and vigour, but of real beauty and nobleness of features, to the natural woman; her face is actually more refined and grander than that of the other, whose artificial life has not only weakened her health, but in some measure degraded the clear tone of her features. Her mother stands behind, with eyeglass in hand, entertaining some sort of indignation at the intruders, whose remarks are not of that order with which a genuine mamma could thoroughly sympathise. She has not escaped the contagion of French fashions in the dressing of her hair; which effect, however, the painter, with great judgment, has confined to herself, and not shown as extended to her daughters: for we presume that the girl reading is sister to the sketcher. She, too, shows the vitiating effect of modern dress, as well as of customs, by the rigid way in which she holds her most artificial of bodies; her face also, though prettier than that of her sister, has the same characteristics of the hothouse about it. The children are prettily grouped; though we might have wished that the head of the one who is playing with the crab had not been quite so large.

The picture itself requires brilliancy of colour and clearness of tone,—qualities which Solomon is somewhat deficient in. The regard which an artist has for his work is always shown by the way in which he pays attention to little things. In relation to this, we cannot but remark, that the handle of the wheel-chair could never be reached by the rider, being far too short. Observe how scant of spokes the wheels themselves are. The dog's action is ordinary and commonplace; and we should have liked the character of sex to have been more strongly marked in the farthest of the fishing-people. The motive of the picture is so unusually good for its class, that more serious faults might be pardoned in a less accomplished painter than A. Solomon.

THE FIRE-EATERS.

By BESSIE R. PARKES.

IT was a wet and windy night when we started off on our expedition to see the celebrated ceremony of fire-eating, which, with a few other amiable diversions of an equally salubrious nature, are practised by the tribe of the Ben Aissa at Algiers. We took P— with us as protector-in-chief, —large and burly enough to put to flight Arab garotters,—and toiled up the endless zigzags of the road leading, on the outside of the town-wall, to the Casbah, or ancient palace of the Deys, a huge pile now converted into barracks, an armoury, &c. Here lived Hussein, the last dey, for fifteen years, scarcely daring to put his head out of his windows for

fear of his janizaries; and various black memories connected with the fortress singularly increase its mysterious attraction upon a bleak stormy night. Ali Ben Ali, our handsome Moor, who sits to C— for a model, had promised to meet us at the Porte Neuve, and conduct us to the house where the fire-eaters were to assemble. So we picked our way with difficulty over the rough ground below the wall of the casbah, traversed by little streams swollen by the heavy showers of this unprecedented wet winter, and groped up to the arch of the Porte Neuve, which looks at least 300 years old, and fitted to conceal amidst its vast black recesses any number of Algerine pirates on shore for a holiday.

We three Europeans stood motionless in the shadow, calling out "Ali Ben Ali!" till the old stones rang; but no answer came, he was not there. We then went through into the street. A street in the old town of Algiers means a steep, narrow, winding passage, often breaking off into steps, often running under the projecting upper stories of the massive white houses in a tortuous tunnel. On a windy night, when the moaning breezes rush in and out of these so-called streets, crying like the pitiful plaining voices of all the poor prisoners enchained or put to death in Algiers, the place is really awful; and the lamps, suspended by chains, in the old French fashion, at fifty and a hundred feet distance from each other, do but add to the gloom; for as they swing in the wind they reveal the blackness of the holes and archways, and the huge shadows of the houses swing one across the other like some terrific natural phenomenon, the precursor of an earthquake. "Ali Ben Ali!" we shouted in vain; but the cry brought out a Frenchwoman with a candle in her hand, at the head of a flight of steps, who eyed us suspiciously when we asked her if she could tell us in what house the ceremony of the *Idrh* (pronounced *adra*) was to be held. "No," quoth she; "but Arabs live in all the houses round about here;" which information certainly did not add to our cheerful sense of civilised protection.

Up and down a few of the near streets we wandered, afraid of going far lest we should lose our way and find no exit till morning,—a misery almost as possible in Old Algiers as it would be in the catacombs; and doubly tantalised by fancying every now and then that we heard fitful strains of wild native music, or wilder drumming, borne upon the air, but in what exact direction we could not tell. At length I perceived a white figure stealing up one of the dark tunnels, at the far end of which faintly glimmered a lamp; and closing into phalanx with my two companions, I ejaculated, "*Idrh, idrh?*" "Oui, oui," replied the white ghost; and signing us to follow, he preceded us down the aforesaid tunnel to the low arched door, which led, so far as any external indication could show us, into the heart of the solid rock; for it is the great peculiarity of the Moorish houses that they are windowless on the outside (an occasional loophole of the smallest dimensions excepted), being lighted from the interior court which is to be found in every mansion. Ushered, not without internal tremblings as to the *bona fide* mission of our guide, through the little archway, we found ourselves in a small passage leading into a square court open to the stars, which had by this time begun to show their cheerful faces. Herein were at least thirty Arabs, seated cross-legged, or standing about the court, the arcade surrounding it, or the rooms to the side, of which the thick carved folding-doors stood open. I noticed that whenever they crossed the court they pulled off their slippers and walked barefoot, giving one the idea that for the nonce its marble pavement was consecrated.

We were accommodated with a bench under the arcade; and as it is never really cold at Algiers out of the wind,—which is an abominable breeze blowing from the Atlas mountains to the south,—I was not at all uncomfortable, and began to watch the strange scene before me, illuminated by one tall candle, which brought out the light and shadow of the court and its eight pillars into the strongest relief, tinting the wild swarthy faces of a group squatting in its immediate neighbourhood, one of whom was a negro, pre-

paring his huge tambour for the beginning of operations. They took uncommonly little notice of our presence, and talked and laughed and passed in and out for about half-an-hour; while those who were to perform on the great round tambours dried them over a brazier full of charcoal, that they might give out their fullest tone. Our faithless Ali Ben Ali was there,—the only Moor among them,—pattering about the court with his naked feet; also the sheik of the tribe,—a venerable old figure, exactly like Michael Angelo's Jeremiah. Among the Arabs, some were very handsome, and had faces full of spirit and vivacity; others had high foreheads and hooked noses, which in England would have denoted much intellectual endowment; several more were very young—boys of fifteen or sixteen.

When they were fully assembled, and all their preparations complete, the drummers seated themselves under the arcade to our right, backed by a lighted room containing Arab spectators, and with the charcoal-brazier in front of them, struck up the devil's own tattoo; if, as I have always understood, there be such a melody upon the musical catalogue of the world. The final burst of thunder as each in succession took up his instrument really partook of the sublime; and our friend the negro worked away with indefatigable energy, as if he felt himself conductor of the band to his Infernal Majesty. When this had gone on at least twenty minutes, so that the hubbub, at first startling to our surprised senses, had in some sort softened by habit into a background for any thing which might supervene, we were thrilled by hearing a loud human yelp, like no sound by civilised ears classified, and by seeing a youth, apparently in a condition of demoniacal possession, leap out from among the group under the arcade, and take up his position in the court immediately in front of the drummers, who set to work with redoubled energy at this proof of the success of their musical endeavours; while the youth began to roll his head violently, moving it from the upper vertebrae of the back, so that his neck seemed as a thick cord by which to swing the seat of his soul. Such a loose and rapid motion, "backwards and forwards and round and round," I did not think a human head, attached to its trunk, capable of performing. It made me sick and dizzy to watch him; a sensation which did not lessen when the motion gradually extended to his whole body, which swayed as if made of the warmest gutta-percha, or as if every joint were separately tied on with loose ribbons. At this astounding exercise he actually continued a full quarter of an hour, moving in time to the music, and increasing his velocity when it increased in speed. To see his features was as impossible as to discern the spokes of a carriage-wheel in rapid motion. He suddenly stopped, and began raging about the court, shrieking out in Arabic that he wanted "Fire, fire!" This strange demand was no sooner made than another Arab ran forward, bringing him a red-hot fire-shovel, glaring and sparkling with heat. The gentleman of the contortions took it by the handle; and then eyeing it with extreme satisfaction, deliberately licked the fiery shovel two or three times on its broad flat side; he then struck it heavily with the palm of his hand, howling vehemently at the same time; after which he gave it back to the attendant, and went raging about in quest of more food. His desire was gratified; for the magnificent old bearded sheik, seated on a bench under the arcade opposite to our own, held out to him a huge leaf of the thorny cactus, the size and shape of a large battle-dore, at least half-an-inch thick, and covered with strong prickly spines. Our friend crouched down before the sheik, and stretching out his mouth like a donkey intent upon a thistle, grasped with his teeth huge mouthfuls of this delectable food, howling all the time, not with pain or disgust, but with a queer sort of ceremonial satisfaction; the sheik meanwhile wearing a grim smile at the heroic piety of his follower. After which the latter got up, and walked pensively about the court with downcast eyes, while the drumming continued with indefatigable energy. Whether it had gone on all the time, I am really unable to say.

In a continuous roar, noise becomes at last no noise at all; the fatigued ear accustoms itself to the new medium,* and the whole attention is fixed on some more exciting point. (N.B. It is on this principle, applied to sight, that I understand the huge new clock at Westminster is to be faced with figures traced in points, as being visible at a greater distance than continuous lines.) Presently another Arab started up, and the same ceremonies were gone through, with this difference, that the latter had long hair, which was unbound for him as soon as the fit came on, and flew wildly about, greatly adding to the singularity of his appearance. The first Arab soon joined him; and linking their arms together, they rolled in unison, breaking off ever and anon into crazy dancing, backwards and forwards—a sort of desert polka. Two red-hot shovels were then called for, licked, and struck; then kneeling, with their arms across each other's shoulders, they placed themselves before the sheik, and together munched the cactus-leaf; after which they were joined by a third, who introduced a new element in the shape of a long green snake with a forked tongue, which he placed upon the floor, and played with, in dangerous proximity to our toes, which we tucked up instantly on to our bench. Then wreathing it round his neck and arms, he joined his companions in dancing vehemently as before; and as he happened to be next me, the wild motion occasionally brought the head of the reptile very near; he shook his forked tongue at me in a way that, as I was neither a snake-charmer nor a good Mahometan, was, to say the least of it, highly suggestive and unpleasant. Presently, however, they seemed to have had enough of it, or might have feared that snaky's temper was getting irritated and his digestion upset by the unwonted motion; for they unwound him, and put him up to bed in a wooden box with a sliding lid, where I have not the least doubt that he lay and ruminated upon whether or no the fair-skinned Frank and dog of a Christian would not have proved very good to eat. In this interlude we had three cups of very good coffee handed to us; of which refreshment we were quietly partaking, when we were thrilled with horror at seeing the second of the three Arabs transfix himself with a long iron skewer, passed through his cheek and out at his mouth. After which he very quietly worked a second through the other cheek, so that they crossed between his lips and stuck out like whiskers; then catching up a quantity of loose skin and flesh in front of his own throat, he stuck that also right through with a third skewer, and raged about the court howling; while a tambour turned upside down was handed to all present for a collection of coppers. By this time we had had enough of it; so dropping some money into the tambour, we made our salaam to the sheik, and sallied forth again into the quiet streets. It was now about ten o'clock; and groping our way again out of the Porte Neuve, we reached home without any misadventure.

We will add to this veritable recital of what we saw with our own eyes in 1857 a few paragraphs from a French book of travels.

Charles Marcolte de Luivieres says, in his *Deux Ans en Afrique*, p. 43: "One evening, having filled our pockets with cigars, we went to see the *Hdrh* (pronounce it *adra*), or fire-eaters. These are a Mahometan sect, who unite at certain seasons of the year to celebrate, after their fashion, a fête which seems to derive a remote origin from Christianity, since these individuals also call themselves *Beni Aissa*, which means to say, 'sons of Jesus.' It is said, that Aissa, being in the desert with his disciples, and these complaining and murmuring at having nothing to eat, he said to them, 'Why do you murmur? Have faith, and you will have what you desire also. Eat stones, insects, even fire; and if you have faith, this fire, these insects, these stones, will change into nourishment for your need.' It is this miracle which the *Beni Aissa* celebrate at the present day."

I have only to add the result of a few questions which I asked of Dr. Bodichon, a medical man long resident at Algiers, concerning the moral and physical effects of the

Hidrh. He told me that the sect is strictly Mahometan; the *Aissa* mentioned by De Luivieres not being intended for our Saviour, but for a prophet of the desert, and a true follower of Mahomet. That the state of violent excitement into which they are worked by the music and their own fanaticism prevents their suffering at the time from the effects of what they do; of which, however, the fire-eating part is but a trick, as it is easy to lick red-hot iron by covering the tongue with saliva in a sufficiently quick and dexterous manner; but that they are constantly ill a week after from the effects of their other experiments; and that the sheik will not permit any who are not robust in health to go through them, and turns back the delicate aspirants by putting his hand upon their heads when they leap out of the circle.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

AMONGST the most curious, and certainly the most useful, facts of scientific information we have to lay before our readers this month is, the announcement recently communicated by Dr. Stenhouse, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, that a cheap substitute has been found for animal charcoal; a substance so extensively used as a decoloriser, or bleaching agent, not only in the laboratory, but in various branches of manufacture. Granulated or rough animal charcoal, employed in the manufacture of sugar, of tartaric acid, and several other branches of technical chemistry, scarcely contains 10 per cent of real charcoal, and nevertheless costs some twelve or fourteen pounds per ton. The cost of pure animal charcoal, the substance employed in chemical laboratories, is at least fifteen times greater. The desideratum of supplying an efficient substitute has therefore long been felt. The general principle devised by Dr. Stenhouse is this: he prepares sulphate of alumina by digesting pipe-clay with oil of vitriol, and either evaporates it to dryness and mixes the result with finely-powdered vegetable charcoal, or mingles the fluid with the charcoal. In either case the mixture is burned for the purpose of driving off sulphuric acid, and leaving a mixture of charcoal with alumina. Dr. Stenhouse finds that $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of alumina affords the best result. Charcoal thus prepared is fully equal to bone-black for most purposes to which the latter is applied in the arts. We are curious to be informed on one point which Dr. Stenhouse does not touch upon. Can he render his artificial decolorising charcoal, in the granular form, capable of being used as a filtering mass, as charcoal is employed in the sugar manufacture? It may be well here to call attention to the fact, that though animal charcoal has long been considered the decolorising body *par excellence*, nevertheless vegetable charcoal was the first form of carbon employed for that purpose. The property was first discovered by Lowitz towards the latter part of the last century. Not until 1811 was it that the superior decolorising power of vegetable charcoal was discovered by Professor Figuier, of Montpellier. The rationale of the decolorising property remained unknown until 1822, when MM. Bussy Payen and Desfossez proved that the origin of the charcoal was immaterial, and that its decolorising effect was purely referable to the degree of its comminution. The efficacy of the new treatment devised by Dr. Stenhouse, therefore, depends on the alumina effecting a separation between the particles of charcoal employed. Dr. Stenhouse arrives at the conclusion that the artificial substance may be advantageously employed for the decolorising of any liquid which does not contain sulphuric acid; which latter would of course dissolve out a portion of alumina.

The preceding discovery, involving the employment of alumina, is suggestive of aluminium, that curious metal which is still under investigation by M. St. Clair Deville (the philosopher who first brought it to light *en masse*) and many others. M. Martin is conspicuous amongst the latter. He has recently sent in a memoir on aluminium to the Paris Academy of Sciences, making known the leading chemical

properties of that metal. When strongly heated, aluminium, it would appear, oxidises superficially. The crust of oxide does not penetrate to any great depth; but it is sufficient to remove aluminium from the companionship of noble metals, amongst which chemists were inclined, somewhat prematurely, as it would seem, to register it. Notwithstanding that aluminium does not support its original pretensions, it is still a very useful metal. Our readers will therefore learn with pleasure that various facilities of manufacturing it have been introduced, and that its price may be expected to fall considerably.

The Belgian agriculturists are on the *qui vive* respecting the discovery of enormous deposits of mineral phosphate of lime in the Ardennes; a substance which they somewhat prematurely, we fear, imagine will render them independent of bone superphosphate, if not of guano. We fear they are to be disappointed in this matter. In England there are also deposits of mineral phosphate of lime; but our attempts to employ the substance as a manure have been almost unavailing. It does not seem capable of assimilation by vegetables.

A very interesting paper has been read before the members of the Society of Arts by Mr. John Anderson, on the application of machinery in the war department. The author of the memoir, although shackled by official reticence, presents a suggestive glance at the mysteries of destruction enacted in our large military arsenal. Some time ago, Mr. Hale, the discoverer of the war-rocket without a stick, adopted the force of hydrostatic pressure for charging his rockets, instead of the process of monkey-ramming previously followed. It appears that hydrostatic pressure is now to be exclusively applied, not only in the construction of his own rockets, but those on the principle of Congreve as well. The operation of loam-casting for brass-cannon, as universally followed on the Continent, and until lately by ourselves, is now discontinued at Woolwich, and sand-casting adopted instead. When the Minié principle was first adopted in England, fears were entertained that the complexity of the bullet would interfere with the process of rapid manufacture. These fears are dissipated, as it now would seem, the Minié-bullet machinery now in operation at Woolwich being capable of turning out no less than 500 bullets per minute, or more than a quarter of a million daily. The manufacture of firearms and firearm-projectiles is now assuming a very interesting phase. On the one hand, attempts are being made to increase the calibre of cannon to a size unprecedentedly large; whilst on the other, the range of ordinary firearms is being extended to a marvellous distance by mere alteration of the form of the projectile. It would appear that non-military people expect too much from increase of the calibre of firearms, and underrate the value of increasing the range of cannon and small arms now in existence by modifying the construction of projectiles. Even the monster wrought-iron gun, of which the British Government has recently become possessed, lends but feeble support to the argument in favour of monster cannon. It is not considered safe to charge that piece of ordnance with a quantity of powder greater than one-sixth the weight of the ball; whereas the full charge of a long thirty-two-pounder is one-third the weight of its projectile. A very interesting report has recently been made to the American Government by Mr. Daniel Treadwell, on the practicability of constructing cannon of great calibre, capable of enduring long-continued use under full charges. This gentleman begins by assuming the capacity of bronze to withstand pressure to be equivalent to 30,000lbs on the square inch, and of the best sorts of cast iron, at 20,000lbs. He then goes on to express his belief that, so far as those materials are concerned, he conceives the limits of calibre to be nearly attained. Wrought-iron he looks upon as altogether an exceptional material. Not only is it too expensive for general use, but it is difficult to manufacture, difficult to be welded in large masses without flaws, and injuriously soft. Mr. Treadwell points to the fact well known to mechanics, and demonstrable

mathematically, that beyond a certain thickness no considerable amount of strength is imparted by increasing the weight of a cast cannon; and he suggests the following most ingenious plan for manufacturing ordnance of gigantic calibre capable of withstanding full charges of powder. Mr. Treadwell considers the softness of wrought-iron to be a fatal objection to the general use of that material for ordnance, even though the present difficulties of manufacture were removed. He proposes that the internal cannon, as we may denominate it, should be made of cast-iron, and reinforced externally by a system of wrought-iron rings, in the following manner. Fancy the outside of the cast-iron cylinder to be accurately turned, and indented with a screw-thread, upon which a series of external wrought-iron rings or nuts are to be screwed, and these last reinforced by similar screw-rings, or cylinders, and the reinforcement continued until the thickness necessary to withstand the explosion of a full charge of powder is attained; then we shall have a part of the idea of the American engineer. The main point of his proposition, however, is this: *each layer of wrought-iron cylinders is to be screwed on whilst expanded by heat*, so that their ultimate agency will be a continued and enormous pressure on the central cast-iron cylinder. In this way, it is assumed that ordnance of mixed composition can be made, possessing all the hardness of cast-iron where hardness is necessary (*i. e.* along the bore) and all the restraining toughness of wrought-iron. Whilst the Americans and our own home-authorities are endeavouring to increase the resources of warfare in this direction, Colonel Jacob is reducing to practice the idea long since mooted by Captain Norton, of making an efficient rifle-shell. Artillery and rifle practice are now being so rapidly pressed forward in parallel and emulative channels of development, that each by turn threatens to supplant the other in many applications for which each has been exclusively applied.

The daily increasing sunlight of the new year has seemed to exercise a sympathetic power on daguerreotypists, calotypists, and other heliographic philosophers; much having been recently accomplished in the way of improving the heliographic art. In the beginning of last month (January), Mr. Hardwick communicated to the Photographic Society some important remarks on impurities contained in commercial nitrate of silver, unfitting it for photographic purposes; also on some changes to which nitrate-baths are subject, and the best manner of dealing with them. These discoveries were made whilst endeavouring to improve the manufacture of collodion; in the course of which certain anomalous results were obtained when operating with commercial nitrate of silver. Mr. Heinnah, in his last edition of the collodion process, called attention to these anomalies, but was unable to explain them. He however arrived at the conclusion that the pictorial defects admitted of remedy by the use of ammonia and acetic acid. Mr. Hardwick attributes the peculiarities in question to the occasional existence of organic impurities in crystallised nitrate of silver. Impurities of this kind are evidently capable of being destroyed by fusion; but fused nitrate of silver is attended with its own objections. Firstly, it is liable to adulteration; secondly, if the fusing temperature be raised too high, or if it be too prolonged, a portion of the nitrate is decomposed, and lower nitrogen-acids of silver result. It is better, therefore, to recrystallise the fused nitrate carefully. Collaterally, Mr. Hardwick was led to investigate whether the gradual deterioration of nitrate-baths was not attributable to their becoming contaminated with organic matter, and he arrived at the affirmative conclusion. Most operators by the collodion process have noticed that nitrate-baths, after having remained a variable time in use, yield very bad results. Mr. Hardwick was led to develop collodion pictures with baths which had been purposely contaminated with known kinds of organic matter, in known quantities. The results were highly interesting. In the case of one organic body, he says, the plates immediately became covered with transparent markings, although nothing of the kind was noticed when

using a portion of the same bath purposely kept free from the organic addition. In a second instance, there was a peculiar iridescence of the film. In a third case, an intensified transparency of the developed image, with a dark solarisation of the high lights when looked down upon. In a fourth, great intensity of the blacks, with a loss of sensitiveness, and no gradation of tone. In a fifth, universal fogging. Some operators have suggested the filtration of nitrate-baths through kaolin when they have become thus inefficient. The process has not proved very successful. Far better, according to Mr. Hardwick, is it to remove the bath altogether, and extract the silver which it contains. Perhaps we may here do a service to the non-chemical heliographer in stating that silver can be extracted readily from nitrate by adding common salt until no more white precipitate (chloride of silver) is thrown down, washing the chloride well, adding a little hydrochloric acid, and agitating the mixture of acidulated chloride with some fragments of zinc. The reduced and pulverulent silver should next be thoroughly washed, and fused with a little nitre.

Mr. Sims has also communicated to the Photographic Society some remarks on the engraving of photographic delineations by hydrofluoric acid. Great attention must be given to the preparation of the collodion employed in this process. It must be thin, having as much alcohol in it as it will bear; ether only being added when it becomes too gelatinous. It must be iodised by solution of oxide of silver dissolved in excess of iodide of potassium. Much attention must be given to the selection of a proper kind of glass. Not only must it be free from specks and striae, but regard must be had to its chemical composition. After many trials, it would seem that British plate-glass is preferable to all other varieties; and each plate of glass should be cleansed previously to use with sulphuric acid and water. The bath should be made of thirty grains of nitrate of silver dissolved in six ounces of water. Great care must be taken in the developing process, the camera being timed to a nicety. Sulphate of iron is used for developing the picture, and hydrosulphate of soda as the fixing material. Every particle of iodide of silver must be scrupulously removed by abundance of ammonia and water. Finally, the plate must be dried with equal care to that necessary in conducting the daguerreotype process.

Mr. Babbage suggests whether photographers would not derive advantage from the investigation of the laws which regulate the darkness of coloured objects, especially of unchangeable colours, as those of porcelain; and M. Despretz presents a communication to the French Academy of Sciences on the preparation of a dry collodion which will receive images after many days, weeks, or even months.

In physical science, M. de Senarmont has been performing some curious experiments to determine the laws of refrangibility of light when transmitted through water. In employing a new differential refractor, which he substituted for that of Arago, and which has the great advantage of separating the rays much further from each other than can be accomplished by that instrument, he caused two rays of light—one transmitted through air, the other through water—to interfere mutually. The water, during the experiment, was progressively cooled until it fell below the freezing-point; and the experimenter, by noticing the phases of interference, determined that the refrangibility of the water went on increasing in direct ratio with the cold applied; that there was no correlation of maximum refraction with maximum density. At the moment of solidification, the refractive power suddenly decreased; presenting a phenomenon requiring further study to determine its law.

M. Andres Pöcy, already so well known as an astronomer and meteorologist, has been following up his previous investigations relative to shooting-stars and luminous meteors. According to him, there were observed in England, from 1841 to 1855, no less than 1065 of these meteoric phenomena. Amongst them the colour of 326 was pure blue; of 46 bluish; of 11 pale blue; 2 were blue inclining to red;

and 1 greenish-blue; giving a total of 886 meteors in which blue predominated. The number of yellow meteors was 151; of yellowish, 18; total, 169. The red meteors were 129; reddish, 48; total, 177. It consequently appears that the number of blue meteors is more than double the number of those coloured yellow or red. White or whitish meteors are represented by 195 cases; orange-coloured, by 111. Meteors, the colours of which are composed of tints belonging to the lower part of the spectrum between green and orange, are 465; whilst those comprehended in the limits between green and violet are only 401. M. Poey, we are glad to find, is appointed to the office of director of the observatory about to be established at Cuba.

Amongst the novelties in entomological science of great importance, are the facts contained in a paper sent by M. Guérin Menneville to the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the causes which have led to a deterioration of the silkworm in France contemporaneously with the outbreak of the disease of potatoes and vines. French silkworms began to languish, and the deterioration has continued to progress. M. Menneville attributes the malady to the same atmospheric conditions—whatever these may be—from which potatoes and vines have suffered so much. He believes that a succession of mild winters furnish the immediate explanation of the disease, by causing the eggs to assume a premature vitality; and recommends that not only should the eggs be those of carefully-selected worms, but that they should be sent out of France into some much colder country during the winter, and that a fresh race of worms should be imported.

Amongst foreign inventions having a domestic interest, we must not forget to echo the praises of our French neighbours in favour of the ventilating smokeless open fireplace of M. Foret Chambor. Without diagrams and a long description, we could not convey an accurate idea of this fireplace. Perhaps we may find space for a fuller description hereafter.

In physiological and medical science there is a great deal of new information; some of it good, we hope; but still more of it extraordinary, we fear, without being good. In the latter category we include a new project, gravely set forth in the *Gazette Médicale* by M. Papillaud, on the prevention of yellow fever by inoculation. It appears from the memoir of M. Papillaud, that some considerable time ago Dr. Guillaume de Humboldt testified to the existence, in Central America, of a little reptile of undetermined species, which frequently bites people in the feet. The bite is exceedingly dangerous; but persons bitten are in future protected against the infection of yellow fever. The undiluted poison of the little reptile being too dangerous to be used for artificial inoculation, the writer of the memoir hits upon the following ingenious expedient. He provokes one of the reptiles to bite a piece of liver, which serves as a receptacle for the poison; and with the lancet dipped in the liver he inoculates his patients. The virus takes effect in twelve hours, and the patient is well in about six days, after which he is as little liable to attack from yellow fever as persons who have been vaccinated from small-pox. The greater number of persons thus inoculated are not attacked; the majority of those who are attacked, experience the disease in a mild form; and finally, of the small portion who are attacked, and suffer from the disease in its most virulent character, about one-fourth of the number will die. Out of 2477 inoculations, only 288, or 10 per cent, have had the yellow fever at all; 68, or 2 per cent, have died; 2247, or 90 per cent, have been preserved. No less than 16 per cent on the total population of fever-districts are said to be capable of preservation by this treatment! Dr. Ozanan is still prosecuting his experiments, physical, physiological, and therapeutic, on carbonic oxide gas—more poisonous, as it now seems, than carbonic acid. MM. Joret and Homelle announce the discovery of a substitute for Quina in "Apiol," extracted from the *Aptium petroselinum*; and M. Chapelle is very sanguine concerning the efficacy of acetone or pyro-acetic spirit as a cure for Asiatic cholera.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

THE search into futurity is perhaps permitted to mankind as an antidote to their innate vain-glory. Every mortal soul joins the wild hunt as it sweeps by him; but few bring any trophies home, or come back with any thing to boast of in their memories. Man stands, indeed, "looking before and after;" but his forward look is into the middle of a mist; and though he can no more help assuring himself that he sees something, and knows what he sees, than he can keep from dreaming in the night, yet on the whole he is sure to be wrong—to find it out before he dies, or to leave the discovery as a safe legacy to his children. Let the subject of his prophecy be a man or a revolution, a law or an institute, the fact never falls out as he foresees it; the events of this world, like those of a better, come not with observation.

This is only true, however, concerning the forms of things. Their spirit and essence, like shadows in a cloud, may be seen in the dim future, while it reveals nothing of the shapes that are to appear hereafter. Here the patriot may take comfort, and the philanthropist refresh his zeal. The definite ends for which either of them is striving will rarely be attained; but no good end was ever striven for without a sure result of some kind or other, unlike in form, perhaps, but the same in spirit, with the hope and objects of its originator.

Mechanics' Institutes have not accomplished what was intended by their founders; their very name has ceased in most cases to be an appropriate and descriptive one. They are not specially or even chiefly associations of mechanics, but have drawn together a class something higher in the social scale; and if they should tell hereafter more expressly upon the labouring population, it will have to be through a different method from that originally proposed. But we are not, therefore, to reckon them among the failures of the day. The shaft appears to have been not quite deep enough to get at the lowest strata of society, but it has gone down to veins well worth the working. The system scarcely reaches what we call the mass of the people; but it has been taken up by a section of them who, in point of fact, had more need of it, inasmuch as they were better able to use it. Even thus they are not benefited alone. To drain the stagnant waters of ignorance from a single layer of human life, is imperceptibly to begin the drainage of all that lies below it. One of the chief effects of Mechanics' Institutes has been to wind up a little tighter the common springs of intellectual ambition; and a swarm of reading-rooms, libraries, and other educational helps, among even the most ignorant classes, bear witness to the assured success with which good seed may be cast upon the ground.

The founder of the first Mechanics' Institution was a Yorkshireman. He made his first experiment in London; but the plan seems to have done best in his own native air. Perhaps these Yorkshire folk have an institutional faculty among the many things good and whimsical that make up their individualism. At any rate, the great populous towns of the West Riding have a good deal to show in this way; and they have just given a culminating proof of what can be desired and achieved among them. Rather more than thirty years ago, a few working-men in the town of Halifax asked, in a way at once manly and respectful, for the assistance of their richer neighbours in founding a Mechanics' Institution. The help was given, and the institution formed, on a scale whose insignificance in the eyes of modern citizens is the best evidence of the prodigious progress that has been made. In three years the members occupied a room at the extravagant rental of four pounds sterling. In another couple of years, their numbers having swelled to a total of

eighty souls, it became necessary to take larger premises. This was in 1830. There is an engraving on the opposite page of the New Halifax Mechanics' Institution, opened on the 14th January 1857, in the presence of more than a thousand persons, who were able to stow themselves in the principal room. Besides the Great Hall, the building contains a saloon, a library, a drawing-room, and other apartments for class-instruction. It has cost eight thousand pounds. Less than half of this amount had been actually subscribed at the moment of opening; but before the enthusiastic company separated, the greater part of the debt was cleared away.

Efforts of this kind are worth much more than the figures that represent them, or the local good that is done. It remains for the men of Halifax to make the good example perfect by the future working of their noble institution. They have got a building equal to all their wants, and they have got it rent-free. The spirit of those who raised the money to build it with is an ample assurance that whatever the wealthy men of the place can do to secure success will be done abundantly.

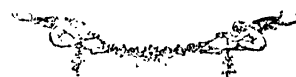
The Halifax Mechanics' Institute ought to become a true people's college, and a model for the nation.

It must be remembered that the object in view is an educational one; that the people to be educated are not those who can give up their whole time for a certain number of years to the process, but chiefly young men and women who must work for their living in the day-time, and can only study in the evening. This of course is a difficulty; but the clerks, the shopmen, and the artisans of our time should be reminded, that after the age of childhood most men are in nearly the same position as themselves. The whole middle class of England are engaged all day in business of one kind or other. If they pursue intellectual studies, if they keep pace with the progress of science and the growth of literature, the work is necessarily done in the evening; and considering the difference in the social demands upon their time, in the amount of mental anxiety and the nature of their daily occupation, it is probable that most clerks have, if they please, at least as much leisure as their masters for the purposes of self-education. The chief advantage of the upper classes over those below them is in the nature of their earlier education; and even here it is not so much in the actual knowledge acquired in childhood, as in the habit of seeking and acquiring it, and the greater mental agility which is thus produced. An institution like the one established at Halifax offers to all who want it as much facility for evening-study as can be enjoyed by most men. What the people of Halifax have to do to make it as widely useful as possible is, by every means in their power to promote that early training of children in the rudiments of knowledge, and that habit of interest in its acquisition, which are the only essential preparation for the future work to be done in their great building.

It is mentioned in the Halifax Report, that while the number of members approaches 800, there are not quite 4000 books in the library of the institution; and of these only forty-three were added during the past year. This state of things is one great defect, often one fatal error, in Mechanics' Institutes generally. Their office can never properly be fulfilled without an ample supply of the best literature in the world. The difficulty is solely one of funds. From the experience of other libraries, we believe that such a supply as the present times require cannot be furnished at a less cost than ten shillings per head per annum, expended entirely in the purchase of books. The tenth part of this amount is perhaps nearer what is usually available. There is nothing in which the wealthy could do more important service to the cause of education than in contributing to the additional funds required for this great service. Nothing keeps men back intellectually and socially so much as a want of contact with the active thought of their own time. That thought is now embodied in books; and full access to the current literature of the day is the only door to it. The experiment of throwing it open to the poorer

classes as completely as to the rich has never yet been tried; and we feel satisfied that no time should be lost in making the experiment. Of course some selection must be made; but, with one of the speakers at Halifax, we most devoutly protest against the old-fashioned and thoroughly mistaken notion, that works of imagination are the least useful things that a poor man can read. Mere trash is good for nobody; but works of real excellence in fiction, poetry, and miscellaneous literature, should be regarded as essential parts of a poor man's education. They do for him exactly what nothing else has the opportunity of doing. They influence his taste through his feelings, and refine them both. The great gulf between the rich and poor is not nearly so much a gulf of learning, or of money, as of taste and feeling; and the true way to bridge it over is by elevating and refining these. We are not advocating excess either way; but the excess has all been one way hitherto, and the tide ought to be turned.

With such a building as they have just inaugurated, there seems no reason why the Halifax Mechanics' Institute should not sweep the whole circle of such human wants as can be supplied by social union. We should like to see a thoroughly well-considered plan of periodical recreation started in the new hall; a plan based upon none of those which have hitherto proved so unsuccessful in most places, but struck out afresh from the evident wants and wishes of the class who will meet together within the same walls. As membership is open to both sexes, there is no reason why those branches of domestic knowledge most needed by women should not be made a special part of their educational course. The instruction they receive at home is often of the worst kind, and entails a life-long disadvantage. Many other things suggest themselves; but good wishes are sometimes better than good advice. Those who have engaged so heartily in so excellent a work are doubtless busy enough in turning it to the best account; and our hope is, that the crown of future success may already be only a little way above their heads.



MY DIAMOND STUDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY BROTHER'S WIFE," "THE LADDER OF LIFE," &c.

"Diamonds of a most praised water."—PERICLES.

"Sir," said the stranger, "those studs are mine."

We were alone together, face to face. The train was flying on at the rate of thirty miles an hour. It was already verging towards evening, and we were about halfway between Liege and Brussels.

I shrank back into the farthest corner of my little compartment and stared at him. His hair was dark, and hung in long loose locks; his eyes were wild and brilliant; and he wore an ample cloak with a high fur-collar. I thought the man must be mad, and I turned cold all over.

"Did you speak, sir?" I found courage to say.

"I spoke, sir. You wear a set of studs—diamonds set in coloured gold—very graceful design—stones of an excellent water; but—they are not yours."

"Not mine, sir!"

The stranger nodded.

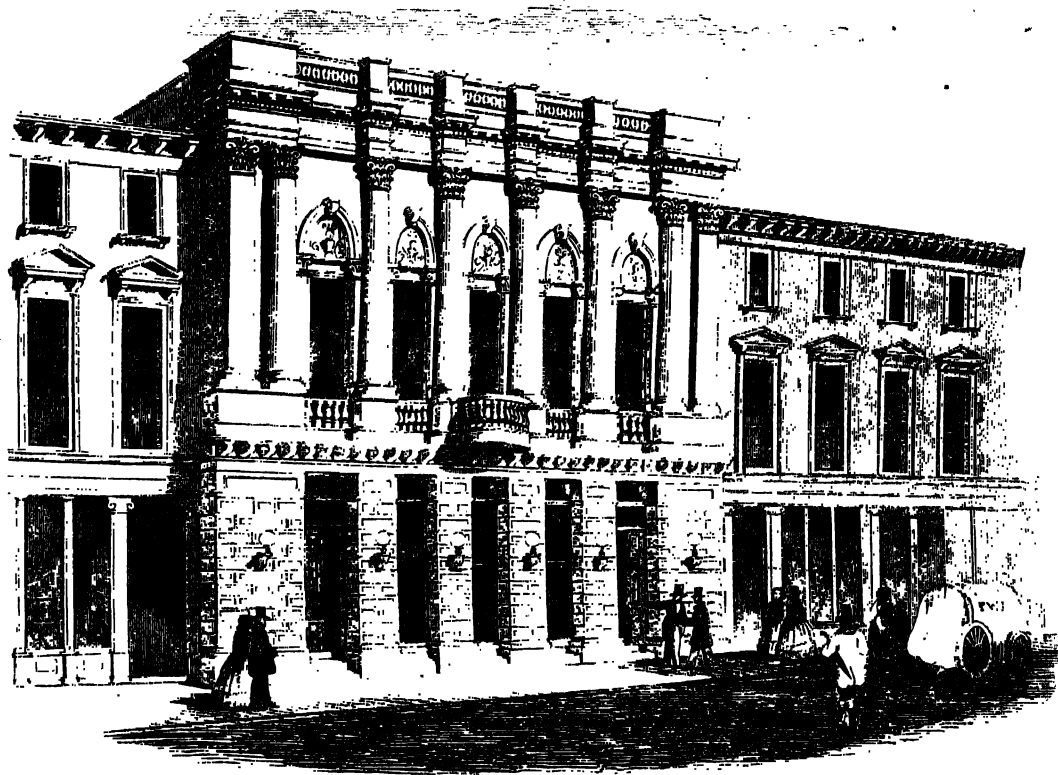
I had purchased them only a week before. They captivated me from the window of a jeweller's shop in Berlin; and they cost me—no, I dare not say what they cost me, for fear my wife should chauce to see this article.

I took out my pocket-book, and handed the bill to the stranger.

"Sir," I said, "be pleased to read this little paper, and convince yourself that the studs are mine, and mine only."

He just glanced it over, and returned it to me.

"I see," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "that they



THE NEW MECHANICS' INSTITUTION AT HALIFAX.

appear to be yours by right of purchase; but nevertheless they belong to me by right of inheritance. I can make this clear to you very easily, if you choose to hear my story; and no doubt we shall presently contrive some plan by which to settle the question of ownership."

My heart sank within me at the cool certainty of his voice and countenance.

"Shall I go on?" he asked, lighting a cigar.

"O, by all means," I replied. "I shall be delighted."

He smiled ominously to himself; then sighed and shook his head; passed his fingers twice or thrice through his elfin locks; crossed his feet deliberately on the opposite cushions; and fixing his eyes full upon me, thus began:

"Though a native of Russia and born in St. Petersburg, I am of Hindoo descent. My grandfather belonged to the province of Hyderabad; but, travelling thence while yet a young man, established himself at Balaghaut, and became a worker in the great diamond-mines commonly known as the mines of Golconda. A grave, silent, unsociable man was my grandfather, and little beloved by his fellow-miners. The superintendent, however, placed great confidence in him; and by and by, being promoted to the situation of overseer, he married. The only offspring of this union was Adjai Ghosal, my father. The Hindoos, as you must be aware, place a high value upon learning; and even the poorest evince such a respect for education as would do honour to the working-classes of a more enlightened community. Of this feeling no man in his position partook more largely than my grandfather. Uninstructed himself, he was ardently desirous that his son should benefit by advantages which, generally speaking, were accessible only to the wealthy; and in pursuance of this ambition, sent Adjai Ghosal at the age of eleven years to a large native academy at Benares. People wondered at first, and asked each other what the thing meant, and where the overseer found means to do it. 'Have you found a lac of rupees lately?' inquired one. 'Do you intend to make a diamond-

merchant of the little Adjai?' asked another. But my grandfather only held his peace; and after a time the marvel died away, and was forgotten. And thus eleven more years passed on; and my father, at the age of twenty-two, was summoned home to Balaghaut to receive the last benediction of his expiring parent. He found the old man stretched upon a mat, and almost speechless.

'Adjai,' he murmured,—'Adjai, my son, thou art arrived in time—in good time; for I could not have borne to die without seeing thee.'

My father pressed his hand in silence, and turned his face aside.

'Adjai,' said my grandfather, 'I have a terrible secret to confide to thee; one which my soul refused to carry to the grave. Canst thou endure to hear it?'

My father urged him to speak.

'It is to my own shame to reveal it to thee, Adjai; but I bow my head to the punishment. My son, I have sinned.'

My father became more curious than ever.

'Thou wilt not despise my memory, Adjai?'

'By Brahma, no!' said my father, raising his hand to his head.

'Then hearken.'

The old miner lifted himself upon his elbow, and collected all his strength. My father knelt down and listened.

'It happened,' said my grandfather, 'just three-and-twenty years ago, and I was then but a working-miner. I chanced one day upon a vein of extraordinary richness. My son, I was tempted; the evil one took possession of my soul;—I secreted five diamonds. One was incalculably valuable—larger than a walnut, and, as far as I could judge, of admirable water. The other four were about the size of peas. Alas, Adjai! From that hour I was a miserable man. Many and many a time I was on the point of confessing the theft; and was as frequently deterred by shame, fear, avarice, or ambition. I married, and a year after my marriage thou wert born. Then I resolved to dedicate this

wealth to thee, and thee alone; to educate thee; to enrich thee; to make thee prosperous and learned; and never, never to profit in my own person by my sin.'

'Generous parent!' exclaimed my father enthusiastically.

'When I took thee to Benares, Adjai,' continued my grandfather, 'I sold one of the four smaller diamonds; and with this I have defrayed the expenses of thy education. I never spent one fraction of the sum upon myself; and some few golden rupees of it are yet remaining.'

'Indeed!' said my father, who was listening with the greatest attention. 'And the rest of the gems?'

'The rest of the gems, Adjai, thou canst restore when I am gone.'

'Restore!' echoed my father.

'Yes, my child. Thou hast education. It will make thee far happier than the possession of ill-gotten riches; and I shall die in peace, knowing that reparation will be made. As for the few remaining rupees, I think, if thou art not over-scrupulous in the matter, thou mightest almost be justified in keeping them. They will help thee to begin the world.'

'Indeed!' said my father, with a curious sort of smile flitting about the corners of his mouth.

At this moment the old man changed colour, and a shudder passed over him.

'I—I have told thee just in time, Adjai,' he said falteringly. 'I feel that—that I have not many moments to live. Come hither that I may give thee my blessing.'

'My dear father,' said Adjai Ghosal, 'you have forgotten to tell me where the diamonds are hidden.'

'True,' gasped the dying man. 'You will find them, my son—you will find them—but thou wilt be sure to restore them as soon as I am dead?'

'How can I restore them,' said my father impatiently, 'unless you tell me where to find them?'

'True—very true, my Adjai. Look, then, in the roll of matting which I use for a pillow, and there thou wilt find the three smaller gems and the large one. See—see the superintendent—Adjai—my—my—'

A rapid convulsion, a moan, a heavy falling back of the outstretched hands, and my grandfather was dead.

The stranger broke off abruptly in his story, and laid his hand upon my sleeve.

'And now, sir,' said he, 'what do you suppose my father did?'

'Went into mourning, perhaps,' said I, deeply interested.

'Nonsense, sir. He went to the roll of matting.'

'And found the diamonds?'

'Not only found them, sir,' said the stranger, laying his finger on his nose, '—not only found them; but—can't you guess?'

'Well, really,' said I hesitatingly, 'I—that is—if I should not be offending you by the supposition, I should guess—that he kept them.'

'Kept them, sir! that's it,' said the stranger, rubbing his hands triumphantly; 'and, in my opinion, he was quite right too. Well, sir, to continue. As soon as my venerable ancestor had been consigned to the grave, my father left Balaghaut for Calcutta; and embarking there on board a Russian vessel, sailed for St. Petersburg. Arrived at that city, he consigned the gems to a skilful artist, by whom they were cut and polished. Sir, when cut and polished, it was found that the larger stone weighed no less than one hundred and ninety-three carats! My father knew that his fortune was made, and applied for an audience of the Empress Catherine II. The audience was granted, and the diamond shown; but the empress was unwilling to accede to my father's terms; and he, believing that in time he should obtain his price, suffered the matter to drop; took a beautiful mansion overlooking the Neva; naturalised himself as a Russian subject, under the name of Peter Petroffski, and patiently bided his time. Thus nearly a twelvemonth passed; and my father, who had long since parted with the

last of his golden rupees, began to feel nervous. The event proved, however, that he had done wisely; for he one morning received a summons to the palace of Count Orloff, and sold his diamond to that nobleman for the sum of one hundred and four thousand one hundred and sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings, and fourpence. Count Orloff was then Catherine's favourite; and to her, on her birthday, he presented this royal gift, some few days after he had made the purchase.'

'Is it possible,' I exclaimed, almost breathless with astonishment, '—is it possible that these are all facts?'

'Facts!' echoed the stranger indignantly. 'Turn to the article on diamonds in any encyclopædia, and convince yourself. Facts, indeed! Why, sir, that inestimable gem now adorns the sceptre of Russia!'

'I beg your pardon,' I said humbly; 'pray go on, sir.'

He seemed vexed, and remained silent; so I spoke again.

'In what year did you say this happened?'

'In the year 1772,' he replied, falling back insensibly into his narrative. 'My father now found himself in a position to command immense commercial influence; so he embarked a portion of his wealth in the fur-trade, and became in process of time one of the foremost among the merchant-princes of Russia. During many years he devoted himself utterly to the pursuit of riches; for gold, I must confess, was my father's weak point. At last, when he had obtained the reputation of being at the same time a millionaire and an irreclaimable old bachelor, he married; married at sixty years of age, just thirty-eight years from the time when he left Balaghaut. The object of his choice was a rich widow, in every way suitable as regarded money and station; an excellent woman, and the best of mothers! I respect her memory.'

Here the stranger paused, and wiped his eyes with a very fine cambric handkerchief, which filled the carriage with an overpowering perfume of patchouli. Presently, conquering his emotions, he resumed:

'But for my birth, which took place within two years from the date of my father's wedding, the newly-created family of Petroffski must have become extinct. As it was, therefore, my appearance was hailed with extravagant rejoicings. I was christened after my father, Peter Petroffski. My schoolfellows called me Peter the Second. I remember little of my boyhood, excepting that I had always plenty of roubles in my pocket, a pony, and a mounted servant to attend me to and from school; and plenty of indulgence from all my teachers. No boy in the academy played so many pranks, or was so readily forgiven as myself; but money covers a multitude of sins, especially at St. Petersburg.'

He paused for a moment, and a question which had long suggested itself to my mind now rose to my lips.

'You have not yet told me,' said I, 'what your father did with the three smaller diamonds.'

'Sir,' replied the stranger, 'I am coming to that presently.'

So I bowed, and waited in silence.

'From school I went to college; and, as my father's position excluded me from the college of nobles, I travelled into Germany, and studied for five years at the University of Heidelberg.'

'Peter,' said my father, as we parted, 'remember what a priceless life is yours. Above all things, my darling son, be careful not to injure your health by over-application.'

Never was good advice more scrupulously followed. My studies at Heidelberg were pleasant rather than profound, and consisted chiefly of rowing, drinking, and fighting. By dint of strict attention to these duties I earned for myself the rank of a 'mossy-head'; and indeed I may say, that I graduated in Bavarian beer, and took out my degree in sabre-cuts. At length I reached the age of twenty-one, and returned to St. Petersburg, just in time for my birthday. On this occasion my father threw his house open for a succession of dinner-parties, balls, and suppers. On the morning of the actual day he called me into his study, signifying

that he had something to say and something to give to me. A small morocco case of triangular form was lying on his desk. From the moment I entered the room I felt convinced that this was intended for me; and my attention, I fear, wandered sadly away from the wise and affectionate discourse which my father (leaning back complacently in his great arm-chair) was pleased to bestow upon me. He said a great deal about the extent of his trade, and the satisfaction it was to him to have brought up a son who should succeed him in it; informed me that from this day I was to fill the position of junior partner, with a munificent share in the yearly profits; and finally, taking up the morocco case, bade me accept that as an earnest of his parental love. I opened it, and beheld a superb set of diamond-studs. Each stone was a brilliant of the purest water, and about the size of an ordinary pea. Their value, I feel convinced, could not be less than three hundred guineas of your English money. For some moments I was speechless with delight and astonishment, and could scarcely stammer forth a word of thanks. Then my father smiled, and told me the history, which I have just related to you. I had never heard any thing of this before. I knew only the common story current in the city, that my father had been a great Eastern merchant before he settled in Russia, and that he had sold a wonderful diamond to the Empress Catherine many years ago. If, therefore, I had been amazed before, I was now still more so, and listened to the narrative like a man in a dream.

'And now, my dear boy,' said my father in conclusion, 'these diamonds, as I daresay you have already guessed, are the three remaining stones which I took from your grandfather's pillow of matting just sixty years ago.'

From this time I led an enviable life. I owned the handsomest *droschky*, the finest horses, and the smallest tiger in St. Petersburg. My pleasure-yacht was the completest that lay alongside the quays of the Neva. My stall at the opera was next to that of young Count Skampsikoff, the great leader of fashion and folly, and close under the box of Prince Ruffantuff, who was at that time one of our most influential nobles, and generalissimo of the Russian army. It was not long before Skampsikoff and I became the firmest friends in the world; and before six months were over, I was known far and near as the fastest, the richest, and the most reckless scapegrace about town.

It was at this period, sir, that I first beheld the peerless Katrina."

The stranger paused, as if he expected me to be surprised; but finding that I only continued to listen with a countenance indicative of polite attention, he looked at his watch, ran his fingers through his hair, hemmed twice or thrice, and then went on with his story.

"You will ask me, perhaps,—who was the peerless Katrina? Sir, she was a violet blooming upon a rock; a rainbow born out of the bosom of a thunder-cloud. She was the dream, the poetry, the passion of my life! Katrina, sir, was the only child of Prince Ruffantuff, whose name I have already mentioned. Strange that the fairest, the most ethereal of beings should come of so stern a parentage! As Katrina was the gentlest of women, and the most loving, so was Ivan Ruffantuff the fiercest of soldiers and the severest of fathers. He carried the discipline of the camp into the privacy of his home, and made himself dreaded as much by his household as by his troops. I never saw so forbidding a countenance, or one more expressive of pride and defiance. Gazing upon the delicate creature seated beside him in his box, one wondered how nature could have played so strange a turn, and sought in vain for the faintest trace of apparent consanguinity between them. Prince Ivan was a giant in stature; Katrina was almost childlike in the graceful slightness of her proportions. Prince Ivan was swarthy of complexion, and his features were moulded after the flat unintellectual type of the Tartar tribes; Katrina's features were regular, classical, and Greek. Prince Ivan was proud and cruel; Katrina was loving, innocent—born for all purposes

of tenderness and womanly compassion. What marvel, then, that I loved her? Loved her, sir, as only few can love—loved her with all the force, and self-abandonment, and passion, of which man's nature is capable. I had never been in earnest before, but I was in earnest now—hopelessly in earnest, as I well knew; but despair itself fed my love with fresh energy, and obstacles only served to make me more determined. For a long time I loved her with my eyes and heart alone, as a devotee worships a saint upon an altar. I could but gaze upon her from afar. I had never even listened to the sound of her dear voice, though I would have died only to hear her pronounce my name. Night after night, during the whole opera-season, I sat and watched her from my stall. I heard no more of the music than if I had been in Siberia; I grew thin and pale and abstracted; I fell into a listless dreaming mood, and replied at random when spoken to; above all, I wandered like a ghost in and out of the *salons* and gaming-rooms where I had of late been so eager in the pursuit of pleasure. At last Skampsikoff came to my rooms one morning, and remonstrated with me upon my unaccountable despondency.

'You don't do justice to me, my dear fellow,' he said, twirling his moustachios. 'I have introduced you, set you going, made you, in point of fact, the fashion; and I take it rather unkindly that you should reflect so glaring a discredit upon my judgment. You might as well be at La Trappe, as far as your conversational powers go at present; and as for your looks, why, hang it, you know the least a man can do for society is to look pleasant. Are you in debt, and does the dear papa draw his purse-strings too closely?'

I shook my head. I had no debts but such as I could readily liquidate, and my father was as liberal to me as I could reasonably desire. It was not that.

'Not that!' exclaimed Skampsikoff, 'well, then, you must be in love. Why, man, you blush! The thing's as clear as the sunlight; and Peter, the magnificent Peter, is in love! Now, by all the saints, this is too ridiculous! Who's the girl?'

'The Princess Katrina,' I answered with a groan.

Skampsikoff started, and whistled dismally.

'The Princess Katrina!' he repeated.

I laid my head down upon the table, and burst into tears.

'I know that I am a fool,' I said, sobbing. 'I know that I have no chance—no hope—no resource but exile or death; and yet I love her, O, I love her, and I am dying—dying—dying day by day!'

My friend was moved.

'Cheer up, Petroffski,' he said, laying his hand upon my shoulder. 'Cheer up; for I think I know of a plan by which to gain you an interview with her; and that once done, why you must accomplish the rest for yourself. You will throw yourself at her feet. You will propose an elopement, or a secret marriage. She will not have the heart to refuse you. We will set relays of horses for you on the road to the nearest seaport; you will embark on board a schooner, ready hired for the purpose; and, once off and away, who is to follow? Come, come, I see nothing but success for you; and if you will but look a trifle more lively, I'll set out at once to see about the ways and means.'

I felt as if night had turned to day on hearing these words.

'Skampsikoff,' I said, 'you have saved my life!'

That evening, to my surprise, I saw him enter Prince Ruffantuff's box in company with a nobleman of his acquaintance, and be presented in due form both to Ivan and his daughter. He did not remain there very long, but contrived to enter into conversation with Katrina. Just before he left the box, he nodded to me and waved his hand. She instantly raised her glass. They exchanged a few sentences. She looked again; and I felt as if the whole theatre were turning round. In a few moments he had made his bow, taken his leave, and returned to his stall at my side.

'The ball is rolling,' he said, rubbing his hands gaily; 'the ball is rolling, and the game's begun. She saw me

recognise you, and naturally asked me who you were. "A fellow," said I, "with the best heart and the handsomest studs in St. Petersburg." "Of horses?" asked the fair Katrina. "No," said I; "of diamonds." Whereupon she looked again. "Not but that he has horses too," I added, "and plenty of them. He's a noble fellow, and my most intimate friend; but he is far from happy." She surveyed you with more interest than ever. There's nothing like telling a woman that a man's unhappy. She's sure to be half in love with you directly. "He looks pale," said the fair Katrina. "What is the cause of his sorrow?" I smiled and shook my head. "Princess Katrina," I said meaningly, "you are the very last person in the world to whom I could confide that secret." With this I took my leave; and I think you ought to be very much obliged to me.

And I was very much obliged to him, especially when I saw that Katrina's attention wandered continually that evening from the stage to myself. Once or twice our eyes met. The first time, she started; the second time, she blushed; and I thought myself the happiest fellow in the world.

Henceforth life assumed for me a new and beautiful aspect. Somehow or another (whether through the hints dropped by my friend, or her own attentive study of my eloquent glances, I know not) the fair Katrina became aware of my passion, and was not so cruel as to discourage it. Sometimes, when they stood near me in the crush-room, she would drop her handkerchief or her fan, that I might have the opportunity of handing it to her. Sometimes she left a flower from her bouquet lying upon the front of her box, that I might go round and take it when she and her father were gone. At last she accorded me an interview."

The stranger buried his face in his hands, and sighed heavily.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, in a broken voice. "My—my emotions on recalling this portion of my history are so overwhelming, that (with your permission) I must smoke a cigar."

I have, be it known, a particular aversion to the odour of tobacco. To speak plainly, it disagrees with me. However, in this instance I waived my objections; the stranger lit his Havannah; and presently the story of my diamond-studs went on.

"Those only who have loved," said the stranger, "can picture the condition of my mind during the hours that preceded that eventful interview. I could think of nothing, speak of nothing, but Katrina. To me the universe was all Katrina, and there was only nothingness beyond. Dusk came at last—the dusk of a winter's evening, when the tinkling bells of the *droshky*-horses, and the guttural 'Yukh, yukh!' of the drivers, rose from the streets and public squares, where the snow lay thickly on the ground, and on the bare branches of the trees, and upon the roofs and balconies of palaces. Then dusk turned rapidly to night, and the frosty stars came out; and I wrapped myself in my cloak of furs, and went out alone on foot.

Swiftly and silently I traversed the few thoroughfares that separated our dwellings; and, gliding along by the wall at the back of Prince Ivan's gardens, stationed myself in a deep angle of shadow, and waited patiently. Presently a small side-door opened, and an old woman, closely muffled, looked out.

"What art thou doing there?" she asked, in a shrill tremulous tone.

"Waiting for the sun to shine," I replied, in the words of the signal which we had previously agreed upon.

The woman extended her hand to me, led me in, closed the door, and so guided me in utter darkness through a long passage. Presently I saw a thread of brilliant light; then a door was thrown suddenly open, and I found myself in a brilliantly lighted apartment. Here my conductress desired me to wait, and hobbled out of the room. A quarter of an hour elapsed thus. I counted the seconds by a time-piece on a console-table; but every minute seemed to be the length

of an hour. At last the door opened. I turned; I fell on her feet; it was Katrina!

For some moments neither of us spoke. I do not now recollect which first broke the delicious silence; but I believe it was myself. The remembrance of what was said has altogether passed away from me. It seems to me now like a dream, or the dream of a dream, so bright, so far away, so unsubstantial!

There was a fauteuil close at hand. I placed her in it; I knelt down before her; I bent my head upon her knees, and covered her little hands with kisses. And so we told each other the story of our love,—a broken faltering story, interrupted by exclamations and questions, tears and kisses, but the sweetest that is told (once only during life) by human lips.

Suddenly,—while I was yet kneeling at her feet, while my arm clasped her waist, and one of her dear hands was resting on my head,—we heard voices close at hand.

"Her highness," said one, 'is in her boudoir overlooking the terrace.'

"Good," replied another, at which we both shuddered. 'You need not announce me.'

"Alas," cried Katrina, with trembling lips, 'it is my father!'

The heavy steps came nearer; I sprang to my feet; I encircled her with my arm, for she was about to fall; and before I could draw another breath the door flew open, and he entered.

For a brief instant surprise seemed to usurp every other feeling in Prince Ivan's breast. Then the stern features flushed beneath the swarthy skin, and a terrible expression glared from his cruel eye. He was in full uniform, and (never stirring a foot from the threshold where he had paused upon opening the door) plucked a pistol from his belt. Without a word, without a pause, he pointed the weapon at my head.

There was an explosion, a piercing shriek, and—

And Katrina—Katrina, my beloved, my adored, had flung herself between us, and received the deadly charge!

I caught her as she fell, senseless and bleeding; I uttered wild words of hatred, of love, of despair, of cursing; I threw myself upon the ground beside her, and strove to stay the purple stream that gushed from her bosom. Alas, it was in vain! Before the smoke had cleared away, before Ivan himself well knew the deed he had committed, all was over, and the beautiful Katrina had passed away to that heaven for—for which—"

The stranger's voice faltered;—and, letting down the window next to him, he leaned out for a few minutes in the evening-air. When he drew in his head again, I offered him my pocket-flask of brandy. He emptied it at a draught, returned it to me with a long-drawn sigh, threw away the end of his cigar, and resumed:

"You will forgive me, sir, if I hasten over this portion of my narrative. It is of a nature so agonising to my feelings, that I must content myself with merely stating a few leading facts, and passing on to subsequent events. Prince Ivan, struck with remorse and horror, solicited the emperor's leave to retire from the army, and entered a convent of monks near Moscow. I received an intimation from the government that I should do well to travel for the next eight or ten years. It was a polite form of exile, to which I was compelled to accede, greatly to the sorrow of my parents. For my own part, I was utterly heart-broken, and cared little what became of me. I went direct to Paris, and plunged into a course of the most reckless dissipation. Billiards, race-horses, dinner-parties, betting, and follies of every description, soon brought upon me the expostulations of my family. But I was careless of every thing—of health, fortune, reputation,—all. When my father refused any longer to supply my wilful extravagances, I incurred innumerable debts, and, giving no heed to the consequence, spent and drank and gambled still. At length, by some unaccountable chance, a rumour got about that my father had disinherited

me. From this moment I could find no more credit. The *éclat* by which my follies had been attended seemed to vanish away. My friends dropped off one by one; and, except by a few blacklegs, and two or three good-natured chums, I found myself deserted by every one. And still, such was my infatuation, instead of reforming—instead of meriting my father's aid and forgiveness—I only sank lower and lower, and continued to tread the downward path of vice.

An event, however, occurred which altogether changed the tendencies of my career. I had been dining with some wild fellows at the *Maison Dorée*. After dinner, when we were all very nearly intoxicated, we called as usual for cards and dice. I soon lost the contents of my purse; then I staked my cabriolet, and lost it; my favourite horse, and lost him; my watch, chain, and seals, and lost them. On this, somewhat startled, I paused.

'I'll play no more to-night,' I said doggedly.

'Pshaw!' cried my antagonist. 'Throw again; next time you'll be sure to win.'

But I shook my head, and rose from the table.

'I'm a beggar already,' said I, with a forced laugh.

De Lancy shrugged his shoulders. 'As you please,' he replied somewhat contemptuously. 'I only wanted you to have your revenge.'

I turned back irresolutely.

'Will you play for my house and furniture?' I asked.

'Willingly.'

So I sat down again, and in a few throws more found myself homeless. This time I was reckless. I poured out a bumper of wine, and tossed it off at a draught.

'If I had a wife,' I cried madly, 'I would stake her next; but I have nothing left now, gentlemen—nothing but wine and liberty, and myself. As this is no slave-country, you won't play, I suppose, for the latter?'

'Not I,' said De Lancy, sweeping his gains into his hat. 'I suppose you have no objection to make out that little affair of the house, cabriolet, &c. in writing, have you?'

There was an easy, satisfied, sarcastic triumph in his tone that irritated me more than the loss of all the rest. I made no reply; but, tearing a leaf from my pocket-book, wrote hastily, and half threw the paper at him.

'Take it, sir,' I said bitterly; 'and I wish you joy of your property.'

He surveyed the acknowledgment coolly, put it in his purse, and said with a sneering smile,

'Does it not seem a pity now that you should have absolutely nothing left whereby to retrieve these things? Another throw, another billet of a hundred francs, and perhaps they would all be yours again. By the way, you forgot your diamond-studs all this time. Will you try once more?'

And he threw the dice as he spoke. They turned up sixes.

'You might have thrown that, Petroffski,' he said, pointing to them.

I was sorely tempted; but I resisted.

'No, no,' I said, 'not my diamond-studs. They are an heir-loom; and—and I shall write to my father to-morrow.'

'Like a penitent good little boy,' said De Lancy, with an impatient gesture. 'Nonsense, man; throw for the studs. I feel convinced you'll win.'

'Say, rather, you feel convinced that *you'll* win, De Lancy. Have you not stripped me of enough already?'

'Insolent!' he cried. 'Do you think I value the paltry winnings?'

'I think you grasp all you can get.'

'Liar!'

The word had scarcely passed his lips, when I flung a glass of wine in his face. In another moment all was confusion. Blows were exchanged, the table was overturned, the lights extinguished. I received a severe wound upon the temple from falling against the open door, and fainted.

When I came to myself, I was stretched upon a sofa in

an adjoining room, with a surgeon bending over me. The morning-sun was streaming in at the windows. My companions were all gone, no one knew whither.

'What is the matter?' I asked faintly. 'Am I dying?'

The surgeon shook his head.

'You are severely hurt,' he said; 'but with care and quiet you will recover. Had I not better communicate with your friends?'

'Write to my father,' I murmured. 'You will find his—his address in my pocket-book.'

The surgeon took up pen and paper, and wrote immediately, partly from my dictation, and partly from his opinion of my condition. He then said that I must not be moved, and must, above all things, avoid excitement. As he uttered these words, and rose to take his leave, a sudden idea, or rather, a sudden presentiment, struck me.

I put up my hand to my bosom. *The diamond-studs were gone.*

After this I remember no more. The shock produced upon me that very effect which the surgeon had been so anxious to avoid. I lost consciousness again; and on being restored to life, passed into a state of delirious fever. For many weeks I lay upon the threshold of the grave; and when I at length recovered, it was to find my dear father and mother at my side. They had hastened over with succour and forgiveness, and to their tender cares I owed a second existence. As soon as my health was tolerably established, my father went back for a few weeks to Russia, disposed of his business, realised his fortune in money, and returned to France an independent man. The excellent man did not long survive this change. Within two years from the period of his establishment in Paris he died; and my mother survived him only a few months. They left me to the enjoyment of a princely fortune, which former experience has taught me to use worthily. I neither drink nor gamble. I pass my life chiefly in travelling. I am not married, and I do not think it likely that I ever shall be; for Katrina is ever present in my heart; and when I lost her, I lost the power of loving. Since that period fifteen years have elapsed. I have wandered through many lands: trodden the ruins of Thebes, and waked the echoes of Pompeii; shot the buffalo on the Western prairies, and pursued the wild-bear amid the forests of Westphalia. I am now on my way to Denmark; but purpose remaining a few days in Brussels, where probably I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again.'

The stranger bowed as he said this, and I bowed in return.

'And now, sir,' he continued, 'from the night that I lost them in a scuffle at the *Maison Dorée* till this evening, when I beheld them upon your shirt-front, I never saw those diamond studs again. I have sought for them, advertised them, offered rewards innumerable for them, during the space of fifteen years,—up to the present moment all was in vain. Not for their intrinsic worth,—for I could purchase plenty like them,—but for the associations connected with them, do I place so high a value upon those stones. They are the same which my grandfather concealed in his pillow of mating, which my father gave to me upon my birthday, which first drew upon me the eyes of my lost Katrina. Surely, sir, you will acknowledge that this is a pardonable weakness, and also that the studs are really mine?'

'Your tale, sir,' said I, politely but firmly, 'is indeed very surprising, and I may say very conclusive; but the case is so singular, the studs belong with so much apparent right to both of us, that I really think we must refer all decision on the point of ownership to the law. You cannot expect me to relinquish any thing so valuable without first ascertaining whether I really am compelled legally to do so.'

'My dear sir,' replied the stranger, 'I had no idea of asking you to relinquish the studs. If you will do me the favour once more to show me that little bill (the amount of which I have forgotten), I shall be delighted to give you a cheque for the same sum.'

But I had no wish to part from my studs.

"Excuse me, sir," I said somewhat uneasily, "but you have not yet proved to me that these stones are those of which you were robbed in the *Maison Dorée*. Make it evident to me that this is not a case of accidental resemblance, and—"

"Sir," interrupted the stranger, "when my father gave me the studs on my birthday, he caused my initials to be engraved in minute characters upon one of the facets at the back. To do this was a great expense. When done, it deteriorated perhaps from the market-value of the gems; but it made them infinitely more precious to me. If, sir, you will have the goodness to take them out of your shirt, I will show you the initials P. P. upon the under side."

By this time the train had reached the suburbs of Brussels, and in a few moments more we should arrive, I well knew, at the station.

"I think, sir," said I, "we had better defer this examination till to-morrow. We have almost gained our destination; and by the feeble light of this roof-lamp I—"

The stranger brought out a small silver-box filled with wax-matches.

"By the light of one of these convenient little articles, sir," he said, "I will engage that you shall see the letters. I am most anxious to convince you of the identity of the stones. Pray, oblige me by taking them out."

I could no longer find any pretence for refusal. The studs were attached each to each by a slender chain, and to examine one I was forced to take out all. As I was doing this the motion of the train slackened.

The stranger lit one of his matches, and I examined the stones in tremulous impatience.

"Upon my honour, sir," I said very earnestly, "I can perceive nothing upon them."

"Had you not better put on your glasses?" asked the stranger.

"*Bruxelles!*" shouted the guard. "*Changement de convole pour Gand, Bruges, et Ostend!*"

Hang the glasses! they were so misty I could not see an inch before me.

"Allow me to hold the studs for you while you rub them up," said the stranger politely.

I thanked him, polished the glasses with my sleeve, held them up to the light, put them on.

"Now, sir," I said, "you may light another match, and give me the diamonds."

The stranger made no reply.

"I will not trouble you, sir, to hold them any longer," I said.

I turned; I uttered a shriek of dismay; I stumbled over my own portmanteau, which stood between me and the doorway.

"*Monsieur veut descendre?*" said the guard, with a grin.

"Where is the stranger?" I cried, leaping out and dancing frantically about the platform. "Where is the stranger? where is Peter Petroffski? where are my diamond-studs?"

"Has monsieur lost any thing?" asked the railway-interpreter, touching his cap.

"He had my studs in his hand! I turned my back for a moment, and he was off! Did any one see him?"

"Will monsieur have the goodness to describe the person of this thief?"

"He was tall, thin, very dark, with black eyes and an aquiline nose."

"And long hair hanging to his shoulders?" asked the interpreter.

"Yes, yes."

"And he wore a large cloak with a high fur-collar?"

"The same; the very same."

The porters and bystanders smiled, and glanced meaningfully at one another. The interpreter shrugged his shoulders.

"Every effort shall be made," he said, shaking his head; "but I regret to say that we have little prospect of success."

This man's name is Vaudon. He is an experienced swindler, and evades capture with surprising dexterity. It is not three weeks since he committed a similar robbery on this very line, and the police have been in pursuit of him ever since without effect."

"Then his name is not Peter Petroffski?"

"Certainly not, monsieur."

"And he is no Russian?"

"No more than I am."

"And—his grandfather, who was a Hindoo—and the Empress Catherine—and the beautiful princess who was shot—and—and—"

"And monsieur may be convinced," said the interpreter with a smile, "that whatever story was related to him by Pierre Vaudon was from beginning to end—a fiction!"

Quite chopfallen, I groaned aloud, and took my melancholy way to the Hotel de Ville. There I stated my case, and was assured that no pains would be spared on the part of the police to apprehend the offender.

No pains were spared, nor money either; but all was in vain. From that day to this I never laid eyes upon my diamond-studs.

MARE'S-NESTS IN PARNASSUS.

THERE is a class of individuals who make the most wonderful discoveries, and contrive to make a stir about them, too, whose findings are all "open secrets," only surprising to others as seeming noticeable to the finders themselves. A "superfluous gentleman" of this kind (to quote a phrase from an old *Quarterly Review*) has lately told the world that a certain new poet is a plagiarist, because he has borrowed various images and bits of imagery from preceding poets. As if no poet had ever done the same before! Are not Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, Virgil, perhaps even Homer himself, full of imitations? And is not every great poet in a state of indebtedness to some previous ballad-monger, whose untaught strains have furnished many of the materials of his more elaborate epic, didactic, or dramatic work? How many old things have become new, when touched by the magic finger of genius! Poetry as an art grows even in this way: the later bard stands on the shoulders of the elder, and sees farther. Wordsworth shows the influence of his reading in his better passages; there are in them a learned style, classic allusions, German philosophy, and certain techniques, which in *The Farmer's Boy* are not traceable. Is, therefore, this poem more original than *The Prelude* or *The Excursion*? The great mind becomes greater by communion with other great minds, and the learned poet has the advantage of the simple minstrel.

If "these be truths," why should the "Life-Drama" of Alexander Smith be called over the coals by any "unnecessary Z" or other more serviceable letter of the alphabet, whose commonplace book teems with extracts from the bard of Rydal Mount, Campbell, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, Bailey, Spenser, Coleridge, and Lemprière? The poetic accountant would make commonplaces of Mr. Smith's choice figures; nay, the experienced arithmetician can count the repetitions on his digits, and tires of looking at his own finger-ends. If he had ever looked much farther, there would be no need to tell him now that his discoveries are all "mare's-nests."

These appropriations of Mr. Smith's, as appearing in the first poem of one who had at the time scarcely attained his majority, indicate nothing more than that plastic sensibility to beauty which, in such a case, is rather a credential to the embryo poet than a bar to his title. All young poets are prone to imitation. The all-important question is, Are the appropriators really poets? Is there, in spite of all their borrowings, a distinctive character in their productions? If they have this mint-stamp, all is well. We have read carefully all the parallel passages on which "Z's" charge of plagiarism is based; and in almost every instance we find

some addition or modification by Mr. Smith, amply sufficient to prove his poetic endowments. That the various beauties of many other writers could have been fused into harmony by one with no corresponding genius, is an assumption purely ridiculous. That a young writer should partially imitate and repeat such beauties, and combine them with his own, is at once feasible as a theory, and in this case, we believe, indisputable as a fact.

In some instances, Mr. Smith is accused of stealing from more than one poet, the same image. For instance, the "mysterious voids, throbbing with star-like pulses," is traced both to Keats and Wordsworth. Then perhaps one of these poets borrowed from the other. Which? Either! Well, then, let Keats or Wordsworth suffer the charge as well as Mr. Smith, and all alike claim the privilege of the poetic fellowship—a community of goods. The disciples of Pope used a common language; and though more modern poets have enlarged the vocabulary that contented them, the diction of poetry is still peculiar. The garb of thought in verse is different from that which it wears in prose. It has its "singing robes" as well as its work-day clothes.

Having learned how to wear these, having acquired the sacred language, and mastery in its application, Mr. Smith is fully equipped for an independent course of action. He has qualified himself to add to the treasury of poetic expression; and more individual conception and execution will follow on these 'prentice doings of the muse's son.

In conclusion, may we not venture to suggest, that in the poem contributed by Mr. Alexander Smith to our own pages—"The Night before the Wedding"—there is a freshness of feeling, and an originality of phrase, which already shows maturity in the artist, and an ability to depend for the main body of his composition on his own resources? To whatever extent he may be able to do this hereafter, still at all times he will have the privilege,—and there is no reason why he should forego it,—to receive and appropriate glancing lights and illustrative reminiscences from preceding poets. Inspiration, however pure, is not clear of association, and will be qualified by the channel through which it issues. The mind has its memories as well as its imaginings; and both will blend in the result, and make it more beautiful from the union.



A HOME OF CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE;

OR, NOTES OF A RECENT VISIT TO COLNEY HATCH.

MELANCHOLY pleasures, although not popular with the multitude, may yet be profitably indulged in now and then by those who would realise the value of life.

"Half the world," it is said, "do not know how the other half live; neither do they care." I am disposed, however, to believe, that if they *did* know they would care. Many people appear callous, simply from the want of "opportunities" for reflection. In *all* human hearts there is an impres-sible place to be found—if it be sought for.

Let me, then, try for a few moments to interest the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE in one especial class of unfortunates, who, from various painful circumstances, have lost the image of their Maker; and who, being deprived of the invaluable blessing of Reason, are placed under kind (but needful) restraint.

I have just returned from a visit to Colney Hatch, after having passed a most pleasant evening in the best of company,—all delighted to share with the inmates in their

annual Christmas festivities. It is of this I propose to speak.

I would observe, *en passant*, that the causes of insanity and mental aberration are as various as the phenomena of life itself; but some present themselves in special prominence. Drunkenness,—now, alas! alarmingly on the increase,—is of course the principal. The want of the actual necessities of life, and a deficiency of clothing, come next. Religious enthusiasm, over-study, undue excitement, the want of sleep, and hereditary taint,—these follow in the direful catalogue.

It is a subject for rejoicing, that all harsh modes of treatment are now discarded. I can remember the time when the lash was heard daily resounding through the walls of our lunatic asylums, followed by piercing shrieks and hideous howlings. These are silenced—let us hope for ever.

Insanity, at the time I speak of, was regarded as a crime, and treated accordingly. It is now viewed as a misfortune, and creates general sympathy, cruelty being superseded by mercy. With rare exceptions, and for very brief periods (when the patients are refractory), all is done, and well done, by gentle and soothing words. The patients *feel* this, and the influence at once subdues them. A powerful suggestion have we here, for universal adoption *beyond* the walls of places like these.

Let our readers now imagine us at Colney Hatch; the date, Wednesday, January 14; the hour, 6 p.m.; and the occasion, "The Grand Annual Christmas Entertainment and Fancy Ball."

The scene is laid in the Great Hall of Exercise, which, on all state occasions, is brilliantly lighted up, and fancifully decorated with flying flags, banners, evergreens, festoons, &c. &c.; three colossal twelfth-cakes (to be described presently) standing out in "high" relief, and completing the tableau of varied attractions.

The clock has chimed the hour of six. And hark! what are those sounds? They tell of a little army of anxious feet, all marching towards the doors of entrance. Here they come—in couples, triplets, and quartets. How pleased they look while taking their seats upon the numerous wooden (movable) benches that fill the hall—the males on one side, and the females on the other!

And what countenances! Oh, for the vivid pencil of a Hogarth to depict them faithfully! They present a deeply, painfully interesting study. The bystanders are affected; they sigh; and more than one tear is seen trembling in many an eye.

And now begin the evening's festivities in good earnest. First comes a charming series of Dissolving Views, accompanied by suitable airs. But how is this? Where is the band? Oh, it has missed the earlier train, and (for the moment) we must rest content with the piano. What matters? There is music enough in every heart to supply all deficiency.

A voice exultingly exclaims, "The band is come!" A moment more, and we hear as well as see it. A fresh gladness springs up. The instruments seem inspired, and all is mirth and jollity. How spirit-stirring to mark the effect now produced on those twelve hundred arms, legs, heads, and voices,—all roused into the most amusing state of grotesque activity!

From close observation, it is evident that the familiar airs and well-known strains, as they fall upon the ear, awaken in the minds of these poor creatures thoughts of happier days, when scenes like the present were little dreamt of.

But *sed*, the Chromatropé is in full play, with its millions of artificial fireworks, exhibiting an endless variety of changes, forms, and colours. To suppress the laughter, cheers, and shouts of the spectators, might be attempted; but succeed it could not. All are in irrepressible ecstasies, and in the best of humour to make acquaintance with the next part of the performances, viz. the distribution of the twelfth-cakes. Previous to this, the room (hitherto darkened) undergoes a magical change. The Chinese lanterns with which the hall is bountifully decorated are quickly illuminated.

Lamps, too, out of number, pour out a flood of light. Harlequin's wand has been at work. We have an entirely new scene, and new effects,—a *tableau vivant* at once novel and picturesque.

The twelfth cakes are but three in number; but they are of a "sensible" size. The centre one (some six feet in diameter) weighs *only* 3 cwt.; the other two average 1½ cwt. *each*! All were made and baked in the establishment, and were (of their kind) pictures of beauty, being very prettily as well as profusely decorated.

It was better than any play to view the upraised arm of the operator, when wielding the glittering blade that sliced away at those monster cakes. Nor was it a matter for less merriment while remarking how mysteriously and quickly the slices disappeared when cut. It was, with many of the sly old ladies, "cut—and come again."

But quick there! Clear away the benches! The time has come for the Ball. Dancing, waltzing, polking, pirouetting, flirting, &c. are now the order of the night. Oh, to look at those delighted performers in this little drama of life! Some evidently fancy themselves kings, queens, princesses, shepherds, and shepherdesses; others are harlequins, columbines, and coryphæes. Away they fly! The hall resounds with sounds of joy and harmony. I was highly amused with some of the "ladies' head-dresses." How purely original and grotesque! It must have occupied hours of time, and weeks of ingenuity, to invent and complete *such* a toilet!

Among the assembled visitors—several hundreds—it gave me unfeigned pleasure to observe a goodly number of the gentle sex, who took great interest in the evening's amusements, sympathising freely with the inmates in their harmless amusements. It is woman's mission to be kind and gentle. She is an "angel of mercy," where her heart is enlisted.—But the scene has closed. The railway-whistle summons me home.

How much sorrow, mused I, whilst flying before the wind, exists in this world of ours, that might (with only a slight effort) be alleviated, if not altogether removed!

What a lesson, both as to the past (to be shunned), and the future (to be realised), is presented to us by Colney Hatch! We here view the irresistible power of kindness. This is the magician who has changed, as by a move of his arm, the old into the new lunatic asylum,—given a fitting home to the saddest of the sad, and who thinks it no trouble or condescension to amuse these poor creatures by such festivals as we have described. Who, after this, shall deny that little kindnesses *do* produce great results; and that many a passing cloud of darkness may be fringed with gold and lined with silver?

WILLIAM KIDD.

AN AQUARIAN IN TROUBLE.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—I saw the aquarium first at the Regent's Park Gardens, then in a shop-window in the City Road, and then—every where. It is just the thing to arrest a wandering eye, and it arrested mine; and I at once determined to be the happy possessor of a tank. Alas, I knew not the penalties attendant on this worship of Neptune.

First of all, I bought a sixteen-inch bell-glass, fitted it with mud and rock-work, and stocked it with an abundance of British fishes. A slight frost came, and one morning, only a fortnight after my commencement, I was petrified at beholding the wreck of my toy; it was fractured into a dozen pieces, eight or nine gallons of water and a few quarts of fluid mud had saturated and spoilt the carpet, and all my pretty fishes were sprinkled about like dead sprats on the pavement at Billingsgate. I cooked two fine dace for breakfast, and gave the rest to the cat. Vile sacrifice!

Well, I began again, and avoided rock-work, thinking the weight too much for a *blown-vessel*. I made a mud bottom as before, fixed my *Vallisneria* into it, and about half-a-dozen other weeds, and then completed the stock with roach,

bleak, minnows, dace, chub, carp,—altogether thirty very fine fishes. In a week my fishes began to die, and I at once changed the water; still no better; every morning I found one or two silver-bellied pets "floating on their watery bier." Then the snails ate up my *Vallisneria*; the sides of the vessel got coated with filthy green scum; and as to the slopping of the room in frequent changing of the water, I dare not even reflect upon it for a moment without a shrug of horror. Chapped hands, broken jugs and pitchers, spoilt carpet, frightful waste of time, and the result—dead fishes, shabby plants, opaque glass, the bottom black and fetid, and the whole thing a bore.

Now what shall I do?—fling the vessel to old Harry, and bid adieu to the noble sport of aquatics, or *try again*? There must be some grand secret, known to the few adepts in these matters, else how are the tanks managed that are every where exhibited?

J. PAUL, Chertsey.

["*Try again!*" Decidedly; and when you do try, proceed as follows: Empty out the vessel, and clean the sides with fine sand, so as to remove the green growth from it. In laying down the bottom, use *pebbles only*, and of these not more than two inches. Take some tufts of *Anacharis* and *Starwort*, and tie a pebble to each tuft by means of a strip of bass, and pitch them in; add a few heads of *Water-Soldier*, and any other common weed you can get. Be content with a dozen fishes, and those mostly small. Use spring-water, and not a particle of sand or mould; and lastly, do not change the water at all; and you will be as much or more pleased than if you had never known a failure. Feed twice a week with small red worms, or minced beef or mutton."

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.]

GARDEN NOVELTIES.

OBLONG-LEAVED ST. JOHN'S WORT.

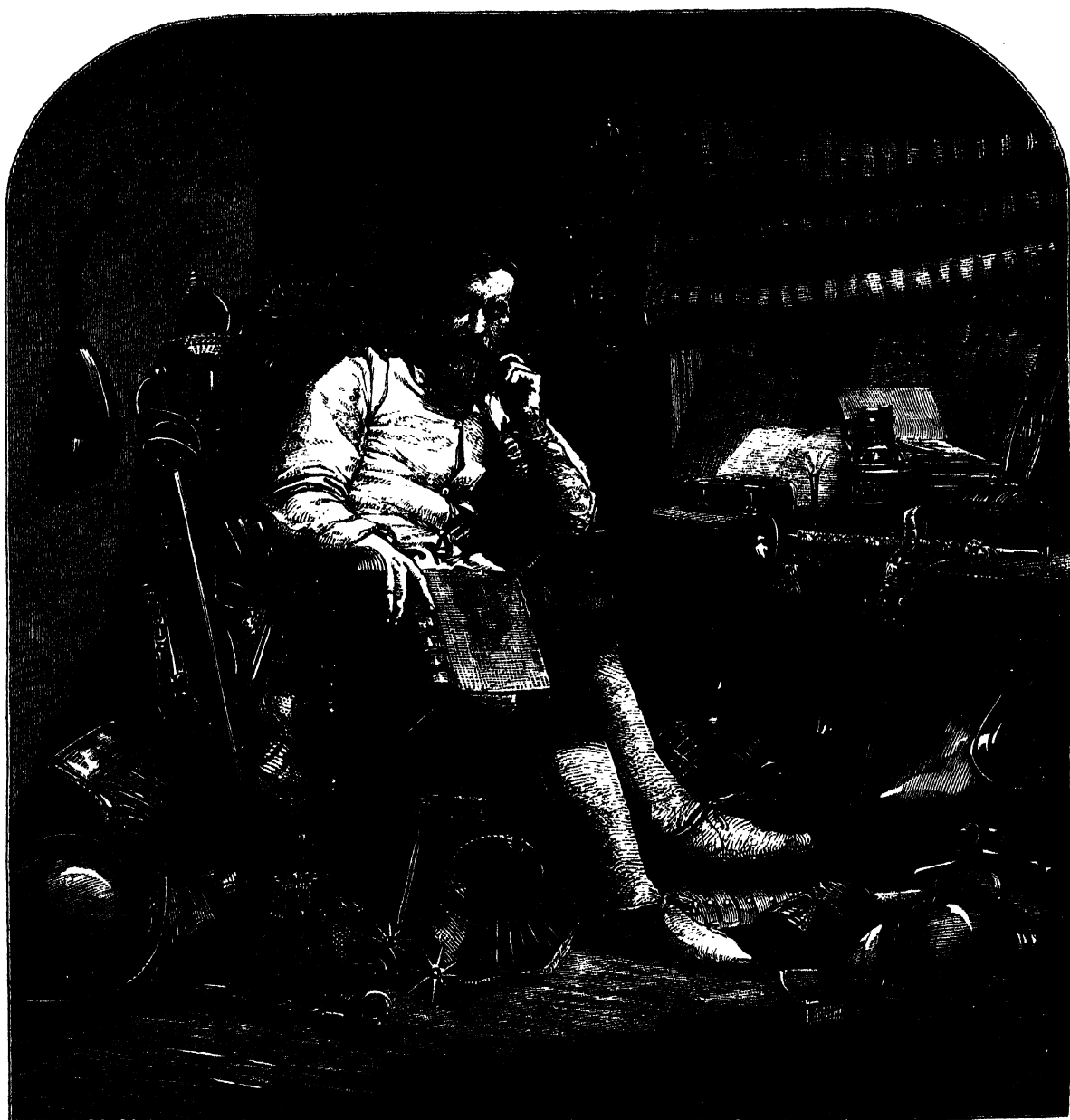


THIS is a new and beautiful example of the *Hypericum* tribe, of which we have a notable representative in our English Flora

—the common St. John's Wort. It was sent to Messrs. Veitch, of the Chelsea and Exeter Nurseries, by their indefatigable collector, Mr. Lobb. Its botanical name is *Hypericum oblongifolium*; it is evergreen, and forms a handsome garden or shrubby plant; it flowers freely, the blooms being large and of a splendid yellow. It is quite hardy, as might have been expected, from its having been found on the Himalayas, as high up as 12,000 feet. It is a native of Northern India, Nepal, and the Himalayas; and on its native mountain-slopes presents many a gladdening picture of floral beauty and luxurious shrubby growth to the eye of the explorer.

Those who are now busy in completing their plantations of shrubs will do well to include this *Hypericum* in their list of new and pretty things. Sir W. Hooker says, "It will soon find its way into every garden and every shrubbery."

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



HENRY LINCOLN.

DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LARK PRICE.

DON QUIXOTE IN HIS STUDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAKE PRICE.

THE worthy, old, great-hearted Don Quixote sits before us here absorbed in thought. What far-off unearthly land lies in his imagination? Has he settled the respective merits of Palmerin of England and Amadis de Gaul; or is it merely some Lindamira whose distresses he is, in fancy, alleviating? The position of Sancho's island perhaps has to be decided upon; but, whatever it may be, we can rest sure that this Lord of the Land of Dreams is thinking how to benefit some other than himself; for, although men have made his name a synonym for folly, yet his heart was higher than that of any of the knights whom he sought to emulate.

Of the merits of the picture as a work of art, we can only say, that any observer will see at once what is the subject, so admirably suggestive is the figure; and that the pieces of armour and furniture about have been rendered with a careful affection which does Mr. Lake Price the highest honour.

A VANISHED APPARITION.

THAT this world is not a palace, but a caravanserai, is a truth we all admit in theory. It ordinarily takes its place, as an article in our creed, exactly like other matters-of-course. We entertain it with a sincerer faith after wandering through the streets of Rome or the environs of Naples, and still more while descending to the lava-vaults of Herculaneum, or while gazing at Pompeii unearthed in its burial-place. But to feel it deeply, we must witness some Mirza-like vision; must behold the torrent of human life rush across a magic mirror, act out its drama, and disappear, leaving a blank and an empty frame; or, as in Mirza's trance of second-sight, concluding in a drop-scene of verdant pastures, and sheep and cattle grazing tranquilly.

"Talk about apparitions!" exclaims Herr Teufelsdröckh. "It is *we* who are the apparitions. We make our appearance on earth, we know not whence; we flit to and fro, haunting certain spots for a given time, and then, at cock-crow, at our summons from a higher Power, we vanish."

I write thus because a phantom-scene of apparitions in the flesh has lately swept before me. The theatre of the vision has been beheld, first, still and empty; then busy, noisy, and crowded; and now, has sunk into stillness again, that is, into the quiet of nature and the repose of the elements, who, after all, are the only earthly agents who never tire, and are never still.

Within sight of the English coast there is a line of cliffs and a range of sandhills, to one of whose nooks I once retired, in search of health for others and rest for myself. We found both in a grassy solitude, where the sound of the waves lulled us to sleep at night, and the lowing of the cattle was our *réveil* in the morning. We left it with the feeling of returning to the world as if out of the depths of the wilderness.

But an evil spirit of the north practised enchantments and incantations, and there arose against him a host of better spirits, whom his black art was powerless to lay. I returned to look again at our calm retreat, and lo! the air was filled with martial music; active sprites were hurrying to and fro, not disorderly, but in well-marshalled phalanx; the green hill, whereon mushrooms used to grow, was covered with white tents that quivered in the morning breeze; camp-fires blazed and smoked on the slopes where the kiné used to search for the sweetest grass: the apparition of an army had arisen from the earth.

One morning I looked off from my hermitage to watch the movements of the merry elves,—and they were gone. The turf was simply marked with fairy rings and squares, and silence reigned on the deserted knoll. Had the evil

spirit worked a counter-spell? Perhaps so. The elf-doctors declared the presence of some baneful influence of a secret nature, which they could not counteract; so "Presto!" was the word. "Quick, pass, strike your tents, goblins all!"

But no triumph was this for the snow-girt magician. The antagonist whom he thought he had hewn in pieces instantly became multiplied into four complete and perfect individualities. The divided portions marvellously closed their wounds and recruited their missing members. Four threatening camps instead of one arose, not built of fragile canvas, but erected of solid materials contributed by the woods, the fields, and the bowels of the earth itself. These four phantasmagoric camps, although their camera-lucida image was spread over a long strip of territory which coasts the sea-shore, were, in point of fact, still in union. Their life might literally be said to hang on one enchanted thread; for they were traversed by a single-wired electric telegraph,—a monochord musical instrument which sighed out its single note as the breeze passed by it, instead of sending forth an Æolian harmony, after the fashion of its brethren, who are rich in a multitudinous provision of strings.

The gnomes, when summoned, fulfilled their work. In each camp some eleven hundred and fifty huts, or *barraques*,—resembling savage cabins or Indian wigwams, but comprising stables for their phantom-horses, and requisite outbuildings,—started from the ground like an exhalation. Elves, called *sapeurs du génie*, toiled ceaselessly, inspired by the friendship of the great Britannia. They were the mighty genii who fetched wood from the same forest (gifted by the guardian-angel of France with eternal vigorous reproduction) whence other genii, their predecessors, had slaved at the same task in bitter hostility to Albion. For—mark the variable aspect of all terrestrial apparitions—a grand imperial spectre had haunted this very spot in years gone by. A fragment of rock around which he used to hover is still traditionally called the "Pierre Napoléon." His hour has long since struck; and another imperial form has arisen, whose sincerity to Albion has nobly stood the test. When Britannia raised her arms to struggle with the evil spirit, she felt them grasped by the friendly hand of a Gallic fellow-warrior.

Busily, busily worked the gnomes. The soil of the fairy-haunt is light; and, before their appearance there, was covered with short turf, heath, and furze. Countless mole-hills tripped you up, if you went out to ramble on moonlight nights. But Robin Goodfellow's spade and pickaxe soon smoothed all asperities, filled up all hollows, paved and levelled roads. To show the spirit in which these friendly bogies toiled, on the first completion of the shadowy town fanciful names were given to the streets—such as Victoria Street, Napoleon Street, Albert Street; and on one extreme northern corner, Road to Russia! But, as the icy enchanter refused to yield, and gave earnest resistance to his spells became needful to success, those laughing labels were displaced for more practical guides to topography,—for ciphers relating to brigades and regiments, for hieroglyphics denoting secret words of power.

And thus solid-looking artillery-waggons were incessantly employed to fetch poles, small trees, straw-thatch, and other necessities for completing the huts. The passage of the apparitions to and fro was without intermission. Almost every morning one or two battalions came, who proceeded to the spot they were temporarily to occupy under canvas. As soon as each detachment of soldier-apparitions became a little settled, they gave their aid to the *sapeurs genii*. Some played the part of woodcutters, others of carpenters; some were architects, some were labourers, some prepared the clay to plaster the walls, while some made ready the straw to cover the roof. These soldier-workmen, toiling at their tasks, were constantly industrious, intelligent, and gay. With them, often and often, change of work stood in stead of diversion. They left off hut-building at intervals, to take their turn at rifle-practice, drill, muster-roll, or provision-

fetching; and returned to modest architectural attempts when those duties were over, with no other complaint than a joke or a song. The principal foreign aid they called in was the help of the native thatcher; otherwise, these winter dwellings were completely the work of the apparitions' own hands, as if they were trying to learn the readiest way of making a temporary shelter, and of availing themselves of whatever appliances they might find within reach,—supposing that a time of material need could possibly arrive to such ethereal beings.

The little *barraques* of the officer-elves often offered encouraging and instructive examples to men of the art of making the best of a bad bargain, both in their interior and their exterior. A little paint or varnish, a few yards of paper-hangings, a bit or two of stained glass, or a bucketful of plaster, were made to work wonders in the way of decoration. A knife, a trowel, or a brush, under the guidance of elfin taste, converted deformities into ornaments. Here and there miniature gardens appeared, with tables, sofas, or arm-chairs, built of green living turf, such as fairies delight in; flowering-plants in vases lent their aid; obelisks and statuary, in chalk or plaster, helped to give a magic finish; and the very ground was paved with pebbles or shells, disposed in patterns, representing spread-eagles, crosses of honour, combined or separate initials of the imperial form and his consort, canons, ciphers, fortifications, any thing, in short, which could recall a past glory of the goblin race, or incite their successors to future conquest. About the centre of the shadowy brigade stood the general's hut, with greater architectural pretensions than the rest, but still on a modest and tiny scale, as becomes an apparition's dwelling, even when of highest rank.

Neither were the means of amusement, refreshment, nor even of devotion, neglected. At a hundred metres distance in front of each camp, close to the sea, a rustic open chapel was erected, where high mass was said every Sabbath morning, weather permitting. As with other fairy assemblies, unpropitious skies, with moon and planets of malignant aspect, sometimes forbade the meeting; but on a fine autumnal day, when the oblique rays of morning tinged every object with silver, it was a gorgeous spectacle to behold nine or ten thousand glittering apparitions congregated in their peculiar worship, with the dazzling sunshine falling full upon the unscreened altar; while the vocal and instrumental parts of the service were admirably executed by the ghostly band.

The whole of this grand spectral picture reposed upon the deep-blue background of the distant sea. Cafés, too, started up as if by magic, rivalling each other in the attraction of their names. The "*Estaminet de Bomarsund*," "*Au salut des Braves*," the "*Café de l'Amitié*," the "*Café de France et d'Angleterre*," the "*Estaminet de Silistrie*," and a crowd of others, tried hard which should decoy the densest throng within the fascinating circuit of their theatrically-decorated walls.

It was policy, good sense, and real kindness, on the part of the master-spirits to encourage all these appendages to their encampment. The great point, with apparitions as with men, is to keep them employed and amused; otherwise they become home-sick, discontented, and despondent; they ponder too much on their ephemeral existence here, longing to burst the spell that binds them, and to wander to other earthly haunts; in short, losing their *morale*, as French arch-apparitions express it. Blue-devils, as well as their great leader Satan himself, are sure to find some mischief still for idle hands to do. Therefore the imperial form, with his habitual foresight, organised theatrical performances, at regular intervals, out of his own private store of treasure; providing also warming-places and assembly-rooms for the gnomes to meet in and indulge their predilection for shelter and fire. In fine, the rule was strictly acted on, that a good soldier-apparition is worth a little care. Indeed, had such not been the case, the military ardour of the conscript goblins would have rapidly cooled, or might have taken some

very inconvenient direction, changing friendly spirits into malevolent demons.

Amongst the fixed scenery belonging to this moving ghostly panorama, my hermitage remained standing, certainly, where it did, and so did most of the other houses; but strange intruders forced themselves into our company whom we little expected to see amongst us a twelvemonth ago. Thus, there started up an *estaminet* and a bakery on a bit of land that used to look like a fragment of the desert, and which let for I don't know how many hundred francs a-year. In our garden,—which might represent a rather sterile oasis, but which produced excellent potatoes and kidney-beans nevertheless,—there dropped from the skies an *entrepôt* of wines and *eaux-de-vie*, of fine and half-fine liqueurs,—absinthe, kirsch, vermouth, cognac, and gin, sirops of orgeat and gooseberries,—besides something that looked like Seltzer-water externally, but internally more nearly resembling Scheidam. Then, on a bit of coast-guard's garden that skirts the little river's edge, there sprouted up a *Café de la Rotonde*, like a great misshapen puff-ball, or even more analogous to the enlarged pumpkin which served as Cinderella's state-carriage, because its existence was as glittering and as transitory. Herein you might witness,—supposing the apparitions allowed you to join their festivals,—a well-acted vaudeville; might listen to a real *rigolo* comic song, and eat pork-chops and fried potatoes, washing them down with a bowl of blazing punch. But its flash of glory went out like an exploded meteor. It took root, burst into full bloom, and was pulled up and down again, all in no time. The gratuitous theatres extinguished it. It departed to the limbo of some unknown suburb of some outlandish provincial town, or started possibly for an Algerian exile. There was a little bridge, just wide enough to let a donkey or a wheelbarrow pass, over which the imperial form and his brilliant suite were obliged at first to follow each other in Indian file, with the nose of one charger reposing on the tail of the next preceding. But, by pulling up the piles of the port, originally constructed to receive flat-bottomed boats for the invasion of England, a bridge with double footpath and central carriage-way was constructed. Good apparitions! English and French passengers trotted amicably backwards and forwards thereon; and I could arrive comfortably at my hermitage-observatory in a one-horse *cariole* with all my luggage, yea, even in a two-horse fly, without being stopped by the rivulet of the Wimereux. Progress and improvement made astounding strides, urged on night and day by the phantom-troops.

Of course slight changes took place among the natives, and village-gossip had news to tell. Our fat Tom-cat, Minet, disappeared; shadowy soldiers are fond of rabbit-civet and its substitutes. Julie's (the waiting-maid's) lofty perpendicular Adonis deserted her for the present, having found better work to do elsewhere. Would he return to his old love as soon as he had furnished his pocket with five-franc pieces? It seemed all one to her, the she-stoic! Her beloved object once out of sight, she was as good-natured, slatternly, and forgetful as ever. She brought me a bottle of Bordeaux wine, uncorked it, and left me to empty it without the aid of a glass. She gave me soap and a towel to wash with, but treated the water as a superfluous element. She placed a tureen full of soup on the table, supposing that I could eat it with the assistance of a fork.

Yes, New Year's Day and winter came; summer joys had fled. I thanked heaven that we—the apparitions and myself—were at that moment in France, and not in the Crimea.

And how do you manage to get through a winter's day in camp, supposing you are one of the spritely army? Drum and trumpet practice at early morn is now impossible; military music even, out of doors, is not easy of execution in a temperature which freezes the pistons fast in the corners. All that can be done is, to blow a tune into them (as did Baron Munchausen's celebrated horn-player) which shall escape slowly in sweetest tones when the instrument is hung up in the chimney-corner. Active exercise is the order

of the day. Standing still is the hardest work that one can have to do.

Therefore you are not required to keep guard and strut as sentinel for a longer time at once than a single hour. You most unwillingly take your turn to be planted by the edge of a frozen pool, to prevent frolicsome apparitions from sliding thereon and falling in, and also from using up their shoes too fast. You would much rather have had the task of overseeing the notorious children who slid upon the ice "all on a summer's day; when the ice it broke, they all fell in, the rest they ran away." Perhaps, by way of warning your blood, you trot at gymnastic step with a troop of other spirits shod with sabots,—making the earth shake as if a herd of wild horses were rushing by,—to fetch the wood to cook your soup. I may here observe, as a note on the word "sabot," that one important consequence of the Anglo-Gallic alliance, and of the spiritual intercourse between the respective legions, will be the introduction of wooden shoes, if not into fashionable circles, at least into all sensible families at home. The wooden shoes of Franco have rendered as much good service in preserving the national health, as the wooden walls of England have in maintaining the state invulnerable.

Perhaps you run up and down stairs, not in my lady's chamber, but in a path cut in the face of the cliff, carrying stones on your head, on your shoulders, or in your arms, to help to pave the streets of your camp; or, instead of running up and down, you form one of a living ladder, up which the said stones are mounted by the catch-ball method; or you help to raise a bank of earth along the edge of the dangerous precipice;—for, the other night, a comrade apparition, walking outside the camp in the dark, and proceeding in the direction of the sea, advanced exactly one step too far, set his foot upon nothing, and vanished before his time;—or you bear your part in a *corvée* of snow-cleaning, to avoid slush and wet when the great thaw sets in. You carry the white-fated intruder out of the camp on biers, in wheelbarrows, in baskets, or in palanquins, mounting Jack Frost high on your shoulders, as though you were chairing an English member of parliament. The work proceeding but slowly thus, you seize sundry carts and waggons belonging to the military equipage, and convert yourselves cheerfully into beasts of draught. "Ugh! Parosseux!" or, "Come up, Neddy!" says a French civilian as he passes by. You take the joke kindly, without offence at the comparison implied, and mimic the actions of a frolicsome horse.

Variety is ever-charming; so says the copy. Consequently you may be sent on a distant errand, if only for the purpose of buying mousetraps. Mice, rats, and cocks and hens follow the apparition of man wherever he goes. You well know that though sentinels pass the night in the bread-rooms of the *Manutention*, purposely to prevent depredation, the greatest depredators are the rats, who burrow into the inside of a loaf, and eat out all the crumb, leaving the crust entire; so that if the loaf, thus filled with rats, could be suddenly replaced in the heated oven, there would be a complete rat-pie, or murine *vol-au-vent*, at once, without further preparation. And as to fowls, I have seen a little cockerel, spared from slaughter, go to roost in a tent on the footrail of an apparition-officer's iron bedstead; and another apparition, who served in Africa, had a hen that rode behind him on horseback throughout the whole campaign, and every morning laid him an egg.

Then, busy elves, you have to go to the slaughter-house, to fetch your own and your comrades' beef, and to the *paneterie*, or bread-store, for your loaves to eat. An idle hour may be occupied in searching amongst the rocks for flattened bullets, after a day or two's sharp rifle-practice; they will sell for old lead, and so purchase strong drink or tobacco. Sometimes a shipwreck rivets your gaze;—your whole army of thirty thousand genii cannot rescue a single drowning man who sinks into the waves before your eyes;—teaching you that there are more awful forms of exorcising apparitions even than that from the cannon's mouth. Or you watch, almost with equal interest, the flittings to and fro,

the boundings over the waves, and the exits and the entrances, of adventurous fishing-boats. Or you amuse yourself with catching larks, by means of a long line of horse-hair with living decoy-birds attached to it,—a tempting sport, when the ground is covered with snow.

But the shades of evening draw on apace. What can you do, in the thickening gloom, to while the dreary hours away? The ball-season is completely over,—though *La Danse* is never quite dead in France. In summer, the open-air balls were charming: apparitions of ladies, officers, grisettes, and common soldiers, had quadrilling and waltzing to their hearts' content. In autumn, they gradually waned away; no sylphs or nymphs would travel so far from their grottoes and bowers on the understanding that, after capering for two or three hours, they would have to flit back again through the chilly air. The male apparitions got tired of dancing with one another in the absence of sylphs, though it certainly was very good fun at first; and now, my poor deserted phantoms, your brilliant balls have dwindled down to a few snug little "assaults of dance," or competitions of the best dancers of the regiments, performing before an admiring knot in a warm estaminet—saving the draughts—to the sound of a single violin. If you have fairy-coined sous in your pocket, you can enjoy these Terpsichorean pitched battles, in which warriors contend with legs instead of arms; you can go and play a round game at cards, using haricot beans instead of ivory-counters; or you can even enjoy a snug little supper in the company of your bosom-friend. But no money, no public-house pleasures for you. All you can do is, to retire to bed in your hut at seven o'clock, and amuse your fellow-apparitions by story-telling. A military promenade, or a long walk in marching order, over the hills and through the town, with the band playing and the banners streaming, is an excellent day's diversion now and then; for it helps you to go to sleep, especially if, as soon as you reach home, you have to make one of a *corvée* of wood, and have to fetch your dinner before you eat it.

Such, O fleeting elves, were your transitory delights; not but what grumblers, too, were found on your ghostly roll-call. A few lazy wandering hobgoblins, who strolled through the neighbouring villages, and sometimes proved to be deserters, or worse, tried to excite the pity of the simple peasants by complaining that they had not enough to eat and drink. The truth was, that such apostate spirits sold their bread to buy brandy with. What would they have said if they had had a week's taste of what other apparitions suffered in the Crimea? But their grumbling is over, as are their ephemeral joys. A talismanic syllable—*PEACE*—has caused encampments and apparitions to vanish utterly. Native weeds sprout up where the tiny gardens bloomed; the huts are demolished; the hills are putting on their old garment of verdant turf; the sheep are calculating the day when they shall browse there with a good bite of grass; and mushrooms again spring where apparitions circled in the dance. My warlike vision has ended, like Mirza's, with a calm picture of rural seclusion. The streamlet runs on, the cattle march slowly to and fro, the shepherd signals and whistles his dog, and wild flowers begin to grow where they grew before. But still there are symptoms that the apparitions are only laid, should a master-magician need to call them again. The road remains, the broad bridge still spans the brook; the forest has wood, the earth clay, and the fields thatch, at the service of the gnomes. And if—But I had rather not suppose the possibility of any "if"; and will bound my powers of second-sight on these charmed hills to the splendid crops of grass and corn which I behold waving in the summer breeze.

Some few persons have made their fortunes by picking up the treasure which the apparitions scattered about during their fleeting visit; but very many more have ruined themselves by reckoning on the stability of the weird edifices which met their view, and believing that the shower of fairy-gold would fall for ever continuously.

E. S. DIXON.

THE DEAF AND DUMB COURTSHIP OF HARRY MARTINSON.

BY HOLME LEE.

MR. HARRY MARTINSON, the high-art painter, was a son of old Betty Martinson, at the toll-gate on the north road, about a mile and a half from Milverston. He was a school-fellow and bosom-friend of my cousin Davie; they sympathised with each other profoundly, for both were *geniuses* in their way, both were misunderstood individuals, and both lacked encouragement in their vocations. Harry Martinson interested some benevolent character by the early exhibition of artistic taste in defacing his mother's tables and whitewashed walls with sketches, and was provided with a small allowance to enable him to pursue his studies under a painter in London. We heard great reports of his wonderful genius, and such prophecies of future success, that Milverston began to think that it had produced a second Michael Angelo. Miss Fernley, Mr. Riversdale, and Sir Bertram Sinclair, each gave him a commission for a picture; and the three, when completed, were exhibited in the town-hall. We all flocked to see them. I proceed to a description.

The first, intended to be presented as an altar-piece to the new church by Miss Fernley, represented a great council held by King Ahasuerus and his nobles to advise upon the means of counteracting the evil example of conjugal disobedience set by Queen Vashti. Much care had been bestowed on the composition of this piece,—the subject had never been treated before; but the results were more ludicrous than grand. The second work, destined for the hall of Riversdale Manor, was a still more extraordinary production. It represented the Judgment of Solomon, and the brilliance of the flesh tints was marvellous. This was not, perhaps, unnatural in the disputed baby, which was being held up by one foot, and violently objecting to such treatment; but why should the king, the courtiers, and the witnesses, all look flushed, as if in a high state of vinous excitement? Why should so many of the figures be deformed or foreshortened into impossible attitudes? Why, finally, should the king have a painful obliquity of vision, and every body such a paucity of clothing? The third perpetration was a martyrdom. In the centre it exhibited a hideous old man chained to a post; a horrible wretch in the foreground was dragging forward a purple and reluctant damsel, into whose hand he had thrust a torch for the purpose, apparently, of making her set fire to the pile. I had the nightmare after seeing that picture. Sir Bertram presented it to the Mechanics' Institute, where it now hangs, covering half one side of the lecture-room. There is talk of having a green curtain before it. We tried to say the artist was young, and would improve; but we saw no evidence of a Milverston Buonarrotti in his present efforts. Perhaps what now aggravated those interested in him was, that he should persist in daubing atrocities over acres of canvas, when he could really paint delicious little pictures of a less ambitious order. I have seen exquisite bits of his outdoor scenery: his brooks seem to flow, his shadows of trees to waver in the air-currents; woody nooks, where you might almost fancy you feel the summer sultry heat, have come from his easel; quaint village churches and old halls, mossed and gray with antiquity, are the fruits of his saner hours. Children in hobnailed shoes, rustic women, and picturesque street-figures, he can render to the life; but when his inspirations run mad, he paints high-art subjects, such as I have described, for *fame*; it is by the others, and by portraits, that he lives, and supports his poor paralysed mother. He is a most excellent son. But this is not telling about his courtship.

Harry was perpetually falling in love; he was out of one passion and into another as quickly as some luckless mortals who appear to extricate themselves from one bad dilemma for the sole purpose of being free to fall into a worse.

Good resolutions were of no avail; Harry *could not* resist the temptation of a bright eye or a neat foot. Then he made confidants of all his acquaintance, who occasionally supplanted him: but losing a flame now and then was of less consequence, for he could always supply her place in a day or two; there surely never was a man before or since who met with so many goddesses in omnibuses, divinities in steamboats, or lovely maidens in his suburban walks, as did the susceptible Harry. At one season, however, it happened that for a whole fortnight he had no fair damsel to dream or rave about; he had undergone a severe disappointment, and his disconsolate state was deplorable. He spent half his days in fidgeting about from place to place in search of adventures. Davie, missing him for eight-and-forty consecutive hours, and feeling alarmed, went to look after him. He found him singing and working away at a great picture of Herodias's Daughter with the Charger, in a gleeful frame of mind. A lady-love had been found, and one, too, the pursuit of whom promised to be envired with more difficulty and romance than had ever before attended an affair of the kind. Harry described her as possessing every personal grace, but unhappily he did not yet know her name, and had not been able to speak to her; he was, however, devotedly attached.

"And where does she live?" asked Davie, constrained through ignorance to represent the new divinity by a personal pronoun.

"In the opposite house; but she only lodges there, I fancy, with her mother and sisters; they arrived yesterday morning. I wish she would come to the window, and then you would see her. She's a beautiful girl, Cleverboots; and I'll tell you how it happened. I have seen her for a week past in the street. I followed her once, and admired her walk,—she is a Juno for height,—then I caught a glimpse of a pair of flashing black eyes and some long ringlets: you know my taste—large Roman-looking women?"

"Yes; go on, what next?"

"Well, yesterday morning an omnibus drove up to the house across the way, and deposited a cargo of luggage, my inamorata, and three other ladies. I watched the windows all day, and saw them moving about in the drawing-room. Once *she* came forward to pull down the blind, but when she saw me she bashfully retired; I could have sworn I saw her blush."

"And is that all?"

"No; listen. This morning I was at my post of observation, when she came to look out into the street: our eyes met; she smiled. O, Cleverboots, her face looked radiant as the east when the sun is rising! I ventured to bow, and she returned it,—such frankness, such courtesy!"

"Remarkably quick work. Is there any more?"

"You are so impatient, Cleverboots. Can't you let a man tell his tale in his own way?"

"O, certainly; there is no hurry. Get on, Harry."

"At noon she brought her easel to the window for more light, and I could distinguish flowers that she was painting—a fellow-feeling for art, you see; and I very cautiously ventured on a sentence in the dumb alphabet. She responded gracefully; indeed, she seems as much an adept in it as myself. We held a conversation for a few minutes, and I asked permission to call upon her."

"And was it granted?"

"Yes; and for this very evening at eight o'clock. There's encouragement, Cleverboots!"

"You are to be envied, Harry. She is not uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

"No, that's the cream of it. There is far more satisfaction in a woman of beauty and experience than in a little missish thing just released from back-boards and bread-and-butter."

While Davie was with his friend, the lady in the opposite house came to the window, hung up a birdcage, and arranged some flowers in a basket. Harry commended her elegant and feminine tastes, while Davie scrutinised her

claims to beauty with the eye of a poet. He saw a tall amply-developed woman in chintz barège, whose full rosy face had the charms of maturity,—say seven-and-thirty,—rather than the modest bloom of maidenhood and youth. He was not rapturous in his praises, and Harry seemed rather huffed. He was twenty-two, and very fiery in temper; but Davie could trust him; for, if susceptible, Harry was fickle also.

Still the affair waxed serious. In a few days Davie learnt from his friend that he paid daily visits to the lady of his affections, and that he had been introduced to her mother and sisters—all charming women. The lady's name was Hannah; she played and sang, and her domestic virtues surpassed her personal fascinations.

The next news was, that she was not a portionless damsel, and that Harry had proposed and been accepted. Hannah's family did not approve of long engagements, and the marriage was to take place within a fortnight.

Harry had no relatives to interfere, and the important day approached. Davie fancied that the happy man's elation diminished as his brief bachelorhood drew to a close; and that, if a way had offered, he would have been glad to elude the bonds preparing for him. At last, unable to restrain his pent feelings in his bosom, Harry confessed his fears.

"I am going to marry four women instead of one, Cleverboots!" he began, with a lamentable effort at being jocular. "The mother and sisters are to live with us. I cannot endure a mother-in-law. And—and, Davie, yesterday I saw a suspicious little boy about ten years old: I could be certain I heard him call Hannah 'ma' as I went in; but she laughed it off. I cannot find out either where her money is lodged. Altogether I don't like the look of things. That boy is as like Hannah as one pin is like another. What shall I do?"

This was a delicate case to advise on, and Davie was mute.

"I'll catch the influenza, and go to bed, and stay there till the boy is accounted for. The day must be put off; manage it for a poor fellow, Cleverboots."

Davie did not relish his office, but he undertook to break the ice; and Harry kept his bed ten days, his friends relieving guard over him, lest any of the family from over-the-way should come in. During the interval the school-holidays began, and more suspicious little boys came to light—five in all. Hannah, the blithe and buxom, was an Irish widow, and these were her promising offspring. One of them, stimulated by alecumpane, pointed out his mother to Davie, who instantly went and harrowed up the feelings of his imprisoned friend by a relation of the facts the boy had told. Harry groaned; so extensive a family was an undertaking even his love for the mother could not cover. He furnished Davie with powers to the extent of a fifty-pound bank-note to negotiate a truce and a separation of interests. But Hannah wept, scolded, threatened; she had letters and verses sent her two or three times a-day by the recusant which would support her cause in any court of law in the kingdom, and he should learn that a weak unprotected woman was not to be trifled with and trodden upon with impunity. Davie brought all the battery of his eloquence to bear upon the family now collected in deadly array against him; but they had taken their stand on the law, and were not to be moved. He asked, would twenty pounds compromise the matter? The mother said no. Would twenty-five? Hannah grew less hysterical and listened. It was *love*, not *money*, she said, and gasped. David saw he had gained an advantage, and with a bold stroke of diplomacy, said that if twenty-five pounds would be acceptable, his friend would pay it; but that deception had been practised on his confiding and magnanimous heart, and to that a just law would look. The woman instantly closed with the bargain; and, in returning the balance to Harry, Davie told him he considered that he had got off remarkably cheap. The influenza was cured that very moment.

Harry Martinson lived a bachelor until forty-five, when

he married a pretty girl "just emancipated from back-boards and bread-and-butter," and he never showed better taste than in making that selection.

PASSION PAST.

By ASHTON KER.

WERE I a boy, with a boy's heart-beat,
At glimpse of her, passing a-down the street,
Of a room where she had entered and gone,
Or a page her hand had written on,—
Would all be with me as it was before?
O no, never! no, no, never!
Never any more!

WERE I a man, with a man's pulse-throb,
Breath hard and fierce, kept down like a sob,
Dumb, yet hearing *her* lightest word;
Blind, save if only *her* garment stirred,—
Would I pour my life as wine on her floor?
Ah no, never! never, never,
Never any more!

Gray and withered, wrinkled and marred,
I have gone thro' the fire, and come out unscarred,
With the image of manhood on me yet,
No shame to remember, no wish to forget;
But could she rekindle the pangs I bore?
O no, never! Thank God, never—
Never any more!

Old and withered, wrinkled and gray;
And yet if her light steps passed this way,
I should see her face all faces among,—
"God love thee, lady, whom I loved long!
Thou hast lost the key of my heart's door;
Lost it ever and for ever,
Ay, for evermore!"

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

CONCERNING art at present, we are a nation of infidels; not of the dogmatic order, but of the order of King Peradventure, who neither affirmed any thing nor denied it, but only doubted. We have an inorganic belief in the existence of art, an automatic habit of praising it, a most superior notion of any body who gets a name by it; but as to faith, as to putting our trust in it, we are free from this national extravagance, and have perhaps a singular bad idea of what such an act of fidelity might be. This has not been so every where and always. There have been men, nay nations, who had as much faith in art as they had in any thing; who trusted it, in fact, implicitly, as a man trusts his friend.

We are not a faithless generation in all things. We can trust prodigiously here and there:—in money, for instance; in station; in beef and fashion. Who hesitates about getting rich, if he can? Who stands on the social ladder and fears to put his foot on the next step higher? Who doubts in dinners or in dress, being English-born? No man can deny an Anglo-Saxon's power of trusting. At all events, and to the last extremity, he thoroughly trusts himself. This is a grand attribute. The power of holding fast to something, of sleeping soundly somewhere, is the very power that moves mountains and conquers worlds. We have got it in us. Let us see if we cannot make another good use of it.

Putting technicalities aside, art is the choice of what is grand or beautiful, because it is so; and faith in art is faith in the goodness of such a choice. As a nation, we have no

such faith at present. We don't accept the doctrine that grandeur and beauty have an inestimable value in themselves. We think they are pleasant, but not important; desirable, but not indispensable. To call a thing useful is perfect praise; to call it ornamental is partial disparagement. Yet there is no bold denial, no sturdy turning of our backs, when the claims of art are in question; for we are in the happy state of neither knowing our own mind, nor knowing that we do not know it.

Look at our literature. Its daily volumes fall like manna on the land, and are devoured as quickly. Of these, the great majority are works of imagination; their excellence, if they have any, is an artistic excellence. We read them by the ton, and cry over them by the hour. We can't resist them, and have no wish to try. Yet there is a sort of shame in it; and when a book is merely beautiful, it almost needs to be excused. We feel much more comfortable if there is a moral in it. It is not the moral that we read it for. By no means. But then we have faith in morals, though not in beauty, and can imagine that it might be.

Look at our houses. Two rational principles there are on which houses may be built. They are to give shelter, warmth, and privacy, and may be so designed as to serve these purposes simply and solely. They are also to be continually before our eyes, and may be made, therefore, to a certain extent objects of artistic excellence. But we build on neither of these principles. We are not content to have our houses simply serviceable, and are not resolved to make them really beautiful. So, having made the walls and the windows, covered in the roof and spoilt the chimneys, we paint and carve and pilaster. We think of Switzerland, and widen our caves; of Athens, and enrich our capitals; of Queen Elizabeth, and put Tudor flowers on our mouldings. On the whole we make a mess of it, and establish what may be called the Macaronic style in architecture, or Modern English befoiled.

Consider our costume. The human shape is not altogether disgusting, nor quite the very worst thing in the world to hang garments on. We are not, in fact, without a decided notion that dress is to be looked at. But see how we treat it. Look at this fair damsel with warm cheeks and golden hair. She is dressed in blue, and you see at once that it becomes her. As far as colour goes, she looks her best in it; will never look so well in any thing else. Now her dear heart's desire is to look her best continually; but try, if you dare, to get her into that robe of blue two evenings together. Marry her, for example. Use the thunders of a husband armed with the bolts of law to compass this dreadful end. You will succeed, of course. For once in your life the blue dress will flutter through two consecutive evenings. But would any woman with a tongue in her head be asked to do the same thing a second time? We should think not. The warm cheeks and golden curls have no faith even in their own beauty. They will be set by turns in yellow, pink, green, crimson, and amethyst; and then, indeed, but not sooner, you may look for them again in blue. The case of man masculine is of course a little different. His vast design in dressing himself at all is to make himself as ugly as he can. We don't want Apollos now-a-days. We have a demand for scarecrows; and as Englishmen answer very well in this respect, there is nothing to complain of. But though this demand does not extend to the other sex, there is an increasing prospect of a supply from that side also; the last fair feminine work of supererogation. In point of fact, our ladies have already ceased to wear their dresses because they are beautiful; they wear them because they are the fashion, and they are the fashion because they are new. Now as a string of sausages round the waist would be a novelty, and may be suggested any day by a milliner at her wits' end, there is no telling how soon these intestinal delicacies may be found among

"The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things"

of modern toilets. There have been objects in the shop-windows that look uncommonly like them, though they have not yet assumed the mottled flesh-colour of savoury meats; and when a goddess passes in a round cloud of immeasurable haberdashery, we suppose she must have got them underneath.

There are, meanwhile, reasons as serious as they are conclusive for believing that among our chief solicitudes the desire after beauty and grandeur deserves a higher place than we have granted to it. The Maker of earth and heaven can hardly be supposed to have laid much stress upon indifferent things; and yet if there is one thing in heaven or earth more evident than another, it is that they are inconceivably grand and indescribably beautiful. Why are the depths of space so dark and awful, the rolling worlds so countless in such a silent sky? Why are their common aspects so grand and calm, their exceptional ones so strange and thrilling? The white moon, when her hour is come, drops into a blood-red shadow; and in the sun's eclipse his light turns ghastly as the grave. Why are those bold black masses given to the thunder-clouds; this terrible voice to the thunder? There are many sounds in nature, and it might have uttered any one of them. It might have sighed, it might have laughed; but instead of that, it thunders. How comes it that the chasms of the hills are grim bare precipices, marked with the lines and shadows of sublimity? that torrents break in fury and roar in the hollow tones of anger? that there is a shriek in the wild midnight wind, and a rush on stormy seas, as if more even than the waves went by?

And beneath the heavens, below the rocks, by placid waters, in sunshine and balmy air,—who has counted the world's wealth of beauty?

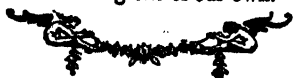
Behold the fair earth waking out of sleep. Her days are years; winter has gone past; her night is over; she rises with the spring morning, and dresses for another day. Her robe is green; it suits her, and she will have no other, though a hundred thousand worlds are looking on. Only in her ornaments she makes some change to suit the changing of the hours. See how beautiful they are! Fresh flowers for the morning, floating mists, young leaves, and rainbows. A richer toilet for the midsummer noon,—red roses and darker leaves, bright feathers, the wings of butterflies, and all about her the fragrance of the hay. Last, her evening triumph,—the pale and the ruddy gold, purple fruits, bright berries, and ears of corn. An Indian splendour, worn till, her day being over, nature, with a mother's hand, unclasps the jewels and takes her child to bed.

If grandeur so pierces the heavens and overhangs the world, can we think it matters little whether any thing is grand? If God so clothes the fields with beauty, are we to look at beauty with indifferent eyes, and ask what is the use of it? Yet if the utilitarian question should be put, it is very quickly answered. Grandeur and beauty are useful in the most technical and narrow sense of the word. Their use is to raise men above the dust they tread on; to fill them with thoughts and interests a little higher than their sandals. Half our vices, and all that coarseness of thought and habit which is the paved road down to them, are direct offences against the spirit of art; and in correcting these, we can bring no better aid to the still higher motives of religion than a habit of love and admiration for whatever is beautiful or grand. Rely upon it, it is no trifling loss to a human soul when in any form it grows content with ugliness or indifferent to beauty. To become so is to withdraw our sympathy from the plan and pattern of the universe, and to part with one of our best antidotes against the slow but mortal poison of material cares. Nor are we to listen an instant to the adverse doctrine which is sometimes drawn from the lives and histories of artists themselves. It is not in poets or novelists, in painters or sculptors, that the influence of art on our common manhood can be seen. To have an intense love for all grandeur and all beauty is one of the best helps to human nature. To be a professional



THE BATHING POOL. BY H. GAVIN, A.R.S.A.
[Purchased by the Glasgow Art-Union.]

artist of any kind is one of the severest trials. The strong and unavoidable tendency of artistic labour is to upset the balance of the mind by destroying its right proportions. It leads to narrowness, by demanding a fixed devotion to one single object of study; and to weakness, by the habit it engenders of considering solely what man is able to accomplish, instead of what he is able to aspire after. Happy is he who can meet this trial and overcome it. He, indeed, has reached one of the mountain-tops of life, and gained a new victory for his species. But the way is always through the wilderness; the tempter is for ever there, and perhaps while the world lasts his vanquishers will be fewer than his victims. From such perils mankind at large are free. With them the love of beauty leads only upwards towards its source; and what they have to do is to give it all the passion they can spare. To be of any value to our lives, it must become a habit and an instinct. An occasional rhapsody, a fit of taste once in a way,—this is no use at all. It is here that our want of faith in art tells with prodigious and most injurious power. Having no confidence in it as a thing of vital excellence, we miss and neglect the means by which alone a national habit can be acquired; and so it happens that, in this nineteenth century, when art should find among us, not patrons, but worshippers, not historians, but priests, we still stand gazing on the ruins of former temples, instead of building one of our own.



THE PIATTO DI POMPA.

A MINIATURE ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES BY AN ARCHEOLOGIST AND HIS FRIENDS."

In a certain "locanda" of Florence, from the front windows of which might be obtained a general view of the picturesque Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio, were four guests. They were seated at three separate tables in the public room, near the windows that opened towards the piazza. The one nearest the corner-window was a young Englishman, who appeared devoured by the national ennui as he looked listlessly towards the "loggia" of Orcagna, with its bronze Perseus, the work of Cellini; and that noble group, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Donatello; and yet he was a sincere lover of art, and in the collection of a series of specimens in one of its most interesting departments was a real enthusiast. But he had been accustomed to gratify every wish with so little difficulty,—wealth is a wonderful facilitator,—that every pursuit had lost its zest. Nothing but an unforeseen accident or difficulty could rouse him from a kind of nonchalant lethargy which had become habitual to him.

At the corresponding window at the other side of the room sat an Italian,—a respectable citizen of Florence, who generally took his evening luxuries at that "locanda" in the form of a frugal cup of coffee and a single cigar. He was a dealer in works of art and articles of vertu; and had grown rich in the diligent practice of his craft. Indeed, the Signor Pietro Coltroni had become a personage of some importance

even as a critic, and was the appointed agent of the court of Russia for the purchase of pictures, antiquities, &c.

At another table, near the central window, were seated two French tourists, who had evidently just arrived, and were in the act of finishing a tolerably copious repast.

"We have steered our course pretty clear of the migratory flock of English in the wild country about Urbino."

"Fortunately; for they spoil the markets and ruin the inns. One cannot compete with their British ostentation."

"And yet there ought to have been an Englishman at St. Leo. I admit that. For he might have rescued from its unworthy interment that matchless plateau of Majolica."

The ears of the Signor Coltroni tingled with excited curiosity.

And here the speakers began to speak louder, and the second answered,

"Bah! I do not believe that even English gold could purchase it. The old marchese, though evidently as poor as a briefless advocate, did not mean selling at any price. The Mazzolari are a very ancient and illustrious family, the very poorest members of which are as proud of their descent as a Bourbon or a Hapsburgher."

"That may be; but the offer of an English price,—such a one as would serve to put his old *baraque* of a castle-villa into something like the appearance of external repair, or, at all events, set up the tumble-down gates, and scrape away the moss from the marble escutcheons of the family arms,—would have settled the matter. Why even your fifty louis, my dear Auguste, which you so politely offered, made the eyes of the old marchese twinkle with a strange expression of longing, though he refused them."

"Do you really imagine it to have been actually painted by the Duke Guidobaldi himself? It appeared to me more like the mezzo-Majolica of the earlier period, judging from the few colours employed; though, it is true, it had not that metallic lustre in the glaze, making the whites look like silver and the yellows like gold, which belongs to the earlier periods; nor the nacreous *madre-perla* effects met with in earlier specimens; nor that iridescent ruby-tone in the reds, which is found in the works executed at Gubbio and Persaro, especially in those of the Maestro Georgio."

"It had certainly none of your last-named characteristics, because it is evident to me that it is a work of the court-manufactory at Urbino itself; and the breadth of character in the different subjects, which I know you were about to urge again as proof of its earlier origin, arises, in my opinion, from their being directly and closely copied from drawings by Raphael or some of his pupils, which may have been preserved in the ducal collection, and reproduced on the plateau by the hand of the dilettante prince. The work is, in short, in my opinion, as the marchese stated, one of the grand "Piatti di Pompa," or plateaux of ceremony, executed as presents to reigning princes, or native noble families who had rendered great services to the state, many of which, in the reign of the weak but accomplished Guidobaldi II., were painted wholly or in part by the hand of the prince himself, as we know by contemporary memoirs."

Here the Signor Pietro Coltroni threw the remnant of his cigar under the table, and precipitately quitted the room; and the Englishman, who was an enthusiastic collector of Majolica,—the only branch of his enthusiasm left,—greedily drank in every word of the dialogue, utterly regardless of the charge he was laying himself open to of being an uninvited listener.

The conversation, however, though still concerning the subject which had begun to interest him so strongly, did not again refer to the marchese, or to that special "Piatto di Pompa," but only to the subject of Majolica-ware and its history. They spoke of the art of the potter among the ancients, and how, except in its rudest applications, it had disappeared from Western Europe at the fall of the Western Roman Empire; and how in the beginning of the twelfth century the Pisans organised a crusade against a piratical Moorish sovereign of Majorca, and came back victorious

and loaded with treasure, among which were glazed plates of painted earthenware, such as had never been seen in modern Italy; and how they were enshrined as sacred trophies in the churches of the Church of S. Apollonia and other venerated places; and how, after two centuries, imitations of these trophies were manufactured at Faenza,* first for the decoration of buildings, in a similar manner to the original trophies, and eventually for other uses, the latest of which, perhaps, was that of the table; and how the Dukes of Urbino encouraged the manufacture; and how the ware copied from the trophies of Majorca came to be called Majolica.

This and much more was discussed by the French travellers over their "orvièto," for they were well-informed connoisseurs, as most French tourists are; but the subject no longer interested the Englishman, who, as an exception to the general rule, was better informed on that especial matter than they were; and finding that the conversation was not likely to revert to the plateau of Guidobaldi II., or to the marchese, or to the whereabouts of his old castle-villa, he left the room.

Calling the "padrone" into the centre of the great courtyard of the "locanda," and looking round with an air that appeared somewhat mysterious before he spoke, in order to ascertain that no one was within hearing, he said in an undertone,—for his excitement was giving him the airs of an actor of melodrama:

"Padrone, I must have post-horses on the road to St. Leo."

"Benissimo, eccellenza," was the reply, with an involuntary law bow to the combined influence of the aristocratic bearing and plentiful scudi of his English guest. "They shall be ready the first thing in the morning."

"But I must have them immediately."

The "padrone" bowed again still lower, as he muttered to himself, "What in the name of the devil and all the saints can be in the wind about St. Leo? Another madman off to those mountain hovels at this time of night!"

Then turning to the Englishman, he expressed his deep regret that the matter was simply impossible, as his last pair of post-horses had started within a quarter of an hour for the same place.

"The same place!" exclaimed the Englishman. "What can any one else want in that direction?"

"Per Bacco, that is more than I know, eccellenza," replied the "padrone," scratching his ear in considerable perplexity. "It was my respected neighbour, the good Signor Pietro Coltroni, who ordered the horses. He is the well-known dealer in pictures and antiquities over the way. Some great toe of a Venus has been dug up, I suppose; or a broken nose of Hercules; or some sort of thing which our cognoscenti buy up a *prezzo d'oro*; and friend Coltroni, maybe, wants to get there the first. It may be that, or it may be something else; what should I know?"

Here the Englishman interrupted this wandering loquacity with a proposition which produced its immediate effect, and secured the appearance of a calash and post-horses within two short hours from that time. In a few minutes afterwards, the horses were dragging the vehicle at a furious rate over the great irregular-shaped flagstones of the pavement of Florence; and in the first dark hours of the night our Englishman found himself rattling along the unfrequented and dreary mountain-road that led towards one of the wildest parts of the ancient duchy of Urbino. It was the first excitement that had varied the monotony of his ennui for many months; and as he urged the driver with continual bribes, inquiring at every stage whether another traveller had passed that way before him, he experienced the healthy effects of energetic action in a manner that had been long unknown to him.

When he learned, too, that the traveller he dreaded was indeed in advance of him, having passed full two hours before, his excitement knew no bounds, and the scudi pro-

* From which the modern French term *foyer*, for all kinds of earthenware, is derived.

mised to postillions for increase of speed came forth at every half-league; but horse-flesh has only certain limited capacities, and the distance between the Englishman and his precursor remained much the same as the night advanced. Still he gained a little; and eventually, about five in the morning, triumphantly passed his rival, while in the act of knocking up a slumbering postmaster for change of horses. At the next relay, the Englishman secured the only two horses belonging to the establishment, and his triumph seemed secure. St. Leo was but three leagues distant, and there was no sign of his pursuer, who must have either remained at the last "osteria" of the post, or have come on at a snail's pace with the already jaded horses of the previous relay.

But the road became exceedingly mountainous and rugged; and just as he considered his success certain, the calash gave a strange kind of a lurch. There was a crash; and in another instant the vehicle was lying on its side, irretrievably fixed in a muddy ditch at the side of the deeply-rutted road. An axle had broken; there was no sign of any kind of habitation near from which assistance could be obtained; and an hour passed in vain endeavours to repair the consequences of the catastrophe.

At last a sound of wheels was heard approaching; assistance was near; he should still be the first at St. Leo, and consequently certain of securing the grand "Piatto di Pompa;" for that was plainly the prize which lay at the goal of his sudden enterprise, as it was also that of the rival whom he had now left so far behind.

As the approaching vehicle neared them, however, all his rising hopes vanished. It was the carriage of the Signor Pietro Coltroni himself, drawn by two stout farm-horses, freshly taken from the fields. The sturdy animals passed the broken-down vehicle at a spanking trot, notwithstanding the fearful inequalities of the road; while the picture-merchant and dealer in Majolica to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia and Grand Duke of Warsaw made our discomfited Englishman a most polite and smiling bow from the window of his post-calash as he whisked by at a glorious pace.

The mountain village-town of St. Leo was reached on foot by the distanced competitor, heated and tired, soon after nine o'clock. And despite his fatigue and hunger, and many other impediments, he made his way by the aid of a guide to the half-dismantled residence of the marchese, which he reached about an hour later.

As he approached the ruined gates, and perceived the moss-grown escutcheons that crowned the massive piers from which the heavy wooden gates had crumbled for want of timely care and paint,—the rusty hinges still clinging to the walls, from which they stood out like the arms of an iron skeleton,—he at once recognised the entrance described by the two French tourists. Secure now of the locality, he hoped that he might still be first, as it was with no little difficulty that he had found out the old mountain-villa; and there was just a shadow of chance that his rival might have lost his way or been otherwise delayed, as the last part of the road could only be traversed on foot or on horseback.

Such hopes were, however, suddenly dispelled as he perceived the figure of the Signor Pietro Coltroni emerging from the shadow of a group of gigantic and venerable cypresses that still screened the residence from view. As the figure approached, however, there was no sign of triumph in its step, which was of that slinking, almost sneaking, character that distinguishes the gait of humiliation and defeat. But he regained his coolness, and raising his hat, said: "It is of no use, eccellenza; if money could have managed the matter, my commissions from Russia, in the execution of which I do not regard price, would have settled it. I offered first a hundred gold florins of Florence for the 'piatto,' which is indeed neither more nor less than superb; and then, will you believe me, eccellenza, I named five hundred, for I was determined to have it; but the old dotard must be mad. At any rate, he is the first Italian

I ever met with who was foolish enough to refuse double its value for any thing whatsoever, even his honour! Per Bacco, there are not many of us such fools." And he passed on with another salutation, while the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders by way of reply, advanced silently towards the house.

The marchese, who was an Italian noble of the old régime, polished and courtly in every movement, even in the midst of sadly evident poverty, at once perceived, by the natural freemasonry of class, that he had to do with a "gentleman," and, receiving his second visitor with the greatest urbanity, inquired, with an elaborated smile worthy of a *petit-maitre* of the court of Louis XV., whether he was in his case also indebted to the talismanic qualities of his plateau of Raphael-ware for so early and unexpected a visit.

The explanation was brief; and the marchese presently introduced his visitor to his own sanctum, or private study; where among a few richly-bound volumes, some exquisitely chiselled urns, and a few pictures, principally family portraits, the only remains of the former importance of the family, stood the famous plateau, the "Piatto di Pompa," which had excited the artistic interest of the French tourists, the cupidity of the Florentine dealer, and the strong desire of immediate possession, at any cost, of the Englishman.

It formed the sole but magnificent ornament of an ancient console-table placed between two narrow semi-Gothic casements which pierced the wall of one of the most strongly-built towers of this once splendid residence. The Englishman stood amazed at the vast dimensions of the superb plateau—nearly three feet in diameter—and with the gorgeous richness of the design; and remained riveted to the spot where he had first caught a glimpse of that exquisite monument of the arts of the *Renaissance*; while the marchese took care not to disturb the ecstacy of his visitor, which seemed to excuse his own deep attachment to his almost solitary treasure.

The Englishman was the first to break the silence with an exclamation of delight, as he advanced to examine the noble piece more closely. The centre of the plateau was occupied by a magnificently designed quadriga; the elaborately-wrought ornaments of the car and the foreshortening of the galloping white horses, four abreast, bearing evidence at the first glance of the highest kind of art. It was indeed a noble group of objects, the crowning interest of which centred in the stern figure of Achilles in the chariot. The body attached to its rear, and trailing ignominiously behind it, though but faintly discernible in the veil of shadow, showed the subjects to be, Achilles dragging the body of the dead Hector round the walls of Troy, the nobly-designed battlements of which formed the background of this composition. Every detail was painted with the greatest accuracy and precision, yet boldness, denoting at once the work of a master-hand; while this partial concealment of the painful part of the subject in the shadow of the car indicated superiority of conception as well as skilful execution. The picture was enclosed by a rich architectural ornament of creamy white, shaded with orange, on a ground of ultramarine; and the broad flat margin of the plateau, with the exception of a deep edge of green, was adorned with festoons of flowers tied with white fillets, among which exquisitely-designed loves were sporting in many playful attitudes full of the highest graces of design,—here pursuing insects, there toying with arms or pieces of armour too large for them to lift, in other places affecting to alight each other with tragic or comic masks, and many other ingenious devices.

"You will perceive," said the marchese, as soon as his new visitor's surprise had partially subsided,—“you will perceive at once that the splendid subject and decorations are in the manner of Giulio Romano; but a little closer observation will show you that the touch of the actual execution is inferior in firmness and freedom and facility to the style of the composition. The fact is, it is a copy of the

great master by the hand of our ancestral benefactor, the good Duke Guidobaldi II. This is known by our family archives, among which the original letter of the duke's secretary still exists, in which the nature of the service, of which that munificent present was a gracious and magnificent recognition, is fully stated, with the addition that the execution of the painting was by the duke's own hand after original drawings by Giulio Romano in the Urbinian collection. An additional proof, if such were needed," continued the marchese, "is afforded by the signature at the back. You are aware that the different artists of the ducal manufactory placed their initials, sometimes their names in full, at the backs of the objects which they had decorated. Orazio Fontana, for instance, signing O. F. U. F. for Orazio Fontana Urbanite fecit. And here we have G. D. U. F.; Guidobaldi, a true lover of art, signing his work as another artist, simply—Guidobaldi, the Duke, &c. But I have other proofs," continued the speaker. "In the first place, works of such large dimensions, and such complication of ornament, were not executed at any previous period; and within the next reign, as you know, the independence of the Duchy of Urbino, and the existence of the manufacture of Majolica, ended together by the bequest of the last duke, Francesco Maria II., who willed away his patrimony to the Church; from which time the territory of Urbino became part of the papal dominions."

The young Englishman was almost as much delighted with his host as with his splendid plateau of Majolica.

But the contemplation of the plateau had its bitters as well as its sweets; for he scarcely hoped to secure it for any amount of mere lucre. Yet he could not tear himself away from the splendours of the coveted prize. What *moreau* in the Blenheim or even Soulague collections, or even in the great enamel gallery of the Louvre itself, could compare with it? And so he lingered still in the old apartment, listening to the discourse of his host, who never seemed to tire of discussing the beauties and peculiarities of that noble family monument, and the connection of his ancestors with its donor the good Duke Guidobaldi II.

"Majolica and horses were his two passions, as you may perceive by the loving treatment of every outline, and the shade of every muscle in that noble group. And here is another document," cried the marchese, growing excited by his theme, "a copy of a letter to Rome after he became reigning duke, and which I have obtained from the records of the Vatican, in which he minutely describes various housings and caparisons which had been made for him in that city."

"Observe," he continued, "the delicate care with which those four noble horses of Giulio Romano have been harnessed with just such trappings—very peculiar in their character. Do you perceive the interlacing bands of azure, and the embroidery of the serpents, the badge of Urbino, and the depending tassels of mingled blue and gold, just as described in the letter? Is it not curious?"

And the Englishman agreed entirely with the views of the marchese; and the dialogue might have gone on much longer, had not an old housekeeper announced that the noon-meal was waiting the leisure of the signor marchese. And the Englishman took his leave, requesting permission to return, for further inspection of the plateau, on the following day; a permission that was at once courteously granted.

Our traveller found the day at the wretched "osteria" of St. Leo almost endless; but it passed at last, and the night too, and he was again at the mountain-villa of the marchese. The visit was a third and fourth time repeated, by the courteous permission of the marchese, and yet the young Englishman had not once found courage to openly propose the offer of the thousand guineas with which he had determined to secure the matchless work, from the neighbourhood of which he could not tear himself away.

And many other visits followed, till at last the daily meeting in the chamber of the gigantic plateau seemed growing as necessary to the marchese as to the Englishman.

In fact, after each parting, they both began to look forward, counting the hours, till their discussions upon the plateau and Majolica in general, and the romantic story of the Dukes of Urbino, could be renewed.

On a certain morning, after many weeks of this daily intercourse, the dialogue had become so fascinating to both,—for the Englishman, too, was well up in the subject,—that when dinner was announced, the marchese prayed his guest not to leave him, but stay and continue the discourse over what he truly described as his "frugal repast."

The meal was served in a scantily-furnished but spacious room, at the upper end of which was still the signorial canopy or throne,—an interesting relic of disused feudal customs often found in old Italian palazzi. At the table was placed a third chair, on the left of that of the marchese, and opposite to the one just placed on the right for himself. The marchese perceived the glance of his visitor towards the third seat, and said deprecatingly: "You must excuse the presence of my child,—a little girl, who ought to have been receiving her education in a convent, or at all events in retirement in a separate suite of apartments; but the fact is, I have not the requisite means for the one arrangement or the necessary attendants for the other; and so little Camilla always dines with her father. I had forgotten the inconvenience when I invited you to stay; but you will excuse it. She will not trouble or interrupt us, and we can continue our little dispute about the characteristics of mezzo-Majolica previous to 1500, and concerning the letter of Raphael mentioned by Keysler, by means of which you seek to prove that the great painter actually adorned some of the Majolian ware with his own pencil."

Here the marchese was interrupted by the entrance of Camilla, who, though described as a child, looked more like a girl of eighteen or nineteen, being already in the full bloom of her glowing Italian beauty. She took her place silently, with a slight inclination to the stranger. And the marchese went on with the discussion, as the simple repast was served; but the young Englishman found himself less able than usual to cope with the ingenious arguments of his antagonist; and the quadriga and cupids of the famous "Piatto di Pompa" strangely confused themselves in his mind with the lustrous black hair and eyes of his *vis-à-vis*. But she left the room as silently as she came, at the moment the pretence for a dessert was placed upon the table; and then, the discussion went on more glibly, and more to the advantage of the visitor.

Neither the marchese nor the Englishman could now get through a single day without a "talk," to which the great plateau formed the invariable text; and several months passed in this way, during which the family of our English friend were much astonished to find all his letters dated from that obscure village among the Apennines—that strange St. Leo, which no one had ever heard of. At last, however, his perseverance was crowned with success, and he carried off his treasure; but that treasure was not the grand "piatto;" it was the beautiful dark-eyed Camilla,—the "little girl" of the marchese, who gave his paternal blessing as the young stranger carried off his lovely Italian bride from the chapel of the English embassy at Florence.

Thus was the young Italian flower of the ruined gardens of the old villa-castle of the Apennines transplanted to those of an Elizabethan mansion, embowered among the rich woods of south Devon.

But the "Piatto di Pompa," the other and almost equally cherished treasure of the old marchese, remained behind. It will never go to St. Petersburg; that is now certain, notwithstanding a second attempt to secure it at any cost by the worthy Signor Pietro Coltroni. No; when it leaves its present abode in the old turret-chamber, it will be to form the crowning glory of the already noble collection of Mainford Manor, whose youthful heir made so bold an attempt to secure it, but who is yet far from regretting the substitution of the treasure which he accepted in its place.

CHIEF CAUSE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC FAILURE.

A GENERAL impression prevails that photographic pictures are accurate representations of the human face and form, provided the sitter has been steady, and the artist has known the resources of his art. The momentary flush which animates the cheek of youthful beauty even, it is generally believed, can be arrested, and fixed for ever. But whilst such impressions prevail, the hideous representations of humanity that too often issue from the studio of the photographer prove that they are any thing but correct. The victim who grumblingly surveys his caricature, or ventures to doubt the faithfulness of the likeness handed to him, is assured that *the art is perfect*, and the fault (if any) must be ascribed to his involuntary nervousness, or to his personal deficiencies.

It is disappointing, notwithstanding the multitude of amateur and professional photographers employed, to perceive so little real progress made in the direction in which the highest success is attainable, namely, *a mathematical accuracy* in the delineation of nature—a *perfect copying* of her exquisite beauties. Great progress is being made in the manipulatory and chemical departments of the art of photography. Almost every week some improvement of the existing processes is announced. New substances,—as in the case of Mr. Mayall's discovery—are being employed. The highest chemical and mechanical skill has been enlisted, and a perfection in those departments has been attained, which, without a method for fixing the colours of nature, we can hardly conceive of being surpassed. What we lament is, that the optical laws involved in the art have not been sufficiently studied; that the same amount of patient induction has not been applied to the perfecting of the photographic camera which has been expended on the arresting and preserving of the pictures it forms. How many engaged in photography have only a vague notion that the picture is painted *somehow or other* by the agency of light on the sensitised plate, without having any thing like a tangible conception of the rationale of the wonderful process! How many have no idea of the existence of the *actinic fluid*, on which the whole process depends, and without which the most sensitive surface might be exposed to the action of *light proper* for ever without being impressed! How many have never even thought of the solution of the problem, What form and size of lens will give the most faithful representation of nature? We do not assert that these subjects have not been examined, and considerable discoveries made in regard to them; but we assert that they have not received the attention to which they are entitled, and which, considering their importance, might have been expected. The consequence of this neglect of the study of the optical department of photography has been the adoption of instruments of an unscientific character, and the production of pictures destitute of the perfection which alone can entitle them to be regarded as works of high art.

What is aimed at by the photographic artist in his picture? It is a *faithful delineation* of the object, whether portrait or landscape; or, to speak optically, it is enabling us to see, when we survey the picture, what we would have seen had our *eye* been in the place of the *lens* with which the picture was taken. Such being the artist's aim, his first object ought unquestionably to be the obtaining of a perfect picture in his instrument before endeavouring to fix it. Until such is obtained, it is manifest the results cannot be satisfactory. It has been taken for granted that an achromatic lens of any size or form, in which the chromatic and spherical aberrations have been corrected, can give such a picture,—a most gratuitous and unfortunate assumption, since it has greatly retarded the right progress of the art. The impossibility of lenses of large aperture giving perfect photographic pictures has been repeatedly pointed out by Sir David Brewster in the different scientific journals, at the meetings of the learned associations, and more especially

in a recent Number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE; but, strange as it may appear, although several of these papers and addresses have been before the world for years, and their soundness has never been impugned, it is *only now* that prejudice and interest are beginning to yield, and the higher class of photographers are employing instruments which can be called scientific.

Photographers, ignorant of the optical principles involved in their art, when unsuccessful, naturally blame their lenses. They lay aside French sets, dreaming that Voightlander's or Ross's combinations will give the perfection desired. But although it is certain that some sets of lenses will perform much better than others, yet none of them, it is demonstrable, can give the perfection sought. The skill of the optician, or the wealth of the richest amateur will be alike inadequate to improve the present instrument, so as to represent nature as she is. The *principle* is *unsound*, and consequently the *performance* must be imperfect. That these remarks are true, any one will acknowledge who will follow the argument of Sir David Brewster. That philosopher set out in his investigation of this subject with the palpable fact, that we have been accustomed to see every object in nature through an aperture of about one-fourth of an inch in diameter—the average diameter of the pupil of the eye. The faces of our friends, the familiar features of the landscape, have been painted on the retina by the light flowing through such an aperture, and as perceived by the mind, have been impressed on the memory. Now it is obvious that a portrait or a landscape formed by a lens four, six, or twelve inches* in diameter is not the picture of our friend, or of the familiar scene which we have been accustomed to see; but such a picture as we would have seen with a monstrous eye of either of the above dimensions. Can any one wonder when such lenses are employed (and they actually are employed) that portraits are not recognised, and that landscapes are distorted and unnatural? By the employment of a lens only three inches in diameter, Sir David has shown that no less than 130 *dissimilar* pictures of the sitter are all huddled and jumbled together; while opaque objects of smaller diameter than itself are rendered virtually transparent. We do not intend to enter upon Sir David's elaborate and elegant investigation of this important subject, since it has already appeared in this Journal, from his own pen; but content ourselves with enforcing his conclusion, in the firm assurance that until it is adopted and acted upon, the triumphs which photography is destined to accomplish cannot be achieved.

After the demonstrations to which we have referred, we might ask, What purpose is served by a lens of large aperture which is not better fulfilled by one of small? The only advantage which can possibly be alleged as gained by a large is, the formation of the picture by a greater amount of light, and consequently by a much shorter time of exposure. This is undoubtedly a great advantage for portraiture; but to obtain it, every thing like perfection must be sacrificed; and it is an advantage for which no such sacrifices ought to be made. In the present state of the art, surfaces of the highest sensibility can be prepared, so that, even with very small lenses, a very moderate exposure is sufficient. To illustrate the argument we would enforce, let us suppose that two gentlemen resolve to procure photographic cameras, which shall be suitable for landscapes or portraiture, and that to both the question of expense is of small consideration. The one individual procures from Lerebours, or Ross, or Voightlander, a double set of lenses, four inches aperture, and fifteen inches focus, which will cost from 25*l.* to 40*l.*, and has them fitted into a suitable box, with slides, &c. The other obtains from either of the above admirable artists a single achromatic lens, half-an-inch in diameter and fifteen inches focus, which will cost a few shillings, and which he also fits into a suitable camera, with the

* We lately saw a monstrous camera, mounted on wheels like an omnibus, with an object-lens thirteen inches in diameter, and which cost the magnificent sum of 600*l.*

requisite slides. They commence operations with the same collodion, developing and fixing solutions, &c. After a few experiments, what are the results? The gentleman with the large lenses can produce pictures after a few seconds of exposure,—pictures possessed of great sharpness and intensity; but his portraits will generally fail to be recognised, and his landscapes will contain the exaggerations we formerly pointed out. He will find, after repeated experiments, that it is only when his lenses are stopped down to half or three-quarters of an inch aperture that pictures of any thing like excellence can be procured. The other gentleman, with the small single lens, finds that from thirty seconds to a minute are necessary to obtain his portrait; but then, if the manipulation has been carefully conducted, his portraits are pleasing and lifelike; and when even the small aperture of his lens is reduced to three-tenths of an inch, the most rigid examination will not be able to discover the slightest exaggeration or distortion. We are aware that many practical photographers cling with the greatest pertinacity to the employment of large lenses, for no reason which they can assign unless their rapidity; while others imagine that because they are more expensive they must necessarily be more excellent. But that they are not only *unnecessary*, but even *injurious*, we can assert from repeated experiments. The other day we took a portrait of a nobleman with lenses of four inches stopped down to three inches aperture; and although the picture was in every way sharp, it was not recognised by a lady who had known his lordship for years. Out of a dozen portraits taken the same day, not one could be regarded as a really successful likeness. The above lenses were manufactured by Ross, London.

That large and expensive lenses are not necessary is illustrated by the fact, that a beautiful portrait of an illustrious savant was recently taken by an artist in Edinburgh, with a spectacle-eye of rock-crystal stopped down to half-an-inch, and for which the sum of *one shilling* would be charged. This portrait we had the pleasure of examining, and of comparing with another likeness of the same individual taken with large lenses by a first-rate artist, to which it was manifestly superior both in point of expression and resemblance.

We recently fitted up a binocular camera on the principle suggested by Sir David Brewster. The lenses were produced in the following simple way. A spectacle-eye, of rock-crystal, of six inches focus, was cut into quadrants; two of them were chipped into circles of about three-eighths of an inch diameter, mounted in short tubes, and fixed in the end of the camera, with their centres two inches and a half apart; and with these simple lenses we have taken a series of stereoscopic views and portraits, which we consider decidedly superior to those taken by one of Lerebours' quarter-plate combinations.

We regard, then, these facts as not only showing that large lenses are unnecessary, but as proving that no real progress in the beautiful art of photography can be made until suitable lenses are employed. No doubt there are prejudices and interests which must be got rid of ere a really philosophical apparatus come into general use. Some men have a great regard for appearances. In their eyes a beautifully-polished camera, of walnut or mahogany, with large horn and beautifully-lacquered brasswork, looks much more scientific than a plain box, with a small lens, hardly discernible, in the end of it. And we may expect that practical opticians will not approve of a change which lays aside lenses for which 20*l.* and 50*l.* are charged, and which brings into use those for which not more than a few shillings can be asked. But although a change in the construction of the instrument is imperatively demanded, and must speedily take place, there is ample field on which the scientific artist may expend his genius and his skill, in order that the perfection attainable may be reached:—the formation of the picture *on a curved* instead of a *flat* surface; the obtaining of *more sensitive plates*; and, above all, *the arresting of the colours of nature*, and thus making the picture the perfect

representation of that which we see with the eye. The field which has been recently opened up is ample and noble, and one in which the greatest triumphs may be confidently anticipated, so soon as high artistic art is united to a thorough acquaintance with the scientific laws involved in photographic manipulation. Such men as Reynolds and Raeburn and Watson, who could seize the *mind* of their sitters, and transfer it to their pictures, will arise in photography; and the miserable caricatures which disgrace the art will to a great extent disappear. At all times true genius will be able to seize upon those felicitous postures, and accessories, and expressions of character, which ordinary manipulators cannot even perceive, but upon which the chief excellence and value of the picture must ever depend; and photographic pictures will become valuable chiefly from the genius of the artist they discover.

But apart from the value of such pictures as works of art, they are associated with their originals by sensibilities peculiarly tender. It was the *very light* which radiated from the brow of the loved one, the *identical gleam* which lighted up the eye, which pencilled the cherished images, and fixed themselves for ever there.

The future of the art is hopeful in the highest degree; and the time is not far distant when the studios of our artists, our galleries, and our habitations, will be adorned with such works as the inimitable pencil of Nature can alone portray.



CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES,—Having once been one of your esteemed sisterhood myself, and having since that delightful period gained much practical experience, I propose to make you the recipients of my scraps of (what I consider) very useful knowledge; and I hope you will excuse me, if you should deem my communications worthless or uninteresting.

I shall begin with what very nearly concerns your sex and age, viz. the preservation of your youthful attractions. *Your* sex and age, did I say? What a mistake! When I firmly believe that from the days of Adam and Eve both men and women, old and young, have with some exceptions run a neck-and-neck race in the art of self-adornment. For who does not remember having seen a perfect lane of bottles and gallipots, with flaming labels, redolent of otto of roses, on the toilet of some revered old bachelor-uncle or relative, whose well-burnished and scant *chevelure* bore ample testimony to his unwearied efforts to increase the crop?

Be this spoken in all kindness and charity. We do not sneer and laugh at the harmless vanity; we only state it as a fact.

Now if our revered relative loves his well-kempt locks, there are certainly more reasons why you should; as any thing unpleasant and neglected in a woman may materially interfere with her prospects in life; while downright ugliness in the other sex really seems fraught with advantages, if one may judge from the fact, that "the plainest men obtain the handsomest wives."

And now let us come to the plain practical question: What is best to preserve the bloom of the complexion? I reply,—simply, but most certainly,—*cold water*, the purer, the colder, and the softer, the better.

I know that many young ladies are afflicted with the notion, that water in any shape is bad for the complexion; and so, between their native sense of cleanliness, and their great anxiety to preserve their complexion, they are sorely puzzled; and I have—yes, I have—seen the triumphs of the

latter notion in a very slight but palpable enamel of almost invisible—dirt! Faugh!

Now, my dear young friends, no beauty can be long maintained without health; and I leave to your natural shrewd sense to determine whether dirt in any shape can be either healthy or attractive.

No woman on record ever preserved her bloom longer than the famous, or infamous, Diana of Poitiers; and the secret of it was, a copious and thorough ablution in cold water night and morning, all through the year, with friction afterwards. Nothing, I repeat, is better, either for the skin, the eyes, or the general health, than a good wash in cold water after the fatigues of the day. In very cold weather, tepid water can be used, but it is best to rinse in cold; it prevents many evils. If the skin be dry and inclined to chap in frosty or windy weather, it is very easy to apply a little cold cream, of the simplest kind, well rubbed into the skin. If you should be teased with pimples, I know of no better remedy than to bathe them with eau de Cologne and water, in the proportion of a teaspoonful of the former to a wineglassful of the latter. But how, in the matter of pimples, they depend much on the general health; and the young lady who maintains a simple and regular diet, takes regular exercise, keeps regular hours, and totally eschews *night-lacing*, is very seldom, I should think *never*, afflicted thereby.

I believe there are instances on record of young ladies swallowing all sorts of deleterious articles with a view to making themselves thin, or white and delicate. I have heard of such things, nay, I am bound to confess that I have witnessed such proofs of temporary insanity. Shall I reveal such folly?—swallowing handfuls of raw rice to destroy the healthy appetite, vinegar to make them thin, and even small quantities of raw gin to give a sickly languor, &c.

I dare scarcely express my opinion of these things, because, as I consider good health one of the *greatest blessings* bestowed by the Giver of all good, I think that to tamper with it argues, not only a weak and silly, but also a wicked and ill-regulated mind.

And now I come to a very important portion of my subject—the hair.

Do you know, that if I were a hair-dresser, I believe I should quite make my fortune by publishing in a pamphlet my experiences in this highly ornamental appendage to beauty. I have had some thoughts of it without being a member of that highly honourable fraternity. Judge, then, of my generosity in bestowing thus freely on you, Misses Brown, Smith, and Jones, whom I have never seen in my life, the grand arcana, the very mystery of toilet mysteries.

The hair, like the skin, must be kept clean—must be washed. I believe it to be a mistake to suppose that washing injures it. Once a-week, or at any rate once in two weeks, the skin of the head should be washed. A strong decoction of rosemary is a capital thing, as it stimulates the roots of the hair, while it cleanses the skin, and forms, in fact, the basis of half the hair-washes. The yolk and white of an egg washes the hair beautifully, used as a soap: of course it must be perfectly rinsed out again. But if the hair be really oily and dirty, perhaps the very best thing in the world is, to wash the head entirely in a basin of water, in which about a teaspoonful of hartshorn has been mixed. After well rinsing and drying, nothing can be better than simple almond-oil, scented with plain otto of roses. The Italians use plain almond, or even olive oil; and they are renowned for their beautiful hair.

But the grand arcana of which I spoke is, the combing the hair for a few minutes every day with a common galvanised gutta-percha comb. The electricity therefrom communicated to the hair has a wonderful effect, in case of hair falling off or becoming discoloured. It gives great vigour to the roots; and I am convinced is a secret well worth the knowing.

For teeth, again, simple cleanliness is all-sufficient. There are many useful tooth-powders, composed of rhubarb, orris-root, &c., or plain camphor and chalk. I have faith in

the teeth being carefully brushed every night; for all the tooth-powder in the world cannot make up for habitual slovenliness. Whereas a careful brushing every night and morning, even without the aid of any auxiliary, will keep the teeth and gums in health.

And now, my young friends, I have only one word more to say before I close this epistle; it is a word of warning. Beware how you play foolish tricks with the health and beauty intrusted to you, and intended as the most precious of gifts; use them thankfully and well, as you will have to give account of them hereafter.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF BRITISH INSECTS.

THE RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY (*Vanessa Atalanta*).

By HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "BRITISH MOTHS, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS," "INSECT CHANGES," "OCEAN GARDENS," ETC.

A MORE intimate acquaintance with the humbler forms of animal creation would often fill our country-rambles with unexpected interest and attractions such as the uninitiated never dream of. To those accustomed only to the ordinary associations of town-life, the woods and fields have but little to offer when the charm of change and novelty is over. They are pronounced wearisome; "a tree is a tree, and a field is a field," is the verdict of the cockney; "they are all alike," he exclaims. But he is not aware that this seeming monotony is the result of his own blindness. A vast and closely-written page is spread before him, and he deems it blank because he cannot read it. He has not learnt to interpret, or even perceive, the characters—often exquisitely minute—in which many of the most delightful passages of the book of nature are written, and therefore neither sees nor understands them. But let him learn only to spell the few first words, and the story will at once assume a charm that will inevitably lure him on to learn and to read more; for he will discover that the seeming monotony is teeming variety in a thousand novel forms, and that a single oak is a miniature universe in itself, swarming with above a hundred distinct forms of animated life, whose structure, habits, and instincts are full of interest.

I well remember the day when my own attention was first roused to the perception and study of insects and their singular transformations. I had been walking with a friend in a vineyard in the outskirts of Rome, and was rather vaguely admiring the general beauty of the scene, when I perceived my companion occupied in the close examination of a bed of stinging-nettles. With the azure blossoms of the alpine anemone and the rich crimson of the graceful flowers of the cyclamen scattered around, I could not conceive the nature of the attraction that was holding my friend over that tangled mass of stinging-nettles. My curiosity being excited, I bent forward, and he pointed to a caterpillar suspended by the tail to one of the leaves. "Well," I remarked, in answer to his indication,—"well, I only see a caterpillar—a common caterpillar—seemingly dead."

I was quickly informed that it was not dead; and though it was a common caterpillar, it was most probable that I did not know what insect form it would assume when in its perfect state. "It is the larva of the beautiful butterfly *Vanessa Atalanta*," replied my friend triumphantly, and I thought him a prodigy of learning.

My curiosity was fairly roused; and under his direction, I cut off the piece of nettle to which the caterpillar was suspended, and carrying it home, placed the lower portion of the stalk in a bottle of water; for there was another caterpillar of the same species feeding upon another leaf. I waited patiently the time named by my friend for the wonderful metamorphosis that was, as I was assured, to ensue. The caterpillar was that of the Red Admiral Butterfly; and the changes I then observed—the interest of which at once made me an entomologist—were those which I am about to describe.

The caterpillar of the Red Admiral Butterfly, as I noticed in that,—the first specimen with which I ever became acquainted,—is of a dull and dark-green colour, covered with minute tubercles, the apex of each of which is of a brighter tone of the same colour. From each of the segments into which the body is divided, except the one next the head, issue curious black spines nearly a quarter of an inch high, from the sides of each of which project smaller and more delicate points of the same colour,—these branching, thorns, as they may be termed, giving the creature a very singular appearance. (See No. 1 in Engraving.) When the second caterpillar was full-grown, which it was at the age of about five weeks, I had the pleasure to observe the method in which he suspended himself, by means of a secretion resembling the web of a spider. In this position the insect became rapidly torpid, which had caused me to believe the other specimen dead when first pointed out to me. I next observed the body shorten and thicken; and a few days from the first suspension, the skin opened up the back, and was cast off, leaving in place of the caterpillar a curiously angulated chrysalis. The metamorphosis, to a novice in natural history, was very surprising; every vestige and characteristic of the preceding form of existence had disappeared; the pulpy body, the soft fleshy skin, the curious spines,—all were gone; the crisp horny shell of the chrysalis forming to all those features the most opposite contrast. It was of a deep-brown colour, spotted here and there with bright metallic markings resembling specks of gold; from which circumstance chrysalides have been termed "aurelias," and the collectors of them "aurelians." These shining spots were early perceived by the alchemists, who imagined them to be gold, and deemed them a singular proof of their favourite theory concerning what they termed the transmutation of metals. (See No. 2 in Engraving.)

When the necessary time had elapsed for the final metamorphosis, the secret preparations for which had been taking place within the horny shell of the chrysalis, the back of that case, or envelope, was rent asunder by the efforts of the imprisoned creature, instinct with the energies of a new form of existence, and a winged butterfly issued from the opening. At first its wings were soft and limp as delicate linen, curiously folded, and not more than half-an-inch long, though all their exquisitely-painted markings were quite perfect. They rapidly expanded, however, to their full size; their growth, conspicuously perceptible, being a most surprising example of rapid animal development. Still they were unfit for the purposes of flight; but as the new-born creature lifted and expanded them,—at first with effort and difficulty, and then with a more rapid motion,—they became quickly hardened, and wafted him forth,—I was going to add, to his banquet of nectar among the flowers and sunshine; but I feel somewhat ashamed to state that such was not the case, and that, under the instructions of my friend



the naturalist, his existence was cut short, and he was duly "set out" and "prepared," and formed the first beautiful specimen of my now extensive collection.

Vanessa Atalanta is also an English species, and is one of the most finely marked of the beautiful genus to which it belongs. (See No. 3 in Engraving.)

The upper side of the wings are magnificent with red, purple, blue, and flakes of snowy white; and the under surface most exquisitely marked with many tones of silky brown, as shown in the Engraving, No. 4.

The colouring of many of our native butterflies is as varied in the different sexes as the plumage of male and female birds, the small scales which form the clothing of the transparent membrane of their wings being frequently much brighter in the males than the females, as we shall have opportunities of showing in other examples. In *Vanessa Atalanta*, however, the sexes appear to be clothed in array of equal and identical brightness, and are therefore indistinguishable to the ordinary observer. There is nevertheless a small white spot near the hinder extremity of the red band in the fore-wings, which Mr. Haworth considers peculiar to the females, though this distinction has not been admitted by other lepidopterists.

The Red Admiral, commencing his existence towards autumn, survives the winter; the female depositing her eggs early in the spring. This beautiful insect is often seen boldly on the wing on sunny days even in December, settling on a gravel path and expanding its gorgeous pinions in evident enjoyment of the genial rays of the bright morning sunshine, or busy upon some late autumnal flower—that of the ivy, for instance—where the berries are not already formed. It is very curious to watch it unfold and insert its trunk deeply into the nectaries of the flowers to seek its delicate repast. In this action its movements would induce the observer to suppose that the sense of sight was not used, as it appears to feel about with the trunk for the opening of the flower, as though guided by the sense of touch alone. This may under some modification be the case, being a result of the singular hairy covering of the eyes,—a characteristic of the entire genus to which it belongs,—and which may possibly restrict the range of the sight to an upward direction.

The genus *Vanessa* is very widely distributed, being found both in Asia and America, as well as in most parts of Europe; but none of the exotic species surpass our own in brilliancy, especially those species popularly known as the Tortoiseshell Nettle, the Camberwell Beauty, or the well-known Peacock, which we may have occasion to allude to hereafter.

I may add, in conclusion, that the collecting of caterpillars and the furnishing them with proper food till the epoch of their metamorphosis, if nicely managed, forms a most delightful pursuit for leisure-hours,—one full of instruction and agreeable surprises.



Edw D. Balwer Lybster

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

If a stranger to our national literature, but not to letters, were set to read for the first time (without any information about their origin or their author) the half-hundred works which we owe to Edward Bulwer Lytton, he would probably say at the end of that "curriculum" that he had not conceived it possible that one country, in one generation, should be able to boast the possession of fifty contemporary writers endowed with powers so strikingly original, so often nearly equal in degree, and at the same time so varied in style and kind,—so contrasted, indeed, in their respective idiosyncrasies.

"Now name me these men," he would add; "recount me their several histories; let me meditate on the singular diversities of their personal antecedents; and deduce lessons from methods of education and plans of study so multifarious in their difference, and yet so similar in their success."

Those various writers, he would then be told, are Edward Bulwer Lytton; unquestionably his name is Many. Nay, he has made several distinct reputations, recommencing anonymously over and over again,—like the same knight re-entering the arena in new armour and visor closed.

Our readers are not in the assumed position of this learned foreigner; and, for that reason, it would be a mere loss of time to prelude the remarks we have to make with any thrice-familiar biographical details; these have been recounted of late in every direction with incessant iteration. It is, at the same time, equally impossible, within the space we can command, to undertake a minute critical analysis of the holograph library which has thus issued from a single hand. We must content ourselves, in short, with the design (and even this upon a smaller scale) expressed by Tully in his *Optimo Genere Oratorum*; where he tells us that, in the rules, lessons, artifices, and means of high oratorical and literary success which he is about to deduce from the examples of the mighty, the multiplicity of them "despairs" him; and that, not being able to count down for us the infinite particulars, he will just weigh them, instead: "*Non enim ea me annumerare lectori putavi oportere, sed tanquam appendere.*"

They will do the same for you at your banker's, if your account with him is good. Half the day would go in "telling" the bright *rouleaux*, which a turn of the scales can as well announce.

First, then, a single glance at what Bulwer Lytton, as an author, is; then a word or two about how he became what he is.

There is hardly one of his works in which a page or two, nay, a sentence or two, cannot be found, out of which most ordinary writers would be able to make a biggish volume. Gold is very ductile; beat the ingot, and it will cover a field with its sheet, or engirdle the earth with its filaments. Thought, to drop the metaphor, original thought, is lavished throughout his works. Some of his observations are virtually books; some of his books are virtually libraries; and there is, notwithstanding, a large actual library of them. That library would be no bad education of itself; and it has, in fact, very considerably entered into the education and contributed to the development of many able minds, both in our own and in other countries. This is not all; in more extent, so great is what he has produced, that to read it would seem to ask for good part of a life; and yet he who has written it has but attained about the age at which Sir Walter Scott began to labour, and is not only in the full vigour of his puissant faculties, but, to judge by his last efforts in comparison with his earlier, he is in the impetus, the mid-career of evident and very high progress. And while the plane of thought which he commands, and the sphere of scholarship to which he has lifted a whole world of familiar things, render his intellectual companionship profitable to the most cultivated minds, he has had the art of interesting the many with a spell scarcely less enthralling.

The most *obvious* literary characteristic of Bulwer Lytton is that which we implied at starting,—his versatility, or rather his comprehensiveness, the prodigious range of his labours, and the diversity of those enterprises which have all but one report to make, one account to give, of the labourer "who passed that way," viz. the uniformity of his ultimate success.

Here, in this word *ultimate*, however, lies a deeper secret, and a far more precious, as well as interesting lesson. A few years ago an ingenious critic, in one of our periodicals, said something to this effect, that if a foreigner were to ask us who were our most eminent men in specific departments of literature, we might cite various names; such a one as the greatest poet, such another as the greatest historian, such and such as the chief orators, critics; and thus the rest,—each noted in some particular species of liberal toil, and indeed the more noted for having never dared to quit it. But if the same foreigner were to say, "True; yet besides these literary *specialties*, so to speak, have you any one man who has made all literature his own in your language and generation, and who represents you collectively in the states-general of letters?"—if the foreigner, we say, thus framed his inquiry, would not one name occur in answer to every body's mind,—the name of Bulwer Lytton?

Such, or to this purport, was the observation of the ingenious critic to whom we allude. Years have since elapsed; and if the sentence of honour was true then, it is far truer now. But while it is a very striking, and certainly not an unwarranted criticism, it leaves much unsaid altogether.

Bulwer Lytton, who on the whole has achieved this omnigenic, *ultimate* success, has by no means either prospered in every individual attempt which his life has known, nor exhibited in each of his productions an equal merit. In certain instances he has experienced what it is to fail signally.

Here, then, we begin to feel the latent existence of a truly valuable moral in Bulwer Lytton's very career itself. Let us note the actual facts as they stand, and compare them with the materials out of which they have been wrought,—wrought as the steel watch-spring, *more precious in market overt than its own weight of the purest gold*, is wrought out of pig-iron at so many pence a-pound.

First, then, the facts: how stands the actual case? Were Bulwer Lytton nothing but a novelist, still even in his novels alone there would be found that sustained variety, that comprehensive range both of manner and of matter, which would have fully entitled their author to the remark we just now quoted. But he is far from being such a novelist. There is literally not one department of literature, and not one kind of writing, which he has not tried, and in which he has not acquired additions of reputation. Always thus ending with success, he has almost always begun with failure. That one fact would of itself stamp the character. Such thorough-bred pluck is never found alone. But a more curious thing still is this, that Sir Bulwer Lytton has not only almost invariably failed at first in the undertakings in which he triumphed afterwards, but that his greatest triumphs have been achieved precisely where his greatest difficulties originally lay—precisely in the departments to which all his natural bias gave him the greatest disinclination.

If ever there was an example calculated to cheer the despondent courage and revive the fainting energies of struggling, defeated, baffled genius, it is this before us. Buffon used to say, *Le génie c'est la patience*; 'tis but half the truth. Had Buffon said, that genius was patient, not a word of denial, question, or even doubt, could be breathed by any person of the slightest intelligence. Genius is patient, "and something more." Patience is not genius; patience is an inestimable passive quality, but genius is a working quality. Buffon spoke of the buckler, not of that sword whose strokes flashed from behind it.

No; the grand quality of Bulwer Lytton's intellect is its instinctive regard for the practicable above every thing else.

An enemy's judgment sits in his own head to pass sentence for him on every design which he has most loved and cherished; and the award is without appeal.

Thus, for instance, his taste, his inclination, his ambition, his passion, is poetry. This passion, which never quitted him, came early. The first literary attempts of his childhood were in verse. They gained him the praises he most valued and earliest earned—those of his mother; and then his first public honour. Had he consulted the strong prepossessions of his natural taste, which, despite of him, subsequently coloured the style, the spirit of his prose, he would never have written prose at all. He did not like it, he had no facility for it; on the contrary, he felt the walking foot as much encumbered as the wing seemed free. He could not write prose without singular trouble and exertion; it cost him no such pain to indulge his passion for writing poetry, and, above all, for reading, and for thinking it. But there was no career open for a poet, no fair hearing amidst the rapture with which the public greeted the strains of Byron. In the blaze of that meridian glory, no other light seemed then able to shine with effect. Bulwer Lytton resigned at once that kind of literature for which he had naturally a vehement passion, and embraced that for which he felt a positive distaste, and no heaven-born facility. This was practical. Here was the first signal exercise of that intellectual peculiarity which more than any other distinguishes his mind, and which, in truth, has uninterruptedly governed its movements. Perhaps, however, what we are accustomed, for convenience, to term judgment, is not so much a distinct faculty as it is the equipoise of all the faculties.

Be this as it may, what accounts for the whole career of Bulwer Lytton, which twice his genius would not otherwise account for, is this predominating and governing regard for the practicable. There are two sorts of failure: failure, because the work accomplished is not in demand; and failure, because the work itself is not duly accomplished. The former kind Bulwer has always held in horror, and has never suffered it, for he would never risk it. A very clever man, who is now dead, when asked his opinion about Bulwer, replied: "*He is one who knows how things should be done, and what things to do.*"

This is the very soul of practicality; of business, whether public or private; of statesmanship, and of what Lord Bacon quaintly terms "wisdom for a man's self." And thus a man of vivid temperament, of "bright and translucent" imagination, of ardent and enthusiastic genius, has shown himself a very personification of steadfast, well-calculated, plodding, unswerving, indomitably executed action. It is, in truth, the character for action, and that character pre-eminently. The strange old fact (proved by many a striking example), that, in circumstances of extraordinary delicacy and difficulty, where a man knows not how to advise himself, he will get the best counsel, not from the most cunning or pettifogging, but from the most genuinely poetic mind among his acquaintance, is a fact peculiarly appertaining to the history of those poets whose genius bears the apparently incongruous impress to which we are now adverting.

So much for this author's power to do; yet where is the success, if, after triumphing in the accomplishment of a thing, the thing accomplished will not itself be allowed to succeed?

Such has been the question almost always, indeed with but one exception, present to Bulwer Lytton in his intellectual undertakings. A practical, a pre-eminently practical mind, we repeat. Dread of the first kind of failure, just now described, has always deterred Bulwer; dread of the second, never. To risk the first is to war against influences stronger than man; to risk the other is but to test one's own powers.

On no occasion has Bulwer (who invariably has declined attempting to do that which, when well done, is not wanted) found his powers unequal ultimately to that which he has attempted. But his final success has generally been a ladder, the steps of which seemed to be all so many defeats.

A first check often repels and disheartens for ever a mind intellectually deficient in the requisite faculty, if morally wanting in some that are essential. It is here that the gallant, the all-daring, all-enduring, all-accomplishing spirit of the thorough-bred must show itself. Here occur those immortal exertions, here flash out those inextinguishable ardours, which made Buffon (not waiting long enough for the right word) term patience genius. And here it is that Bulwer surpasses nearly all writers—former or contemporary; here it is that he will leave the most precious and the most inspiring of the lessons to be hereafter bequeathed in his imperishable example.

It would not be in nature that a mind psychologically such as we have described should not be able well to counsel others, having counselled itself so well and wisely, having lived, as it were, a very existence of masculine logic reduced instinctively to action. Thus his books abound in the practical wisdom of private life and of every-day intercourse.

But they are themselves,—with the speeches and addresses which form altogether but one great career,—a still better lesson than any which their pages contain or their eloquence conveys.

"*He will never be a speaker,*" it was said when he first entered the House of Commons. He shortly afterwards decided the House on a memorable occasion, and on a vital question, by a speech which electrified all who heard it, elicited from a great orator, and one of the best oratorical critics that ever lived, enthusiastic encomiums, and still rings in the memory of Parliament. He has not belied the promise of that brilliant day; and Edinburgh will not easily forget that in 1854, nor Glasgow that in 1857, it was he whose accents made their crowded academic halls vibrate—wondrous combination!—to eloquence at once the most ornate and the most impassioned with which they had ever echoed.

"*He will never be a dramatist,*" said they, when his first play was produced. It had cost him a far longer period of toil than that fortnight which sufficed to begin and finish the most skilful and pathetic of all modern sentimental comedies—the *Lady of Lyons*. Money surpassed even Sheridan's *School for Scandal* in its first "run." In fine, there is only Shakspeare who more frequently commands occupancy of the acting stage. The more esoteric merits were all along conceded to Bulwer's dramatic compositions; it was popularity which the prophets denied him. His popularity presently eclipsed every precedent.

Poetry, as we have said, he always loved; to poetry he would, by choice, have devoted all his time. Public speaking he, on the other hand, always abhorred. Yet we doubt whether the public would not set in far higher respective and proportionate rank many a passage which we could cite from his political and academical discourses, than they would the choicest satire of the *New Timon*, or the sweetest effusions of *King Arthur*.

"*He will never figure as a politician,*" men exclaimed, when he first hazarded himself in that capacity. Yet he soon played a distinguished part in the House of Commons; and at this very moment occupies a conspicuous position among the foremost political thinkers and actual chiefs of the grand palæstra. Only the gentleman still reigns over the politician, the knight over the mere warrior; witness the chivalrous tenderness to the fallen leader, never shown to the Lord John Russell of prouder and more palmy times.

To the subject of this paper a predominant sleepless common sense has never ceased to whisper amid the transports of genius, and no false "heading away" has ever led him far. The brilliant foppery of *Pelham* has dissolved into the mellow and radiant philosophy of the greatest of quiet fictions. Here we would briefly mark what we could, but for our limits, copiously illustrate—the self-purifying force of his genius. He appeared with, not indeed personal, but mental egotism, colouring all the views of life,—sometimes effervescingly, as in *Pelham*; sometimes with a less volatile and a darker tincture of morbid and inadmissible sentiment,

as in *Maltravers*. All this has worked itself pure and bright into the genial sympathies of *My Novel*, where the author as an individual is utterly lost, absorbed in the wide and permanent human interests which he evokes, and to which all his thoughts address themselves.

No labour has deterred him. Were it necessary, for the perfection of some minor but essential passage in some minor but incumbent work, to learn Hebrew and Cyro-Chaldaic (assuming that he knows nothing of the former), he would stop the press—or we do not else understand the man—till he had mastered the requisite preliminary.

He has what the French call *la conscience du travail*, and this kills personal vanity. Often has he been told that he possessed not the genius necessary for various enterprises which he had undertaken. "Very likely," has he said; "but I have at least the talent of labour, and I must make what I have serve for what I have not." It was like telling a digger that he had not the right tool, when the digger with the tool in his hand was fairly accomplishing his work. If scythe would answer, he would contrive to dispense with the more orthodox sickle, need compelling.

From this main quality, as from a trunk-railway, many other qualities flowed,—inflexible performance of promises, words kept like bonds, courage unconquerable.

And with all these high characteristics are combined pride in his "order,"—that "order" of literature in which men earn, not inherit distinction,—sympathy for its less fortunate members, genial and cordial encouragement for its younger aspirants, a gentleman's courtesy in antagonism, and a true man's sincerity in friendship.

FRIENDS TILL DEATH.

THERE are some men's lives that might be written in a single page, so even has been the tenor of their career, so unchecked the course of their existence. Take for example old Gilliflower and his friend Bardsley. I knew Gilliflower and Bardsley when they first set up in business in Toocum Street; the one as a grocer, and the other in the ironmongery line. They came into the street about the same time, and opened shop next door to one another. They were not then personally acquainted; and like many other next-door neighbours in a large city, they passed years in sight of each other without contracting any closer acquaintanceship than that of neighbourly civility. They would say, "A fine day, sir," as they took down their shutters of a morning; or, "A fine evening, sir," as they put them up again at night. If these morning and evening civilities were ever varied, it was simply by a change of the adjective. Toocum Street being an English street, the variation was doubtless frequent.

But Gilliflower and Bardsley were destined to become fast friends; indeed, friends till death. There was nothing romantic in the way in which this friendship was contracted. It was not through Gilliflower's house catching fire, and Bardsley making superhuman efforts to rescue Gilliflower from the flames. Nor *vice versa*. Nor did Bardsley plunge into any river after Gilliflower; nor did Gilliflower plunge in after Bardsley. It arose, I am bound to say, entirely out of a question of beer. Both shopkeepers were unmarried and without incumbance. When the labours of the day were over, Bardsley was wont to adjourn to the Green Dragon, to smoke his pipe and drink his flagon of ale. Gilliflower patronised another house—the Boar. A great point in the character of both men was constancy, or what in politics would be called conservatism. A practice once adopted was never, or rarely, departed from. Once having established a corner in the parlour of the Green Dragon, Bardsley would as soon have thought of changing his wholesale dealer as of going to the Lion or the King's Head. Gilliflower, on his part, was as closely attached to his corner at the Boar. It happened, however, some three or four years after his first visit to the Boar, that the landlord of that

establishment was induced to change his brewer. Gilliflower was one of the first to be served with the new tap. He didn't like it. It might have been very good beer; it might have been better beer than that formerly supplied; but it was not the kind of beer he had been accustomed to. Gilliflower was a patient man, and he bore it as long as he could; but there was a limit even to Gilliflower's patience; and with something of a pang at parting from his old corner and particular Windsor chair, the worthy grocer at length transferred his patronage to the Dragon. On his first visit to that establishment, he found his neighbour Bardsley ensconced by the chimney-corner, smoking his pipe.

"Good evening, sir," said Gilliflower.

"Good evening, sir," returned Bardsley.

"Coldish to-night, sir," said Gilliflower, taking a chair.

"Coldish, indeed, sir," said Bardsley.

Here there was a pause of some duration. It was at length broken by Gilliflower ringing for the waiter.

"I think," said Gilliflower, half to himself and half to Bardsley, "I'll try a drop of their ale."

"You'll find it to your taste, sir, I think," said Bardsley.

The ale was placed on the table, flanked by a pipe and a paper of tobacco.

"Your good health, sir," said Gilliflower, eyeing the liquor knowingly.

"The same to you, sir," said Bardsley.

"Body there, sir?"

"And hops, sir!"

"And hops, sir!"

Bardsley and Gilliflower puffed in silence for the next ten minutes. At length Bardsley said:

"Seasonable weather."

Gilliflower said, "Very seasonable."

Another long silence, broken only by puffs. Then Gilliflower:

"How do you find business, sir?"

"Well, I can't complain. How do *you* find it, sir?"

"Pretty tidyish, as things go: no reason to complain neither," said Gilliflower.

"Will you take a glass with me, sir?" said Bardsley.

"Well, thank you sir, I will."

"Will you take a glass with me?" said Gilliflower by and by.

"Most happy, sir, I am sure," replied Bardsley.

That night, as Gilliflower retired to his bachelor-couch, he expressed (to himself) an opinion highly favourable of Bardsley: "A very agreeable man is that Bardsley—very agreeable man."

About the same moment, Bardsley was tying on his nightcap, and saying: "An uncommon nice man, that Gilliflower."

Thirty years after, it was said by Bardsley himself, that he had never missed passing an evening in Gilliflower's company until that evening. But on that evening Gilliflower's chair was empty. The sight of it touched poor Bardsley's heart. The friend of his bosom was not there. "And why?" said Bardsley to himself, as he gazed at the empty chair with misty eyes. "Because he is ill a-bed, and is not able to toddle so far. Shall I sit here, then," said Bardsley, "a-drinking and a-smoking and enjoying of myself, while Gilliflower is ill a-bed?" Bardsley answered the question by pushing away his pipe and pot with a reproachful air, and going to see his friend.

Thirty years had made Bardsley and Gilliflower fast friends. From the evening of their first meeting in the parlour of the Dragon, their attachment grew day by day and increased with every pipe and pot, until in feeling, in tastes, and in habits, they became as one man. Such was the identity of all spirituality in the two men, that the same body might have served for both. Knowing and reading those two minds, it might have occurred to an observer that nature had displayed a sad want of economy in making Bardsley and Gilliflower various. There was no corner of Bardsley's mind that was not known to Gilliflower; nor was there a

cranny of Gilliflower's that was not revealed to Bardsley. Nor is this ascribing any great amount of acuteness to either party. Bardsley had taken as many bad shillings as any man, and Gilliflower's name was enrolled on the list of more than one begging-letter writer. It was not, then, the acuteness of Gilliflower's perception that discovered the profound depths of Bardsley's mind; but it was Bardsley's single and simple mind that displayed itself like a proclamation in large letters to Gilliflower's modest vision. And *vice versa*. Innocence, honesty, kindness of heart, and the most charming stupidity, distinguished them both. They were just children, who could smoke a pipe and drink a glass, and help each other on in the world, and sympathise with each other, without outgrowing either their clothes or their mutual attachment. In the first week of their acquaintance they had seen and known as much of each other as they ever saw and knew till death; because in that week all that was to be seen and known of both was fully laid open. And it was a very child's lesson, all in the easiest words of one syllable.

Business prospered moderately with both men. They had their struggles, as most people have. But Bardsley and Gilliflower were both wont to say, "I have always a friend." I may tell the reader privately, that Bardsley's friend was Gilliflower, and that Gilliflower's friend was Bardsley. By a strange but happy coincidence, when Bardsley wanted ten pounds to make up a bill, Gilliflower always had it to lend him; and when Gilliflower wanted ten pounds, Bardsley could always help Gilliflower. Fate had mortified their exigencies to a nicety in every respect. Their troubles and joys were so exactly alternated, that the one was always in a position to console or rejoice with the other. Did any mischance in business befall Gilliflower, would he go to his lawyer? Not he. He would say, "Send for Bardsley." Did Bardsley fall ill, would he send for the doctor? By no means. He sent for Gilliflower. And so they lived from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. I had the honour to be on pretty friendly terms with both of them (though much their junior), and I may say I grew old in their company. But I was never to Bardsley what Gilliflower was, nor to Gilliflower what Bardsley was. Far from it. I think I spoil my claim to their full confidence by letting out early in our acquaintance that I knew something of Greek. I have wished from the bottom of my heart that Greece and Greek had never existed, or been known, rather than I should have been deprived of the honour of sitting in the upper and inner chamber of two such hearts. I would have given all history to be Bardsley, all the glory of antiquity to be Gilliflower.

Both men remained bachelors to the end of their days. People often wondered that they did not marry, they being both ardent though respectful admirers of the other sex, and strongly attached to children. Many a time have I seen Bardsley sitting at his own door, on a fine summer's evening, playing with some curly-headed boy or rosy-cheeked girl. He could repeat all the stories and rhymes that they delighted in; and Bardsley's knee was the cockhorse of many and many a journey to the famed cross of Banbury. Nor was that journey ever made in vain; for at the end of it there was always a halfpenny or a penny forthcoming from Bardsley's capacious pocket to reward the youthful rider. And then Bardsley would say, "Now run away to Gilliflower's, my dear, and buy yourself some barley-sugar." And Gilliflower was known to the rising generation thereabouts to give the largest halfpennyworth of barley-sugar of any grocer far or near. And so fond were the children of the two old men,—I am speaking of their latter days now,—that they called them by the name of "uncle." Many a child of that neighbourhood grew up to man's estate, still calling them Uncle Bardsley and Uncle Gilliflower,—never doubting but that the two old men were as much their uncles in relationship as they were in kindness and affection.

The reader may wonder, therefore, as the neighbours did,

why two men so well adapted for the holy state of matrimony had never entered that state. I think I know why they did not. When Bardsley and Gilliflower first became acquainted (as the reader knows how), the latter was beginning to have "serious thoughts" about a certain Jessy Ward, the niece of a well-to-do wax-chandler in Toocum Street. He had seen Jessy at church on several occasions, and once he had walked home with her and her uncle. Old Ward asked him to tea, and he went and feasted upon Jessy's good looks and winning ways—having no appetite for the muffins—until, on coming away, he felt as if his heart was too big for his bosom. He could not sleep for several nights afterwards; and what seemed to keep him wakeful was, the image of sweet Jessy Ward, and that strange bigness about the heart. But shortly after this, Jessy went away to reside with an invalid aunt in the country, and did not come back for nearly a year. In the mean time Bardsley had got acquainted, and become friendly, with Gilliflower. When Jessy returned, he thought of going to call at old Ward's, and he mentioned his intention to Gilliflower. What Gilliflower said I don't know; but at any rate he didn't go. I am sure that Gilliflower did not discourage him in any way; but my opinion is, that Bardsley conceived the idea that Gilliflower was not an advocate for matrimony, so he gave up all thoughts of Jessy Ward. Bardsley, however, was for once mistaken in his estimate of Gilliflower's views. I have reason to know that Gilliflower meditated matrimony at the same time that Bardsley did, but that he gave up the idea, fearful, lest by taking a wife he should lose his friend.

And so they remained bachelors for each other's sake to the end. Alas that the end should ever come to such friendship as theirs! But it did come. The winter of life overtook them together as they wandered onward hand in hand. Its snows fell upon them equally yet gently. No longer able to walk to their nightly resort, they now passed the evening at home, Bardsley going next door to Gilliflower, or Gilliflower going to Bardsley; or of a summer's evening they sat side by side at their doors, faithful to the last to the pipe and the flagon of ale. There, as they smoked and chatted as of old time, the children played round them, like flowerets twinkling about the roots of withered and decaying oaks. But an evening came when Gilliflower was no longer able to toddle out to meet his friend. Bardsley sat awaiting him, but he came not. Gilliflower's old housekeeper came to tell Bardsley that her master was very ill, and that she had helped him up to bed. The flagon of ale remained on the bench untasted, the pipes unused, the two chairs empty. Gilliflower had smoked his last pipe and drunk his last pint. He grew feebler day by day, and at last his mind wandered. He raved about Bardsley: "Where is Bardsley? O, will some one send for Bardsley?" Bardsley was there by his side almost day and night; but his friend no longer knew him. I went in by Bardsley's request to do what I could for his poor old friend, and I tried to make him understand that Bardsley was sitting by him, that it was Bardsley who was holding his hand.

"Go away, go away," he said; "you are not Bardsley. What use are you to me? it is Bardsley I want. O, if you will only send for him, I know he will come."

Then he raved about a bill that was coming due to-morrow, and for which he was not prepared.

"I must go to Bardsley," he said. "Bardsley will help me out, I know he will. Give me my hat and stick."

"Hush, hush!" I cried; "Bardsley is here. Speak to him, Bardsley; let him hear your voice."

The old man called his friend by name. "Gilliflower, Gilliflower, it's me, Gilliflower; it's Bardsley, your old friend."

"Eh? are you Bardsley?" he said at length. "Give me your hand. Ah, yes it is Bardsley, my old friend, my good friend." He sank for a short time into a slumber; but when he awoke he still called for Bardsley. He was with him again, in thought, at the Dragon.

"The pot is empty, Bardsley," he said; "shall we have

another; or shall we go home? I'll take a light, if you please—no, no, I won't trouble you, my pipe is out; we'll go home. Good night, Bardsley, good night; I shall see you again to-morrow."

As these words were uttered, the hands of the two friends were clasped upon the bed. It was the clasp of death! "I shall see you again to-morrow." That to-morrow soon came. Poor Bardsley went on his earthly pilgrimage for a little while, seeking up and down for his friend Gilliflower. And one winter's night he made a long journey, and found him—where there was no more parting.

ANDREW HALLIDAY.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

As the earliest to open of all the London art-exhibitions of the year, artists, amateurs, and critics, rush to the British Institution with much the same feeling as a man takes his first spring walk in the fields. Its rank as an exhibition of pictures, though far inferior to that of the Royal Academy, is, as a rule, next immediately beneath it; besides which, it is generally looked forward to with interest, because many popular artists continue to send the most remarkable of their pictures to be hung upon its walls.

Prompted by such considerations as these, we proceeded to Pall Mall on the opening day, and looked round, as of old, for the ancient *habitués* of the place. Sadly disappointing was the search. What, no Roberts, no Creswick, no Lee; and Sant missing from his accustomed corner; Frank Dillon (not unworthily) in the place of honour! There are the usual imitations of the artists we have named, and others in the same relation to Millais, Frith, Egg, Eastlake, and the whole round of well-known names. The picture that first arrested us was, "A Florentine Holiday," by Wingfield; and examination showed it to be one of the best works of this artist, who has frequently a truer feeling for his subject than many men of greater name. But call you this a holiday? That group seated at the foot of the steps are not happy, nor those who (as before) descend from the terrace, and point to the wrangling dogs; that expression cannot be joy which is upon their faces, surely. We turn from the picture, convinced that it is intended for a lament over the hollowness of human happiness. Browning's "Toccata of Galuppi" is not more sad; and muttering, *Vanitas, vanitas!* we pass forward.

Mr. Frank Dillon's picture, No. 1, "The Colossal Pair, Thebes," shows those colossi whom the Arabs call "Shamy and Dany," the nearest being the vocal Memnon, also named "Salamat" (the saluter). We see these great statues, which have sat facing the stream of time for so many centuries, with the sun just sunk below the horizon behind them, while the light of the moon is slowly covering their fronts, and great mixed shadows from both lights clustering about their feet; over the lurid horizon a blush of purple mist-like cloud is hanging. The idea of impressiveness, which Mr. Dillon has certainly succeeded in rendering, might have been enhanced if he had chosen a more novel effect; the statues would have gained, we think, in this quality, if they had been shown sitting black and opaque against a firmament full of stars, or in broad sun or moon light, with their gigantic shadows on the ground. Should Mr. Dillon go to Egypt again, we recommend to his study Holman Hunt's "Back of the Sphinx" (a sunlight of intensest glare), exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, as an example of what may be produced by strict adherence to nature only. The statues here stand against the darkening sky, and an appearance of height is much assisted by placing a star in a line below their shoulders; but this is not new, and if the star were Canopus himself, the effect would not be worth while repeating twice.

Nos. 272 and 347, "A Midsummer Afternoon," and "An Autumn Afternoon," by J. Raven, are not more in contrast in point of excellence than are the phases of nature they

represent. The first is very admirable,—a modest truthful little sketch, with the dreamy softness of the reality,—just the crest of a verdant hill, with a windmill on the top against the sky; the latter is violent, coarse, and opaque to such a degree, that one is surprised to find that two such pictures could come from the same hand.

Incomparably the best landscape in the rooms is No. 547, "Caerhŷn. Low-water," by J. W. Oakes. A mountain-scene, with a river just reaching the lowlands, and a weir in front, and the rocky base of the hills coming into the foreground; the whole of this is clear, true, fresh, and rich, and more powerful than most of its competitors. The arrangement of clouds is extremely fine; their fault, however, being a certain want of depth, yet they show a whole cloud-land. The observer should notice the care and knowledge with which the nearer side of the weir is painted; the misty cloud which lies high up in the hollows of the hill-tops is a very poetical passage. In short, this is almost the only scientifically-painted landscape in the exhibition; and in scale of merit can only be compared with No. 255, "The Covey," J. Wolf: a number of partridges clustering under a dwarf-evergreen shrub, with snow over the whole scene. It hangs on the branches, again frozen where it had half congealed. The birds are huddled close together, and look snug and cosy in spite of the cold, having that knowing kind of expression about the eye which the artist so frequently gives to his birds; the texture of their feathers is admirable. Some goldfinches are perched on a bough behind, the wings of one who has just alighted spreading out; a very pretty idea, which is spoilt by the clumsy way in which the wings are drawn. Close by him is a little Falstaff of a goldfinch, who is excessively funny. The frosty glare of the sunlight is perfectly represented.

Mr. Jutsum's pictures, Nos. 3 and 197, "The Devonshire Coast," and "The Hay-field," have the ordinary qualities of his work, but are extremely weak, and very unlike nature. It is to be regretted that so skilful an executant should so neglect faithful representation. The same may be said of W. T. Danby, whose pictures, Nos. 65, 164, and 364, exhibit his usual choice of one phase of nature, and his peculiarly excellent skies. More thought is, however, required to maintain him in that place which he has held so long. No. 173, "A tranquil Stream in Autumn, North Wales," by C. Branwhite, is a more palpable example of the effect of carelessness in producing manner. All who remember his exquisite frost-scenes of a few years back will regret that his talent should be so lost in the insincerity which this example shows. Not a single portion of the whole picture can be said to resemble nature; the trees look like moss under the microscope; the scene might be in dream-land, but is certainly not in North Wales. In "Rain clearing off," H. Dawson, No. 82, it will be well to notice an excellent point of truth in the gray sheen of the trees which stand on the river's bank. This alone will elevate the picture above its pendant, No. 65, T. Danby, though in execution it is far inferior to the latter. Mr. E. W. Cooke's marine pieces are apparently a return to an earlier style, lower in key, and more carefully executed than his works have been of late. No. 181, "Riva degli Schiavoni, Venice," is an especially agreeable little picture. No. 116, "Venice, the Porto," has some excellent points of tender colour about it. "The Banks of the Machno," by J. Dearle, No. 491,—some trees on the banks of a full still stream in sunlight,—is by an artist who suddenly rose into fame on Mr. Ruskin's notice of an exquisite little picture in the Royal Academy. That was indeed admirable; but from the fact of habit becoming manner, the present is by no means so; the trees here are woolly, and the waters like glass. Mr. Dearle must not expect to maintain a reputation by repeating a single effect of nature: these walls are thronged with such examples. Let him consider their number, and endeavour to avoid like results.

If Mr. Lance, when painting his "Beautiful in Death," a peacock dead at the foot of a tree, had shown us how such a bird really would lie just after the death-agony, with

his crest broken, and argus-tail disarranged and dust-be-smirched, he might not only have had an opportunity of displaying his exquisite skill, but also something more valuable than is presented by this very orderly-looking bird, who appears as if laid out for his funeral, evidently having died in the most genteel manner, and without a struggle. As mere lay-figure painting the bird himself is a marvellous triumph; so much so that we regret such transcendent skill should have no other object than (like the peacock) to display itself.

Of the figure-pictures which this exhibition contains, there are few which can come up to the average of a year's display. Mr. Frost's "Boy's Head" No. 315, has a delightful truth of character which we seldom see in his greater works, being more solidly and truthfully painted than usual. "The Plant Hour," W. P. Frith, R.A., is the well-known subject of Othello stating his love to Desdemona,—"Upon this hint I spake." There appears to be a mistake in the physical characters of both figures; Desdemona here is a somewhat riant-looking young lady, whose head, as painted, would stand well as a portrait, but by no means represents Shakspeare's sweet creation. The picture shows so much brilliant execution, that we must lament that more consideration was not given to the just representation of the characters chosen. "Molière reading to his Housekeeper," No. 458, by T. P. Hall, is another stock-subject (when will painters extend their reading in the search for new ones?), but we have seldom seen it better treated. The head of the laughing housekeeper, who has abandoned herself to her mirth, is peculiarly successful; indeed, one of the best things in the exhibition. The figure of Molière himself shows a capital reading of character, although looking, from some fault in the execution, rather distorted. We look upon this work as one of high promise, and hope much from the painter, if he will but avoid even the suspicion of imitating Frith, &c. W. Maw Egley's picture, "The Talking Oak," No. 499, from Tenyson, is a piece of false Pre-Raphaelitism, an utter mistake in the nature of his models, the P.R.B.; an error which the more surprises us who remember his very excellent picture of "Charles V. in the Cloister," at the Royal Academy the year before last. The painter's "Taming of the Shrew," No. 318, a sketch for a picture, is very brilliant. We hoped a better thing from Mr. Cave Thomas than No. 539, "A Letter requiring an Answer,"—a very unpleasant-looking lady, who is lost in reverie, while at her feet lies an open letter. The picture looks as if it had been painted from a photograph, and the lady is really ugly.

J. Gilbert's picture, "A Regiment of Royalist Cavalry at the Battle of Edgehill," No. 76, is full of life and motion; the figures seem to swerve about in a disorderly wave; they are as fine a collection of swaggering troopers as we should wish to see. In front some officers have dismounted to look over a map; the black horse of one of them, held by a page, is capably introduced and most skilfully painted. This is a subject which suits Mr. Gilbert most perfectly, and altogether we have never seen a picture of his which pleased us more. Mr. G. Smith's "Spending a Ha'penny," No. 296, is a capital subject, and the picture most cleverly painted in some respects. It shows a boy, who has found El Dorado, making an investment in sweets at a dame's shop; through the window a crowd of children look in anxious hope of a share. The hesitating action of the boy, puzzled in the choice of dainties, is excellent. We should have liked to have seen more variety in the expressions of the other children, and a very great deal more solid painting throughout. We commend to the visitor's notice Mr. Frank Wyburd's "Janet Foster," from *Kenilworth*, No. 407, as a capital little sketch, which will improve upon acquaintance. The same may be said of No. 423, "Say, Thank you," by J. E. Hodgson, showing a child who has gained admittance to her home by the courtesy of a woman passing by. The door is open, and the child's elder sister bids her to say, "Thank you." The sister's head is really

very beautiful indeed; and the whole of the little picture (though deficient in brilliancy) shows much promise. "The Old Cavalier," No. 457, by T. Morten, an uproarious-looking old gentleman drinking, is capital; so skilfully done, that it might almost be taken for a Frith. The textures of the dress, &c. are well rendered. No. 226, "The Dead Rabbit," by J. Clark, will be found to be a vigorous transcript of boy-emotion under exciting circumstances.

We must give a word of sincere commendation to Mr. Wingfield's "Cottage Interior," No. 9, wishing he would always paint with so much affection for humble nature.

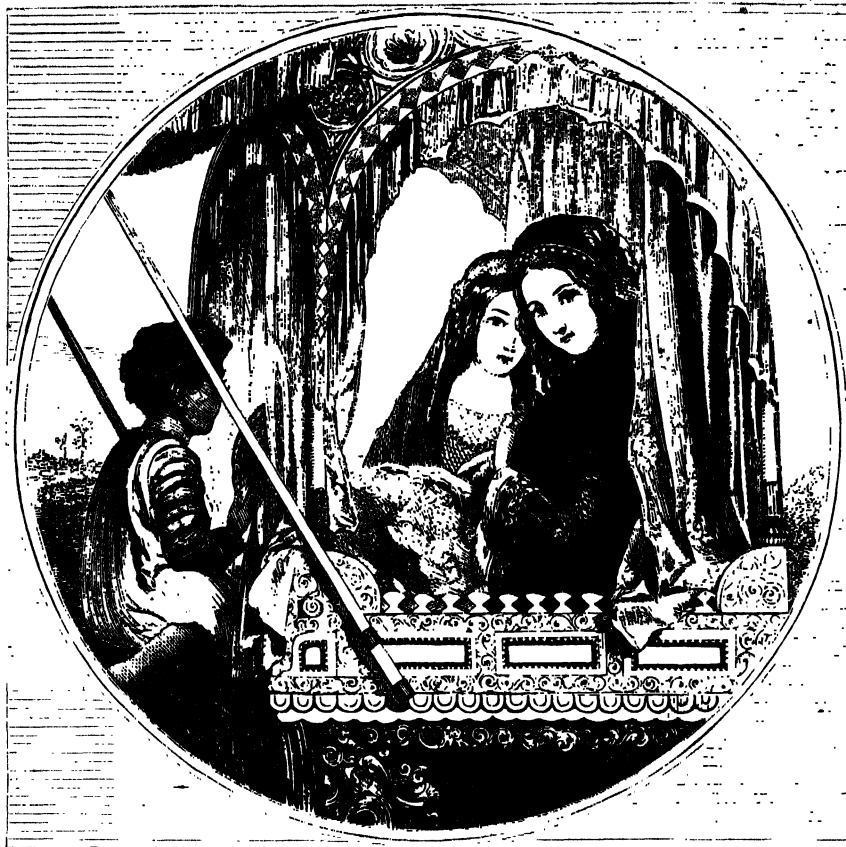
We do not pretend to have noticed all the excellent pictures which are here exhibited; it is rather our aim to comment upon those which have attracted our attention in a manner that shall put the spectator into a way of examining for himself; that is, by trying them with the touchstone of a comparison with nature. In conclusion, we may say, that in executing the duty of criticism we have never found fault with an artist's work unless it appeared to exhibit the power of doing better things. Of the vast mass of crudities which these walls support we have said nothing. The chief cause for regret which we observe is, that the landscape-painters appear to have formed themselves into a company ("limited"), for the purpose of imitating one another, and so to amalgamate their several styles into one manner, that in a few years unfortunate critics will have to receive a special education to enable them to distinguish one man's work from that of another.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

COMMENCING at the Commencement, we Commence to say that language is as old as Adam. Like Adam, it has had a very numerous progeny; and following still the fortunes of that luckless spouse, there are divers of its offspring of whom it has every reason to be ashamed. Not among these is the brave old language of England,—the great family of Anglo-Saxon words. Born beside Persian rivers and hardened on Gothic coasts, these children of noble tongues combine, in this latter day, an Indian passion with the strong simplicity of the north. Long ages of intercourse with the whole world of human speech have added grace, filled up defects, and worn away blemishes, till the tribe has reached a point of dignity and just supremacy unknown to any other tongue since the great hubbub in the Tower of Babel.

But to get a particularly good name for any thing is forthwith to become one of those precious pegs for which the whole race of hangers-on lie praying. Such a peg is our English tongue; such parasites are at its heels, and if it did not turn now and then like a bulldog, with a shake and a growl, the very marrow would be sucked out of it in a generation or two by a set of sneaking discreditable vagrants from every other language under heaven, who catch at its skirts, tumble in its way, and are ready to sell their souls and cut off their foreign noses for the sake of its adoption and patronage. Some of these lingual Bohemians, too bold and forward for success, get taken by the shoulders pretty quickly and turned out of the language. But others are far too clever; they manage matters with an admirable tact, and a very different result. These begin, perhaps, by making themselves generally useful to some highly respectable booby, who introduces them to society as pleasant foreigners in their native costume. By and by the dress is changed for a British one, the rogue still retaining his foreign accent for a while. Then the accent itself is dropped. He sounds like English, swears himself the son of a Smith, curries favour with an author hard up for another word, and finally gets into the dictionary. Many of these poor



FROM "LALLA ROOKH." BY F. WYBERT.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer-eves, through Yemen's dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils. *Lalla Rookh.*

vagrants may be passed by in silent contempt. Expressing some feeble thing which a true Briton never cares to think of, they do little harm, and may be left to those who like them; but there are others on whom all the wrath in all the vials of indignation and fury deserves to be poured. We speak of those bold usurpers who, finding a place in our language well and nobly filled by a word of true native breeding, take upon themselves to oust him out of it, succeed foully in their design, set their own foreign gristle in the place of Anglo-Saxon bones, turn British blood to milk-and-water, and do our speech a mischief which it may need another Shakspeare to repair. This pest increases. The time for indifference is past. We call up one of these varlets for summary justice. Let the rest take warning.

Time was when things *BEGAN* in England, as they did in the Beginning. The word is a thorough native one; a strong sounding word, with a B and a G in it. Was it not good enough for us? Was there any better word for the purpose any where under the sun? There was not. But there was a worse one beyond comparison, and we have taken him to our lips, if not to our bosoms; to our finger-ends, if not to our arms. Things *BEGAN* with us no longer; they *COMMENCE* instead. "*Commence*" is the precious poodle that is to turn our home-bred mastiff out of doors. *Commence*, forsooth! What do we want in England with this tip-toe dandy of a word? Look at him, Britons; mouth him, and see what you can make of him. A French-Spanish-Italian mongrel; an illegitimate mouthful of effeminate letters; a word without an ancestry, descended from nothing, found wandering

on the Continent without father, mother, or native home. Two Latin words have indeed been accused of his bad parentage; but there is nothing to show that they ever came together for such a purpose; if they did, they ought to have been ashamed of themselves; and, in point of fact, they are both far too respectable for the idea to be entertained. "*Commence*," indeed! A mincing mealy-mouthed rascal; a fellow without a bone in his body, made up of three liquids and three vowels, with a double-tongued unnecessary letter for the crown of his head and the joint of his tail. When he first put his soppy little foot in England would be hard to say. It was doubtless in the blackest of dark ages, when slimy and sneaking things could move about unseen. Whenever it was, he found two fitting hiding-places,—in the courts of law and under the forms of colleges. There he lay for ages, snug and simpering; venturing now and then into the good-natured unsuspecting Anglo-Saxon world; tripping into good society; making fine acquaintances, but getting nothing from them beyond the privilege of doing an errand or two. The little scoundrel was hatching mischief all the time. He watched and waited; caught us in the Castle of Indolence at last; set his pretty pasty cheeks by the brown ones of his natural enemy; vowed they were the comelier; and in an evil day got us to believe him.

Here is an old English play-bill; the date is June 4, without the year; but the year was about 1770: "A comedy called *Much Ado about Nothing*, written by Shakspeare, will be performed. It will *BEGAN* exactly at seven."

Here is another, no farther back than 1812: "Mr. Kemble will appear in Shakespeare's tragedy of *Coriolanus*, and the performance will begin at seven o'clock." There was some stuff in us then. We were fighting the French, and had a respect for our Bs and our Gs. We knew we were Britons, and felt we were Great; we had to talk of Bullets and Bayonets, of Guns and Gashes, of Badajoz and Gibraltar, of Grape-shot and Battles, of Banners, Breezes, the Bay of Biscay, and St. George. We had Grappled with Gaul; we were Beating Boney; we were marching through Bloody Breaches to the Gates of Glory. That was no time to put a slight on the two most stalwart letters in the alphabet—the very initials of Great Britain's name. But peace came, with soft narcotics and luxurious joys. The tired sinews yielded; the tongue forgot its grand old battle-songs, and began to babble of mild music and eider-down. Alas, not so! Beginnings had grown too hard and strong for it. It Began no longer—it COMMENCED.

We owe this precious word immediately to France; and it established its present usurpation by something of a *coup d'état*. On the morning of Wednesday, the 20th of March, 1820, the following announcement appeared at the head of the leading column in the *Times*:

"As we have received several complaints respecting the publication of the *Times* from the Secretary of the Society of News-venders, we shall for the future, in order to exculpate him and ourselves, publish every morning the hour at which the journal of the preceding day was delivered. We shall BEGIN to-morrow."

They never Began. On the following day this fatal sentence was read:

"The publication of the *Times* COMMENCED yesterday at six o'clock, and was finished by nine."

The blow was struck. The brave old Saxon word had been elbowed out. He turned nevertheless astonished and expostulating, and even held his ground for the space of eight-and-forty hours. On the next day and the next, the publication of the *Times* "Began" according to the official paragraph. Then all was over. On Monday, April 3, it was once more announced that "the publication of the *Times* COMMENCED at six o'clock on Saturday morning." Now Saturday was the 1st of April.

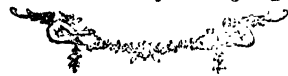
As far as we know, with the exception of one single day, about a week afterwards, the base intruder has kept his place above the leading article of the first journal in the world ever since that Festival of Fools; and under cover of this distinguished patronage, he has wormed his way into general society. We meet him every where, plump and smirking, polished and prim. He is likely enough to lord it over our entire literature, from our Bibles to our nursery-rhymes. A few years longer, and our children's children may learn in wonderment, that when the pie was opened the birds commenced to sing, and that the little old woman on the king's highway commenced to shiver and commenced to shake, while her little dog he commenced to bark. They may be taught to sing, "Commence, my soul," at morning service; and, as a climax of horrors, to read at last in the Book of Genesis, that in the commencement God created the heavens and the earth.

Out upon these finikin soft syllables—this mollusk of a word! Rely upon it, any thing that Commences has some rascally affectation about it. Operas Commence, and so do modern dramas—*Peter Wilkins*, or the *Flying Indians*, for example. Fashionable schools always Commence; fashionable services do the same. But think of a British oak Commencing to grow. It might grow into a fiddlestick perhaps, but never into the wooden walls of England. Let France take back her own and keep him. A Frenchman, *parbleu!* may Commence an affair with a good conscience; John Bull can do nothing of the kind. He Commences no affairs, not he. He Begins his business like an Anglo-Saxon, and in the same likeness brings it to an end. Let it not even be said, that John Bull forgets his origin in his oaths, and swears after all in Latin. He swears in Indo-European; and though

he had better not swear any more, his national bad word, with little difference in sound or sense, may have been heard on the plains of Iran before Romulus was born.

Let us look to it betimes, or this foreign usurpation will not stop here or any where till it has gagged every manly word in our native language. We mean no disrespect to the tongues of other lands. They are well enough for their own purposes, but they were never made for ours. French for France, and English for ourselves. They are like a man and his sister. Kiss and be two they may; marry and be one they never can. We took what we wanted from our neighbours centuries ago. We may still be beholden to them for a new word where we lack an old one; but to bring words across the Channel for the mere supplanting of our own better ones, is to have a second Norman conquest, another battle of Hastings, and Edith once more seeking Harold among the slain.

Wake up, sons and daughters of old England; rid yourselves of this pitiful weak word! "Words," said Bacon, "as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding." When the words are feeble, their imbecility returns upon your thoughts themselves. Never think you can go on Commencing with the vigour with which your forefathers Began; you may as soon do a day's work on a frog and an omelette. Renounce this pet picaninny of modern speech; or, if you must needs have a last word with him, why then Commence at once to say that henceforth you are going to BEGIN.



AN EPISODE FROM NORWEGIAN PEASANT-LIFE.

By FREDERICA ROWAN.

I HAD spent the day on one of the beautiful fjords that indent the coast of Norway, "thrusting their many-fingered arms into the very heart of the country." Towards evening, the breeze, which, coming from the open sea, had tempered the previous heat, fell; and as the sultriness of the atmosphere now seemed to weigh with double heaviness on my Norwegian boatmen, who had plied their oars lustily during the whole day, I determined to give them a rest. We put to land at the nearest point, a little promontory projecting into the bay, close to where a mountain-stream, or *elva*, leaped into its bosom. The promontory was covered with a soft and verdant carpet of moss, which offered a welcome couch to our cramped limbs; and a mighty oak, overspreading a little thicket of dwarfed hazel-bushes, brier-roses, and gigantic crimson-belled foxgloves, afforded pleasant protection against the rays of the sun, which was still high in the heavens, notwithstanding the advanced hour. The dark dome of the oak stood out in fine relief against the brighter verdure of the hanging birches, the wild apple-trees, and the alders that covered the hill-sides which closed in around us, and which, rising ridge above ridge further inland, ended in snow-capped fjelds. While two of my men were engaged in bringing up from the boat such things as we might require, and others busied themselves in lighting a fire to boil the coffee, which is the favourite beverage of the Norwegian *bonde*, or peasant, and which they had been looking forward to with much pleasure, I stretched myself on the soft moss-carpet, and contemplated the beautiful landscape that surrounded me. In front, far as my eye could reach, the waters of the fjord lay extended like a mirror, reflecting on its polished surface the colours and outlines of the mighty fjelds and the clear blue of the heavens. The rush of the *elva* as they came foaming down from the high ridges sounded louder in the deep stillness of the evening, broken by their voices only, and by the short sharp bark of a dog that was driving a flock of sheep up one of the slopes. In a little while the sun went down behind the snowy crests, leaving only a remembrance of himself in the golden clouds that hung above them, and in the rosy hues that tinged the

glaciers. The voice of the dog was now lost in the distance; but a faint echo of it still came down to us with the stronger and deeper murmur of the *elvs*, which, together with the gathering clouds and the increasing sultriness of the air, announced a coming storm.

The "brown nectar" had been made and partaken of; and the men, gathered in a circle round the fire, which exercised its powers of attraction over them in spite of the summer-heat, were fixing expectant looks on one of their number, whose natural superiority was recognised by his comrades in the leadership they had tacitly assigned to him. Björn Halvorsen,—such was the name of this fine specimen of a Norwegian, half-peasant, half-fisherman, who was as experienced in combating the dangers of the deep, as in tracking the bear on the mountain-slopes and felling the rein-deer on the snowy peaks,—was a tall broad-shouldered fellow, with a prominent nose, bushy eyebrows, hair like a shaggy mane, and a pair of open clear blue eyes that seemed to let you look into the depths of his honest heart. Björn had travelled far and wide in his native land, was acquainted with the folk-lore of the coast-dwellers as well as of the mountaineers, and could not only tell a tale of the *nikke** of every creek, turn, or *cln*; and the *huldref*† of every mountain-valley, but knew the private history of the inmates of every cottage under whose roof he had passed a night. During the period we had spent together, visiting all the inlets of the beautiful *fjord*, he was welcomed as a friend wherever we landed; and hardly a boat passed us that he could not name every man of the crew, and give a sketch of his character and history. When I say, that to this universal knowledge was joined a voice unusually sonorous and flexible, great volubility of speech, and a lively temperament, with a goodly admixture of humour, no one will be surprised that Björn should be the favourite storyteller wherever he appeared, and that he was not loth to exhibit his talent. The locality in which we were taking our present siesta was as well known to him as every other point on the *fjord*; and pointing to a farm that lay some way up the valley, or rather ravine, on the bank of the *elv* that I have mentioned, he informed his listeners that it belonged to Helge Halvorsen; adding, "But for all that it looks so snug and so cheery amid the cornfields, there is gloom enough within, I trow; for a dead bride brings no sunshine into a man's house."

"A dead bride, Björn! what do you mean?" asked I, hoping that his answer might afford me some further insight into the life and character of the hardy Norwegian race, who, like their forefathers, whose history is recorded in the ancient Scandinavian Sagas, conceal deep and fiery passions under an appearance of calm and self-possession almost amounting to phlegma.

My inquiry evidently pleased Björn, for it gave him an opportunity of indulging his love for narrative. Having filled his pipe, and lighted it with a brand from the fire, which was still burning, he took a long whiff, and then began as follows, with an unction which plainly indicated that he meant to spare us no details:

"This is how it came about. Do you see, some mile or so further up the *elv* lives Sigrid Olaf's daughter, from Guldbrandsdal. Sigrid belongs to one of those peasant-families who say that they descend from our ancient kings, and who are ever too proud to cross their blood with any less noble. How, therefore, she came to marry Björn Embretsen is more than I can tell; for I never heard that Björn had other than common peasant-blood in his veins. Mayhap, however, when Sigrid was young she thought more of a comely face and a loving heart than of a long pedigree, and didn't ask her parents what they thought; but certain it is, that after she was left a widow in sole possession of a good farm, and a handsome penny besides, she held up her head as high as if she had been only one generation removed from King Harald

Haarfager (the Fairhaired), her ancestor, and was ever telling people of what kin she came. This was probably the reason why she was so long in deciding among the many suitors who used to dangle about her pretty daughter Ragnhild, on the Saturday eve, when the young people come together for pastime,—in winter at the different farmhouses, in summer outside the *saters** in the mountain-pastures. But though Sigrid would not decide for any of the young men, there was one against whom she had all along made up her mind, and this was the very one Ragnhild had let into her young heart. Eysten Arnesen and she had been playfellows in childhood; and when they grew up they did not learn to like each other's company less. When it was Ragnhild's turn to be at the *sater* in summer to milk the cows and attend to the churning of butter and making of cheese, Eysten was always the first of the young men on the spot on the Saturday evening; and he would help her to scour the wooden milk-bowls and arrange them neatly on the shelves, to drive in the cattle† from the evening bite, to light the smouldering smoky fires to scare away the gnats that would otherwise leave the poor brutes no peace, and to wreathe the window of the *sater* with flowers from the mountain-glens, and to strew the floor with fragrant sprigs of pine against the coming Sunday. And when all the young men and maidens assembled on the grassy dikes outside the *saters* after sunset, to amuse themselves with singing and playing on the Jews'-harp, it was always observed that Ragnhild and Eysten's voices blended more sweetly than any others. Then, at new year, Ragnhild always took care that Eysten should be her *rokman*,‡ and he never would buy himself off with a spinning-wheel, though the skeins§ of yarn Ragnhild presented him with at Christmas were always thicker and more artfully plaited than those she gave the other boys; but then the wooden bowls and spoons he gave in return for these were so beautifully carved round the borders and on the handles, and all by his own hand, that it excited the envy of the other maidens of the *bygd*||.

"Though, in addition to his powers of pleasing, Eysten was a good son to his aged mother, and a more industrious worker than any other young man in the *bygd*, yet Sigrid set her face against him because his father had left his farm in debt, and until this debt was paid, hard work and small cheer must be the lot of Eysten and his belongings; and when she found that, in spite of her remonstrances, the two young people sought each other's company as much as ever, she at last forbid Ragnhild to speak to Eysten, and led the poor girl a sad life. On one occasion, even when some of Björn's kin, touched by Ragnhild's pale cheeks and Eysten's dejected looks, and the hopeless way he went about his work, put in a good word for them, saying, that where there was youth and strength, and industry and love, and honest hearts and a right good-will, greater difficulties might be overcome than those that beset Eysten, old Sigrid was so incensed, that she swore in anger that rather would she know her daughter at the bottom of the *elv* than she would see her married to that beggarly fellow, and to the son of a man who knew not how to take care of his own.

"Thus stood matters when Helge Halvorsen came forward as a suitor. Helge is a good-looking fellow enough; and having no sisters or brothers to share with him, he fol-

* *Châlets*.

† It is the women exclusively who tend the cattle in the mountain-pastures, and attend to the dairy-work; and the women of a household generally take it by turns to be there. The cows are brought into the enclosure round the *sater* three times a-day to be milked, and remain there at night. The three periods of the day with reference to the cattle are distinguished as the morning, the midday, and the evening bite.

‡ The first young man who sees a maiden at her spinning-wheel on New Year's Day is called her *rokman*, and is believed to be destined to marry her, if he do not buy himself off with the present of a spinning-wheel.

§ It is customary for the maidens to give the young men, as a Christmas-gift, skeins of woollen and linen thread, with which "the boys" mend their own clothes.

|| The rural population in Norway is not gathered in villages; but people living within a certain distance of each other are said to belong to the same *bygd*, or populated tract, form a kind of community, and cultivate much kindly intercourse.

* Water-sprite.

† Mountain-spirit, bearing the appearance of a woman with a cow's tail.

lowed his father in the farm without having to pay out a farthing,* and few young men in the *bygd* could be considered his equal in wealth. But what, above all things, found him favour in Sigrid's eyes was, that Helge was descended from one of the families of the ancient *jarls* (earls), that were as good as kings in the olden times Sigrid loved so much to dwell upon; and it was as if she thought that, in compelling Ragnhild to marry him, she would make good again what she had done amiss when she married Björn Embretsen; and so, though Ragnhild wept and wrung her hands, and Eysten spoke words of sorrow that would have melted a stone, the wedding was fixed for last Whitsuntide.

"When the day came round, the sun shone brightly, and the earth looked as joyous in its fresh green spring-dress as if it were itself a happy bride; but not so looked poor Ragnhild. In Sigrid's house every thing had been made clean and bright for the festive occasion. Round the fireplace were wreathed branches of fresh-blown birch; bunches of wild flowers stood in jars on a large chest of drawers richly decorated with brass,—one of those heirlooms which we Norwegian peasants prize so highly, and hand down from generation to generation with so much pride. Outside the door stood the two slender silver-stemmed birches, indispensable at weddings; and within the floor was strewn with pine-twigs, and a white sheet was spread as a baldachin above the seat to be occupied by the bride at the festive meal, which is always partaken of before starting for church. And there sat Ragnhild already decked out in the bridal-gear. Her stomacher was spangled with silver and gold; her waist encircled by a silver belt; her glossy brown hair, usually braided smoothly over her forehead and tucked up behind under the close-fitting hood, was frizzled in front, and bedizened with tinsel-flowers, and tied up behind with silver and red ribbons that streamed down her back, as the women will have it on these occasions; and on the top of all was the virgin-coronet, which virtuous brides only may wear. But all this finery could not restore to Ragnhild the fresh roses on her cheeks, the merry flash in her eye, and the bright smile round her little mouth, that had made her the pride of the *bygd*; these had withered and fled with her hopes, and now she sat there drooping and pale, like the flowers in the mountain-glens when a sudden frost has nipped them; and though the house was full of guests, who had come early to bring their wedding-offerings of thick cream, new cheese, and sweet cake and bread, to help towards the feast, and the tables were spread with good cheer, we all walked about as quietly and stealthily as if we had come to a funeral instead of to a wedding, hardly venturing to speak above our breath. Each time the sound of a horse's hoofs were heard outside Ragnhild started as if from a dream. She did not weep, but she did not speak, and would take no part in the packing of the large wooden chest which generally accompanies a bride to her new home; and when she was asked any question about it, she would say: 'O never mind; do as you like.' Once, however, when one of the bridesmaids showed her a piece of finery, and asked where it was to go, she caught her friend round the arm, and bursting into tears, said: 'O, don't ask me, don't; I shall never, never wear it.' No one knew what to make of her; for latterly she had seemed so resigned, that every one thought she had made up her mind to put a good face upon what could not be helped; yet now that the moment had come, it seemed as if all life had been crushed out of her. Mother Sigrid, who was bustling in and out of the kitchen, as if her only care was about the meat and drink, said that Ragnhild had caught cold and had a pain in her head; but one of the women whispered to me that Eysten had been there the night before, and she dare say that was the reason Ragnhild hung her head so.

"Every thing was ready, and we were only waiting for

* The Norwegian peasant-farmers are all proprietors; and, as the right of primogeniture does not prevail in the country, to prevent the subdivision of land, it is usual for the eldest son to follow his father in possession of this, on condition of paying his brothers and sisters their share in cash.

the bridegroom. It was in the flood-time; and as the current in the *elv* runs very high at this period, and it was hard work to row up against it, it was decided that Helge should ride up along the horse-track that makes a considerable circuit; but that the young couple should go home down the river in Sigrid's boat. At length the young men who were on the look-out gave notice that the bridegroom was coming; and Helge and his bridesman soon made their appearance in proper style, the forelocks of their horses tied up with red and green ribbons. When Helge entered, the guests had already taken their seats on the narrow wooden benches around the tables, and his eye fell at once on Ragnhild, who sat pale, like a corpse, in the high seat. He had known full well all the time that she was not willing to marry him; but he had thought, as so many a man has thought before him, that when once she was his wife she would make up her mind to like him, and all would go on well. But now, when he saw her sitting there more like one ready to be borne to the grave than like one going to the altar, and remarked that when he gave her his hand and greeted her with a few kind words, her lips seemed to cleave together, and she could bring out no word in return, a sharp pain seemed to shoot through him, and no doubt he began to repent that he had not taken more account of the girl's feelings; for after standing a little while as if in deep thought, he asked Sigrid to go into the next room with him, and probably spoke to her on the subject,—for their voices grew louder and louder, and Sigrid was heard to say, that it was too late now, and that they could not be making themselves the talk and the laughing-stock of the *bygd*. Most likely Helge felt that he had not the courage to do so, even though poor Ragnhild's happiness was at stake; for when he came back with Sigrid, both took their seats at the table, and no more was said about the matter. But a gloom had settled upon us all, and hardly a word was spoken at the beginning of the festive repast. Presently, however, the draughts of beer and brandy with which the rich cream-porridge was washed down began to loosen the tongues of the guests, and something like the usual mirthful chat of a wedding-feast buzzed round the table; though Ragnhild still sat stiff and cold like a stone statue, raising her spoon mechanically to her mouth, in obedience to her mother's winks and nudges, but without ever letting the food pass her lips. At length the foreman (chairman), an important personage at our wedding-feasts, rapped his spoon against his wooden platter,—the usual signal for silence. Then followed the customary speech, inviting the guests to contribute a gift towards the future housekeeping of the young couple, and each guest proclaimed aloud what he or she intended to give. Some gave money, one a goat, another a pig, and so on. When this was over, grace was said; and after the so-called dinner-hymn and farewell-hymn were sung, the whole assembly put itself in motion to proceed to the church, which stands on a hill at some distance from Sigrid's house.

"While we were waiting outside for the parson, who had not yet arrived, I saw Ragnhild make her way into the churchyard and up to her father's grave, where she stood some time with her hands folded over her prayer-book. The kerchief that covered her head concealed her face from prying eyes; and what may have been her thoughts while she stood there, no one knows. Maybe she sent up a prayer to Him who is the master of life and death, to grant to her also soon a quiet resting-place under that simple stone, and maybe a feeling told her that her prayer was heard; for when, roused by the rumbling of the pastor's old chaise that was drawing nigh, she joined us again, we all remarked that her step was firmer, and that a slight colour tinged her cheek.

"You have seen some of the new churches in our country, sir, which I think ugly enough,—all gray slate, roof and walls; but the church of yonder *bygd* is one of the old-fashioned ones that seem to be part and parcel of the land,—for they are built entirely of the pine-trees that cover our

high mountain-slopes; the pillars that uphold the galleries within are some of the tallest and straightest stems that have ever been cut in our forests. The ornaments round the tops of the pillars are of the cones of these same pine-trees; and the angels' heads and other carved ornaments are the handywork of the lads of each tract: for the Norwegians were ever clever carvers in wood. The little windows, high up under the eaves, let in the daylight so sparingly, that a mysterious twilight always reigns within; and somehow or other, to me, the psalms never sound half so hearty and solemn in the large stone-churches, with their grand organs, as they do in these little log-churches in the mountains, where each man and woman sings to the best of the voice God has given them, and never mind how much it may grate on the ear here below so that it reaches on high the One for whom it is intended. But to come back to Ragnhild's wedding.

"The church seemed dismal-like with the candles burning on the altar, and the air struck cold against us as we entered from the bright sunlight and the scorching heat outside. But the ceremony proceeded as usual; and nothing remarkable happened until the parson pronounced the words, 'And thus I proclaim you, before God and man, united in the bonds of holy wedlock'—when a deep groan sounded through the church. To me it seemed to come from a part of the gallery which lay in deep shade, but others said afterwards that they were sure it came from the vaults below. On Ragnhild it made a fearful impression; she had to be carried out of church half-fainting, and when she was put into the saddle again, she was hardly able to keep her seat.

"The usual dancing and merrymaking after the wedding was given up on this occasion, for Ragnhild had begged so hard not to be forced to dance when her heart was so heavy; but the 'singing the black hood on,' as it is called, was to be gone through. The marriage-rite would hardly have been deemed complete without it. In general this ceremony does not take place until towards the end of the evening's dance; when the report of a rifle gives the signal for the guests, headed by bridesmaids and bridesmen, to enter in procession the room where the bride, having taken off her bridal gear, stands ready to have the dark hood, worn by married women alone, put on her head by the bridegroom, while the bystanders, forming a circle around them, sing an appropriate song. But at Ragnhild's wedding we had neither procession nor song, every thing seemed to be done in a tremble and a flutter; and to Mother Sigrid, with her pride of ancestry and her constant talk about the royal state that used to reign in her family, it must have been a dire disappointment to see even our usual time-honoured customs partly set aside at her daughter's wedding. Perhaps it may have made her reflect how she was sacrificing the reality to a dream; for she seemed anxious at last to get the young couple off as soon as might be; and while Helge was lingering at the refreshment-tables with his friends, she hurried Ragnhild down to the river-side, where the boat lay ready loaded with the maiden's large chest, and the numberless wooden bowls and platters and pails and churns that belong to a Norwegian *gjente's* dowry. The tears were running down Sigrid's cheeks by this time; but Ragnhild seemed in a kind of stupor. She took her seat in the boat without even noticing the people assembled on the high banks, who were waving a farewell with hats and kerchiefs. Among the rest was a knot of young men who had not been among the invited guests; and amid whom, to the astonishment of all, Eysten had been observed for some time giving way to explosions of wild and boisterous mirth. Mother Sigrid had left the landing-place, and was standing on the bank with the rest, and Helge was just seen coming from the house to join Ragnhild, when Eysten darted from the group that surrounded him. In one bound he was down on a level with the boat; an energetic push with his foot set it afloat, and vaulting into it and seizing the oars, he was in the middle of the current before the bystanders had time to recover from their surprise. 'No need to hurry; it is my turn now;

I'll take the bride home,' cried he, with a wild laugh, to the amazed Helge; and in a few minutes the boat shot round a bend in the river and was lost sight of.

"The young folks seemed inclined to laugh at the bewildered Helge; the old ones shook their heads, and said it was a silly joke; for no one thought it was any thing but that, except perhaps Mother Sigrid, on whose face gathered a dark cloud as of a dreadful foreboding. As for Helge, there was nothing for him to do but to get to horse and ride home as he had come; and many of us followed him to see the end, never doubting but that we should find Ragnhild at the farmhouse by the time we got there. And there indeed we found her; but, God help us, it was only her corpse. Some hundred yards above Helge's place, a tongue of land, on which stands one of those Bauta stones, with runic inscriptions that keep alive the memories of olden times, juts out into the river, and round it runs a fearful current. Here the boat lay, keel upwards; and further down, in the rushes, close to Helge's landing-place, were the bodies of the lovers locked in each other's arms. Whether it was accident, or whether it was made up between them, is only known to Him to whom there are no secrets in heaven or on earth."

THE THEATRES

It is not in these columns that the pretensions of Mr. Westland Marston's new play at the Lyceum can be discussed. The production of the work and its results have been amply dealt with by the general press, and to its testimony we refer our readers.

Still the obvious motives which enforce silence as to the author must not prejudice the claims of the actors to our full and fair recognition. The proof furnished of Mr. Dillon's capacity to carry to a successful issue a character perfectly distinct from any that he has yet attempted, shows an extent of range in the performer of the highest interest to all who are concerned in the maintenance of a national drama. The part confided to him is that of one whose pride and passion in the earlier scenes have to be subsequently expiated by intense suffering and self-immolation; and so to render the character as at once plainly to set forth its error, and yet to enlist the full sympathy of the audience for its struggles, is a task which demands, not only the fire and pathos so often commended in Mr. Dillon, but a fine discrimination, which is amongst the last graces of the accomplished artist. The wild energy with which the scorn of a proud and impetuous spirit was developed by Mr. Dillon; the sudden transition from rage at his supposed enemy to scorn of the tempter who counsels his betrayal; the terrible earnestness with which the victim's escape is urged; the cry of heartbroken agony with which the erring man falls when his friend and sister are arrested; his torpor changing to the might of despair when he seizes the arch-machinator; his touching parting with those whom he rescues, and the grand exultation with which he surrenders himself to their former doom, must be ranked amongst the most brilliant of this actor's achievements. Mrs. Dillon, who on the first night had to struggle with severe indisposition, converted her very difficulties into a foil that brought out more vividly her genuine feeling and passion. She took the house by surprise, and proved that for the performance of the emotional drama the Lyceum could boast of an actress worthy to share with her husband those honours which have been awarded to him by the unanimous voice of criticism.

Mr. Stuart, by the judgment and vigour with which he interpreted a repulsive character; Mr. Barrett, by his genial heartiness and unrestrained humour—worthy of a far more important part; and Mr. McLoim, as the young lover, contributed materially to the common result. The way in which the piece was put upon the stage merits the highest praise. We would particularly instance, among the scenic effects, the hall of Revesdale Castle, with its gallery, its massive staircase, and those ancestral figures, amidst which the

daughter of the house takes her stand at the close of the fourth act, spiritualised, as it were, by the moonlight into another family-picture amongst those of her line. The concluding scene, representing the landing of William III. and the fleet in the bay, was a masterpiece of scenic art. It need scarcely be observed, that some of the most striking proofs of histrionic power have at times been displayed in very faulty plays, and that the admitted merits of the performers in the present one leave those of the dramatist fully open to question.

We must not conclude our notice of this theatre without stating, that *Othello* has been successively repeated to crowded houses; a fact the more gratifying, because the scenery, though adequate, presents no special attraction, and leaves the poet's genius to the only aid on which it can rightfully depend—that of the actor.

At the Haymarket a most effective little *drame*, entitled *A Wicked Wife*, an adaptation from a posthumous work of Madame Girardin, has been produced with deserved success. The heroine, to protect her husband from suspicion during the Reign of Terror, assumes the character of a fierce republican, and feigns to trample on all the instincts that endear and consecrate woman in favour of those heartless abstractions which were in vogue during the first French Revolution. The interest is derived from the contrast between the feminine devotion of the wife in her real character, and her counterfeited adoption of those principles which scoff at all social bonds and domestic ties, and which, if generally embraced, would have eminently entitled her to the designation "a wicked wife." The little drama is of the best class, relying as it does upon the development of human emotion rather than upon forced incidents and mere stage-contrivances. The personation of the heroine by Miss Reynolds was distinguished by a true dramatic feeling of the contrasts which the character presents. Her acting was at once simple and striking. Mr. Howe and Mr. Rogers were more than usually individual in their respective parts, and Mr. Compton, by his droll terror at the possibility of accidentally committing treason against the ruling powers, capably relieved the serious interest.

Before these remarks are printed, another version of Madame Girardin's work will probably have been produced at the Lyceum.

An original farce, entitled *A Splendid Investment*, has been produced at the Olympic. The author is Mr. Bayle Bernard, one of the few undebated English writers for the stage who still remain to us. His latest work is full of event and interest, and gives capital opportunities of a new kind to Robson, who avails himself of them to exhibit in its utmost force that extraordinary blending of the humorous and tragic elements peculiar to himself. Still later, a new adaptation from the drama of Madame Girardin has been put upon the boards of this popular little theatre. The English version is from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor. The word *version*, indeed, must be accepted in its widest sense; for the work is so thoroughly Anglicised, and bears so plain a stamp of Mr. Taylor's power to blend the more intellectual qualities of his art with stage-effect, that we think we might attribute to him personally much that is excellent in dialogue and in the working-up of situation. The mainspring of the interest here is the successful endeavour of a wife in the period of the Monmouth Insurrection to save her husband by diplomatising with Kirke, whom her beauty has captivated. The part of the wife, very dramatic in itself, is rendered by Mrs. Stirling with admirable tact and power.

Mr. Phelps may refer with honest pride to the production, at Sadler's Wells, of his thirtieth Shaksperian play, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This charming exposition of Shakspeare's mind in its youth is mounted with great beauty, and acted with all that equality of talent which insures the fit representation of even the smallest character.

At the Princess's there is no change to chronicle; the most satisfactory record of all, we should apprehend, to a management. No pages of Mr. Kean's "Pictorial Shak-

spere" have been found more attractive than those which illustrate the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Richard II.*, we hear, is to be the next of the gorgeous and tasteful pageants for which this house is celebrated.

Our present chronicle looks more eulogistic than critical; but as the facts it narrates happen to be true, we must be content simply to say so.



PHILANTHROPY AD CRUMENAM.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

DEAR MRS. HOME,—In reading the amusing record of a "Flitting," in No. XVI. of your noble NATIONAL MAGAZINE, I came upon a passage concerning the relations of rich and poor, which, from its plausible appearance, is sure to be so acceptable to the foibles of some readers, the ignorance of others, and the ill-balanced constitutions of that great majority of us, who are neither so good nor so bad as to escape the reproofs of conscience, and in whom therefore the continual business of the intellect is to find excuse for the misbehaviours of the heart, that I cannot refrain from a few words of commentary.

And as the "Home" is precisely that department of life, and of the Magazine, in which the great principles of social intercourse may most fitly be considered, to you, madam, these few words shall be addressed.

The passage I have alluded to is, the declaration of the heroine of the "Flitting" with regard to a certain suburban milkboy, who had, with great patience, good humour, and intelligence, been, several times in the course of one morning, of important service to two "ladies" who were hunting for lodgings in his neighbourhood. It runs thus: "Heartily thanking him,—and I beg to observe, ONLY thanking him, as we consider it a great error and a great insult to the poorer classes that they should be taught to do solely for lucre's sake little civilities which the richer do from simple kindness,—we left our milkboy."

Neither authoress nor heroine gives us the milkboy's *sotto voce* as the "ladies" turned their smiling faces homeward. I happened to be by at the time, and am sorry to testify that it was as follows:

"Vell, if them ain't the hartfull dodgers, I'm blowed!"

Now in justice, madam, to those of the more fortunate classes who are sincerely desirous to assist in the moral and mental amelioration of society, and in justice also to *amigo mi*, the milkboy, who is, I assure you, at heart quite as good-natured, kindly, and honest-blooded a fellow as the "ladies" supposed, let me offer my small contribution towards that right conduct of the intercourse between rich and poor which must result from just notions, not of their possible and ideal, but of their positive and real relations. An eminent modern writer has called those great mutual debtors "the two nations." That they should be "two" is indeed a grievous fact, and their fusion into a great whole is among the noblest of ambitions; but meanwhile our success in making them in future one depends on our perception that they are at present two. Having recognised this twoness (duality is not the word), we must place ourselves by turns in each nation, and contemplate the other from without, before we can understand the action and reaction between them. For when separate nationalities turn their eyes upon each other there is always a certain moral perspective at any difference of elevation by which the true features of each are foreshortened and unbalanced; and wherever interaction is regulated by mutual necessities, the

wants of either party will value in the other only those qualities which minister supply, and will magnify the presence or absence of such qualities to the rank of characteristic virtues and vices. Consequently it often happens in alliances of all kinds, that the evils in the contractors which are the greatest obstructions to union are by no means those which are most serious *per se*; and in any attempt to bring about a coaction, your success, my benevolent friend, will depend, not on your perception of the absolute truth respecting them, but upon your knowledge of the shape in which each appears to the other, and of the feelings, on either side resulting from that appearance.

"We English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light."

To us, standing outside, their lightness is the quality which circumstances have made most obvious. The French look across the Channel with as little chance of getting at the sum-total of England. The French may not be "light;" but a wise France wishing to ally with England would take care not to show the suspected foible; and what should we say of that statesman of "*perfidie Albion*" who began his negotiations for a French alliance with any thing that looked like a breach of faith? A really cordial union must always be preceded by mutual confidence, and mutual confidence can only follow mutual respect. And respect in the popular mind is accorded more to negative than to positive virtue: it is useless to display your good qualities, if you have not first removed suspicion of your bad. Probably no modern man has been so much respected as the late Duke of Wellington; but we respected him, not because no man possessed more talents, but because no man made so few mistakes.

Let France show that she is steadfast, and we will learn her other virtues; let England prove that she is sincere, and France is prepared to see the remainder of her goodness. What is true of the two nations on opposite shores of the Channel is true also of the two nations which from generation to generation have been divided by the sea of worldly circumstances,

"and all that roar."

The rich never speak of the poor, nor the poor of the rich, as the rich of the rich and the poor of the poor. Each class sees the other from without instead of from within; and relative vices and relative virtues have shaped the whole idiom of social language. "A good servant" is one who is obedient, honest, and respectful: we do not ask if he be pure, benevolent, or devout, and only inquire if he is religious, because religion is in some indefinite way supposed to be connected with honesty. The habitual phrases of the poor regarding the rich are similarly special and incomprehensive; and on both sides, as might be expected, these peculiarities of language are the outcomes of thoughts and feelings equally partial selfish and unjust which have become to the "two nations," in the lapse of hereditary ages, native and involuntary attitudes of mind. It is precisely because the opinions, fears, and suspicions of the two parties have become thus innate and involuntary that no calculation concerning them can be successful which does not begin with assuming these as fixed quantities. You must neutralise your crude chemicals before you can hold them in common and peaceful solution. You must "rectify the globe" to the given meridian, if you expect your theory to accord with nature's practice. Your instruments must be brought to concert-pitch before you commence your concerto. You must restore the balance of your unequal scales before you can expect your pound-weight to answer for a pound.

Now in that creed concerning the rich, with which experience has indoctrinated the poor, there is one clause, fundamental and omenical, from which nearly all others are the mere logical conclusions. It is this: that the money-holding is naturally and legitimately the money-

paying "nation"—a kind of Providential mechanism for the dispensation of gold and silver. The first result of this clause is, that the acceptance of benefits by one party from the other is accompanied by no sense of degradation in the recipient. Don't hold up your hands, Mrs. Home,—do you feel any humiliation in taking your daily sunshine? nay, in getting crops from the earth, or fruit from the trees? nay, in drawing your prize in the Art-Union, or digging your thimble out of a twelfth-cake? Once let there be unquestioning belief that any thing is in the inevitable order of nature, and we lose the sense of humiliation in submitting to it. How far such a belief in the present instance is admirable is not the question. It is an existing fact, and a fact which you can only remove, if you wish to remove it, by means which must begin by an accommodation to its existence and a recognition of its results.

The next consequence of that fundamental clause is the division of the rich by the eyes of the poor into two great classes of very unequal size; those who exact one-half of the social contract, Work, without a full performance of the other, Pay, and those who in such matters are just or generous; in other words (the poor man's words), into the "mean" and the "frechanded."

And because of those peculiarities of all judgments *ab extra*, which I alluded to at the beginning of these remarks, "meanness" has come with the poor to be typical of all vice, and liberality to be representative of all virtue.

Why, you yourself, *mon cher* (I'm not speaking to you, of course, dear Mrs. Home, but to young Broadlands here, who had got as far as "curse their—" before I could remind him you are an editress), you yourself act on the same principle every day. If you suspect your groom of dishonesty, are you relieved by learning that he is an expert fiddle-player? And when you find a lad of the right pluck and inches, orthodox in horseflesh and scrupulous in oats, does it trouble you to know he hasn't an ear for psalmody, and is somewhat behind in Lindley Murray? You tell me your James is a good fellow, and I know you mean primarily that he is honest; you spoke of Tom as a bad one, and I understood him to be a knave. Don't blame honest James, then, if when he calls you a good master he is chiefly thinking of your generosity; and that his notion of a bad one would be, "mean, sir, mean—that's what he is."

Therefore, in every attempt of the stranger rich—believed to be superabundant and suspected to be "mean"—to gain the confidence of the stranger poor—conscious of deficiency, and fearful of polite extortion—the first preliminary must be some unquestionable evidence of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. All the kindness and courtesy of the most radiant and "fraternising" face and manner are useless, my fair Signora Spilorcia, while there is the possibility of a selfish interest, or any thing which the quickness of inherited ingenuity may twist into an intention of substituting smiles for cash. And this not because the poor prefer cash to smiles, and loaves and fishes to fraternity. First "butter the parsnips," and then be sure that your "fine words" are infinitely more precious than your "butter."

Put your character beyond doubt,—as I'm sure you always do, dear Mrs. Home,—by those plain practical evidences which they understand, and nowhere may you feel more certainly of your friendship that it is "twice blessed" than with those whose daily toil it will dignify and sweeten, and who—you being you, and beyond suspicion—would not exchange one of your sympathising looks and words for a thousand times the sum that originally certified your sincerity. But till this sincerity is established, you may as well go to stroke a horse at grass with a whip in your hand as enter a cottage with your insignia of ladyhood, and expect the confidence of the "poor bodies" within; who may justly doubt your desire to extend to them the highest benefits when they find that out of your superfluity you grudge them sixpenn'orth of the lowest.

It is vain to say, "Peace, peace," where there is no peace;

to cry, "Brother, brother," where there is no genuine reciprocity. It is mere outrage for King Bomba to thuck Porio under the chin; and when Czar Nicholas kissed the patriot he was sending to Siberia, the philosopher standing by might see the theoretical virtue of the action, but to the miserable exile it seemed adding insult to injury. The lady who requests her men-servants and maid-servants to call her by her Christian name, who invites the peasantry of her neighbourhood to the equality of her evening-parties, who expects the cottager's wife to return her domiciliary visits and reciprocate her household and other advice, may afterwards, if she pleases, make gratuitous use of the time and knowledge of the poor, and allow a delicate and economical avoidance of any thing that might suggest inequality of fortune to save at once her conscience and—her pocket.

Till then the sufferers by one portion of social custom have a right to claim such benefits as result from an adherence to the other; and I shall never hear the fine-drawn sophistry of such canny philanthropists as the "fitting" "lady" without mentally repeating—in *variazioni* more or less civilised—the frank aside of my friend the milkboy—"Vell, if them ain't the hartfull dodgers, I'm blowed!"—I remain, &c.

S. D.

GARDEN NOVELTIES.

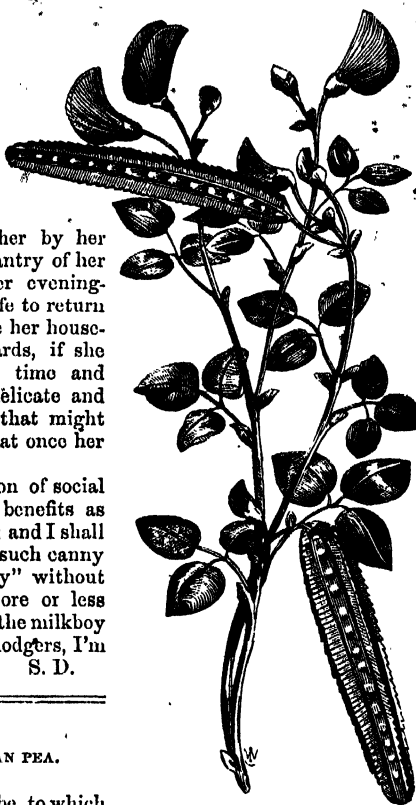
THE WINGED PEA AND THE EGYPTIAN PEA.

HERE are two curiosities of the pea-tribe, to which we call the attention of every lover of a garden. The first is a pretty ornament of very curious growth, the second a valuable addition to our list of esculents, the history of which is truly wonderful.

The Winged Pea is known to botanists as *Tetragonolobus purpurea*; it is an annual of low shrubby habit, does not require sticking or training, and is destitute of tendrils. It is very hardy, and may be sown at any time from November to May. In its early stages of growth, it is of a pleasant glaucous green; but as soon as its season of blooming arrives, it becomes, literally covered with butterfly-blossoms of the richest tints of crimson and maroon, the wings having a soft velvety look, similar to the petals of a well-grown pansy. It continues to bloom profusely for about four months; and if the pods are removed as fast as they appear, it will continue gay till the frost of autumn cuts it off. But to remove the pods would be to sacrifice one of its most interesting features; for these, unlike other peas, are *winged*; that is, each pod has four membranous fringes extending its whole length, and though the true pericarp is tubular in shape, the wings give the seed-vessel while it remains green the appearance of being four-sided. We grew a large patch of this last summer, and it was admired by all who saw it for its gay profusion of richly-coloured flowers, no less than for its very curiously-formed seed-vessel.

It thrives in any ordinary soil, but prefers a generous depth of well-manured loam; like other peas, a moist climate brings it to greatest perfection. It should be sown in a four-inch trench drawn with a hoe, the seeds at least four inches apart alternately, thus, As it gets above the trench, the earth should be drawn to its stems, and the trench filled up by degrees. It has some characteristics which seem favourable to its use as a bedding-plant; but as we have never used it in masses, we cannot speak positively on that head. As a border-ornament and curiosity it deserves to be better known.

The Egyptian Pea is an instance of vegetable resurrection, or at least resuscitation. It is a fragment of the old



THE WINGED PEA.

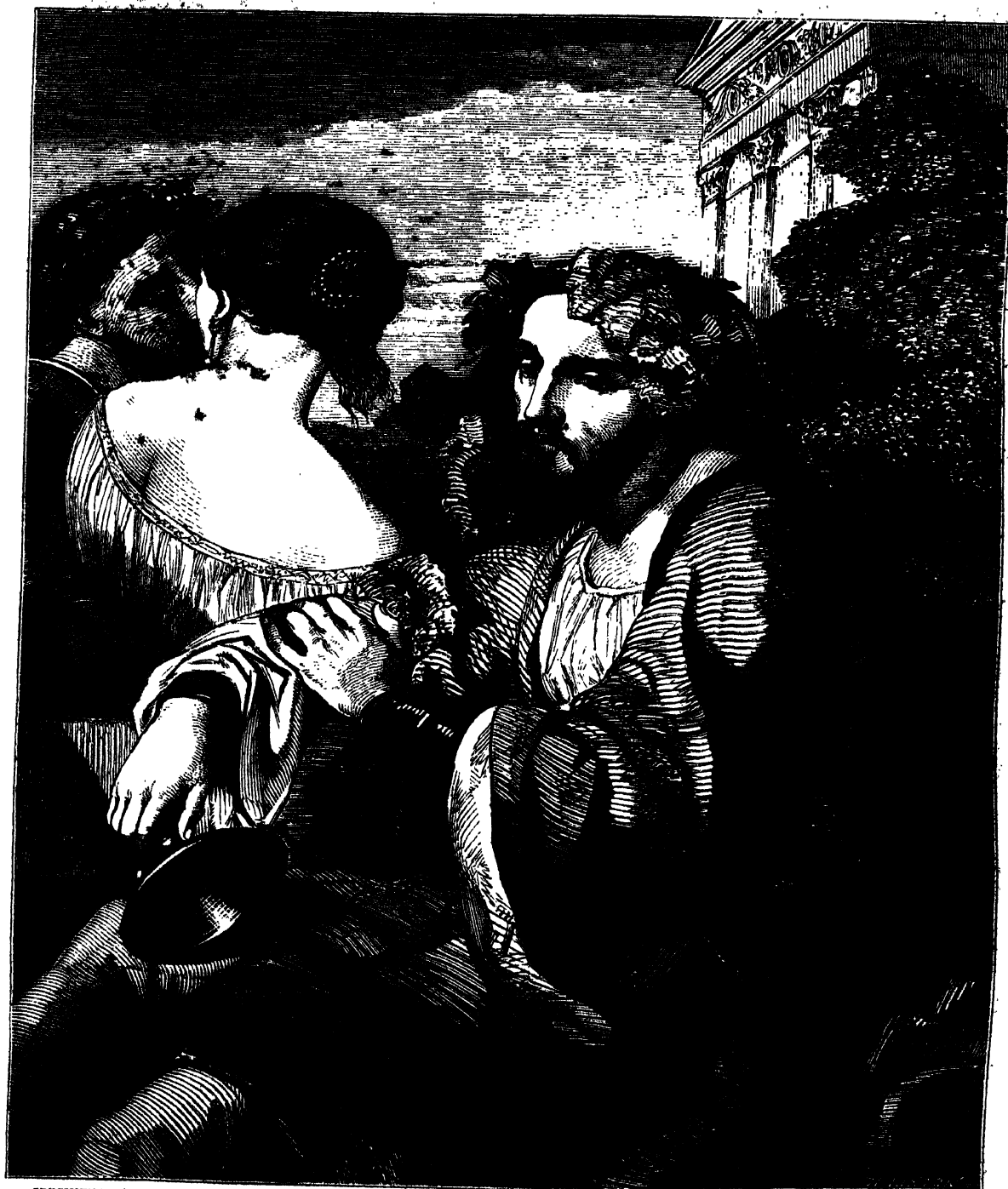
life of Egypt,—a true type of the luxurious fertility of the classic country of the Nile, and unquestionably the most truly historical of any esculent we possess. The circumstances that led to the discovery of this companion of mummies, and inhabitants of pyramids, are in themselves as interesting as the plant itself is distinct from every known member of its useful family. During the explorations of Egypt by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, a vase was found in a mummy-pit; the age of which was computed at about three thousand years. This vase, hermetically sealed, was presented to the British Museum; Mr. Pettigrew, the librarian to the late Duke of Sussex, proceeded to open the vase to ascertain its contents, and in so doing unfortunately broke it in pieces. The interior contained a mass of dust, and a few grains of wheat and vetches, and on examining further a few peas were found, entirely shrivelled, of a resin-yellow colour, and as hard as stone. It was known that mummy-wheat had been resuscitated after an interment of five thousand years; and it was determined that the first peas ever found in a mummy-vase should be subjected to the experiment of revival. Mr. Pettigrew accordingly distributed amongst his learned friends these desiccated peas, reserving three for himself as mere curiosities. Those who tried to grow the peas failed, and no

more was thought about them, till the remaining three were given to Mr. Grimstone, of Highgate. Mr. Grimstone tried his hand at them, subjected them to heat and moisture, and after thirty days, one miserable plant appeared above ground. By patient care and ingenious culture this plant was brought to produce nineteen pods, which were ripened, and planted the next year; and this was the foundation of the stock which is just beginning to be known as the Egyptian Pea.

Botanists were as much delighted as antiquarians at the success of the experiment; for it gave them a new variety of the greatest value and most distinct character. Its blossom is unlike every other pea; it more nearly resembles a bell than the wings of a butterfly, and is veined with green lines on a white ground. The blossoms break at every joint in clusters of two, four, and eight, and are succeeded by pods that protrude crookedly through them, each pod containing from five to ten peas, which when cooked are deliciously flavoured, and melt in the mouth like marrow; in fact there is no pea to equal it; so that dusty Egypt has conferred upon us through those few shrivelled seeds a *palatial* benediction.

We should add, that the Egyptian Pea is amazingly prolific, quite hardy, and may be sown in succession from February to June, and should be treated in the same way as described for the culture of the Winged Pea. Genuine seed can be obtained only of Mr. Grimstone. As far as we are aware, seed of the Winged Pea is not obtainable from any ordinary source; it seems to be unknown to florists, and is not entered in any catalogue that we are acquainted with. As we have about half-a-peck saved from last season, we shall gladly distribute it amongst any readers of the "NATIONAL" who may like to forward to the office a stamped and directed envelope, and an additional stamp to cover the postage of the envelope to us. We will put twenty seeds into every envelope, as far as it will go, reserving twenty for ourselves.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. IV.

PAINTED BY COUTURE.

THE DECADENCE OF ITALY.

THE DECADENCE OF ITALY.

By COUTURE. (FRANCE.)

THE pictorial method of telling a story has frequently this great advantage over a written or spoken narration of it, that not only does it bring before us the thing itself, but also presents to our view many, if not all the circumstances by which the result has been brought about. The picture we engrave is an example of the superiority which painting thus possesses. The decadence of Italy resulted, as every one knows, from the corruption and licentious indolence of the descendants of those men who built up her greatness. Of all the countries of the earth, Italy presents the only example known to us wherein two periods of greatness have been vouchsafed to the same land—in the martial glories of the Romans, and in the more permanent intellectual achievements of the Italians of the middle ages. Both of these were lost from the same causes,—indolence and consequent corruption.

Couture's picture illustrates both, though dealing only with the latter period. A change of costume and physical character would, however, adapt this painting to the former subject as perfectly as it is fitted to the one which the artist has chosen to set before us.

The indolent Italian noble of the fifteenth century, who occupies the principal position in the engraving, seems to have been meant for a higher fate than that of languid debauchery, which has become the habit of his life. The heavy eyelids and relaxed mouth show how long this habit has been his master; yet still the long, refined face, and broad forehead, relate that such was not his original destiny. How utterly lost and sunk he is now, let the nerveless right hand tell, which is too feeble and purposeless to grasp even the empty wine-cup unless by dividing its weight upon his knee. The very effeminacy of his robes is part of him, falling as they do into flat and hollow folds. His dreaming, listless, hopeless eyes, without soul and without spirit; his wasted and sunken face, over which the locks of his hair are falling—nay, the very hair itself, relaxed and clammy as it is, as though heavy with wine-dews,—are all parts of the same tale. The feeble half-recumbent attitude in which he sits enhances the general expression.

This man has crowned himself with broad leaves of the vine; his fellow-debauchee behind wears ivy upon his hair; both being typical plants, indicative of their several pursuits. Look at the eyes of the latter, and see how vague they are; for that embrace is without passion, pallid from use, and impure. The graceful back, and the whole tournure of the lady, are in excellent keeping with the elegant dressing of her hair.

The wing of the building at the side of the picture shows an example of the cinque-cento style of Italian villas. The landscape is a vineyard-crowned land, rich in oil and wine.

An idea of the general merits of the picture in carrying out its subject, may be gathered from the foregoing remarks. As a work of art, technically speaking, it may be considered as an excellent specimen of a certain class of the French school, where considerable dramatic force is arrived at by the use of such detail as we have pointed out. It exhibits much of that peculiar character of drawing for which the school is so famous, resulting from severe early training of the artist in this part of the practice of art, which, being afterwards allowed to set itself free from the rule of exact imitation, results at last in a skilful generalisation of conventional form; gaining less, we think, than it loses by the consequent neglect of individuality of character. In colour, this picture is as deficient as most others of its class, so much so, that it is perceptible the artist has not even attempted to produce any signal excellence in that direction.

The picture is at present in the gallery of the Crystal Palace.
L. L.

A FRENCH LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

EVERY body knows what charming things, in the main, are French letters and French memoirs. By this time, too, we are willing to admit, with a passably good grace, how much our lively neighbours have the advantage of us in this fascinating class of productions. All the grand epochs in French history have their gallery of illustration in contemporary memoirs of great men, witty men, or small men, who usually make names for themselves by writing about those who have names of their own. The seventeenth century has its full share of such contributions to the mosaic work of national history; and we will not be so wanting in politeness as to suppose that our readers do not already know all about the best of them. They are stories of court-intrigues and Paris mobs, with their attendant incidents. Madame de la Guette gives us a vivid picture of life in the provinces, in social quiet, or under military despotism. We find it a pleasure, real as it is rare, to meet with an autobiography so little disfigured by egotism. Madame de la Guette is, moreover, incapable of any digression. She will not even go out of her way to give you facts or fictions concerning great people, as is the manner of many perpetrators of memoirs, however little they may in reality have had to do with any such elevated personages. Her simple and vivacious descriptions deal with occurrences in which she took part, and persons with whom she veritably came in contact. Every thing is real and lifelike; no reflections, no laborious introspections, after our nineteenth-century-novel fashion—in fact, no prose.

Under her maiden-name of Catherine Meurdrac, our heroine led a pleasant country-life, not very far from Paris. Her mother early initiated her into the great mysteries of housekeeping,—mysteries which in those days far transcended any encountered in our times, even by the enterprising pupils of Mrs. Ellis. M. Meurdrac experiences much paternal solicitude respecting the settlement of this his second daughter, laying before her various proposals, all equally distasteful to the fair lady concerned; and the old gentleman is fain at length to promise silence on the unwelcome subject of marriage for some time to come. One fine and fateful morning, Catherine accompanies her mother on a visit to the Duchess d'Angoulême. In the room is a tall handsome man, whose eyes turn repeatedly towards the young lady; and she also is sufficiently interested in him to ask his name from her sister, who resides in the chateau. M. de la Guette is a gentleman of the Duke d'Angoulême's household, and held by him in much estimation. After this silent interview, he procures the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Meurdrac's brother-in-law and also of her father. The house of the latter he visits frequently; and the silent looks are followed by passionate words. The young lady expresses herself not altogether averse to the suit,—a concession received by her impulsive lover with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. This hero has now two deities, Love as well as Mars; the one calling him to the army in Lorraine, the other whispering to him the direst of possibilities, that M. Meurdrac might marry his daughter to some upstart suitor before his return. Mars gains the day; and the brave damsel commends the decision, rightly judging that a man must be little worth who cannot face any danger or disappointment in obedience to his sense of duty.

The cavalier on his return seeks an interview with M. de Meurdrac, and the following scene is the result:

"My father listened attentively, and at length thanked him in the politest manner; said he was very sorry to be unable to accept him, but he had pledged his word elsewhere; begged him not to give the matter another thought. He was under infinite obligation; it was more, indeed, than I deserved. The Sieur de la Guette, being one of the most passionate men in the world, received this refusal in an extraordinary manner. He began to storm and swear horribly, saying he would soon find a way to release my father from his word. My father, not in the

* *Mémoires de Madame de la Guette*. Nouvelle édition, revue, annotée et précédée d'une Notice par M. MOREAU. Paris, 1850.

mood to hear these paroxysms, declared that nothing should change his resolution. This uproar lasted for more than an hour in my father's cabinet, the one expressing his feelings, the other repeating his refusal. My mother and I were in the adjoining room, when the cavalier entered in the greatest fury, saying my father had refused him, but that he would have satisfaction; that he was resolved to kill, even to the seventh generation, and to begin with me. These flowers of speech might not have been altogether agreeable to a person of timid disposition; they only made me think the more of him, because I thought he loved me to such an extraordinary degree, that it was the excess of his affection which made him speak thus." (p. 19.)

The discomfited suitor rode off in great indignation, and for a time contented himself with talking over his troubles to a patient widow, and writing volumes of letters. One day, however, in spite of all the precautions taken for his exclusion, he forced his way into the cabinet of M. Meurdrac, presented a pistol, and throw himself at his feet, demanding the daughter's hand or the father's life.

This relentless parent nevertheless remains invincible, for what reason we do not at all see, except that sort of destiny which seems to compel so many other amiable parents to fulfil the dictum of Shakspeare about "true love,"—so hackneyed a verdict now-a-days that one ought almost to apologise for referring to it.

Our heroine now tries what can be done by a pretended submission, and appears to have forgotten her cavalier, who is again absent. Her mother saves her from a forced marriage with a very rich nobody. La Guette returns. A private marriage is resolved upon, and effected with her mother's permission. Her mother-in-law is present at the ceremony, which takes place two hours after midnight in the neighbouring church. All return separately to their homes; Catherine calm and collected, cheering the waiting-maid, who seems to have been far more terrified at the step than her mistress. The Duke d'Angoulême befriends La Guette, and himself tells the enraged father of the private marriage. The bride is successfully carried off to her husband's home at Sussy; but it is some time before a complete reconciliation is effected, through the interposition of the good Duchess d'Angoulême.

"I was very happy," writes Madame de la Guette, "in my husband's home. We amused ourselves most agreeably: we rode out every day, either to hunt or to visit among the neighbouring nobility, all of whom received us in the most obliging manner. But this happiness did not last long; for my husband was obliged to return to the army. It was the campaign of the siege of Spiros, in Germany. Our separation was hard; for I can say truly that he loved me to an extraordinary degree, and that I idolised him. For this first time I had leisure to shed tears at my ease, and to play the woman in contradiction to my nobler inclinations, and the firmness of soul which was natural to me, and which made me feel something like aversion for those of my sex who had too much of such weakness. In fact, I have always had a tendency rather towards war than the keeping of chickens and the use of my distaff; though that is all which it is considered proper for a woman to know."

The next campaign, in 1635, is in the Low Countries, against the Spaniards. M. de la Guette forbids tears, and if one is shed, threatens never to come back. His wife, therefore, wisely makes up her mind once for all to take these partings cheerfully; and as some thirty of them had to be faced, it was decidedly the right plan. On his return, M. de la Guette is introduced to the first of his ten children, who subsequently distinguished himself in Holland, and died early.

Madame de la Guette first took part in the civil wars of the Fronde during the blockade of Paris. Condé posted a few of his guards at Afort, near the bridge of Charenton, to intercept supplies. A convoy on its way to Lagny, where the Marquis de Persan was commanding for the king, had to pass through Sussy, where Madame de la Guette lived. The villagers, with the mayor at their head, attacked them, and took possession of the castle. Our heroine, not at all approving of this proceeding, went in person to remonstrate with one of the leaders, who then made some effort to restrain the people; but they only shouted,

"*Madame de la Guette est Mazarin; il ne faut pas la croire!*"

At last, however, they consented to let them pass on showing their order, and moreover hospitably regaled them with a few bottles of wine outside the gates. Meantime an energetic owner of some of the cattle had set off to the Duke d'Elbeuf, at Paris, for assistance; and the convivial party was broken in upon by the arrival of sixty or eighty *parlementaires*, as the king's enemies were called. The villagers hurried away behind their walls, leaving outside the seven unfortunate guards. They shouted "*Vive le Roi!*" and were answered by "*Vive le Parlement!*" so the peasants thought it prudent to shout with the majority; and Madame de la Guette's indignation reached its highest pitch at the sound of a general "*Vive le Parlement!*" The new-comers fired a few awkward shots, and the guards entreated to be taken within the walls. Four were admitted, and three, mixing adroitly in the crowd without, made their escape. The villagers then fell valiantly upon the four defenceless guards, attacking them with every variety of weapon, until two escaped into the house of Madame de la Guette's nurse, whither she herself hurried. The *parlementaires* entered Paris in triumph with abundance of veal and pork. This achievement, Madame de la Guette quietly remarks, was about the greatest in the history of the Fronde, since its tangible result to the Parisians appeared in the form of good dinners.

These troubles over, others come, disturbing, if not shaking, the brave soul of Madame de la Guette. She bears unmoved all injury, suffering, or loss; indeed, her indifference respecting property of any sort amounts almost to contempt; these things do not touch her heart. The death of those dear to her,—of her father and a beautiful boy of seven years old,—is her first great trial. But her whole temperament is of that enviable elasticity which soon recovers lost vigour, and bravely stands erect again to face new sorrows. Such unconquerable cheerfulness is Heaven's own gift: it is neither stoicism nor fortitude; for they meet the shocks of this mortal life as the immovable phalanx of a disciplined army will withstand the onslaught of an enemy; but this cheerful faith stands in God's sunlight, like a mountain-brow, unharmed, whilst below it drifts the storm, and the avalanche falls among the precipices.

Passing over several incidents, and among them a deliberate case of match-making on the part of Madame de la Guette (though, to do her justice, we ought to say, she was promoted to the office by the bridegroom-prospective), we come to the most strong-minded and masculine undertaking in her whole story. We do not profess clearly to understand which of the nine hundred and ninety-nine disputes between the King of France and the Duke of Lorraine brought the army of the latter into the neighbourhood, indeed into the very house, of our heroine. A battle is about to take place; and a certain Major Grosbois invites Madame de la Guette to accompany him to a spot from whence they can overlook the discomfiture of the royal forces, which he predicts as inevitable. Against about seven thousand royalists under Turenne are eighteen thousand under Lorraine. Madame de la Guette, seeing it to be a desperate case, instantly fabricates a few ingenious statements concerning the peculiar position of certain cannon, of ten thousand armed peasantry in the park, and a perfectly apocryphal band of infantry in a wood. The major flies with this information to the Duke of Lorraine, who sends word to Turenne and Condé that he shall not meet them on that day. To Madame de la Guette he sends most courteous messages of gratitude and obligation, begging also one more favour of her. The high esteem in which she is held will doubtless enable her to find a suitable cavalier willing to go into the camp of the royalists, and report the state of matters there, for the benefit of his highness of Lorraine. A staunch royalist is chosen and despatched. But in reply to the questions put on his return, he merely says: "I was not in the humour for being hung, so I thought the matter well over, and—did nothing."

The time gained by this stratagem proves of great service to the royalists; and after the danger is over, M. Philippe, *maître d'hôtel* to the king, reports the affair to the queen. Madame de la Guette is then at Paris, and takes a three-days' journey to Val de Grâce for the honour of an interview with her Majesty. The result is a mysterious commission to Bordeaux; and it is not easy now-a-days to understand all the hardships implied in a long journey in those times. She returned with her husband, who then retires from the army; and this quaint and affectionate couple lead a very calm and happy life, until the dark day on which the brave wife receives the sentence of widowhood. Their eldest son is in the service of the Prince of Orange; and the widow joins him in Holland, where he loses his life not long afterwards. Left thus doubly desolate, the old lady cheers her lonely hours by giving to posterity this lively *naïve* story of her adventurous life. It is impossible to read it without admiring and coveting her courage, her devotion, her patriotism, her patience. There is an invigorating freshness about the book which seems to come upon the reader like a pleasant sea-breeze; so that for a time we confidently held the belief that we too were wonderfully energetic people, destined for some grand achievements in an extremely hazy future. This charming hallucination was rudely dissipated by the entrance of a domestic, of very aged and crusty fidelity, with "her warning." We were crushed, and then felt instinctively that life was one too many for us. From all we know of the manners and the morality of the seventeenth century, the strong mutual attachment and confidence which existed between Madame de la Guette and her husband must have been a much more extraordinary thing than we should now consider it. Doubtless such affection was then looked upon by many as a monotonous and commonplace state of affairs, if not positively vulgar, yet decidedly provincial. But they were the last people in the world to be troubled at the opinions others held about them. They were as well matched as Petruchio and Katherine; and in some points are not unlike them. He is just as violent, and the lady almost as spirited, and makes quite as good a wife as any Petruchio ever ought to have. What does a man deserve who one day sent a servant up to his wife among some friends, mildly requesting her to come down-stairs, as he wished to shoot her? The lady descends without a tremor, to find her husband mounted in the courtyard with a loaded pistol, surrounded by people vainly endeavouring to calm him. Madame walks quietly up to him, saying: "Mon cavalier, dismount; I have a word to say to you; and about the pistol we will talk another time." Petruchio obeys, receives the mysterious whisper, and springs again into the saddle with the best humour in the world. His motive for this peculiar, and not altogether agreeable, line of conduct we do not clearly perceive. There are one or two amiable eccentricities of the same sort which we might quote; but we have said enough to prove Madame de la Guette a heroine of domestic as well as military life; and we trust our readers will have imbibed some of the hearty liking with which we cannot but regard a character so original, so unselfish, and so true.

A DAY IN THE RHONDDA VALLEY.

DR. MACKAY told us some time ago that it was unwise to think that there was no poetry in railways. If there is not poetry in them, there is occasionally on them; and if there is a poetical railway any where, verily it is that of the Taff Vale in Wales. Why, it takes its name from the river Taff, and the beautiful valley through which that river flows; and for almost its entire length it runs side by side with the gentle Taff, as if it were a lover of hers, and would follow her closely wherever she went. It may be that he appears an unfit suitor, that he is too burly and hard, too much of a big bully, in fact, and she a timid, soft, and beau-

tiful being; but "in joining contrasts lieth love's delight," and Ingomar falls in love with Parthenia, and is happy with her, moreover. If the river and the rail are lovers in this instance, the former is a coquette; and though rail sticks pretty closely and jealously to her, she, in a wild merry way, evades him now and then, and loses herself among thick bushes and beautiful green trees that spread their rich arms over her, as though they understood the fun, and would humour her.

On your way from Cardiff to Pontypridd you pass towns and villages besides—Llandaff, Pentyrch, Taff's Well, Tre-forest. You run at the foot of high wild-looking hills, with cottages midway up them, standing there without falling in some unaccountable manner, and looking down upon dreary iron-works below, at which their occupants are employed. You pass by little whitewashed cottages with rose-trees at the door, and a little garden that has steps leading down to the edge of the river. You get buried among thick bushes and avenues of trees that shut out every thing else till you get clearly away from them; when a wide expanse of scenery, really natural,—though not uncultivated, be it understood,—breaks upon you. You catch a glimpse anon of some ruined tower that has a history of its own, and is now overhung with wild foliage; or on the brow of a lofty hill, that you might be pardoned for calling a mountain, you see an ancient pile of stones erected, whereby hangs a tale, which perchance some fellow-passenger can tell you. During the minute or two that you are detained at the various stations, you see little groups of very Welsh faces, especially as regards the women, with bodies attired in Welsh fashion, and with mouths that speak a language which is not English, and which makes you feel yourself abroad.

But while I am thus admiring the scenery and enjoying the ride, do not let me forget that my mission is not one of pleasure, and that I am likely soon to be made sad enough, if I have a spark of thought or feeling in me. But there is little chance of my forgetting whither or why I am journeying. My fellow-passengers have been talking upon what at present occupies all minds hereabouts. During the short time we have stopped at a station, I have heard the words "Cymmer," "terrible colliery explosion," and "killed," uttered by people on the platform. Last night, at the inn at Cardiff where I staid, the people in the bar, among whom I dropped for an hour or two, talked about little else than the accident, and it has formed the staple of conversation among the railway-passengers.

The train stopped at Pontypridd, and I got out. On proceeding into the town, the signs of mourning lay very thick. Cymmer is but three miles off; and it was the day of the funerals. Nearly all the shops in Pontypridd were closed, and the streets were deserted excepting at certain points, where you saw numbers of working-people, with sad earnest faces, proceeding towards Cymmer. From the windows of several of the public-houses I saw a black flag suspended, and waving heavily in the breeze; and this, when one saw the dreariness of the town, and remembered that within half an hour's walk lay one hundred and fourteen men who had in one moment been snatched into eternity, had an effect wonderfully appalling for so simple a thing. On inquiry I found that at these houses clubs, such as Foresters' or Odd Fellows', were held, and that the flags were hung out as a token of mourning and respect for some of the order who had perished in the colliery; and that it was an old and ordinary custom.

Cymmer is situated in the Rhondda Valley, about three miles from Pontypridd, as I have said before; and is almost entirely surrounded by lofty hills, abounding with winding and rugged paths, and exhibiting much of the general wildness of Welsh scenery. From Pontypridd to Cymmer, besides the ordinary road, which is rather circuitous, there is a tramway along which coal is conveyed from the Cymmer colliery to the railway-station at Pontypridd. This tramway, being the directest cut, is generally chosen by the people for walking upon, in preference to the highway; and

along it all day on that Thursday, coffins, at sadly quick intervals, were passing—still passing, being conveyed for burial at Pontypridd or the little villages in the way. When I reached the village, a short distance from the last-named town, and where the Great Western pit, as it is called, is situated, I met the first funeral procession slowly winding its way, among some of the loveliest scenery the eye ever beheld, to the little church that nestles at the foot of the hill there. There were two coffins, one containing the body of a father, the other that of his son; and they were accompanied by certainly not less than two hundred people, principally colliers and their wives, most of whom preceded the coffins, which were carried shoulder-height each by four men. Another little procession followed close upon this one, bearing one body; and all the way dark moving masses kept constantly revealing themselves to us as we turned some corner in the road, or ascended some steep that gave us a view of the way beyond us. At the scattered cottages or little clusters of cottages that hung by the wayside, it was evident here and there, from the sorrowful groups around the doors, that death was there, and that they were only waiting to form processions such as those we were meeting; whilst we kept overtaking hosts of passengers on foot, colliers and their wives mostly, who were going to Cymmer to attend the burial of an acquaintance or a friend.

Every body knows what a picture of dreariness and desolation the vicinity of the mouth of a coal-pit is; and the colliery at Cymmer must at any time be a sad and miserable place to look at. I was glad to get away from it. It was not deserted; neither were its frequenters curiosity-seekers alone. A couple of days before all its workers had been killed; but above ground there was yet a crowd of busy workmen, who covered that black and weary spot, and who were making coffins by dozens and by scores for the dead. Here, in those two days, coffins almost to the number of the killed had been made; and such coffins! but any thing to be buried in: four deal boards, four brass handles, a little ornamental work to look like silver-braid and go round the edges, and a tin-plate to scribble the name and age of the deceased upon, and it was quite sufficient.

During that day the funerals never ceased. The large numbers that attended each procession, which generally conveyed two or three bodies, were very striking, and gave one a pretty good idea of the vast numbers employed as colliers in and about the Rhondda Valley. I saw a very great number of funerals, and on the average each body could not be accompanied by less than forty persons. The character of the procession spoke plainly of sudden death and a quick burial, in no respect more so than in the absence of black apparel, particularly as regards the females, in the relatives of the deceased who followed. It was sad indeed to see some of the young women following the body of a father or a brother in attire that betrayed a simple and rude attempt at finery and fashion, and spoke of happier days not long gone by. Many of the funerals left Cymmer to travel some miles to another churchyard; and in these instances I observed that the mourners proper generally rode on horseback, in the pillion-fashion, a man and a woman being on the same animal. I in no instance saw a vehicle of any kind. The old-fashioned custom of singing hymns as the funeral-procession travelled towards the churchyard seemed very prevalent; and from all sides some simple sacred melody kept falling upon the ear, chanted by some scores of voices that resounded along the hills. Every hour during the day each burial-ground in or about the village had its two or three separate groups clustered in it, each bespeaking so many funerals; and unceasingly the long black masses were moving slowly up the hills or along the roads in the valley.

Surely not the least sad of the sights was the appearance of the cottages at Cymmer. There were entire rows of them, not one of which, it appeared, but had been visited by death. Nearly all the doors stood open, and in some, as you passed, you could see the joiners fastening up the coffins; in others

the friends of the deceased were gathered ready for starting with their load; and in others again, a bed was visible, and you could see, notwithstanding the white sheet thrown over it, that more than one dead body rested upon it.

Here I will pause. Before I left Cymmer I imagined the poverty and desolation in the village that would follow, and the change that must speedily occur in the population. The place was then filled with widows and young fatherless children. I saw all these swept away, many of them into workhouses and unions; whilst an entirely new class of people came and inhabited their homes. And I also thought, if some men, with greater power to do good and to remedy evil than I, had seen what I saw that day, that when they read of 114 lives "lost in the pit," they would not regard them as so many dry numerals, but as so many men with living blood and souls, snatched with cruel suddenness from life to eternity, and act accordingly.

J. N. ALLEN.

TO MY FOURTH SON

ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1857.

Once Autumn rose from out his golden vale,
And, on a cloud of heavenly vision, saw
(Beyond the glittering mount where Summer stood)
Young Spring advancing up the budding slope.
No even course was his, yet on he came;
No summer radiance to gild his path,
Or strength mature for sultry toil, had he;
Nor had he clustering vines or fruitful bowers,
In which, like Autumn, he could pause and rest;
Yet on he came, and gain'd new strength by toil.
To-day bright beams of hope would cheer his way,
Then clouds would disappoint; yet on he came,—
For God had made him fitted for his work.
And Autumn smiled with love, and hailed young Spring.

J. J.

NEW BOOKS.

HASSALL ON ADULTERATIONS.*

WHEN the *Lancet*, a few years since, established a so-called commission to inquire into the adulterations of food and drink, publishing the composition of articles, and the names of those who sold them, there was an end to the gustatory and digestive peace of many of us. The headaches, and heartburns, and vague fallings-away,—symptoms for which we had consulted our doctors, and lightened our purses by some guineas, besides inflicting on ourselves the annoyance of pills, draughts, and other pharmaceutical tortures,—were traced, mentally at least, to dietetic sources. Our green-pickles were imbued with copper; so were our green bottled fruits. Our bread was aluminised, if not worse; our beer a narcotic mixture of liquorice, quassia, and cocculus indicus; our gin was first weakened by addition of water, then brought up to the mark again by oil-of-vitriol and Cayenne-pepper. Even the snuff-taker, according to Dr. Hassall, could not solace himself with the probability of coming off scotfree; the titillating powder, besides minor contaminations, being mixed with lead oxide, from which, absorbed in this way, some dangerous cases of paralysis have arisen. The régime of most civilised countries furnishes methods of preventing fraud in articles of food and drink. The laws and regulations of this country only affords protection partially and collaterally. As regards the major number of

* *Adulterations Detected.* By ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D. London: Longmans.

articles of food and drink, *caveat emptor* is the watchword; and when the law does interfere, this is not so often in behalf of hygiene as of the inland revenue.

To Dr. Hassall must be awarded the merit of applying the microscope to systematic detection of extraneous bodies of certain kinds, when present where they ought not to be. He was the first to develop a system of microscopic as contradistinguished to chemical analysis, and in this he has done good service. We fear, however, that there is a tendency prevalent to set up the microscope in antagonism to chemistry, rather than to consider them in the sense of mutual aids. Unquestionably the weak part of analytical chemistry is, that which concerns the discovery of animal and vegetable bodies; and here, provided tissues, or crystals, or other characteristic form be present, the microscope is strong. Dr. Hassall's book contains the most valuable record which exists, in our own or any other language, of microscopic characteristics in one particular department. As a guide to future microscopic analysts, Dr. Hassall's book will be invaluable; but his chemistry is not to be commended. In proof of this, we need only say, that Dr. Hassall, under the head of the discovery of antimony, recommends it to be sublimed from the sulphide in a test-tube. Now, though this *can* be done partially and with difficulty, as a sort of feat, every practical chemist is aware of the extreme difficulty of accomplishing it, and has recourse in preference to the decomposition of sulphide of antimony by heating it in a glass-tube, and transmitting hydrogen over it when thus heated.

It seems a matter of regret that Dr. Hassall limited his inquiries to the discovery of adulterations; having previously defined adulteration to signify the addition of a body purposely and in a fraudulent sense. Circumscribed by this limiting definition, to which perhaps, as a definition, no valid exception can be taken, the author excludes from his category such a case as the accidental presence of arsenic in unfermented bread. Surely, whether arsenic exist in bread accidentally or by design, the public is equally interested in being aware of its presence. The ground taken by Dr. Hassall is needlessly circumscribed, and his efficiency as a scientific expositor is lessened by importing as he does the idea of a motive into cases where the public want fact. Surely a scientific analyst would do well to speak to the existence or nonexistence of things sought for in the first instance. He might then subsequently, but rather as an enlightened member of society than in his scientific capacity, try to discover motives, and refer the irregular things he might have discovered to the category of contaminations or adulterations according to the evidence before him. When Parliament legislates on this matter, we trust a normal standard will be laid down for articles of food, drink, and still more of medicine; every deviation from such standard, whether by accident or design, to be considered a deterioration. This is absolutely necessary for the Act of Parliament to be efficacious. Nothing is more common than to meet with people who speak of "purity" and "impurity" as though these were terms of fixed meaning and self-evident application. Are we to understand by "purity" chemical purity? In that case how few articles of food, drink, and medicine, are not impure! There is no such thing as pure water, for example, in all nature. Are we to understand by "purity" "conventional purity"? If so, the Act of Parliament will be rendered nugatory at once; for nothing can be more arbitrary than popular appreciation in this matter. Frequently the term purity is considered synonymous with strength, as in the case of alcoholic liquors; but how would it fare with a patient who should swallow pure prussic acid, instead of the two-per-cent prussic acid legalised by our pharmacopœia? These examples will serve to explain our meaning as to the necessity which exists for the Legislature to define a standard of purity for each kind of food, drink, and medicine, to be enumerated in any Act of Parliament which may spring from Dr. Hassall's labours and Mr. Scholefield's committee.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

HAPPILY for mankind, the true spirit of chivalry is indestructible. Chivalry, as the principle of honour and compassion, redressing wrong and protecting helplessness, was never perhaps more benignly active than in the present time. It has passed from land to land, from age to age, surviving every possible change, disdaining no imaginable costume. It was not the ideal of knight-errantry which Cervantes slew; it was a fantastic counterfeit—a false Duesna. True knighthood, with its courage and its mercy, is still the same when the casque has been exchanged for a broad-brim, and the gorget for a perpendicular collar. The gas-light and champagne of drawing-rooms cannot transmute its essence. It doth not merely live, but triumph, in the lecture-room of a Mechanics' Institute, beside a water-bottle, and behind a table covered with green baize. So far back as the twelfth century, we hear old Peter of Blois complaining that the knights of his day were burdened, "not with weapons but with wine, with cheeses instead of javelins, bottles instead of bludgeons, spits instead of spears." Utilitarian, truly. But suppose the utilitarianism to be of the unselfish kind. Let the wine be for a sick labourer; let the cheese be set on a poor man's table; and let the spit turn something savoury for a distressed workman's dinner. Now something like this has come to pass in our nineteenth century. With a scheme for baths and washhouses, one knight of high degree rides forth to slay the pestilence-breathing dragon of dirt, scaly with accumulated filth. Another sallies out in quest of Giant Ignorance, whose dungeons are filled with all manner of delour; while a third winds his horn, and would fain hunt down the "blatant beast" of Drink. It is a good thing when separated classes of society are brought nearer by community of danger. Such an approach has been effected abroad, upon the heights of Alma, in the trenches before Sebastopol. It is a still better thing when a higher order and a lower are approximated by community of thought. Such a link of common sympathy and aim is being fashioned at home, on platforms and in lecture-rooms. A worthier firmer bond this, surely, than that one famous in the good old times,—the touching for the King's Evil, which some enthusiasts for the middle age have sighed after, as a graceful superstition, linking the summit of society with its base. It is goodly to see the man of rank, of wealth, of leisure, vanquishing the seductive temptations of his estate, and toiling with the busiest to reform, instruct, or recreate the people. The man of the middle class, who has looked forward from boyhood to hard work as his necessary heritage, can but imperfectly compute how much his high-born brother must have resisted before such philanthropy could be thoroughly transformed within him from a wish into a work. A society in which such self-sacrifice and such fellowship is both possible and frequent must be sound at heart. With the still-walking peasants who inhabit the marshes of the Landes, it is considered a sign of full confidence when a man takes off his stilts and gets into his neighbour's boat. When aristocracy has, in like manner, laid aside its stilts, it has laid aside fear with them, disarmed jealousy, invited love. How impossible such association to a corrupt despotism like that of the later Roman empire, like that of modern Austria! There statecraft has but one rule—*panem et circenses*. Let the people be lulled in a pleasurable dream, while their energies are drained,—as the vampire-bat is said to fan its victim to slumber with its wings while sucking his heart's blood. How impossible also, to ancient feudalism, where the peasant reckoned the seasons by the exactions of the seigneur, somewhat as the natives of South America calcu-

late the hour by the particular species of mosquito whose turn it is to occupy, with its work of torment, the earlier or the later portions of the night! So frequent of late has become the appearance of our statesmen and men of rank as lecturers, that it would seem as though a long pent-up utterance were welling forth, abundant in proportion to the duration of the silence. It makes us think of those northern people, of whom Mandeville is said to report, that their speech, frozen up at times by the severity of the cold, will occasionally, on a relaxation of the weather, come pouring forth from their loosened lips with an uncontrollable volubility.

But now another kind of aristocracy is pressing also into the field. Our foremost men of letters are every where addressing the masses by word of mouth. Mr. Dickens has read his *Christmas Carol* to large and delighted audiences. Sir James Stephen has not confined his wise thoughts and exquisite style to the lecture-halls of Cambridge. And, most lately, Mr. Thackeray has been repeating to an audience of not less than a thousand persons his lectures on the *Four Georges*. The success of these lectures speaks well for the taste of the day. The applause which followed many of the lecturer's remarks attests not less a certain elevation and liberality of principle yet more important. Never was our loyalty more ardent than at present, never more reasonable and more enlightened. It is by the lustre of that virtue and that goodness which adorn the throne of to-day that we discern so clearly some traits less favourable in the *memorabilia* of courts now passed away. We acquiesce no longer so readily as did our grandfathers in the severance between public and private virtue. We feel more than ever that we may fairly demand, in those of public station and exalted rank, that kind of excellency which makes the safeguard of home and the happiness of the fireside. We feel that the sentiment of loyalty should be elevated, by involving the respect which is due to character as well as the homage which is due to rank. What we feel we can without hesitation say, for the ideal has become a reality. It is a pleasant consciousness to know we live in a land where to pass candid moral judgment on the royalties of the past is accounted the fair exercise of freedom, not its licentious abuse. The Egyptians held solemn tribunal over the body of their dead kings, before they were laid beside their fathers, in the heart of the pyramid. The phantom ceremonial of an ancient despotism has reappeared in a new form, as a part of the popular speech and common life of modern liberty. We leave it, now-a-days, to the Tartar dynasty of China to make it high treason to paint the portrait of a monarch. Our governors are not afraid when the foibles of a government have filled the eyes of the governed with tears of laughter, and not its fury with tears of rage. When Adrian VI. was much annoyed by pasquinades, he proposed to throw into the Tiber the statue of Pasquin, to which the irritating documents were secretly affixed. "Let your holiness beware," said a sagacious cardinal; "for Pasquin would turn to frogs at the bottom of the river, and their croaking would be worse than all." "Let them hate, so they fear," was the maxim of a despot. May our British sovereigns ever say, "Let them laugh, so they love."



THE POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE DEGREES OF WRONGHEADEDNESS.

THE Spanish caricaturists, to give an idea of the obstinacy of the Biscayans, represent a man knocking a nail into a wall by butting at it with his forehead; but when they want to express the extent to which perverseness is carried by the Arragonese, they sketch a person in the same attitude, but with the head of the nail against the wall, and the point turned to the performer's forehead. E. S. D.

THE ROMAIC BALLADS.—No. II.

By PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

WE have said the brigands in the Greek ballads were rather respectable characters, of a much higher grade certainly than he who sang

"In a box of the stone-jug I was born,
Of a hempon widow the kid forlorn,"

or however the thievish ditties may run, with which a popular novelist some dozen years ago caused the general ear in this country to ring. But it must not be supposed that the profession of robbery could be carried on, even among Greek mountains and on the banks of the lonely Achelous, without causing considerable discomfort to some parties, and those often the most innocent and the most worthy of poetical sympathy. While, therefore, as we would naturally expect, the praise of the adventurous brigand in his capacity of Turk-hater and Turk-killer forms the main staple of the strictly "klepthic ballad," we shall not be surprised to find that a voice from the poor Greek shepherd, who sometimes suffered from the rapacity of a Turk-hating κλεφτης, was occasionally heard. Here are a few very characteristic utterances from that quarter.

THE KLEPHTS.*

From the hills the Klephts came down,
Seeking horses to their mind.
Horses none when they could find,
All my pretty lambs they stole.
Lambs and kids, they took the whole.
And away, away they go!
O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!
My lambs away,
And my kids, took they;
O woe's me, wo!

And the pail in which I pour
The creaming milk, away they bore;
And the pipe on which I sing
Rudely from my hands they wring.
And away, away they go!
O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!
My lambs away,
And my kids, took they;
O woe's me, wo!

And they took away outright,
With its horns of silver white,
My brave bell-wether, that outrolled
Its shaggy fleece of flowing gold.
And away, away they go!
O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!
My lambs and my wether
They stole together,
O woe's me, wo!

Would to God some vengeful hand
Might seize the lawless robber-band
In their dens, and sheer undo
Them, and all their thievish crew!
That I might see my brave bell-wether
And my lambs again together
In the fold. O waly woe!
My lambs away,
And my kids, took they;
O woe's me, wo!

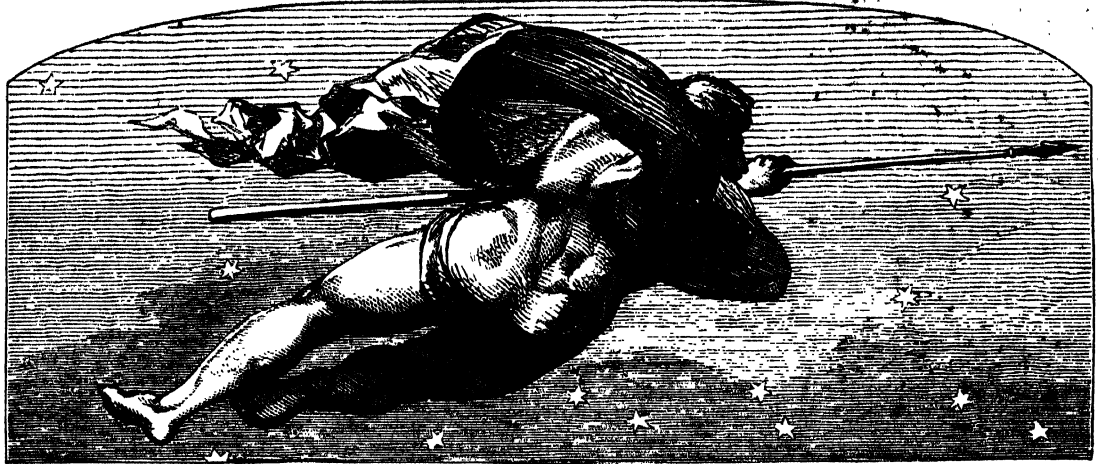
If the Allholy in the skies†
The ruthless robbers will chastise,
I will roast a lamb till it
Fall in pieces from the spit.
Mid flowers that tell of coming May,
On holy George's festal day,
I'll feast, and bless the Queen Allholy
That laid the ruthless robbers lowly.
O woe's me! woe's me, waly wo!
My lambs away,
And my kids, took they!
O woe's me, wo!

But pieces of this description are rare; the present, taken from Kind's collection,‡ is perhaps a solitary instance; and

* This song is reprinted from an article in the *North British Review*, No. XXXIX., by the present writer.

† That is, the Virgin Mary, or *παρθένα*, as she is always called by the Greeks.

‡ *Neugriechische Anthologie*. Von THEODOR KIND. Leipzig, 1847.



SATAN. BY STOTHARD.—FROM MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

"his way oblique,
Among innumerable stars."

no wonder; for the Klepht, in his capacity of a vulgar depredator, never could have become a hero of popular song; it was as the champion of the Virgin Mary and the terror of terrible pashas that he was celebrated. Nay, there were men, not a few, especially in the great epoch of the Liberation war, who, though associated habitually with men of very fierce character and lawless habits, were themselves as good specimens of an heroic humanity as the time and place was capable of producing—as virtuous as Achilles or Sir William Wallace every whit, there can be no doubt. Of Marco Botzares in particular General Gordon testifies, that he was distinguished by "a greatness of soul and a depth of feeling seldom found in the history of the world;" and unquestionably both he and Diacos will go down to posterity associated, not with Italian Mazzaronis or English Turpins, but with Leonidas and Themistocles. To draw the line between the Greek patriot and the freebooter is in many cases impossible; but that among those who lived in a state of habitual rebellion against Turkish despotism, there were mingled together men of the noblest self-devotion with others of the most savage and unsanctified selfishness, cannot be doubted. This the Greek people well knew; and it is to this profound feeling of who the real heroes were, in the midst of multitudes who talked heroism and practised robbery, that we owe the following simple popular testimony to the heroic adventurer whom we have just named. The "Death of Marco Botzares" is, like many of the ballads, a simple recital of an historical fact, put together by some popular ballad-maker who was altogether innocent of the wish or the ability to make the story tell better than it would do in the records of a common newspaper-column. In fact, such ballads supplied to the modern Greek people, as they no doubt did to the forerunners of Homer, the place of our newspaper-columns; and any attempt to lift them by high poetical ornamentation above the level of the actual fact as it lived in the popular mind would have been resented by the popular taste, which accepted these simple songs, not as an artistical treat, but as the common nourishment of the national memory and of the Greek heart.

THE DEATH OF MARCO BOTZARES.

Three little birds came lighting down upon the meadow green,
And warbled there a sweet lament from eve to morning sheen:
"Ye children mine, fell Scondras comes from the north with a
mighty power,
And brings with him Tzeladin Bey, and Niagiapha the Glaour,
And Nicotheos, the dog that loves the Christians to devour.
He comes, and writes a letter bold to the captains great and
small:
'Come yield ye, captains, to my will, and hearken to my call;
Bring Marco Botzares to me alive, and show no pity,
That I may send the craven hound to the sultan in the city.'"

This when he heard, his black moustache brave Marco twirled;
and then

This private word to Lampros spake, the bravest of his men:
"Come, Lampros, gather my brave men, my gallant Pallicarios;
To Carpenes this night we go, and woe betide who tarries!"
To Carpenes that night he went, and to the meadows far,
Then to his Pallicarios told the order of the war.
"My gallant boys, though we are few to meet in open fight
Fell Scondras' power, by swift surprise we'll put his men to
flight!"

Two hundred chosen men he took; and sword in hand they went
With furious speed to the Turkish camp, and to the pasha's tent:
A thousand and two hundred Turks to gloomy death were sent.
A Latin dog—would that his hand had rotted on the spot!—
Levelled his gun at Marco's head, and dealt a fatal shot.
He raised his voice, and cried aloud, as loud as he could cry:
"Where art thou, Costas, brother mine? let not the warfare die
With me! Ye Souliotes, weep not, nor wear black suits for me;
But to the wife that my heart loves write ye a line for me.
That where in Frankish land she lives, at Ancona by the sea,
She teach my son to read, and serve his country, when 'tis free."

The event celebrated in this ballad took place on the
21st of August 1823. The "Scondras" talked of is the
Pasha of Scondra, or Scutari, on the boundaries of Dal-
matia, who, after the first repulse of the Turks from Mes-
solonghi, was advancing to renew the investment along
with Omer Briones by different routes over Arta, and down
the vale of the Achelous. At this juncture Botzares, with
the intrepidity and celerity of a Napoleon, suddenly formed
the resolution of breaking into the camp of one division of
the enemy, and thus striking confusion into their ranks
before they could have time to concentrate their strength.
The attack was successful; but the death of the heroic
leader, along with the inability of his brother Constantine
to turn the victory to account, made the brilliant achieve-
ment utterly barren of results. Simple as this ballad is,
it gives us a beautiful glimpse in the dying words of the
dashing soldier of what since the days of Homer has always
been a ruling passion of the Greek people—the love of
learning. The Greeks in the days of St. Paul "sought
after wisdom;" the schools in Athens at the present mo-
ment are the best things in it; and the last words of a
modern Greek soldier are a request to his wife,

Νὰ μ' ἔχῃ ὁ υἱός μου τὸ αὐτὸ, γράμματα καὶ τὸ μάθη,
to take care of his son, and "teach the boy his letters."
Not even Scotland, where every shepherd's son must go to
the University, and learn to conjugate ἴσμεν, could show
an educational instinct more truly national.

A more beautiful historical ballad, though relating to a
name not so widely known, is that entitled

TSAMADOS.

Were I a bird with wings, to Messolonghi I would go,
To see how there, with sword and shot, they lay the Glaours low,

And swoop the brave Roumeliotes like hawks upon the foe.
Thus thought Giorgaki to himself; but while he thinketh so
A little bird with golden wings thus whispered to him low:
"Have patience, brave Giorgaki; if for Arab blood thou thirst,
Enough thou'lt find to butcher hore of Moslem race accurst,
Soast thou those lines of Turkish ships far floating on the sea?
Destruction's anchored where they ride, and ashes they shall be."
"Thou little bird, how dost thou know the things thou say'st to me?"

"No bird am I, although I seem a little bird to thee.
There is an island in the sea, by Navarino; *there*
I bravely fought, and breathed my last for kin and country there.
The name of Tsamados thou knowest: from heaven, where now
I dwell,
I came the things that soon shall be to sons of earth to tell.
Here on the earth to watch your deeds, in sooth it likes me well."
"Here on the earth what wouldst thou see? In heaven didst
thou not know

How all Morea groans beneath a cloud of murky woe?"
"Look cheerly up, Giorgaki mine, and dark despair eschew;
Though now Morea's weak and faint, the fight she'll soon renew,
And like a wild-bonst tear the foe that looked so proud before;
And black-burnt bones shall scattered lie on Messolonghi's shore,
And Souli's lions shall be there with triumph in their eye."
Thus spake the bird, and flew away, and mingled with the sky.

The event here celebrated belongs to the month of April 1825, when Ibrahim Pasha was rapidly recovering from the Greeks of the Morea all the ground they had so bravely won at the commencement of the war. Tsamados was a Hydriote ship-captain, who, along with other patriots, had taken up a position in the island of Sphacteria, famous in the history of the Peloponnesian war, and in the old castle of Navarino on the Messenian coast; but the strength of their position proved vain against the superior numbers of the foe; and Tsamados, with other illustrious champions of Greek nationality, was slain. The appearance of the shade of the great naval commander in the form of a bird is a characteristic trait of the Romaic ballads; and learned men will no doubt be eager to trace the imagery back to Homer, in whose pages the gods often appear and disappear in certain winged incarnations. But in what age or country were birds and flowers not a favourite instrument of poetic presentation?

We conclude the present Number with the translation of a short but striking ballad, where the picture glares with a fine Rembrandtesque effect through the darkness, entitled

THE VOICE OF THE TOMB.

On Saturday we quaffed the wine, and drained the cup on Sunday,
And drank the liquor to the dregs till none remained on Monday.
Our jovial captain, when he saw that we had drained the whole,
Cried, "Haste thee to the khan, brave youth, bring fuel to our bowl."
The place was strange, the night was dark; I wandered from the way,
Through many a footpath lone and drear my wildered foot did stray,
Till to a ruined church I came, a church and churchyard lone,
Where there was many a holy cross, and many an old gray stone.
One grave there was from all the rest apart,—with hasty tread
Unwitting through the gloomy night I trampled on its head;
And from the inmost grave I heard a groan beneath the stone.
"What ails thee, grave; and through the night what means that dismal moan?"
Say, doth the green sod press thee sore, or the old and heavy stone?
"Not the green sod doth press me sore, nor the old and heavy stone;
Say, hast thou lack of room above, no road where thou may'st trend,
That from thy heel I have must feel such trespass on my head?
Was I not young as thou art now, a lusty Pallicari,
That loved in bright and breezy night beneath the moon to carry
A glancing blade six spans in length, and six feet long a gun?
Was I not seen among the first where the battle's spears were run?
Thrice ten doughty foes I slew in one night and a day,
And forty more with wounds from me stunk from the field away,
Till my good blade in sunder broke, and fell in pieces twain.
This saw a Turk, a faithless dog; and spurring o'er the plain,
Drew forth his shining yatagan, and waved it o'er my head.

With sudden clutch I seized the blade* before it reached my head;
Then from his belt the pistol flew, and aimed the dog so well,
He stretched me low and lifeless here, where 'neath the turf I dwell,
Weep, stranger, weep for me!"

HOW MR. LAMBKIN WAS GAROTTED—AND LIKED IT.

By THE AUTHOR OF "A SUBALTERN'S STORY."

IN these days—and nights—of insecurity to person and property, when respectable old gentlemen cannot walk from the City to St. John's Wood without having their neck-cloths disarranged and their pockets emptied by ill-looking ruffians with broken noses and fur-caps,—when equally respectable old ladies cannot do their little shopping in Oxford Street without being rumbled and robbed under a gas-lamp in a most audacious manner,—when the daily papers are filled with letters signed by all sorts of deadly weapons, recommending us what to do when we feel a bunch of muscular fingers compressing our windpipes,—when decent and peaceably disposed passengers, meeting in the parks after dusk, give each other a wide berth, and glance suspiciously over their respective shoulders like a couple of lions in the Zoological Gardens at feeding-time,—when, in fact, a universal panic appears to prevail in society, and the nervous system of the British public is in a very shaky and unsatisfactory state, it behoves every good citizen to raise his voice as loud as his lungs will permit him, if, by so doing, he imagines he can in any way contribute towards the general good, or benefit the interests of suffering humanity.

Inspired by sentiments of the purest philanthropy, and knowing that publicity is now-a-days the great redresser of evils, I have thought it my duty as a man and a bachelor to come forward, and make known through the columns of this periodical the circumstances connected with one of the most determined cases of garotting it has ever been my lot to become acquainted with. When an innocent and amiable little gentleman cannot pursue his meditations on the hearth-rug of a private dwelling-house without—But I am anticipating matters; perhaps I had better begin my story at the beginning.

Mr. Nicholas Lambkin was a young gentleman from the country, who, after the manner of young gentlemen in general, whether rustic or otherwise, had fallen deeply in love. In his case, however, there appeared to be no earthly reason why the course of his love should not run as smooth as a macadamised road. He was descended in a direct line from Reginald de Lambkynne, who, it is very well known, came over with the Conqueror. He was the proprietor of Lambkin Hall and a snug estate in Yorkshire; he was good-looking, affectionate, and domestic. What could the most aspiring mamma or fastidious young lady require more? And yet, to all appearance, Mr. Lambkin was the victim of an unrequited attachment. His love was a blank, because he had not the courage to tell it. The silver-spoon with which he had been born seemed in some measure to have entered into his nature. His bashfulness, however, was not so much constitutional as the result of education. Being an only child, and having lost his father when very young, he had been brought up entirely by his mother; and his character, though exemplary to a degree, exhibited in some points the mollifying influence of the maternal apron-string.

Mrs. Lambkin was a proud and reserved woman, who, since her husband's death, had lived entirely in the country, caring for no society but that of her son, and only anxious, like Norval's father, that he should remain at home, and be contented with the life of a quiet country-gentleman. Up till very lately Nicholas had dutifully indulged his mother's wish; but it suddenly occurred to him, on reaching his twenty-sixth birthday, that he could not perform the character of an English squire to perfection without the assist

ance of a wife. This desirable commodity not being obtainable in the neighbourhood, and as Mrs. Lambkin looked upon London as a grand emporium where a choice assortment of wives were kept constantly on view, she had taken a house in Berkeley Square with a view of giving her son a better opportunity for a selection. On this important point, however, Nicholas and his mother, for the first time in their lives, had a difference of opinion. Mrs. Lambkin, who was constructed, both mentally and physically, on the most diminutive scale, was smitten with the majestic person and intellectual attainments of a Miss Virginia Crabtree; while Nicholas had tumbled helplessly, hopelessly, speechlessly in love with a wicked, bright-eyed, golden-haired little cousin, named Amy Carlton.

The first-mentioned young lady, who was six feet high and wore spectacles, had condescended to look with an eye of favour on Mr. Lambkin; and having satisfactorily ascertained the amount of his income, and holding peculiar opinions on the subject of the rights of women, she did not scruple to take the initiative in making known her admiration both by word and deed. Amy, on the contrary,—a provoking, satirical, bewitching little puss,—though perfectly aware of the effects her charms had wrought on the unsophisticated heart of her country-cousin, pretended, in the hypocritical way common to wicked young ladies, totally to misunderstand his bashful attempts to inform her of the havoc she was causing in the susceptible organ that palpitated beneath his waistcoat.

Since his arrival in town, Mr. Lambkin had managed to rub off much of his rustic shyness. At clubs and other profane places of resort in the metropolis he had picked up a considerable amount of confidence, and in the society of men he was sufficiently self-possessed. Even with a number of ladies he felt tolerably safe, and did not altogether lose his presence of mind; but if by any unfortunate chance he found himself alone, in a room, with the door shut, *tête-à-tête* with a marriageable member of the fair sex, and if, more particularly, that member happened to be his cousin Amy, then did poor Mr. Lambkin blush, stutter, perform extraordinary evolutions with his arms and legs, and get himself generally into such an inextricable state of confusion, as to render an ignominious flight his only means of recovery.

After a three-months' residence in London, affairs were in this unsatisfactory condition; when, one afternoon last November, Mr. Lambkin,—driven to desperation by the attentions of Miss Crabtree, whose demonstrations of affection were becoming every day more alarming,—determined to put an end to them, and his own suspense at the same time, by concentrating his very limited brazen capabilities for one grand effort, and making an offer of his hand and fortune to the aforesaid wicked little cousin who had already taken possession of his heart.

And now, having given the reader as much of Mr. Lambkin's antecedental biography as is necessary to the development of my tragical story, I will let that gentleman speak for himself; merely premising that, with the exception of the interesting weakness I have mentioned, you would not find a warmer-hearted, better-humoured, more thoroughly good and honourable little fellow, if you were to search all over Epsom Downs on a Derby-day, which is, I fancy, giving you the largest assemblage in England to pick from.

"Good-bye, mother," cried Mr. Lambkin, on the afternoon in question, as he put his head in at the drawing-room door, and nodded to a sedate-looking little lady in a widow's cap, who was sitting by the fire, reading a newspaper. "Wish me success; I'm going to Kensington, to see my cousin Amy."

"My dearest Nicholas," answered Mrs. Lambkin, whose life was embittered by the presence of imaginary burglars, and who lived in hourly expectation of being garrotted as she sat in her arm-chair, "let me implore you not to think of going out so late. The evenings are very dark, and the accounts of people being robbed and murdered in the streets are becoming every day more dreadful. Do, my love, put off your visit till to-morrow before luncheon."

"No, mother," said Mr. Lambkin, entering the room. "You want to get home again; so I've screwed my courage up to the sticking-point, and have determined to speak out like a man to-day; if I wait till to-morrow, all my resolution may have evaporated."

"Ah, Nicholas," returned Mrs. Lambkin, "I fear your cousin is too volatile to make a good wife. She is not worthy of you, my dear. I wish I could persuade you to think more of Miss Crabtree."

"I wish I could persuade Miss Crabtree to think less of me," cried Nicholas in disgust. "Why surely, mother," he added, assuming the favourite argumentative position of an Englishman, viz. with his back to the fire, his hands in his pockets, and a coat-tail under each arm,—“surely you would not have me marry a woman who shaves her forehead and writes letters to the *Times* about the income-tax?"

"I should wish your wife, my dear, to possess some firmness of character, which I fear is not the case with your cousin Amy."

"She's a little darling," exclaimed Nicholas parenthetically.

"Now Miss Crabtree," continued Mrs. Lambkin, "is a young lady with a powerful intellect—"

"O, if you want a strong-minded woman for a daughter-in-law, I grant you, mother, you can't have a more perfect specimen than Virginia Crabtree. But as for being young, why, she's double my age, and wears moustache."

"Miss Crabtree, my dear, was only thirty-two last birthday," said Mrs. Lambkin, not condescending to notice her son's insinuation concerning the military appendage that graced her favourite's upper lip.

"Thirty-two!" cried Nicholas; "she's forty, if she's a day. I wish she'd shave her chin as well as her forehead. I declare, she's quite a Crimean hero."

"Nicholas, I'm ashamed of you," said Mrs. Lambkin with severity. "Miss Crabtree is a very superior young lady, and has twenty thousand pounds entirely under her own control. I beg you'll speak of her with respect, if it's only as my friend."

"O, as your friend, I respect her immensely. Besides, it's due to her age,—I beg your pardon, mother, I mean her money. But as for any thing else, it's quite out of the question. Why, I'm not twenty-seven yet."

"Five years, my dear, is no such great difference."

"But you must admit, mother, that if there be any disparity of age, the gentleman ought to have the benefit of it, in right of his sex,—and Amy's only twenty-two."

"I was older than your father, Nicholas; and our happiness was never affected by the circumstance."

"Ah, but then I don't love Miss Crabtree," returned Mr. Lambkin.

"Esteem, my dear, would ripen into a warmer sentiment."

"I'm afraid it would take a long time to ripen, mother. Besides, I love Amy already."

"But has your cousin given you any reason to suppose that she returns your affection?" asked Mrs. Lambkin.

"No, mother, because she doesn't know of it. I've tried to tell her half-a-dozen times; but I've always got ridiculously nervous, and ended by making some silly remark about its being a fine day."

"I never observed your being nervous with Miss Crabtree," said Mrs. Lambkin.

"No; because I never tried to tell her I loved her. She's a good deal more likely to tell me that. She was very near it yesterday. I was never so frightened in my life. So I resolved to propose to Amy to-day; and, if she'll have me, we'll get married at once, and be back at Lambkin Hall in less than a month."

"And if she refuses you?" inquired Mrs. Lambkin.

"Why then," replied Nicholas with a sigh, "it's a matter of indifference to me whom I marry; and to please you, mother, I'll try and like Virginia Crabtree. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, my dear; but if you must go to-day, let me

beg of you to take some weapon with you. I have just been reading a very sensible letter in the paper, written by an eccentric person who signs himself 'Knuckleduster,' recommending every one to walk about armed."

"Well, mother, if it will afford you the slightest gratification, I'll put a life-preserver in my pocket. But don't be alarmed. When I first came up from the country there might have been some danger; but now," said Mr. Lambkin, who thought himself quite a knowing man about town,—"now, I'm a great deal too wide-awake to let myself be gartotted. Good-bye."

While my small hero is speeding to Kensington,—figuratively, on the wings of love, but literally, on a pair of exceedingly well-made little legs,—I might improve the occasion by making several profound observations on the uncertainty of human affairs, as exemplified in Mr. Lambkin's closing speech; but as I do not wish to lose sight of that gentleman for a moment, I shall accompany him on his expedition, and leave the moral I have hinted at to point itself.

When the hall-door in Berkeley Square closed behind him, Mr. Lambkin felt as bold as a lion. Pressing his hat firmly on his head, and shouldering his umbrella with a conquering-hero kind of air, he started off at the rate of about five miles an hour. At the turning into Piccadilly, he nearly ran over a gigantic policeman who imprudently got in his way. He determined that when he saw his cousin he would speak out manfully as became a Lambkin, and composed a short, sharp, and decisive address to be delivered on the momentous occasion. His proposal should be none of your sentimental, down-on-one-knee kind of declarations, but a straightforward come-to-the-point yes-or-no sort of speech that would settle the question. The idea of feeling nervous at such a moment was really quite preposterous; and Mr. Lambkin laughed so heartily, that an irreproachably got-up individual, with a miraculous collar, supposing himself to be the object of the little gentleman's mirth, turned round and scowled frightfully after him for the space of two minutes. Mr. Lambkin, happily unconscious of his offence, and the indignant glances that were following him, went on his way rejoicing.

By the time, however, that he arrived at the entrance to Hyde Park, a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream. As he remembered his cousin's mocking face and laughing eyes, he began to think that there were other batteries than those of cannon which required a considerable amount of courage to face. The distance that had lent enchantment to his view was rapidly diminishing, and the ordeal that he had to undergo appeared every moment more formidable. As he proceeded westward, an acute observer might have detected a gradual abatement in the length of his pace and the confidence of his manner. Not the ghost of a smile remained on his features; and his umbrella, instead of being carried truculently over his shoulder, reposed peaceably under his arm. As he strolled through Knightsbridge, he became conscious of an uncomfortable sensation that, like Acres, his valour was rapidly oozing out of the tips of his fingers. In proportion as his stride grew less, a corresponding elongation took place in his visage; and as he slowly approached Kensington, with his umbrella now used as a walking-stick to support his tottering steps, no one would have recognised him for the confident and exulting little gentleman who came into such violent collision with the unfortunate policeman a short time before. As he passed through the turnpike his pace had slackened into an absolute crawl; and his umbrella, which appeared entirely to sympathise with its nervous proprietor, trailed irresolutely behind him. His uncle's house stood in a large garden not far from that venerable toll-bar; and when at length he had dragged himself to the door, his first impulse was to run away again as fast as his legs could carry him. Luckily at that moment the colossal image of Miss Crabtree rose up before him, and in a fit of desperation he seized the knocker.

"Is any one at home?" he asked in a faltering tone of a

giant in plush-breeches, who responded to the feeble concussion.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carlton are engaged, sir," said the giant, looking down from a tremendous height at the small visitor; "but Miss Carlton is in the drawing-room."

"Alone?" gasped Mr. Lambkin.

"Alone, sir," affably returned the gentleman in plush.

The door was shut, and retreat impossible. Mr. Lambkin experienced a choking sensation in his throat. He had never felt so nervous as on that particular occasion. All his old symptoms had returned in an aggravated form. Though the roads were perfectly clean, and there was not a speck of dust upon his highly-polished little Balmorals, he performed a lengthened *pas de seul* on the door-mat, and took as long to mount the staircase as if he had been climbing the Great Pyramid.

"Mister Laamkin!" shouted the giant, in a tone for which Nicholas would have liked to have knocked him down—if he could. Amy was sitting at a table with a box of water-colours before her; and in the opinion of her love-stricken cousin, looked more charming and saucy than ever. She rose to meet him.

"Why, Nick," she exclaimed, adopting the irreverent abbreviation of his name in use among the younger branches of the family, "you're quite a stranger. You haven't been to see us for nearly a week."

"I—I've not been very well," stammered Mr. Lambkin, blushing like a peony, and not knowing exactly what he said in his confusion.

"Ah, you may well blush at telling such a dreadful fib. You were well enough yesterday to walk about, with Miss Crabtree. I saw you; but you were too much engrossed with your fair companion to take any notice of your cousin. I was just making a sketch of you going into a shop in Bond Street together. Look!"

"I assure you, Amy, I did not see you," said Mr. Lambkin, sitting down at the further end of the room, and not feeling at all reassured by the exhibition of a clever caricature of himself as a dwarf escorting a female grenadier that bore an absurd resemblance to Miss Crabtree.

"She would take me into Savory and Moore's to give me something for my cough."

"What a wonderful genius she is!" said Amy. "Nothing comes amiss to her. Her mind is like an elephant's trunk. She can lecture on the steam-engine or prescribe a cough-mixture with equal ease. I suspect, Nick, you have rather a *penchant* in that quarter. She was looking very affectionately at you through her spectacles."

"No, indeed," cried Mr. Lambkin energetically. "She's my mother's friend, not mine."

"Ah, you gentlemen always deny these things."

"I assure you, Amy," cried Nicholas, roused by the accusation, "I hate Miss Crabtree; and," he added, fidgeting uneasily in his chair, and reducing his hat to a shapeless mass in his agitation, "I—I—I—"

"Why, Nick," said Amy, wickedly enjoying his confusion, "what's the matter with you? You are utterly ruining a perfectly new hat. Do put it down."

"I want," gasped Nicholas convulsively, "to speak—to you—on a subject—of the greatest importance."

"Well, Nick, if our conversation is to be confidential, don't sit all the way out there."

Mr. Lambkin, who felt much more comfortable at a distance, moved two or three chairs nearer.

"No, no; come and sit here." And she pointed to an ottoman at her side.

Mr. Lambkin mechanically obeyed, and sat himself down on Amy's workbox, that was lying open upon it.

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, in an agony of distress, and trying to repair the damage he had done; "I didn't see—"

"O, never mind, Nick; I hate a tidy workbox. Bring a chair here; and while you talk you can hold a skein of silk for me."

Poor Mr. Lambkin! If there is a position calculated more than another to discompose a nervous man on the point of making an offer of his hand and heart to the lady of his affections, it is the ridiculous one of holding a skein of silk for her to wind. In the first place, the attitude is the very reverse of graceful. If he be in a chair, he has to sit bolt upright on the extreme edge, with his arms sticking out at right angles to his body like the arms of a direction-post, and his fingers fixed and rigid as a glove-tree. When the silk gets into a "tangle," which it invariably does, the gentleman can do nothing to assist the fair winder, but must remain stiff and immovable as a trussed fowl, or the "difficulty" becomes more complicated; and when, as in the present case, the lady is perfectly self-possessed, and the gentleman proportionately shy, it is not easy to imagine less favourable circumstances for the performance of that favourite comedietta called "popping the question."

"And now, Nick," said Amy demurely, when Mr. Lambkin had assumed the position of a sedentary finger-post, and she had found the "end" and commenced winding, "what is this very important matter you have to communicate? Any thing about the weather?"

"No," answered Mr. Lambkin, trying to recollect his speech; "nothing about the weather."

"Or the crops?" asked Amy. "No bad news from the Hall, I hope, about the mangel-wurzel?"

"No," answered Nicholas, who felt his forehead getting unpleasantly hot; "it's nothing about mangel-wurzel."

"Swedes coming up as you could wish, I trust?" pursued Amy.

"I didn't come to talk about turnips," cried Mr. Lambkin in a piteous tone, making an insane attempt to get at his pocket-handkerchief.

"O, keep your hands up, please," cried Amy; "my silk will be ruined."

"I beg your pardon," said Nicholas, raising his hands as high as his nose, and proceeding: "I want to say—that is—to ask you, Amy, if—if—"

"Go on, Nick."

"To ask you—if—you could—I mean, if you would try, —to—Dear me, it's very warm to-day."

"I knew it was something about the weather," cried Amy triumphantly.

"No, no; I didn't mean that."

"A little higher, please."

"I beg pardon. I meant to say," said Mr. Lambkin in despair, "that for the last three months—ever since I came to London, in fact—I have been in—in—in—"

"In what?"

"In love,—there!" said Mr. Lambkin drawing a long breath; "that's what I came to say, Amy."

"O, Nick, how sly of you to have been in love for three months and to have said nothing about it!"

"I tried to tell you several times," said Nicholas, feeling more at his ease now the Rubicon was passed, as he thought; "but I hadn't the courage to speak out."

"And who is the lady?" asked Amy.

"Who?" said Mr. Lambkin in surprise. "Don't you know?"

"No, of course not; you didn't tell me."

"But can't you guess?" asked Nicholas, trying to look as insinuating as his absurd position would allow him.

"A little higher, please."

"O, bother the silk!" cried Mr. Lambkin impatiently.

"Can't you guess, Amy?"

"I think I can," she replied laughing.

"Well, Amy?"

"Well, Nicholas?"

"What do you say?" asked Mr. Lambkin anxiously.

"O, I'm delighted to hear it. I think you ought to get married, and that you'll make a very good little husband."

"Do you?" exclaimed Nicholas joyfully. "Then nothing remains but to fix the day."

"The day! What day?"

"The wedding-day."

"O, that you must leave to her."

"Her?" said Mr. Lambkin, dropping his hands in consternation.

"O," cried Amy, picking up the silk, "what have you done! What a dreadful tangle!"

"But, Amy," said Nicholas, who felt *himself* getting into a dreadful tangle, "what *her* do you mean? My mother?"

"No; the lady you're in love with, of course."

"The lady I'm in love with," stammered Mr. Lambkin, getting very pale. "And who do you suppose that is?"

"Miss Crabtree, of course," said Amy.

The shock was too much for Mr. Lambkin; his head reeled, his eyes swam, every thing appeared to be whirling round; and after staring vacantly at his cousin for some time, he rushed from the room with an anti-macassar that had become entangled in the back buttons of his coat streaming wildly behind him.

"Nicholas—dear Nicholas!" cried Amy, following him to the door, "come back."

But he was gone; and as the wicked little cousin returned to her seat, her face wore a penitent look, and something very like a tear trickled down her cheek.

As Mr. Lambkin was flying down-stairs, taking a dozen steps at a time, Mrs. Carlton was just leaving the library.

"Why, Nicholas, you appear in a great hurry. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said the little gentleman, making a very poor attempt to look perfectly at his ease; "I generally come down-stairs that way."

"Nonsense, my dear," said Mrs. Carlton, who was rather a determined character, "you're quite in a fever. Come into the library, and tell me what has annoyed you."

The unhappy Mr. Lambkin followed his aunt into her sanctum with much the same feeling he would have taken his seat in a dentist's operating-chair. His nerves were a good deal shaken; and Mrs. Carlton, by a skilful cross-examination, arrived at the cause of his woe with as much dexterity as the aforesaid professor of odontology would have extracted a refractory grinder. Like the sufferer from toothache, Nicholas felt much better after the operation, especially as his aunt took a favourable view of his case, and undertook to complete his cure by informing the wilful young lady upstairs of his desperate condition.

"I know Amy likes you very much," said Mrs. Carlton, as she proceeded on her embassy; "and your uncle, I am sure, will be delighted to receive you as a son-in-law."

"Bless you, my dear aunt, for saying so!" fervently ejaculated Mr. Lambkin.

And now I come to the painful part of my story—the catastrophe.

It had grown quite dusk, and the trembling lover was anxiously awaiting the return of his envoy. He was gazing intently at the fire, with his right elbow reposing on the mantelpiece and his left foot resting on the fender,—one cannot be too circumstantial in these melancholy cases,—when a figure noiselessly entered the room, glided swiftly behind him, put its arms round his neck, and before he could defend himself, closed his mouth in such a way that for a few moments he was unable to breathe.

"Nicholas," said the audacious garrotteer, releasing her hold when the unfortunate gentleman appeared totally incapable of resistance, "you're a dear good little fellow, and I love you very much. Forgive me for my cruel conduct this afternoon."

"Forgive you!" cried the enraptured Mr. Lambkin. "I'll—"

Here the garotte-process was repeated, Nicholas this time being the performer, and Amy the unresisting victim.

"I knew all the time what you wanted to say," said the latter, when the operation had been satisfactorily performed; "and it would have served me right if you had gone straight from here and proposed to Miss Crabtree."

"Miss Crabtree be—"

Fortunately the sentence was never finished. The mode of interruption has been already hinted at. Amy has since stated in explanation, that it became absolutely necessary to stop Nicholas's mouth in some way or other, to prevent the utterance of a word relative to Miss Crabtree in a state of suspension, or some other equally unpleasant predicament.

I have nothing more to record, except that the perpetrator of the above-mentioned outrage was, I am happy to say, speedily brought to justice. Being arraigned before a family-court, and having nothing to say in her defence, except that it was Leap Year, and that the plaintiff was her cousin, she was sentenced to go in chains—hymeneal ones—for the rest of her natural life.

The day that the sentence was carried into effect, Mr. Lambkin was, as a matter of course, transported. Miss Crabtree is still unmarried, and likely to remain so. The young couple have just returned from their wedding-tour; and, strange to say, Mr. Lambkin has lost all his shyness. He ascribes it entirely to his having been garotted. J. H. L.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

ALL IS NOT AT HAND THAT HELPS.—We cannot foresee whence help may come to us, nor always trace back to their sources the advantages we actually enjoy. *De longe vem aqua a o moinho* (Portug.);—Water comes to the mill from afar.

GOD SENDS FOOLS FORTUNE.—It is to this version of the Latin adage, *Fortuna favet fatuis*, "Fortune favours fools," that Touchstone alludes in his reply to Jacques:

"No, sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

The Spaniards express this popular belief by a striking figure: "The mother of God appears to fools,"—*A los bobos se les aparece la madre de Dios*. The Germans say, "Fortune and women are fond of fools,"—*Glück und Weiber haben die Narren lieb*; and the converse of this holds good likewise, since "Fortune makes a fool of him whom she too much favours,"—*Fortuna nimium quem favet stultum facit*—and so do women sometimes. When we consider how much what is called success in life depends on getting into one of "the main grooves of human affairs," we can account for the common remark, that blockheads thrive better in the world than clever people. "It is all the difference of going by railway and walking over a ploughed field, whether you adopt common courses or set up one for yourself" (which is more likely to be done by people of superior abilities than by others). "You will see . . . most inferior persons highly placed in the army, in the church, in office, at the bar. They have somehow got upon the line, and have moved on well, with very little original motive-power of their own. Do not let this make you talk as if merit were utterly neglected in these or other professions; only that getting well into the groove will frequently do instead of any great excellence." (*Companions of my Solitude*.) With this explanation, we are prepared to admit that there is some reason in the Spanish adage, "God send you luck, my son; so that a little wit will serve your turn,"—*Ventura te dé Dios, que poco saber te basta*.

WHEN TWO ORDER THE SAME HORSE, ONE MUST RIDE BEHIND.—Another proverb settles the question of precedence by ruling that, "He that hires the horse must ride before." The other must of course be content to journey as the foremost man pleases. "He who rides behind another, does not saddle when he will" (Span.).—*Quien tous otro cabulga, no ensilla quando quiere*.

ALL COVET, ALL LOSE. "Covetousness brings nothing home." "It bursts the bag," say the Italians,—*La codicia rompe il sacco*. "He who embraces too much, keeps a bad hold" (French).—*Qui trop embrasse, mal étireint*.—A statue

was erected to Buffon in his lifetime, with the inscription: *Naturum amplectitus omnem*,—"He embraces all nature." Some one remarked as he read it, *Qui trop embrasse, mal étireint*. Buffon heard of this, and had the inscription removed.

THEY MAY LAUGH THAT WIN.—"A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him. His boy that led him perceiving it, said, 'Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at you.' 'Hold thy peace, boy,' said the fiddler; 'we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them.'" (*Selden's Table-Talk*.) "He laughs best who has the last laugh" (French).—*Rira bien qui rira le dernier*. "Better is the last smile than the first laughter."



THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

IV.

FROM the tile-manufactory we directed our steps towards Mr. Minton's show-rooms, where are exhibited various specimens of what we suppose must be called pottery, though many of the articles might well have proceeded from the studio of the statuary or the easel of the painter. That there were to be seen there cups, plates, dishes, and jugs, in numbers not to be told, and in endless variety, will be expected; but that from materials so rude as flint and clay statuettes are fabricated, clothed in drapery which rivals the finest muslin in delicacy, and with features so exquisitely moulded as to express the tenderest emotions of the mind, we could not help inferring that the potter's art has here attained the highest point of perfection. Owing to the comparatively low price of the raw material, and, we presume, the facility with which, when once the mould is formed, copies may be multiplied, the price even of the most exquisite specimens is wonderfully small; while the cost of articles of domestic furniture of symmetrical and tasteful shape and perfect workmanship is scarcely beyond that at which, a few years since, the most ungainly forms were sold. All honour to the capitalists who have placed within the reach of the humblest classes models to elevate their taste, and create or foster their love of the beautiful.

From the showrooms we descended to the workshops where these charming things are made. And here we think it only just to state, that we received from all the artist-labourers the same refined courtesy which characterised the tile-manufactory. It may be that manual dexterity, artistic skill, and familiarity with fine forms, may have a reflex influence on the mind, and generate there a politeness generally supposed to belong only to a higher rank than that of the artisan; but however this may be, we were certainly as well pleased with the modellers as with the models.

In the first room which we entered, a man stood at a side-table, employed in putting the last finishing-touch to a mass of clay about to be wrought into form. Had we entered a baker's-shop, we should have supposed that he was throwing aloft, thumping, and kneading a lump of peculiarly white dough; and that the subject of his labour was to be converted, not into plates and dishes, but into the more delicate bread. In a corner of the room, seated on the edge of a kind of trough, in the centre of which revolved a horizontal wheel of about the size of a dinner-plate, was a man pursuing his vocation of a "thrower,"—a veritable potter, having by the impulse of his will and hand "power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and

another unto dishonour." It is strange that with all the applications of modern science, and although aided by the refinements of high art, the potter still sits at his wheel,—a wheel the same in form and operation as in remote antiquity,—using his hand to model his workmanship, and a string to sever it from its base when completed.

This little table is made to revolve by a strap connected with a large vertical wheel, which is turned by a young woman a few yards off; to her he intimates by words or signs whether he requires a rapid movement or otherwise. Another woman stands near him, whose business is twofold: first to divide into equal pieces, by weight, the clay on which he is to operate, and to place them ready to his hand; and secondly, to arrange in a double row, on a board placed near her, the finished vessels as he "throws" them off. But let us watch him closely; for he is evidently a practised hand, and gets through his work with wondrous expedition. He is making preserve-pots: see, there stands a row of them which he has just made, all of exactly the same height, diameter, and thickness, as if all made (as indeed they are) in the same mould, namely, his fingers and thumbs. He places a lump of clay in the centre of his wheel, and the first jar is finished while we are realising to our own minds the fact that his hands are his sole implements. A pointer projects from the side of the trough opposite him to very near the middle of the wheel. This serves him to indicate the height of his jar, and by his side is a piece of string (wire it turns out to be, when we look more closely) with which he severs it from the wheel. The attendant leaves off weighing for an instant, and removes his workmanship out of his way. A second lump succeeds the first; he thrusts his hand into it; the plastic material seems endowed with a self-forming power; it sinks into the middle; its circumference rises under his magic touch, and in far less time than we can describe the operation, the pot is finished and added to the company of its fellows. A dozen are made in an incredibly short space of time. He signs to his assistants, and he proceeds,—though we are ignorant of the fact until he has finished,—to exhibit to us a specimen of his skill in fabricating other articles. A fresh lump is placed on the wheel; with a touch it assumes the form of a cup; it widens and becomes flatter; the wheel stops, the wire is applied, and behold! a well-shaped saucer. Again the magic wheel revolves, and a teacup is the result. Another and somewhat larger lump is laid on the wheel, which rises like its predecessors; it bulges out below, contracts above, a rim shoots out, and we have the body of a teapot; for which a smaller lump is instantaneously whirled into a lid, fitting as accurately as if measured by rule and compass, and not simply by the potter's eye. A slop-basin follows; and, last of all, another vessel is, by a trick of legerdemain, converted into a milk-jug. The impromptu set of tea-things are allowed to stand for a few seconds on the side-board; when the attendant seizes them, and before we have had time to recover from our astonishment, ruthlessly crushes them to a mass of ignoble clay. The fabrication of jam-pots is resumed, we express our acknowledgments, and withdraw. We next peeped into a low and very hot room, filled with frames, on which were placed some hundreds of vessels undergoing the operation of drying. The next workshop was filled with turning-lathes. At each of these stood a workman, who placed a basin on a revolving mould accurately fitting its concavity. With a tool of simple structure he first hollowed out the base so as to form the rim on which it stands; a few revolutions produced the contraction above the rim; and the tool, slowly moved along the outside, reduced the basin itself to a uniform thickness.

The articles we have hitherto seen were perfectly round and symmetrical. In another workshop are made vessels of irregular shape, such as ewers and vegetable dishes, for which a mould is requisite. A potter's mould consists of two solid pieces, which when fitted together form a concavity similar in shape to the outside of the vessel required. The workman takes a lump of clay, and having rolled it

out into a flat thin cake, places it as a cook would the cover of a pie on one of the halves of a mould; the other being similarly treated, the two are brought together, and the line of junction effected by laying between the two, on the inside, a strip of the same clay, which is patted and coaxed into shape with wondrous dexterity. Handles of teacups, spouts of teapots, feet of tureens, and whatever other members articles in pottery are furnished with, are made for the most part by children, each in a separate mould, and are afterwards stuck on to the main body with a composition called slag. A series of rooms on the upper story was occupied by a number of women and girls, employed in painting plates, &c. which had been already fired. We observed little here worthy of notice, except that the outline was in all cases printed on the article, and that the true division of labour was observed, one girl laying on with an ordinary camel's hair brush all the red, and another all the blue, &c. We must not, however, omit to mention that the decorum which reigned here was not instead of, but subjoined to, the same civility which had awaited us elsewhere. Patterns of landscape, flowers, and fruit, are printed on the porous clay by a very ingenious device. An impression from a copper-plate is first taken in the required colour on silver-paper; the sheet is then dipped in water, and spread lightly and evenly over the surface of the plate, rubbed on the back with a roll of wet flannel, and finally washed off with a sponge till the colouring-matter alone remains. This operation is performed after the articles have been once fired, in which condition they are technically called "biscuit." The process of glazing consists in covering the ware with a thin coat of mineral composition. Into this they are dipped one by one, and quickly withdrawn; and when sufficiently dry, are again consigned to the saggars, and replaced in the furnace, which is heated to the degree necessary to vitrify the glazing.

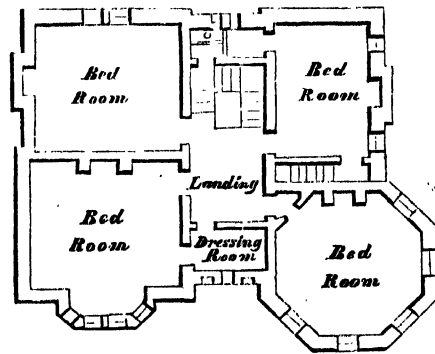
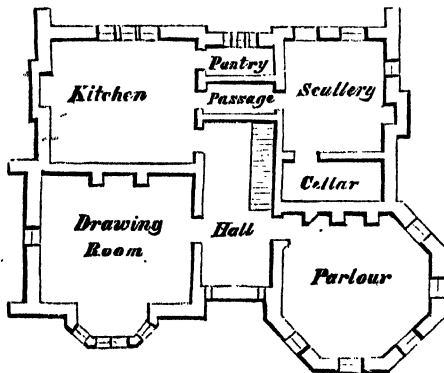
The operation of gilding is performed by painting the ware with an amalgam of gold and quicksilver. Placed in the furnace, the quicksilver evaporates, and the gold returns to its solid state, but comes out with a dull surface; so that, in order to restore its lustre and brilliancy, it is necessary to burnish it with bloodstones and other polishing substances.

C. A. J.

DESIGN FOR A SUBURBAN COTTAGE-RESIDENCE.

By E. L. TARBUCK, ARCHITECT.

THERE are ten rooms, besides offices, in the accompanying design, and the cost of erection will average about 800*l*. Stone or brick should be used; no cement externally. To the use of the latter material may probably be referred much of the tiresome sameness, prostration of natural thought, and disregard for truth, which characterise our street-architecture. It is so easy and so cheap to stick up details from the same model, that the temptation has been irresistible. We have heard people blame a certain millionaire who had some elaborate plaster ornaments designed for the interior of his house, and afterwards caused the models to be destroyed, that none else might have similar decorations. A little more of this selfishness in architecture is sadly wanted; for good was done in thus discouraging repetition, and impelling once more the exercise of individual thought. Otherwise the forms would have been repeated all over London, and the architect soon have lost the credit due for his peculiar skill and taste, in the plagiarisms which have become so common, but are so perfectly inexcusable. Our design is plain; and therefore there will be but little excuse for tawdry cement-work. Indeed, it will not do now to give much external ornamentation. One of the strange features of our civilisation is, how little appropriate decoration is cared for in domestic habitations, and how niggardly money is doled out on this object. And yet we are richer far than the men of olden time,—far richer than those old burghers of Bruges, of Ghent, and of Antwerp, who lavished nearly as much



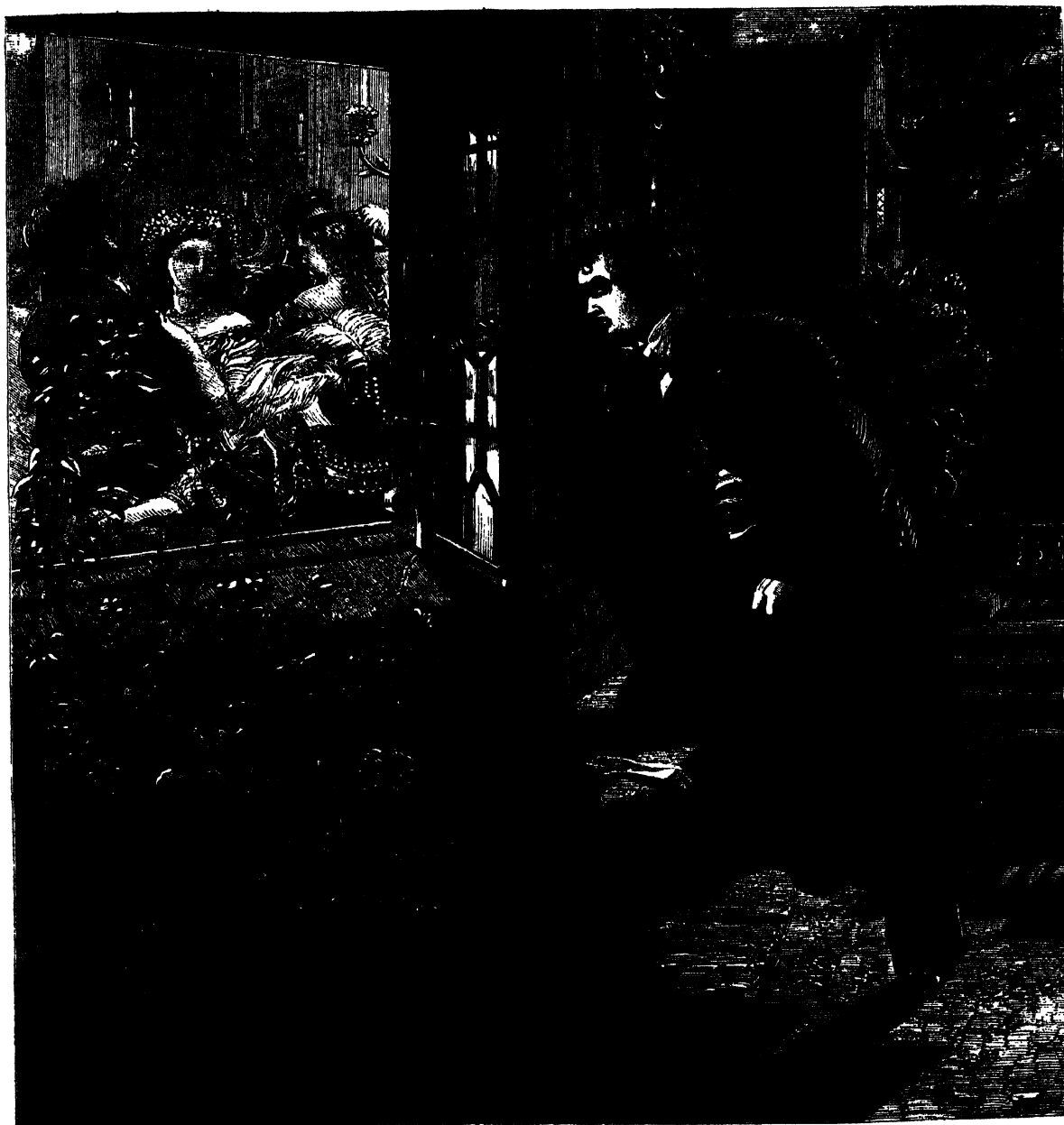
money on the outsides as they did on the interiors of their houses. Look again at Venice. Commerce there did not crush the spirit which, not content with gazing on beautiful public buildings and pictures in galleries, still wished to have, surrounding the domestic hearth and outside, where the passengers might gaze, what would tell that the possessor did not content himself with paying taxes for the stately palace and the noble hall, but did something in his own way, and in his own house, to signify his feeling for art. Turn from these buildings to our stuccoed houses, and note how all comes from the same ugly models. We stick up the so-called *ornaments* without regard to beauty, meaning, and truth, instead of boldly carving them in the stone, and, on all occasions, *designing* that which is expressly and peculiarly suited to the site and the purpose, to the age and the people.

Decoration, indeed, there often is in superabundance; but whence come the ideas and forms? Plagiarisms nearly always in architecture from the ancient tangible thoughts. We do more *apparent* work than the old men, but not nearly so much *real* work. We hurry along at a railroad-pace; but it is too fast a pace for any thing but steam. Art requires time, labour, diligent and thoughtful care; and perfection is not to be attained in a hurry. Every thing now must be done quickly; every body is impatient; and every body is at last disappointed with the result. All in the olden time

was done slowly, calmly, and deliberately. Cathedrals progressed during ages; scarcely one abroad is now quite finished, but what is completed is done *well*,—so well, that it is a precious and undying legacy to future times. Then there was harmony between the works of man and those of nature,—for the latter naturally dictate the former; and a building seen in the vastitude of an extensive landscape is a sort of connecting-link between the two:

“And the clear region where ’twas born
Round in itself encloses.”

The penalty of our hot-headed rushing to and fro, of our foolish impatience, of our thoughtfulness of nothing but the money's worth, without regard to intrinsic value, will surely visit us some day. We said before, that the love of home is lost in the changefulness of our abode in the frail things called houses, so hastily run up. In a few years men have forgotten where they settled with the blushing bride, where the first-born calmly slept, where the friends who have departed so often came; the fireside where their parents sat, the spot which domestic affection and friendship should have hallowed. And we shall find out at last that, if this changefulness continues, as it bids fair to do,—that settledness of abode which so powerfully contributes to the prosperity and happiness of the members of a nation being destroyed,—we shall not have long to wait for more portentous changes.



SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. X.

HENRY LINTON ES.

PAINTED BY E. M. WARD, R.A.

BYRON'S EARLY LOVE.

BYRON'S EARLY LOVE.
"A DREAM OF ANNESLEY HALL."

By E. M. WARD, R.A.

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting"

If the painting here engraved had been no better than the verses which supply its motto, our task of comment and criticism might indeed be brief. A few words in explanation of the lines will be serviceable, however, in elucidating the subject of the picture; which are the more necessary, as most of the glare and all the smoke having cleared away from Byron's reputation, the present generation is comparatively ignorant of the stormy passions through which he passed, and contentedly rests its judgment of him upon his works as a poet.

After many a boyish love-freak, Lord Byron seems to have experienced the reality of the passion in its highest manifestations for the beautiful Mary Chaworth. She, however, by no means reciprocated his feeling, and in the dignity of her eighteen years treated the peer of sixteen as a boy, not appearing to have even disguised from him her regard for the gentleman she afterwards married,—a Mr. Musters. Byron's affection for the lady was undoubtedly deep-seated and sincere; for the effect of her indifference told greatly upon his after-life, and is expressed in the "fatal remembrance" to which he alludes in the verses.

The subject of the picture is Byron moodily contemplating Miss Chaworth while dancing at a ball in her father's house at Annesley. Of its execution we may say, that it exhibits the usual qualities of Mr. E. M. Ward's works, and may also remark the skill with which he has designed the action of the left hand of Byron himself, holding, as he does, the skirt of his cloak as a screen before his lame foot. If this be intended as a subtle hint at the tyrannising vanity of the poet's character, which led him to make this personal defect the chief misery of his life, it is a very excellent point skilfully introduced. The figure of Byron appears to be somewhat manly for that of a youth of sixteen. The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and has been engraved in the illustrated edition of Moore's *Irish Melodies*. We are indebted to Messrs. Longman, the publishers of that work, for permission to re-engage the subject for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

L. L.

AN EVENING AT THE — INSTITUTE.

It was evening, in a certain manufacturing-town in the eastern part of Lancashire; a hard, dry, bitter cold was abroad; casual drops of water on the pavement froze into hard knobs of ice; and where the carts passed the ground was strowed with powder of earth and ice. In one of the principal streets, where gas-jets were flaring in all directions, people were busily hurrying to and fro, and the hard struggle for life was carried on with more than ordinary activity, at the entrance of a large hall were fixed two lamps of a special brilliance, from which were suspended huge placards, on which were printed, in letters of notable size, "Go and see Captain H—'s demonstrations." In the interior of this hall were assembled about 1500 people. The gallery was chiefly filled with artisans, weavers, mechanics, railway-porters, and an indefinite number of youths. There were likewise visible in the front seats (they had hard fighting for them, too) numerous mothers of families, supporting their infants with one hand and holding the house-key in the other. In the body of the building were the upper class of operatives; and in front was a sprinkling of wealthier people, and a satisfactory number of Quakers. Five performers were playing furiously some fashionable music. One of these men had such a round red and white face, great black eyes and whiskers, such well-defined eyebrows and imperial, in fact, possessed

such a peculiar and noticeable stylo of beauty, that he was deservedly regarded by the female sex there gathered together as one of the most attractive features of the place. Wit and repartee, disguised in the provincial dialect of the place, were audible enough. In fact, the gallery-people were on the best of terms with themselves and the musicians, and held colloquial discourse freely with the latter. On the appearance of the lecturer, the shouting, yelling, and applause, rose to a terrible height. He was a large, heavy, powerfully-built man, and with that swinging step which smacks of sailor-life, and that easy play of limb which indicates an almost indefinite amount of strength. He was a man of the O'Connell type. Phlegmatic-bilious temperament, a well-developed massive head, a powerful eye, and an expression of benevolence, humour, and self-reliance, were obviously his characteristics. What if he were rather roughly attired, if his letter "h" was occasionally missing, his verbs sometimes oddly conjugated, and their agreement with their nominative wholly disregarded? He was perhaps a rough specimen, but he held his own well. Mr. Jonas Stubbs was seated in the front row. He was a most respectable stout young gentleman; he appreciated to the utmost extent two things—his own person and his own wealth. Moreover, he was engaged, and on the point of marriage, with a young lady of the most genteel sort. He had come prepared to disabuse the public mind of several misconceptions, and to unmask and upset the system of the lecturer completely; in fact, to deal one heavy blow at mesmerism, so that it should never raise its head again in Mr. Stubbs' natal town. He considered very justly, and with unanswerable logic, first, that it was all humbug; and secondly, that if not, it was something much worse. In this frame of mind he listened to the opening address. What there was of it was certainly not very much to the point. It was something in this style: "The British people have always been celebrated for fair play. The Americans are not any thing like us in that respect. (Cries of 'That's true.') They call themselves a go-ahead people; but so are we; we not only go at it, but we go always at it, and we go all of us at it." (Immense applause.) Here a girl, with a very abstracted expression of countenance, and a gait as though she were slightly deformed, walked across the lecture-hall, and disappeared into a little room, where comfort and refreshment in the way of a fire and looking-glass were provided, as appeared from the glimpse which the opening of the door afforded. (Audible whispers of "That's her.") Mr. Jonas Stubbs, not to lose an opportunity, remarked loudly to those who were near him, "That, I suppose, is one of the paid victims." By this artful remark, you perceive, he had included both sides of the case. Pay denoted humbug; and the word victim contemplated the darker supposition. The lecturer continued: "When I was at Cronstadt there was a ship commanded by an American, many years ago. And the Emperor Nicholas went aboard of it; and all the flags of the different nations were hoisted in honour of his visit. Above them all waved the stars and stripes. (Murmurs of, "Shame," perhaps rather unreasonably.) And when the emperor ascended the ladder (here he enacted the part with much effect), what did he see but the Union-Jack spread as a carpet for his feet. (Perfect uproar of yells and catcalls.) What did he do? (Here Captain H—, in his character of emperor, made suitable demonstrations of horror.) He ordered it to be raised up and hoisted aloft, saying, 'I will never tread on the ensign of that noble nation.'" (Hurricane of applause; cries of "Well done, old Nick—Union-Jack for ever.") We will now proceed to our demonstrations. "Any lady or gentleman,"—here he was interrupted by a tumultuous rush of at least thirty men and boys on to the stage. He arranged them all on benches in a semicircle; three young ladies from the little room had already seated themselves. A paralysed woman, two cripples, and a blind boy completed the lot. Every one was silent as Captain H— passed among them, laying his hand on the forehead of each in succession. Some half-dozen closed their eyes at once; these he placed apart. The rest

he made stand up one by one, and made passes behind them. Some staggered back towards him; others reeled after him; these again were grouped together. A few showed no sign of any sort; these he patted affectionately on the back, and dismissed them to resume their seats among the audience. Finally he arranged some ten in a semicircle; they regarded the spectators with a peculiarly imbecile and stolid air. The musicians struck up "Bobbing around." All those that were standing commenced such indescribable writhing and contortion, that they appeared to imitate lively naggots in cheese. He then touched their heads; and while the girls continued writhing the lads fought imaginary enemies with fury. One was in his own imagination a sheep, and bleated piteously; another was a monkey, and favoured the audience with all the absurd chatter and gestures of that unclean animal. After a meal of green leaves, he ascended a pole, and perched himself in such a position as his sober senses would hardly have suggested. Another swam vigorously on the floor, to the intense delight of his comrades in the gallery. Captain H— brought forward the sheep.

"I never saw this young man before; does any one know him?"

"He works for Astow's Mill; he lives hard by."

Another was presented; and he was proclaimed to be "Adam Hope, a stone-mason;" and so forth; they were all challenged by their respective friends and acquaintances. At length Captain H— pointed to the interesting animal aloft:

"Does any one know this lad?" he demanded.

"Ho be my son," screamed a woman; "and he has eat twice as much sin' he wor mesmerised."

They were then awakened. The monkey descended with every appearance of uncomfortable terror; the sheep ceased to bleat; the people in the gallery took on themselves the continuation of that performance; and the subjects seated themselves, looking puzzled and hot, on the benches facing the audience. The lecturer placed them again in a row, and connected them one with another by means of a small brass-chain, the extremity of which was placed in a pitcher of water, in which he had previously been, to all appearance, washing his hands. The result seemed extraordinary; the lads presented the same symptoms as it is well known those do who receive a strong shock from an ordinary electric machine. And presently the platform was a mass of prostrate lads, struggling furiously to free themselves from each other, and yet apparently obliged to retain their hold. "Talk of table-turning," exclaimed Captain H—, "look here;" and springing upon a chair, he began to wave his hands in a circle round him, at first slowly, but gradually increasing in velocity. The lads rose, and ran round and round the chair. When he changed the current, they turned and commenced running the other way. Those who did not change quickly enough were pushed over, and trampled on; they seemed invulnerable, or possessed, for they got up and followed the others. Then there was a lull. Jonas Stubbs gave an audible groan, and Captain H— regarded his subjects with a benevolent air. Now Mr. Stubbs had been for some time boiling with indignation; and at this moment his good genius prompted him to active measures, and to a personal exhibition. So when the lecturer demanded again, "Any lady or gentleman," he rose from his seat with that deliberation which at once indicated his respectability, and ascended the steps on the right of the platform. It so happened that a black man present was at that instant seized also with an inclination to appear in public, so that he rose on one side of the stage precisely as Mr. Jonas Stubbs appeared on the other; and the sable man and the white gentleman faced each other suddenly. This circumstance was in itself enough to create amusement in an audience prepared for joking. For an instant Mr. Jonas regretted his determination; he could have wished to have been in less remarkable companionship—but there was no help for it. Captain H— asked the customary question: "Does any one know this young man?"

"I am Mr. Jonas Stubbs," returned the latter, with a stern air, which might have disconcerted any impostor; "and this," pointing to the black, "I don't know him; I never saw him before." (Black man grins.)

Solemn voice from the gallery: "I know he; he be Cooky Sam." (Cries of friendly recognition.)

"You'll find," said Jonas, "you have no power over me; I'm not a wretched dupe or a paid emissary."

"Ah, no, very likely," said Captain H— smiling; "permit me to try. No; you are a very difficult person, I see." He passed his hands caressingly over their heads and down their spines. "No; you are very difficult," he continued; "determined not to be taken in. Eh, Mr. Stubbs?"

Mr. Stubbs did not answer; but his eyes looked very lack-lustre and sleepy, and the ebony man ceased to grin.

"Now," said Captain H— sharply, "you can't tell me your name, Mr. Stubbs."

Stubbs opened his jaws, and made great demonstrations of eloquence, but not a sound or whisper came forth; he glared in impotent fury at H—.

"Try," said the latter encouragingly; "you'll only stammer."

"Jo—Jo—Jo—Jonas!" gasped the unhappy Stubbs, and then stopped short.

"Now you will perceive," continued Captain H—, handling Stubbs as if he were a child, "he is a negative, this black gentleman is a positive." He placed them back to back, and so they remained; Stubbs advanced, black man ditto; he stepped the other way, black man still firmly pinned on to his back; Stubbs shook himself, black man grinned from one ear to the other, leering frightfully over Stubbs' shoulder; Stubbs walked in circle, still the same; whenever he turned his head he only saw the whites of the black man's eyes. Captain H— touched some part of his head, and Mr. Jonas exhibited the most extreme terror. No wonder; his dark friend hissed, chattered, and grinned, like some hideous ape, twisting his head into the unhappy man's face. Stubbs shrieked, implored, and at length burst into a paroxysm of noisy grief, which produced the remark from aloft, "Now he do cut up dirty." Sinbad's old man of the mountain was nothing to it: the more he ran about the greater was the agility displayed by his tormentor in holding on to him. To behold any man in such a plight was fun, but to see a gentleman of such prickly respectability and defiant demeanour so victimised was charming; and the exhibition was keenly appreciated. At length they were permitted to separate. Jonas Stubbs gave one look of profound disgust at the spectators, one glance of inextinguishable hate at Captain H—, and amidst roars of laughter, he rushed down the steps and out of the hall. People do affirm, that the match of Mr. Stubbs with that most genteel young lady was completely broken off by the unfortunate "demonstration" of that evening.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It is pleasant to find a severe politician and stern realist like Mr. Roebuck inaugurating a new School of Art at Sheffield, and instructive to mark the feelings and views with which he does so. He seeks to confirm the opinion of those who hold the need of art to be universal, and who rank the effort to train and gratify it amongst the most promising movements of the time. Little as Mr. Roebuck himself may imagine it, little as many of our readers may be disposed to admit the statement, in opening this new school for the town he represents, he put his hand to a far greater national work than in supporting the Financial Reform Association at Liverpool. And why?

Because these meetings represent respectively the two great classes of agency into which most of the social and political activity of the day is divided—the mechanical and vital; the one seeking to mend the national machinery, the other to purify and enrich the national life. Of these, the influence of the former is obviously limited and temporary, in comparison to the permanent and growing power of the latter, which acts directly on the very springs of political strength by invigorating the life-blood of the people. The one is at best but a question touching the better keeping of accounts in the national household; the other relates to the training and highest welfare of the children. An association like the Financial Reform, for instance, relates at most to a little food or raiment more or less; but agencies like the schools of art affect the national life, which is more than food, and the body-politic, which is more than raiment. Not, of course, that the bread-and-cheese question is an unimportant one; on the contrary, it is in a sense the most important, as lying at the foundation of every thing else. But just because it is thus a first necessity, it secures the first attention, and is in no danger of being neglected; while the higher wants of the people,—their need of knowledge, intelligence, rational enjoyment, and self-control,—because less obtrusive, are more likely to be lost sight of, and remain without any adequate provision. In a country like our own, however, the gratification of these necessities becomes an indispensable condition of growing national prosperity; material success being, in fact, a curse instead of a blessing, apart from the manly sense, freedom, and intelligence which turn it to noble uses.

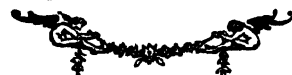
It is cheering, therefore, to observe that these higher national wants, though by no means yet sufficiently considered, are daily rising into fuller recognition. The abstract question of national education, for instance, may be considered quite settled. Thirty years ago, peer and prelate, squire and parson, would have raised their hands in unaffected horror at the thought of teaching the rustics around,—the common people, the lower orders, as they are called,—to read and write. Now all that has passed away never to return. Men of all sects and parties equally admit the right of the people to be educated; and all agree that such education is indispensable to the national welfare. But while it is thus universally admitted that all, even the humblest, have faculties of knowledge that ought to be trained, the equally important fact, that they have imaginations to be exercised, and capacities of enjoyment to be gratified, is still too much neglected. To this neglect, which runs through our whole system of education and social life, may be traced many, if not most of the social evils that press so heavily upon us. Its working may be clearly seen in the brutal violence of the lowest, and the shameful swindling and corruption so prevalent amongst a better class, cropping out, on the one hand, in a Marley and a Sykes, and in a Robson and Redpath, on the other. No doubt it may be true of a few conspicuous criminals that, like poets, they are born, not made; but the great majority are produced by the defects of the system in which they have been reared. Of many a one now wasting in the convict-prisons of the country powers that, with a wise and liberal training, might have turned to good account, what Michael Zetra says of Lord Dunley holds true:

"He was restrained, they say,
Austere when a boy. I've known such cases,
Where, the curb suddenly withdrawn, the youth,
Defrauded hitherto of due delights,
And losing self-respect from daring once
To taste some lighter joy,—unwisely classed,
In teaching him, with things forbidden justly,—
And knowing no gradation, has at once,
With a ferocity of liquorish relish
Unknown to those of looser bringing-up,
Plunged into pleasure."

There is too much of this austere bringing-up in our whole national system; the children of the poor, as Charles Lamb truly said, being in many cases not brought up at all, but "dragged up." The systematic suppression or neglect

of some of the noblest powers and strongest sympathies of our nature is by no means, however, confined to the treatment of the poor. It is too much forgotten, in dealing with children and young people generally, that they must have their seasons of relaxation, their leisure-moments, their chosen recreations and delights; and that, if no provision is made for these, one of the most important parts of education is neglected. The education of the playground, it has been suggested, is as important as that of the school-room; but it would not be too much to say, that it is often far more influential in determining future character. For the education of leisure-hours is chiefly of the kind to which we have referred—of the imagination and the affections; while school-work for the most part addresses only our intellect; and if you make no attempt to train and occupy the former, it matters comparatively little what is done with the latter; effective influence will soon be lost altogether. What Fletcher of Saltoun said of the most popular kind of amusement—"Let me write the people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws"—is universally true, applies equally to the nation and the individual. The character of a people is far more determined by their chosen pleasures, their voluntary habits and recreations, than by the laws under which they live. And with regard to ourselves, it is not so much what we know,—not even what we do in our ordinary occupations,—as what we voluntarily choose and love, that makes us what we really are. So, where children are trained to delight in the works of nature and the creations of art, their imagination is opened and their affections directed to what is pure and healthful, and their leisure-moments filled with occupations, not only innocent, but refined and elevating. By thus implanting a taste for higher and purer pleasures, a most effective barrier is erected against low excitement and vulgar dissipation; for refinement of mind, if not absolutely virtue, is certainly a strong protection against some of the most common and seductive forms of vice.

This view of the matter, though not yet fully adopted in theory, is, we rejoice to assure our readers, partially recognised in practice. The schools of art connected with the Central Department of Science and Art at Marlborough House, which are rapidly springing up in most large towns through the country, aim at meeting, at least in part, this great national want. They are, in the widest and truest sense, popular, designed and adapted for the people, bringing sound art-education to their very doors, and placing it within the reach of all. These schools are, moreover, eminently successful; and the value of the work they are doing amongst the rising youth of our populous towns can scarcely be overrated. We shall have an opportunity of showing this more at length hereafter. Meanwhile we commend to the attention of our readers the following instructive facts. There are at present nearly seventy of these art-schools in various parts of the country, having an aggregate of twelve thousand pupils; and, through the lessons given by the masters in the national and other public schools, extending art-education to twenty thousand more. So that at the present moment upwards of thirty thousand pupils, chiefly of the humblest class, are in these schools receiving a thorough art-education.



PRUSSIAN POLICE.

By DR. SCOFFERN.

LEAST any untravelling Briton should innocently surmise, that policeman 146 of the metropolitan division A is the type or eidolon of the police-force all over the world,—modified perhaps by dress and general get-up, even to the minutiae of a truncheon somewhat longer, shorter, heavier, or lighter, than the regulation-staff of one of Sir Richard Mayne's præ-

torian guards,—I beg to undeceive him. Reader, feign to yourself whatever living symbolisation of departed power and blighted energy you please—an adder without her poison-fangs, a lion without his claws, a soldier without his arms; a trunkless elephant, a toothless dog,—picture to yourself each and every one of these creatures in the two respective conditions of energy present, and energy departed, then you shall have, on the faith and honour of one who has seen both, the true leading or characteristic idea of a British and a foreign policeman.

Let us look deliberately at policeman 146 A as he sallies forth with his companions to take up his beat. Does A 146 give you the idea of being a warrior? is he decked out in clothes trimmed with gold or silver braid? has he a sword, a pistol, a carbine, Minié, or bayonet? Except he be engaged on peculiar service he has none of these; and even in neighbourhoods where the use of a sword has been conceded to him, the English policeman treats it as a thing which he would rather be without, an appendage which he is somewhat ashamed of. A 146 is essentially a civilian; he is taught to consider that his major duty shall consist in keeping the peace; that his sphere of life affords him no scope for the display of brilliant valour; and so little is the peppery excitability of the warrior instilled into policeman 146, that if by chance he ventures to use the only weapon of offence he is permitted to carry,—the staff,—he had better be prepared to explain the reason why, at the next police-court sitting, or it may go hard with him. Thrice happy may policeman 146 consider himself if his broken arm, or mutilated hand, justify to society the use of the redoubtable truncheon. Even to the gait and movement of his limbs, policeman 146 A is a civilian. Like a soldier, the policeman undergoes a drill; but it is rather a drill of mental than corporeal faculties. He is taught not goose-steps, and marches quick and slow; nor do his superiors care much whether his toes turn in or out. A straight-backed, up-nosed policeman is no phoenix in the eyes of inspector X. Whatever repute 146 is hereafter destined to achieve must be achieved on other more intellectual grounds than these. Accordingly, you will not marvel that A 146 is never addicted to the outward quips and cranks of military dandyism. He is, however, a sop in his way; but his foppery takes a civilian turn, belonging to the class to which appertains the foppery of those who affect a slouching gait and slovenly make-up, to show how devoid they are of—what? that which these very outward demonstrations prove them to have—*affectation*. If I may be permitted to set forth one striking affectation which 146 possesses, it is the affectation of stooping; just, I suppose, to show his thorough civilian bent, his freedom from all military compulsion in such minor matters.

Let no ill-natured person (good-natured ones need no admonition),—let no ill-natured person, I say, accuse me of laughing at our police-force, turning them to ridicule, or impugning the system which tends to make them civilians rather than soldiers. I desire no such thing, but only aim at sketching an extreme illustration of the English system of police, that we may the better perceive by comparison the distinctive features of a Continental and a British policeman. Continental—but I must not be vague. I have seen a little of the police-force of many foreign states: but I have lived in Prussia; his gracious majesty Frederick William having conceded to me the privilege of being a Prussian householder; so I know something about the ways of Prussian police. Just as 146 A is every inch of him a civilian, so is his Prussian representative—by name, and by name alone—every inch of him a soldier. To such extremes, indeed, is the military type affected, that but for the circumstance of his not being armed with the redoubtable "Zündnadelgelwehr," or needle-gun, I should not perhaps even now, with all my experience, be aware that the man with spiked helmet and glittering peak, sword and belt, trousers striped down the leg, frogged tunic, and prim turn-out, was not an individual member of some particular regiment of Prus-

sian infantry. You are desirous of becoming intimate with the duties of the Prussian Polizei? Very well, then; follow me into the dominions of his gracious majesty Frederick William, and you shall soon be made acquainted. You first sit down at an hotel of course; and there, if you are only a bird of passage, a mere travelling Briton—here to-day, tomorrow away—you are likely to come very little in contact with the Prussian Polizei. They know more about you, however, than you think. Personally, the police *bureau* and yourself are strangers to each other; but the chief of local police knows a good deal more about you, your antecedents, and your movements, than you are disposed to imagine. Your passport, which Meinherr of the Gasthof has politely taken charge of, has gone to the police-office; your complexion has been duly noted; your linear dimensions translated from English feet and inches into German measure; your personal beauties and defects, along with your age, or the statement of it, which in the case of a lady passes for the same,—all mercilessly recorded in the Polizei register.

Supposing you to be only a casual traveller, all this will be done so quietly, so unostentatiously, that were it not for the existence on your passport of certain impressions in black ink and blue, and certain grains of sand still clinging to a miserable attempt at a likeness of the king of birds, you would never be made aware that your passport had been out of Meinherr the landlord's possession. If, however, you desire to become a housekeeper, then you and the Polizei will become much better acquainted. You must apply at the police-office personally to answer any questions which may be propounded, amongst which will certainly be the object of your desiring to live in Prussia. All this is very foreign to your inborn British notions of free agency, and so forth. The police-officers of his Prussian majesty give you the impression of being troublesome enough; but, I must say the truth; they execute their numerous and conflicting duties like gentlemen; and if you are an honest man, not given to talk politics, or smuggle *Punch* (our literary friend, Mr. Punch, be it understood), I don't think you will have much trouble. I write now of Rhenish Prussia, the paradise of the king's dominions; and this being premised, let me do Rheinlanders the justice to observe, that whoever smuggles any other punch into that region of good eating and drinking, will not only do a very unnecessary thing, but a very foolish one. The Rheinlanders have their own punch; and such punch! The best English concoction under that name is no more to be compared to it than gin to Maraschino.

Well, you at length obtain your license or permit. It may be awarded for any time that seems fit, all things considered, to the police-authorities. Perhaps for weeks, or a quarter, or half-a-year, seldom longer; but when expired, you will have no difficulty in renewing it. Indeed, I have known some easy-going harmless British individuals who treat their renewal of license very much as I treat the renewal of my British Museum reading-ticket—that is to say, I *never* renew it; but in that case one had better mind his Ps and Qs, take off his hat unfailingly to the most unimportant member of the genus *Polizei*, and in other respects be pre-eminently civil; else he will discover to his cost that certain cumulative fines attach to each omission of non-renewal. So long as you remain in any one Prussian town your passport is hoarded at the police-office, and you cannot reclaim it without giving due notice. It will be ordinarily impossible, therefore, for you to leave a Prussian town without cognisance of the police; and, lest the police should give you your passport inadvertently before all your local debts are paid, a creditor has the power of attaching the passport. This desire on the part of the police authorities to get hold of your passport is not peculiar to Prussia, but prevails more or less in every country which grants passports. Nevertheless, I cannot say that the police authorities of either France or Prussia are very stringent in the matter. I once knew an Englishman who determined on taking up his residence in Prussia, and who did as every

sensible person who has a passport will try to do—keep it. Not having delivered up the passport to the police, though for some days he had taken possession of his domicile, a functionary of the *Polizei* called upon him for the document. All that the Englishman could say in German was "Ja" and "Nein," though he could understand a great deal more. The policeman touched his hat: "Your passport, sir."

My little friend pulled off his hat, shook his head violently, and ejaculated, "Nein."

"Do you understand?"

"Nein."

"Your passport?"

"Nein."

"I must have it."

"Nein."

"Where is it?"

"Nein."

"Ach der tolle Engländer!"

"Nein."

The policeman was at first inclined to be annoyed; but he finished by laughing outright, and walking away. My friend gained his point; he never lost sight of his passport.

Well, your residence-licence is granted; you take possession, and will want servants. You need not wait long. Remark that each girl who comes to offer her services brings with her a book and a basket. I will explain the use of that basket by and by; meantime remember, please, it is called the excuse-basket—the *excuse Körbchen*. She opens her book. What is written there? You shall see. It is a register-book, endorsed by the police, of her birth, parentage, and character; the places she has occupied hitherto, the duration of residence in each place, when she left the last place, and why she left. A servant's character so well accredited as this is something like a character. You may trust to it implicitly. And now about the *excuse Körbchen*. Its origin is referable, like many other ingenuities, to the suggestiveness of woman's brain. To speak plainly, it is a machine for deluding his majesty of Prussia's police, and turning them to scorn. A German servant-girl must sometimes go out of the house of course; she must go to market, and go a-shopping; for the shopkeepers of Rhenish Prussia, of which I write, don't at all understand our London tradesmen's notions of sending things home. In either case she will require a basket; and so it comes to pass that a basket, the inevitable basket, is regarded as indicative of her being out on duty, just as the policeman's sword proclaims that fact for him. Well then, just as a policeman will expect to roam about without let or hindrance so long as the shining Elberfeld blade dangles from his belt,—every body making room for him, nobody daring to question whither he goes, or to what end,—so the servant-girls expect an equal amount of free locomotion when from the arm of each dangles the *excuse Körbchen*. Strangely enough the policemen don't see through the trick. Ah, that wicked *excuse Körbchen*!

As you intend to reside some considerable time in the Prussian dominions, you will perhaps set about papering your rooms. Take care in doing this you do not give the police cause to pounce down upon you. What on earth of vice can there be, you will perhaps say, in the papering of a room? Learn, then, for your instruction, that the Prussian police are, amongst other things, sanitary officers. Each nest or squad of them—excuse the German names—has its own *Polizei physicus*, or police sanitary physician; whose duty it is to see that nothing be done to the prejudice of the laws of public health. An Englishman whom I knew took it into his head to hang his sitting-room with paper of a certain green tint. To be in a chamber whilst the paper-hanging operation is going on is not agreeable. The Englishman absented himself until the time when he thought the hanging would be complete. He then came back; and was surprised to find the chamber, not merely hung, but unhung. The police had sent people there to strip the paper off. The green pigment, which the English-

man had so much admired, was a preparation of arsenic—*Scheele's Green*; and for this reason it was considered to imperil the public health. A rather far-fetched notion was this;* but I know the event to be true.

Are you in good health and of sound constitution? If not, don't think of falling in love with a German lady. Though she, dear creature, may have drawn up to her own mind a creditor and debtor account of the evil and the good, and decided on incurring the hazard; the *Polizei physicus* may not prove exactly of that train of mind. He may be inexorable; if both the lady and yourself are poor I have no doubt he would be. Nor are Pandora's legacies the only sufficient cause for putting Hymen in fetters, according to the sentiments of a Prussian *Polizei physicus*. He goes into the delicate question of appropriate age. Should your innamorata be older than seems to him fit, or the bridegroom elect too young, or both too young or too old, he again interposes his cruel authority. To do him justice, the *Polizei physicus* does not consider it a part of his duty to learn the state of your or the lady's banking accounts, your chance of legacies, revenues, post-obits, your funded or landed wealth, or any other form the good things of Plutus may for you or the lady assume; but other functionaries do this for you—bad luck to them: so all things considered, it is no joke to get married in Prussia. You fret and chafe and threaten self-destruction. Well, of that you are the best judge; but take my advice—if you would avoid being made a scarecrow of, a warning and example to all future suicidal consumptive lovers, be consumptive to the end. Don't hang yourself, or blow out your brains; as for poison, you can't get it:—tar yourself, and set fire to it; jump into the nearest glass-furnace; or, Mokanna-like, plunge into a carboy of oil-of-vitriol. Lastly, if all these resources are wanting, hire a boat, tie a stone to your feet, row out into the middle of a river, scuttle your boat, and go down. That abominable *Polizei physicus*, he has positive orders to dissect every suicide; to record the exact cause of death, and to send any malformed or abnormal organ to the nearest anatomical museum. This he would infallibly do; and soon in your case, travellers would see, preserved in *fusel schnaps* a shapeless mass, which a legible German label would set forth to be

"DAS GEBROCKENE HERZ EINES ENGLÄNDERS." *

But why do I linger thus over disagreeable things? You are neither poor, nor consumptive, nor decrepit, nor a boy. You may renew your license of domicile at pleasure, give parties, drink Rheinwein and Maitrank and Bavarian beer. You are also free to fall in love; but, mind me, do not, as you hope to crown your aspirations with hymeneal bliss—don't commit the solecism in German propriety of asking the lady's consent first. I doubt whether the correctest antecedents, or the fullest banker's account, would ever set that matter right. You would be looked upon as an improper person at once, and for ever. You will think love-making on these terms insipid: so do I; but you are in Germany, not at Rome; and when in Germany—in short, you know the rest. Notwithstanding the strictness wherewith his Prussian majesty and his delegates, the police, take cognisance of preliminaries matrimonial, yet, to be just, they are not so troublesome as their Scandinavian neighbours, a little farther north. It has become the practice of late for Englishmen desirous of marrying deceased wife's sisters to flee to Denmark, and there tie the hymeneal bond. But the sanitary police-law of Denmark will have it that a certificate of vaccination shall be the inevitable prelude to the marriage ceremony; and if the expatriated lovers do not bring each a certificate of that kind they must be vaccinated on the spot!

* Whilst the above was still in type uncorrected, a fact has transpired proving that the Prussian sanitary officers were right, and that my surmise of the idea being far-fetched was wrong. A medical gentleman of Birmingham writes to the editor of a journal to state that he had suffered from sitting in a room papered with arsenical green hangings. The heat of a gas flame evaporated the pigment, and filled the room with deleterious fumes.

From a bridegroom elect to a chimney-sweep the transition is abrupt. I nevertheless shall make it, in order to mention the next phase which presents itself to my mind of Prussian police-interference. What would an Englishman, brought up in the full conviction that his house was his castle,—what *would* he say, if a chimney-sweep some fine morning were to invade that castle, bag and brush and scraper in hand, without being sent for, and the furniture placed aside out of his sooty presence? What if the kitchen-chimney were *the one* in question, with preparations for dinner going on? There is a proverb which sets forth the issue of fighting and conquering a chimney-sweeper. Perhaps no domestic would summon courage to lay hold of "sootie," and thrust him out; but assuredly he would be made to go out by setting a dog at him, poking him with a spit, or by, in short, one kind or other of physical force; and what is more, sootie would know better than to complain. I should like to see the man who would dare, knowing the consequences, to use physical force for chasing away out of his house a Prussian chimney-sweep. It would not be a sweep—a mere sweep—the ejector had to deal with, but the offended Nemesis who waits on the Prussian police. Chimney-sweeping in Prussia at regular intervals is a matter which belongs to the duties of the police; not that the tight-pantalooned, small-waisted, helmeted, sword-begirted Polizei are in their own persons the gerents of the business which *Oliver Twist* doated upon. These gentry are far too neat and trim, too fond of perfumed handkerchiefs and yellow kid-gloves to cover themselves with soot. Nevertheless they are chimney-sweeps, in the same sense that sheriffs are hangmen. They don't do the thing themselves; but they are responsible for getting it done. A Prussian chimney-sweeper, then, is *somebody*; he might without much violation of truth consider himself to be a sort of state-messenger employed on peculiar service.

Apropos of the Prussian Polizei chimney-sweeper, I have now an anecdote to tell. A little English friend of mine having taken up his residence as a licensed householder in a Prussian town, did as most English householders are in the habit of doing when their means permit,—gave dinner-parties. It was on the occasion of a dinner-party to be given by him of more than ordinary style, that the intention of the whole was marred by the police chimney-sweeper. My little English friend was a puffy, stumpy, florid man, fonder of Rheinwein than of pump-water, and solicitous in the matter of good eating. He was what German servant-girls call an "Erbsen zähler," which freely translated into English, may stand for "Molly-caudle." He not only liked good-eating, but good-smelling meats; for which reason he occasionally committed the solecism of going into the kitchen, to inhale the savoury odours which arise from a German cooking-stove.

Thus engaged on the day of the feast was my little friend; and his guests, less ceremonious and restrained by convention than they would have been in England, went to the kitchen too. It was a cold day, and the dinner smelt nice. All were hungry. The ladies even—always less epicurean than men—did not hesitate to say they should enjoy it. But suddenly and mysteriously appeared an implike thing in black, which the native Germans present recognised to be the chimney-sweeper, but which the English men and women present might take for whom they pleased.

Amidst a peal of laughter from a saucy German girl, who knew what was coming, the black creature announced that he was the chimney-sweeper; that my friend's chimney was down on the register for sweeping, and swept it must be. So away went *Suppe* and *Braten* from the stove; and off went the pipes. His excellency Meinherr Polizei Kaminfeger set to work in earnest. From his back he took a curious machine, having an iron-ball at the end of it and circular brushes strung on a rope at intervals. Climbing to the chimney-top, he lowered the iron-ball into the chimney; and the ball falling pulled after it the brushes, and the brushes pulled down the soot. The process was

agreeable to look at, but somewhat trying to hope-deluded stomachs.

And these, O sword-belted Polizei, are some of your goings-on in strict-schooled Prussia. Do I hate you? No; you never did me wrong. I have ever found you polite. Don't, then, make me alter my good opinion of you by getting the better of woman's wit in the matter of the *excuse Körbchen*. But why should I be thus solicitous? As if a woman were not a match for detective Prussian policemen.

THE STORY OF NICHOLAS FLAMEL, THE ALCHEMIST.

By R. ALFRED VAUGHAN,

AUTHOR OF "HOURS WITH THE MYSTICS."

ONE fine summer evening, in the year 1357, Nicholas Flamel was sitting in his stall, which occupied the corner of one of the dirtiest streets in dirty Paris. His little house stood in the shadow of the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, whose towers overlooked a network of narrow alleys, inhabited by butchers, tanners, and money-lenders. Very unsavoury was this parish of St. Jacques; but nevertheless very rich. For the trades-corporations who ruled the quarter were thrifty and formidable folk. At a moment's notice, they could turn out a host of burly fellows to maintain their privileges; and when princes wanted money, to whom should they go but to the Lombards of St. Jacques? The stately church owed many a decoration without, and many a monument within, to the piety and the wealth of the dyers, the armourers, and the butchers, who had passed their lives under the sound of its bells, and coveted, when dead, a place within its precincts. Flamel, the scrivener, has but to raise his eyes from the Latin deed which he is transcribing, to look across the street, and they rest on the Marivaux gateway of the church. His gaze is directed thither at this moment. His hand, with its busy pen, lies idle on the bench, as he contemplates in a day-dream the mouldings of the arch, and thinks, "If ever I am rich, there shall be carvings of mine, too, on those walls. Yes, mine; poor Notary Flamel's. And why not, some day? Ah, if I could only make them out—"

At this point he was startled in the midst of a deep sigh by perceiving that his wife, Pernelle, had approached him unobserved, and was watching his face with a sorrowful sympathising expression. She did not avert her eyes as he looked up at her: it was he who looked down, and began to examine his pen, as if about to resume his task. Pernelle laid her hand gently on his, and sat down beside him.

"Put it away," said she. "Let me speak to you."

"Well?"

"Nicholas, what is it? To-morrow we shall have been three years married; and you have never given me an unkind word or look. But for the last two months you have not been the same man. Your heart is no longer in your work. You don't sing. You go about sometimes as if you were in a dream. What do you do so often now shut up in the room upstairs? There is some trouble or some scheme that occupies you. What is it that a wife should not know? Why not tell me? Have I ever betrayed a secret of yours? I tell you plainly, I have been miserable since this change in you."

Nicholas was silent. He seemed to be considering what she said: so Pernelle, like a wise woman, added not another word, and waited patiently. After a silence, which seemed very long, Nicholas suddenly rose, like a man who has made up his mind. He took both her hands in his, looked her gravely and affectionately in the face, and said:

"Pernelle, you have been prudent; now be doubly so. You shall see that I can trust you. Come up-stairs."

Climbing up a steep dark staircase, they entered their little dormitory—a miserable hole we should call it,—in fact, a decent room for those days. Nicholas unlocked a safe in which he used to keep the law-papers sent him to copy, and



SPENDING A HA'PENNY. BY G. SMITH. (SEE PAGE 376.)

drew therefrom a huge book of great age, bound in brass, which he laid carefully on the little table.

"There," said he. "Now you can look at the cause of your trouble, little tender-heart. About two months since, I bought this book of an old pedlar for a couple of florins. Look at these mysterious characters engraved on the cover. And see here, the inside."

Pernelle uttered a little cry of astonishment. Never had she seen such strange and beautiful figures, or such brilliant colours; though Nicholas had frequently in the house the most costly illuminated manuscripts. On the page at which he had opened the volume was represented a young man, with wings at his ankles, holding in his hand a rod, about which were entwined two serpents; and an old man, with huge extended wings, was flying towards him with a scythe, as if to cut off his feet.

Nicholas turned over the leaf.

On the other side was painted a fair flower on the top of a mountain, bent and fluttering under the blast of the north wind. The stalk of the flower was blue, its petals white and red, and its leaves shining with fine gold. Round about, in the sides of the mountain, were caverns in which dragons lay; and gryphons and gryphons'-nests were seen among the black matted boughs of pine-trees.

"These," observed Nicholas, "are the two sides of the fourth leaf. Now look at the next."

On the right-hand page Pernelle saw a rose-tree growing against a hollow oak, from the foot of which ran headlong a silver-clear stream of water, which many people were trying in vain to catch in vessels. Then, on the other side, was a fierce king, with a falchion, causing his soldiers to slay a multitude of infants, while their mothers were entreating and weeping, and struggling with the murderers. In the next compartment soldiers were collecting the blood

of the infants in a great vessel, wherein *Sol* and *Luna* came to bathe themselves.

"And all this writing," asked Pernelle, after admiring these and other pictures dispersed throughout the book,— "what language is it?"

"Latin," answered Nicholas, turning back to the first page, on which were large capital letters exquisitely coloured. "Those words mean 'Abraham the Jew, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer, and Philosopher to the Nation of the Jews, dispersed by the wrath of God, wisheth health.' I suspect the book has been stolen from some Rabbi. Then the writer goes on to warn them against idolatry; exhorts them to wait patiently for the Messiah; and at last begins to teach them the art of transmuting metals, that they may be able to pay their great tributes to the Roman emperors, and yet be rich as ever."

"And is it here?" cried Pernelle joyfully. "The great secret? And you will make gold?"

"Ah no, not yet—perhaps never," said Nicholas; "though the book brings me almost into the heart of the mystery. Here you see are the processes detailed one after the other. Those little figures in the margin represent the shape of the proper vessels and the colours that will appear in the course of the work; but the *materia prima*, the elementary substance (and without that the rest is waste paper), is not revealed in words. It is indicated, the text says, in these pictures on the fourth and fifth leaves. They are secret symbols. Unless I can meet with some learned Jew, or find a scholar who knows the cabala well, I shall never find out their meaning. I think that young man with the winged feet means Mercury. Perhaps the old man with his scythe is some metal that is to fix it. But these 'perhappes' and 'I thinks' are good for nothing, you know. I must be sure. And as to the other symbols, I cannot so much as conjec-

ture. But they are before my eyes day and night. I dream of them. I see the colours in the clouds. Every garden and every rose-tree sets me to work afresh, trying all sorts of meanings. I keep inserting bits of the pictures in my ornamented capitals. You know how often I have visited the Church of the Holy Innocents lately. The sun and moon seem to me now only alchemic signs, and the sky is just the fifth leaf of this blessed tormenting book."

"Sol and Luna bathing in the blood of the innocents," said Pernelle, very slowly, with a perplexed air.

"I have read," said Nicholas, "that, in the language of alchemy, blood signifies the mineral spirit which is in the metals, chiefly Sol, Luna, and Mercury; but how to get at this—or, if I could separate it,—how this process is connected with the others, so as to become the serpents on the seventh leaf; and how then, by drying or digesting these, to produce the fine ruddy powder which is the stone,—all this is utterly beyond me."

"Well, keep a good heart, dear Nicholas," said cheerful Pernelle. "Doubtless Providence hath sent us the book, and the key may follow some day. Rich or poor, we shall be happy while we love and trust each other fully."

"I too feel all the lighter now that I have let you into my secret. I can at least talk over my hopes and perplexities with you."

And talk they did very often together over their mysterious treasure. Nicholas kept to his account-books and his scribbling, lest he should drop the substance in pursuit of a shadow. But often, far into the night, he was busy with experiments in a secret laboratory, or poring, for the thousandth time, over the figures on the papyrus-leaves of his book, or the mystic characters engraved on its brazen cover. It was all in vain.

At last a bright thought struck Pernelle. If Nicholas were to paint, as exactly as possible, on the walls of their chamber the symbols of those fourth and fifth leaves, and invite some of the learned men of Paris to come and try to interpret them? This plan was speedily put in execution. There came doctors of divinity, jurists and physicians,—for what scholar in those days had not dabbled at least in the hermetic art? Most of them, finding they could make nothing of the signs, ridiculed the notary and his pictures. Others looked wise and talked learnedly, but had no information to give. Pharaoh's magicians were not more nonplussed than these sages by the shapes of Flamel's dream.

One Anselm came repeatedly—expressed much interest—was eager to see the book itself. This request Flamel always refused, but he told him all he could himself explain of its method. On these data Anselm proceeded to give sundry interpretations and counsels for procedure in the great work. It would occupy six years, he said, to go through the whole process. Flamel believed him; and while pursuing his daily vocation, wrought at intervals for three times six years to no purpose. He and his Pernelle were growing staid middle-aged folk; but within those brass-covers lay the romance of their life, and they would not let it go.

At length it occurred to Nicholas that some one of the Jews in Spain, whose reputation as adepts in the cabalistic mysteries stood so high, might be able to afford him the desired information. The thought once entertained, he knew no peace till it was acted on. He made a copy of the figures to take with him; vowed a pilgrimage to Santiago; took pilgrim staff and scrip; and with a "God speed" from Pernelle, is on his way to Spain. There he duly accomplished his vow; and was made acquainted, at Leon, with a certain physician, named Canches, a converted Jew. The Spaniard testified the utmost delight at the symbols which Flamel showed him; interpreted many of them, and instructed him in the secret meanings and the potent mysteries which (according to the cabalists) lay concealed in the Hebrew letters and the vowel-points. He accompanied Flamel on his way back to France, that he might see the wonderful book; of the existence whereof he said he was aware, but (with the learned men of his nation generally) had supposed it lost.

But the voyage brought on an illness of which the unfortunate Canches died at Orleans. Flamel, reduced in purse but rich in knowledge, buried his friend as well as he could, and reached Paris in safety alone. Two paintings on the door of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, just opposite his house, representing himself kneeling on one side and his wife on the other, long remained to attest the gratitude of the pious couple.

And now Flamel has his long-wished-for *materia prima*; but not, even now, the preliminary preparation therefor. To arrive at this demands yet three years more of study and experiment. Then he has but to follow the directions of his book, and the work is done. He has left it on record that in the year of our Lord 1382, January 17th, about noon, being Monday, in his own house, Pernelle only being present, he, for the first time, made projection. The transmutation was effected on mercury; a pound and a half whereof, or thereabouts, he turned into pure silver, better than that of the mine, as was proved on the assaying of the same, both by himself and others.

On the 25th of April in the same year, at five in the afternoon, he effected projection of the red stone, this time producing gold of surpassing quality. And the way in which the final process of "the magistry" was accomplished was as follows.

There were three furnaces, each with its crucible, wherein the "green lion," and the "virgin's milk," and the "sophical mercury" had been duly mingled, with their kindred compounds, for many successive days, under the *regimina* of Mercury, Saturn, Luna, Venus, and Sol. There was, moreover, a circular glass-vessel of great thickness, filled from time to time out of the alembic. And to see "the operations of nature" within these vessels was indeed a wondrous and lovely sight. How the drops stood upon the brow of Nicholas as he regulated his fires, and compared the forms and colours that showed themselves in the liquids with the marginal diagrams in his book! How Pernelle stood by, helping, and muttering prayers and vows, and drawing now and then a great sigh of relief, as each regimen was successfully passed through, and the dangers escaped which might have marred all in a moment!

"Now," cried Nicholas, reading from the book, "after the citrine vapours, thou shalt observe a tincture of a violet colour; and after reiterate solution and coagulation, a gold colour changing into green; and then,—through certain cloudy hues, coming and passing, right pleasant to behold,—into a red which for its transcendent redness shall show blackish like unto congealed blood."

"Glory be to Saint Jacques!" interrupted Pernelle, clasping her hands and looking up, "all these we have seen in right order."

Nicholas went on. "Then wilt thou behold in the glass the floating islands and the tree of silver."

"See, see," cried Pernelle, "there they are!"

And sure enough, as they watched the glass, they saw, circulating in the hyacinthine liquid, first one and then another bright flake, like a fragment of silver tissue; and these shot out tiny sprays and argent buds, and gathered about them bubbles of a green colour, like beads of emerald, which presently detached themselves, and floating to the surface, spread out there, changing into browns and reds, so that the liquid appeared covered with a fleet of autumn leaves.

At the end of two hours, the islands sank to the bottom; and out of the sparkling sediment there began to grow a shoot of silver, putting forth threadlike branches, which again divided themselves into finer filaments, till the lustrous arborescence filled the vessel with its network of glistening needle-points. Then, where the branching was thickest, there seemed to come a dimness, and these denser hazy spots began to flush faintly, and became like balls of crimson, and finally unfolded into fairy-roses. At the third hour the silver was dissolved; and the liquid, having absorbed it, changed from hyacinth to the yellow of sulphur.

Afterwards, out of each rose there came a spark of almost intolerable brightness, like an atom of the sun. The rose-leaves fell apart, and the vessel was filled with the floating leaves and the dazzling particles, rising and falling, passing and repassing each other, as the currents in the working fluid carried them.

"Now," read Nicholas, "take of the blood of the green lion (which is the red wine of Lully), and adding in proportion to the argent vive taken at thy first imbibition, and the hardened centre of the residuum will be thy red stone."

"You, Pernelle, must go to bed now," said Nicholas, taking down a vial containing the precious red liquor. "How you tremble!" and his own hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the bottle.

"And can you think I could close an eye at such a time?" answered she, almost reproachfully.

So they waited and watched with feverish eager eyes the final process. A strange conflict seemed to be going on within the vessel, as the ruddy liquor began to suffuse the primrose-coloured. A tiny glacier of crystals began to form itself on the sides of the glass. In the spiny recesses of this frost-work appeared minute forms, lizard-like,—salamanders, it seemed,—that crept about, and were most numerous where the red colour was deepest. Were they the vivified molecules of the mystic lion's blood? Soon they began to sport and leap among their crags of crystal, and to glide in and out among the bays and reefs and caverns of the rockwork. But what is going on at the surface? At the top of the vessel there is a bubbling and a knocking against the sealed lid. Then a growing thickness, like a honeycomb, over-spreads it, from which there shoot downward, like roots, a multitude of waving arms, as of white cord; and at the end of each arm grow five white ends, or points,—as it were the hand of a skeleton,—exceeding small. Presently all the upper half of the vessel is alive with the undulating and waving to and fro of these lithe pendent arms. As the descending hands sweep the liquid lower and lower, there is alarm among the salamanders. Some dart at once into the crannies of the crystals, others swim wildly about, looking for a hiding-place; but most, shooting upwards, are seen trying to bite in under the diving arms. It is a deadly conflict. Whenever one of the skeleton-hands has grasped a salamander,—and they feel about and pursue them through every winding as though in every finger there were an eye,—that moment the salamander drops lifeless to the bottom. Whenever a salamander has bitten through the white filament on which the hand depends, the fingers are withered, or the severed extremity of the arm floats about powerless. Is this the final struggle between the alchemic potencies of pallid Luna and fiery Mars? Long does the fight remain undecided. At one time not a salamander seems left; but the next moment numbers dart from their hiding-places, and, eluding the deadly hands, have fastened their teeth in the cordage of the arms. The salamanders are gaining the day. Under large portions of the surface, as he peeps beneath the lid, Nicholas sees that the arms have all been bitten off by the nimble creatures, and the stumps stand stiff and short like stubble. But in a moment a plunge is heard; a thick cloud seems to fill the glass, as though the coagulated surface had fallen in, and diffused its particles throughout the liquor. They can discern nothing. There is a hissing seething noise; a muffled sound, too, as of pressing and crying; and then all is still.

After due time, hearing no more indication of movement, and finding the glass quite cool, Flamel ventured carefully to unfasten the lid; and there at the bottom lay what seemed a fragment of rock, in the midst of a rust-coloured powder.

It was the Red Stone!

And now it were vain to attempt to describe the embraces, the tears of joy, the ecstatic thanksgivings and vows of the worthy pair. With this red stone they could "tinge" huge masses of common metal, and transmute them into finest gold. It was, moreover, to its possessor a kind of

sacrament. To discover it was never granted to the profane man or the sordid slave of gold. The search after it was a religious work. To possess it was to have received a sign of the Divine favour. Nay more, the stone itself was, as it were, a new channel of grace, whereby the soul was nourished, and man's fallen nature transformed and purified. As baser metals were redeemed into the supreme estate of gold, or Sol, so must the finder of the great secret be himself a redeemed man, assimilated to the Sun of Spirits—Deity. Such being the faith of the highest-minded genuine seekers of the philosopher's stone in those days, imagine with what zeal our Nicholas and his Pernelle would employ their new and inexhaustible resources in secret works of mercy; in charities to the widow and the orphan; in the foundation of hospitals and churches; in the endowment and decoration of holy places. And what an amazing scope for their beneficence was opened, as they called to mind another wondrous property of their stone! By drinking from time to time of water in which it had been immersed, life was prolonged and youth renewed. It was endowed with a virtue that removed the shadow of the curse, and restored the life of its possessor to the length allotted man before he fell.

Well was it for Nicholas that his Pernelle was so cautious and so reserved. For they ran great risks. The mere suspicion that they possessed the secret had cost many men their lives. Their inability to make gold was interpreted as a refusal to communicate their knowledge; and death was the punishment of an imaginary contumacy. With all their care, the benefactions of the Flamels could not altogether escape notice, as disproportionate to the known means even of a notary in what would be called a flourishing way of business. Poor mad Charles VI. was prompted to send no less a person than Monsieur Cramoisy, his Master of Requests, to the scrivener of the Boucherie, to see whether he were really so rich as report said, and whether an extravagant court could not turn him somehow into gold. But the quick ears of Pernelle caught tidings of the danger, and precautions were duly taken. So when M. Cramoisy, in splendid trappings, suddenly darkened their door one morning, he saw Nicholas and his wife, surrounded by every evidence of the humblest means, sitting one on each side of a stool, on which stood a beechen platter full of boiled greens. They were safe; but still it might happen that another time they would not escape so easily. So Flamel resolved to take warning in time; and made preparations for quitting a city where so many powerful men in want of money were apt to become distressingly attentive. Great was the lamentation among the poor of the neighbourhood when they heard that the good Pernelle was sick nigh unto death; great the concourse which soon afterwards attended her obsequies, and inconsolable her bereaved husband. But the real Pernelle, disguised in the habit of a charitable order, was meanwhile on the road to Switzerland, whither she arrived in health and safety. Some months afterwards, it was reported that Nicholas Flamel lay ill of an infectious disorder. Inquiries were many, but visitors few. At dead of night, Nicholas, disguised as his own undertaker, assisted at his own interment. Soon he too reaches the place of rendezvous, and embraces his Pernelle once more. From Switzerland they travelled to the East, lived many years at Broussa, and journeyed thence to the Indies.

More than two hundred years after the reputed death of Flamel, a certain *savan*, named Paul Lucas, who travelled in the East by order of Louis XIV., became acquainted, at Broussa, with a learned dervise from Usbec Tartary. Lucas tells us, in his book of travels dedicated to the *Grand Monarque*, that the said dervise (who talked an incredible number of languages with the greatest fluency) was, in appearance, about thirty years of age, but, from his conversation, at least a hundred. He told the Frenchman that he was one of seven friends who travelled to perfect their studies, and every twenty years met in a place previously agreed on. Four of them had already arrived at Broussa. The conver-

sation fell on the cabala, alchemy, and the philosopher's stone. This last, remarked Lucas, was regarded by all men of sense as a mere fiction.

"The sage," replied the dervise, "is not shocked when he hears the ignorant speak thus. He lives serene and patient in the higher world of true science. He possesses riches beyond that of the greatest kings; but he lives temperately above the power of events."

"With all these fine maxims," interrupted Lucas, "your sage dies like other folk."

"Alas, I perceive you have never had so much as a glimpse of the true wisdom. The sage must die at last—for he is human; but, by the use of the true medicine, he can ward off whatever might hinder or impair the animal functions for a thousand years."

"Do you mean to tell me that all who have discovered the stone have lived for a thousand years?"

"They might have done so, certainly, with proper care."

"You have heard, doubtless," said Lucas, "of an adept named Nicholas Flamel, who lived long ago in Paris, and founded several churches and charities. The arch he built in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, with the figure of himself reading, and a number of hieroglyphic figures, remains to this day; and so do other sculptures and erections of his. Is not he dead, then?"

"Dead!" said the dervise, with a grave smile. "He, and his wife too, are alive at this hour. It is not above three years since I left both the one and the other in the Indies. He is one of my best friends."

And the dervise then proceeded to relate to his astonished auditor the substance of the narrative given above.

Nicholas Flamel and his wife are historical personages. The sculptures on the churches, to which allusion has been made, were to be seen in 1742, according to the testimony of Langlet Dufresnoy. Certain books, too, have come down, bearing his name: a *Summary of Philosophy*, in French verse, after the manner of the *Romance of the Rose*; a comment on the hieroglyphics he erected; also an account of his wonderful book, and his success in projection three several times. Some of our readers may feel curious to know what is the probable substratum of fact underlying that investiture of the marvellous which has rendered him almost mythical.

For the satisfaction of such, we quote the following passage from a note in Michelot's *History of France* (vol. ii. p. 15, G. H. Smith's *Trans.*): "This church (Saint Jacques) lying between Notre Dame and St. Martin's, which both laid claim to it, was exceedingly independent, and constituted a redoubtable asylum, not to be violated with impunity. It was this induced the crafty Flamel, who exercised his profession of writer, or copyist, without belonging to, or authority from, the university, to sit down under the shadow of St. Jacques, where he could be protected by the curé of that day,—a man of consideration, clerk (*greffier*) to the parliament, and who enjoyed the cure, though not a priest. Flamel squatted there for thirty years, in a stall five feet long and three wide; and thrived so well by his labour, ready ingenuity, and underhand practices, that at his death it took a chest larger than his stall to hold the title-deeds of his property. Beginning with his pen and a fine handwriting as his sole capital, he married an old woman with some money. Under cover of one trade, he drove on many. Whilst copying out the beautiful manuscripts which we still admire, it is probable that in this quarter, inhabited by rich ignorant butchers, Lombards, and Jews, he contrived to get many other documents written. Work, too, would be brought him by a curé who was *greffier* to the parliament. The value of instruction beginning to be felt, the lords to whom he sold his beautiful manuscripts employed him to teach their children. He bought a few houses. At first, worth little, on account of the flight of the Jews and the general misery, these houses gradually rise in value. The tide setting in from the country to Paris, Flamel turned the times to account. He converted these houses into lodging-

houses (*hospitia*, hospices), letting them out at moderate rents. The gains which then came into him from so many sources gave rise to the saying, that he could make gold. He let them say so, and perhaps favoured the report, in order to increase the sale of his books. However, occult arts were not without their danger; and hence Flamel's unceasing anxiety to placard his piety on the doors of churches, where he was ever seen carved in basso-relievo, kneeling, together with his wife Pernelle, before the cross. And in this he found a double advantage; he sanctified his fortune, and increased it by giving publicity to his name. See the learned and ingenious Abbé Vilain's *Histoire de Saint-Jacques la Boucherie*, 1758; and his *Histoire de Nicolas Flamel*, 1761."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE past month, February, is one of especial interest to scientific men, in consequence of the award of prizes by the Paris Academy of Sciences. The astronomical prize, founded by Lalande, has this year been divided between three competitors,—MM. Chacornac, Goldschmid, and Pogson,—for the discovery of five new planets made by them during the past year. To our astronomical readers it may be no longer "news" to state, that the planets in question are, Leda, Lætitia, Harmonia, Daphne, and Iris,—names of small prettiness, corresponding well with the minor attributes of the five little worlds recognised as belonging to our own system. Of these, Leda and Lætitia were discovered by M. Chacornac, on January 12 and February 8 respectively; Harmonia and Daphne, first revealed to mortal eye at Paris, on the 31st of March and 22d of May, by M. Goldschmid; and Iris, discovered at Oxford, on May 23, by Mr. Pogson. Not a little extraordinary does it seem that the prize for mechanical discovery was not awarded. Utilitarian branches of investigation might have been supposed to lack no worthy competitors in this utilitarian age; but the lovers of science can hardly be displeased at the result. The great mathematical prize was not awarded; nevertheless the money-value of it has been given to M. Kummer, for his researches on the laws of complex numbers composed of roots of unity and whole quantities. In the department of statistics, M. Husson, *chef de division* of the prefecture of the Seine, has obtained the prize for the valuable information conveyed in his treatise entitled *Les Consommations de Paris*. The grand prize of the department of physical sciences appears to have gone begging longer than the popular nature of the subject would have led one to anticipate. Originally proposed in 1847 for 1849, it was again postponed for completion until 1853; then again for 1856. It has now been finally awarded to M. Lebourlet, professor of zoology and comparative anatomy at Strasburg. A second prize, belonging to the same department, originally proposed in 1850 for 1853, and postponed to 1856, has been finally adjudicated to M. G. Bronn, of Heidelberg. MM. Waller and Davaine have respectively obtained prizes for their researches in experimental philosophy. Under the head of discoveries tending to the amelioration of noxious avocations, the successful competitor has been Herr Schrötter, of Vienna, the discoverer of allotropic, amorphous, or red, phosphorus; which curious substance was first brought before the notice of British philosophers in the year 1849, when the discoverer read a paper upon it in the chemical section of the British Association, convened at Birmingham that year. No person acquainted with the nature of Professor Schrötter's discovery in all its bearings can doubt the justice of the award here recorded. Independently of its sanitary bearings, which we shall explain presently, amorphous phosphorus illustrates more remarkably, perhaps, than any discovery made before or since, the mysterious function of allotropism, or duality of existence. When compound bodies are concerned, the philosophic speculator is at no loss to invent a plausible explanation of matter, identical as to chemical composition,

assuming two or more distinct physical appearances. It is easy to imagine that the compound particles of which it is built up are capable of varying arrangements amongst themselves. When simple bodies, however, like phosphorus or sulphur are in question, the hypothesis fails, and the function of duality of existence remains a mystery. Nothing can be more marked than the distinction between phosphorus in its ordinary and its allotropic condition. Ordinary phosphorus is a soft, wax-like, semitranslucent substance, melting at 108°F ., and taking fire when the temperature is slightly augmented. It is, moreover, poisonous in an extreme degree; so that in the manufacture of lucifer-matches, containing phosphorus, all concerned in it are exposed to dire peril. Danger from the ready inflammability of phosphorus can easily be guarded against; not so the insidious danger resulting from the absorption of its fumes, giving rise to disease of the jaws and facial bones. Soon after lucifer-matches became articles of commerce, the fact was discovered, that no person could be engaged in it, with reasonable hope of impunity, if his teeth were not perfectly sound; and even then grave results occasionally supervened. Insidious extension of caries is the first evidence of this form of poisoning by phosphorus. Almost unnoticed at first, the disease extends until the jaw-bones are involved in its ravages, and the patient either dies or is horribly deformed for life. Such are the effects of ordinary phosphorus, or rather, phosphorus in its ordinary condition. Allotropic, or amorphous, phosphorus is devoid of all these qualities. It has no odour; it does not spontaneously inflame; it is not poisonous, even when swallowed; and not being volatile, of course no apprehension need be entertained of poisoning by phosphorus vapour. Its chemical properties are also different: allotropic phosphorus, as the term amorphous, also applied to it, indicates, is not susceptible of assuming crystalline form; neither is it soluble, like ordinary phosphorus, in bisulphide of carbon. These distinctions are profound; nevertheless, ordinary is converted into extraordinary phosphorus by simple heating, at a temperature between 440°F . and 482°F ., in an atmosphere of carbonic acid or nitrogen; and when allotropic phosphorus is heated, either by friction or otherwise, above 482° , it assumes the condition of ordinary phosphorus, with all the peculiarities of the latter.

Professor Schrötter, however, is not alone in the category of prizemen for ameliorating the condition of artisans following noxious avocations. M. Chaumont divides the honour with him for an invention to effect the separation of long and useless hair of rabbits' skins from the short silky hair employed in the hat-manufacture. This operation, hitherto performed by hand, has proved most insalubrious, on account of the particles of dust and fragments of hair taken into the lungs of the operators. A machine, the discovery of M. Chaumont, so far remedies this state of things, that a prize of 2000*f*. has been awarded to him, with the explanation that the award would have been greater, had the idea not seemed probable that he would speedily improve the construction of the machine already so well inaugurated. Our own countryman, Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, comes in for one of the 2000*f*. prizes allocated to the department of medicine and surgery, for his discovery of the anæsthetic effects of chloroform. Such, then, is an outline of the prize-awards made by the Paris Academy of Sciences,—homage rendered to philosophy by philosophers. Nor have two great potentates amongst the rulers of the earth failed to profit by so good an example. The Emperor of Austria has forwarded to Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, of Hatton Garden, a gold medal in testimony of his appreciation of the beautiful series of stereoscopic views executed by these artists on objects in the Crystal Palace; and his majesty of Bavaria has caused another gold medal to be forwarded to M. Schönbein of Bale, the philosopher of gun-cotton celebrity, and still better known amongst chemists for his researches on ozone, or oxygen in an allotropic form. M. Henri St. Claire Deville, the producer of aluminium in

its full metallic condition, has been devoting his attention of late, conjointly with Wöhler, to the production of boron and silicon, and to a full investigation of the properties of these remarkable bodies. The same investigators had on a former occasion announced the fact of their having obtained boron under two distinct forms, *graphite-like* and crystalline. They now announce that several varieties of boron-crystal exist, all having a sort of metallic splendour as well as great hardness, and some varieties being nearly translucent. Extreme hardness is the leading characteristic of crystallised boron; all its crystalline varieties abrade the diamond, and some may turn out to be practically applicable to diamond-polishing. M. Quillot, a Parisian lapidary, has submitted boron-dust to a practical test in the diamond-polishing operation, and finds that certain varieties of it, when microscopically examined after considerable use, still display the original crystalline form; a test, it would appear, of the goodness of diamond-dust as a lapidary material. Hereafter it may turn out that some peculiarities in the appearance of crystallised boron may be due to the combination with it of carbon or aluminium, or both. The specific gravity of the crystalline or adamantine form of boron is 2.68; little more, it will be seen, than the specific gravity of silicon; greater, too, than the specific gravity of boracic acid. The points are worthy of remembrance, that the specific gravity of the diamond is greater than that of liquid carbonic acid, though the density of aluminium is barely two-thirds that of alumina.

Still more interesting are the labours of these philosophers in respect of silicon, or, as they prefer to term it, silicium, the material which constitutes about one-half of every variety of flint, siliceous earth, or silicic acid,—one of the most widely-spread materials of the globe. Like carbon, silicon occurs under three distinct physical forms, which MM. St. Claire Deville and Wöhler propose to designate by the terms of amorphous, graphitoid, and octahedral. Each variety is prepared by a different modification of a process, which in general terms may be said to consist in decomposing chloride of silicon, or double fluoride of potassium and silicon, by sodium and aluminium. MM. St. Claire Deville and Wöhler call attention to the fact, which the reader of these notes may perhaps have deduced already, namely, that the strongest possible analogy exists between the chemical relations of boron, silicon, and carbon. The two former can be readily produced crystalline. Is it not likely that chemists are on the verge of manufacturing diamonds? Dealers in precious stones, and ladies proud of their diamonds, had better keep this possibility in mind.

A somewhat animated discussion has been going on at the Pharmaceutical Society relative to the possibility of manufacturing sweet spirits of nitre, unexceptionable as to quality, from methylated spirit. Mr. Macfarlane, at a recent meeting of that society, laid before the members a specimen of sweet spirits of nitre, which he considered to be equally good with that procured from ordinary unmethylated spirit of wine. On this point some difference of opinion was expressed, and Mr. Redwood was led to deprecate the use of methylated spirit for the purpose in question altogether; this gentleman's proposition being to the effect, that the manufacture, if imperfect, will be the means of sending into the market a noxious medicinal agent; if perfect, that it will furnish a means of defeating the objects had in view by the Legislature, and obliging the Government to repeal the Act of Parliament by which the manufacture and sale of methylated spirit was legalised for certain uses. To produce alcohol from sweet spirit of nitre is no difficult matter, Mr. Redwood argues; if, therefore, the former can be obtained pure, it will only open the field to an illicit production of alcohol. Amongst the extraordinary discoveries of chemistry recently made, we must not forget to chronicle that of the presence of four organic acids,—butyric, propionic, acetic, and formic,—in the mineral waters of Brückenau, in Bavaria, nor the action of ozone on certain mushrooms, by that great coryphæus of ozone and all relating to it, M. Schönbein. He attributes to the agency of ozone the blue-

ness which certain mushrooms assume when their tops are broken off, and the fractured portion is exposed to the air. Alcoholic tinctures of the *Boletus luridus* and the *Agaricus sanguineus* both contain a colourless matter which changes to blue under the influence of ozone; and conversely, the juice of the same fungi contains an organic matter capable of transforming oxygen into ozone.

M. Taupenot contributes to the records of physics his investigations relative to the construction of barometers and the boiling of mercury in vacuo. It is well known that no barometer can be correct, the mercury of which has not been subjected to ebullition; a process of extreme peril, involving the rupture of the tube so frequently, that a barometer holding boiled mercury is an expensive instrument. The operation of boiling is ordinarily performed on successive portions of mercury, the source of heat being gradually moved from the closed to the open part of the tube. M. Taupenot obviates these difficulties in great measure by effecting the ebullition in vacuo. M. Taupenot finds that the boiling-point of mercury in vacuo is about 192° F. lower than the boiling-point under ordinary atmospheric pressure. In conducting the operation, the following arrangements are made. The barometer-tube being taken about fifteen inches longer than usual, it is charged with the full quantity of mercury at once, and then contracted in two places above the level of the mercury by the blowpipe-flame. This is done with the object of preventing a tumultuous and unmanageable boiling of the mercury. The remaining steps of the process are obvious. The open end of the tube being placed in communication with the air-pump by means of an elastic tube, exhaustion is effected, and heat applied until air-bubbles cease to escape. The process of boiling is usually finished at the end of about twenty-five minutes.

In microscopic science, the Rev. J. P. Dennis has proved, to his own satisfaction, by an examination of fossil-bones, that birds existed on our planet at the period when the Stonesfield slates were in the condition of soft mud. He affirms, that the microscopic distinction between the bones of birds and those of mammalia is no less great than between the bones of the latter and those of saurians.

THE 'OMETER NUISANCE.

'OMETERS in general are displeasing to the popular mind. Gasometers blow up; barometers foretell bad weather and tempests, which come quite soon enough without being foretold. Electrometers, anemometers, saccharometers, and hygrometers, are standing puzzles to plain-spoken folk. A galactometer has recently had the effect of frightening a whole army of cowkeepers, in this wise.

The French authorities profess to be very severe in punishing adulterations of every kind, which "every" of course includes the adulteration of milk. Every now and then the police make an onslaught on the falsifiers, and the galactometer is the offensive weapon.

One morning lately, the housewives of Douai were not a little surprised to find that not a single milkwoman arrived with the daily supply for breakfast. The explanation of their absence was, that for two days previously the pitiless police had declared war, without quarter, against the milk-dealers, male and female. The grand question for the historian to ponder is, Was the war of the milk-pails a just war, or an unjust one? The following details may help to solve the difficulty.

A couple of milk-women were politely accosted, and requested to lift the lids of their cans. The galactometer was successively plunged in the vessels; and the indiscreet little instrument declared that the first can contained one-fourth of water, the second can one-third of the same. *Procès-verbaux*, or informations which involve costs and fines, were the consequence of this opening experiment.

Next day, the galactometer presented itself at the gate of the city which is called the *Porte de Valenciennes*. It

tested the first can that attempted to enter, and proved an advancement in yesterday's sophistications. This time the tell-tale betrayed the presence of water in the modest proportion of just one-half. Really the temperance movement had gone a little too far.

Meanwhile several persons who were going out of town, and who had watched the proceedings, were instigated by a sentiment of humanity to warn all the milkwomen whom they met coming in from the country. The ladies came to a standstill; their halt was significative; it was a simple confession that they, innocent lambs, were in no hurry to throw themselves into the jaws of the wolf.

But no crime, we are told, goes unpunished, not even the petty offence of adulterating milk. Other travellers, who were coming from the country into the town, remarked the sudden stoppage of the milk-folk, and informed the police of the circumstance. Finding that they awaited their victims in vain, the officials rushed out of the city-gates, to give battle to the delinquents. But their uniform was instantly recognised, and the alarm was given in the enemy's camp. A sudden panic seized the crowd, resulting in a general flight: the carts were twisted right-about face; horses, asses, and mules, received showers of unmerciful whippings and cudgellings; there was a universal rout, helter-skelter, topsy-turvy, the result of which was a grand *tableau-vivant*, resembling a battle-piece in every thing but its sublimity.

A milkman, who had nothing but his legs to aid his escape, was arrested; of course his wares were more than doubtful. The contents of his cans were poured out on the ground, and by way of recompense he got a *procès-verbal*. And this is how it happened that *café-au-lait* was scarce at Douai that sorrowful morning. As a consolation, next day the citizens were regaled with what appeared to them as the richest of cream.

E. S. D.



DOMESTIC UTILITIES.

THE VINEGAR PLANT.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

Will any of your intelligent correspondents kindly give me some practical information about the Vinegar Plant? I have heard, but can hardly believe it until further confirmed, that the vinegar produced from it is of first-rate quality, cheap, and very wholesome. If it really be so, and producible at a reasonable cost, it is well to make the fact extensively popular, particularly at a time when adulteration seems to be the rule, rather than the exception, among dealers in household stores. What is the plant like? And how is it reared?

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

[The Vinegar Plant is a gelatinous body, greatly resembling in appearance a lump of tough leather that has been steeped in water for a length of time. It is most unsightly to look upon; and, when handled, it feels very much like boiled tripe. It possesses, however, the wonderful property of changing syrup into good and wholesome vinegar, which, the longer it is kept, the better and stronger it becomes.

The history of the plant is involved in some obscurity. Some say that it was originally brought over from South America; others, that the West Indies gave it birth. Both parties may be right as regards individual specimens; but the plant in general use among us is a native of Britain, and is described by Greville as *Penicillium glaucum*.

Every body must have observed, that when a little stale vinegar is left exposed to the air for a few days in summer,

certain sedimentary bodies are produced in it; and these, gradually attracting each other, soon become a gelatinous conglomerated mass. This is the Vinegar Plant. If a little sugar be added to the stale vinegar, the plant will be all the more perfectly formed, and of fuller proportions.

We will now proceed to unfold the mystery of making acetic acid, or vinegar, from this unlikely-looking fungus; merely premising that we have manufactured our own vinegar from it on a large scale for many years, and found it excellent, both for pickling and for general use. In many country-villages no other vinegar is used.

Having provided a plant, procure a large deep jug or covered jar (the top must be covered over to exclude dust). Place in it half-a-pound of treacle, and half-a-pound of coarse brown sugar. Add to these, two quarts of spring-water, nearly boiling; then stir the whole well together. When almost cold, introduce the Vinegar Plant (which will float on the top); cover up the jug or jar, and put it carefully away for six weeks.

The reproductive powers of these fungi are positively wonderful. Ere the new plant is one day old,—that is to say, disengaged from the parent stem,—it goes immediately to work; and in six weeks' time has given birth to another progeny, prolific as itself. The original parent, be it observed, never ceases its fertility, but continues to produce a new offspring at the end of every six weeks throughout the year.

At the end of six weeks, you may uncover the jar, and you will find its contents to have become strong excellent vinegar. Having removed this, withdraw the plant. Adhering to it, you will find an excrescence or under-layer. Insert your finger carefully between it and the upper layer, and it will divide; leaving you two Vinegar-Plants, one as vigorous as the other.

Again, make a mixture as before; only let the quantities be doubled. Throw in the two plants. These will, in a few months, so multiply as to enable you to supply, not only yourself, but all your friends. Strain the vinegar several times through chemical blotting-paper; then bottle it, and cork it down. The older it is, the more palatable and serviceable you will find it.

The best place to keep the jars, when the plants are at work, is in a warm cupboard in the kitchen. The fermentation then soon commences, and the plant proceeds to develop itself, dividing into two distinct layers. Some people cut the layers into separate pieces, to make them propagate more freely.

Let us, in conclusion, observe, that the remarkable mode of propagation possessed by the Vinegar Plant—in the absence of reproductive organs—by means of laminae, is quite in accordance with the merismatic division which many of the lower *algae* propagate.

The more we examine into its nature, the more pleased we shall be with the powers it possesses of longevity and usefulness.

WILLIAM KIDD.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Will make you both healthy, wealthy, and wise."

A few lines in advocacy of the first of the benefits to be derived from early rising may prove interesting to some at least of your junior readers.

It is a well-established fact, from statistics, that the early riser, *ceteris paribus*, lives longer than the person who remains in bed many hours after sunrise, or who turns night into day. But the reason may not generally be known, except to the professional or scientific.

In the first place, it must be understood, that the atmosphere we breathe is composed of certain fixed gases, viz., oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic-acid gas, and ammonia,—the two last in very small quantity,—and that these exist in certain proportions of admixture. That the gas oxygen is the great

stimulating principle, or supporter, of all animal life; whereas carbonic-acid gas is detrimental to it, being a narcotic, i. e. induces sleep.

That the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in an especial and peculiar manner, help to regulate and establish a certain relation between the quantities of these gases during night and day in the following manner. Vegetables, by means chiefly of the surface of their leaves, buds, and stems, give off carbonic-acid gas by night, but oxygen during the day; whereas animals in health, principally through the medium of the lungs and skin, part with carbonic-acid gas, and absorb oxygen by inspiration from the atmosphere.

That, during sleep, the principal functions of the animal body are suspended, it requiring neither fuel or food, but merely positive rest. And therefore a highly oxygenated state of the atmosphere is not only unnecessary, but would prove pernicious if long continued. Consequently night, the period when the air contains its greatest amount of carbonic acid gas, is most adapted by nature for repose; and, on the other hand, day, being the period when the wear and tear of the body is greatest, is just that in which it can receive its greatest amount of that supporter of animal life, oxygen.

Thus the relative strength of the atmosphere is beautifully regulated by the interchange of the gaseous elements eliminated from the animal and vegetable kingdoms. And hence it follows, that the active period of animal life should commence at sunrise and cease shortly after sunset, in order to receive the greatest amount of pure atmospheric air, which is as essential to health as wholesome food is. And to break these natural laws must sooner or later be followed by loss of health.

DRAMATIC CONVERSAZIONI.

MADAM,—As a proof,—though I admit a rather slender one,—that I take an interest in that department of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE designated "The Home," I will contribute the following outline of an amusement for winter evenings, which for a number of years has obtained in the social circle of which it has long been my lot and my benefit to be a member.

The social circle of which I write consists of a large number of ladies, married and single; gentlemen ditto. The single of both sexes preponderate. There is also a full complement of children, making a grand total of about as many as would constitute a complete dramatic company.

From amongst the gentlemen, on the first Tuesday of every month, from November till May, a president is nominated and elected by vote; each individual having the privilege of voting or not as he or she pleases. Should the gentleman nominated not receive votes equivalent in number to three-fourths of the parties present, he is rejected and another is nominated, who must pass through a similar ordeal before he is elected to the high dignity of president.

For a month the president continues in office, and his business is to rule over the meetings; decide on the play to be read on the next night of meeting; appoint the readers for the next night, and also their parts; inform the company when and where they shall next meet, which last information is of the utmost importance, as it is an invariable rule amongst the members that, unless particularly requested, more than one reading shall not take place in the same drawing-room during the dramatic session.

And now for a sketch of the amusement itself. At the place and hour, which is usually half-past seven o'clock, the company assemble; the orchestra, a piano and what other instruments we have, striking up the while a lively overture, which it continues for a quarter of an hour or so. During this part of the proceedings, the *dramatis personae* take their respective places; the readers round a table; the *corps de ballet*, which I may here remark is usually, though not always, composed of children, at one end of the room,

cleared for their convenience; and the audience wherever they can.

As soon as all have occupied their proper positions, the president rings a bell, which is a signal for the orchestra to cease, and the reading to commence. Each character then reads his or her part as it occurs; and if the reader is a singer, sings whatever songs or poetry may happen to be in the part assigned him; or if he really cannot sing, a substitute must be provided; but at all events there is no shying off allowed: and in this manner the reading is continued to the end of an act. At the conclusion of an act, a breathing time is allowed the readers, during which respite the members of the *corps de ballet* perform a dance to the music of the orchestra; which finished, the bell again rings; the next act of the play is proceeded with, and so on we go until the whole piece is concluded; when the orchestra and *corps de ballet* are again called forth, on duty.

Afterwards comes the cream of the evening. As it is an established practice among the readers and the entire company (the children, of course, excepted) to study, not only their respective parts, but the whole play, and mark the passages which strike most forcibly by their brilliancy of expression or any other quality, the members come prepared for the conversation which follows the reading; and a most animated and entertaining conversation, I can assure you, madam, it is; and fully justifies me in giving to each of our dramatic meetings the high-sounding title of a Dramatic Conversazione.

The proceedings terminate at eleven o'clock. I must add in conclusion, that it is to a young lady we are indebted for introducing this pleasant recreation among us.

JAMES.

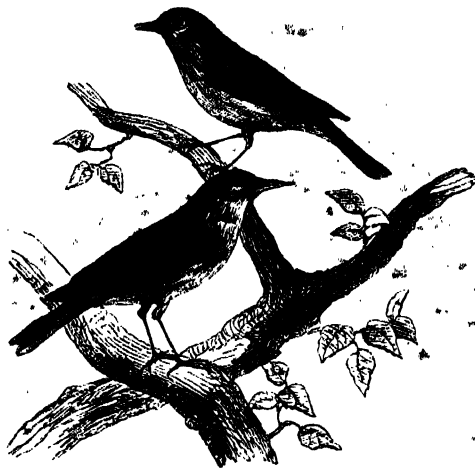
DOMESTIC PETS.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE form and *personnel* of Nightingales are by no means attractive. They are plain-looking birds; but they have a very intelligent eye. There are two species of this bird,—the Lesser and the Greater Nightingale. The former regularly visits this country; the latter is a rarity. Bewick acknowledges to have heard of one, but not to have met with one. I have been more fortunate.

The birds figured on this page will enable our readers to mark the contrast between the two species. Both specimens have been kindly lent me by their owner, Hugh Hanly, Esq. Their plumage and carriage are alike deserving of notice. The Greater Nightingale sings; but his note is far inferior to that of the Lesser. It has no poetry in it, and would excite comparatively little remark when listened to. These birds seldom visit our country. By making themselves scarce, they are the more highly thought of.

The time that this King of Birds is "due" in England is about April 8. I usually see him, and hear him, about that day; if not in my own garden, in some copse not far distant. He loves the county of Middlesex dearly; and there, every season, he and I hold loving converse. It is worthy of note, that the same birds, if living, return to their old haunts every year. They remember hospitality received, and never forget the spots where they reared their young families in security.

As the male birds invariably arrive some ten days before the females, it is desirable to make your purchases early in the month of April; but never buy any bird that is not "meated off;" that is, until he is used to his change of food,



THE GREATER AND LESSER NIGHTINGALES.

and able to feed himself. The bird-dealers are clever in their management of these noble fellows, who are usually "sulky" after they have been made prisoners. They tempt them to eat by pegging down live mealworms in their raw beef and egg. Whilst vainly pecking at, and attempting to swallow the former, they taste the latter; and finding it palatable, they devour it greedily. Many, however, die before they can be thus "meated off." Poor innocent songsters!

Never purchase any bird without first hearing it sing. This is peculiarly necessary as regards Nightingales. Do not, however, then be surprised if their song suddenly ceases. Unless they get an affectionate master or mistress,

and are lovingly waited on, their voices are quickly silenced,—their hearts soon broken. I have had so many proofs of this, from long experience, that I can speak oracularly as to the fact. These are, of all birds, the most tender-hearted. They are constant in life, and die (generally) singing a love-song to their mistress. To slight them is as impolitic as it is cruel.

As Nightingales are generally shy birds, it is usual to place them in large cages made of mahogany; the front only being open, and the bars of wood instead of wire. The top, back, and sides, must be close. If your pets are familiar and happy, it will then be desirable to have the sides open as well as the front. Feed in vessels of glass, not tin; and supply them with plenty of fresh water. Also provide a bath, in summer, for them to show off in.

The food of a Nightingale in confinement should be *raw* rump-steak, perfectly sweet and free from fibre. This must be placed on a marble slab, and held down by a silver teaspoon, while scraped fine with a sharp knife. Do not let the hand touch it, or it will speedily become tainted. With this, mix some hard-boiled yolk of egg, dropping a little cold water on it to assist in making it into a paste. Do not let the substance be too thick, nor too soft,—simply moistened so that the bird can swallow it readily. In summer, this must be made fresh *twice* daily. The flies soon find it out, and poison it; then, farewell to the bird.

Nightingales dearly love ants'-eggs, flies, mealworms, scraped carrot, and elderberries. Also, now and then, a little (under-done) cooked mutton, minced. Hang them in one regular place when indoors, and do the same when out of doors. Any change disconcerts them. Carefully guard against cats, and never let your birds even see them, if you can prevent it; it is fatal to their song.

More than a thousand Nightingales are sold, every Spring, in London alone. Of these, owing to the ignorance prevailing as to their proper treatment, at least seven-eighths perish.

WILLIAM KIDD.

No. 27, commencing the Second Volume, will contain the first Chapter of a continuous Story by the Author of "The Head of the Family," "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., entitled

LORD ERLISTOUN. A LOVE STORY.

This will extend through many Numbers of the Magazine.

Weekly Subscribers are requested to see that the Label is always furnished to them with the Number, as Notices to Correspondents and the Public, &c., will henceforth appear regularly—and, except on rare occasions—exclusively there.



Palmerston

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

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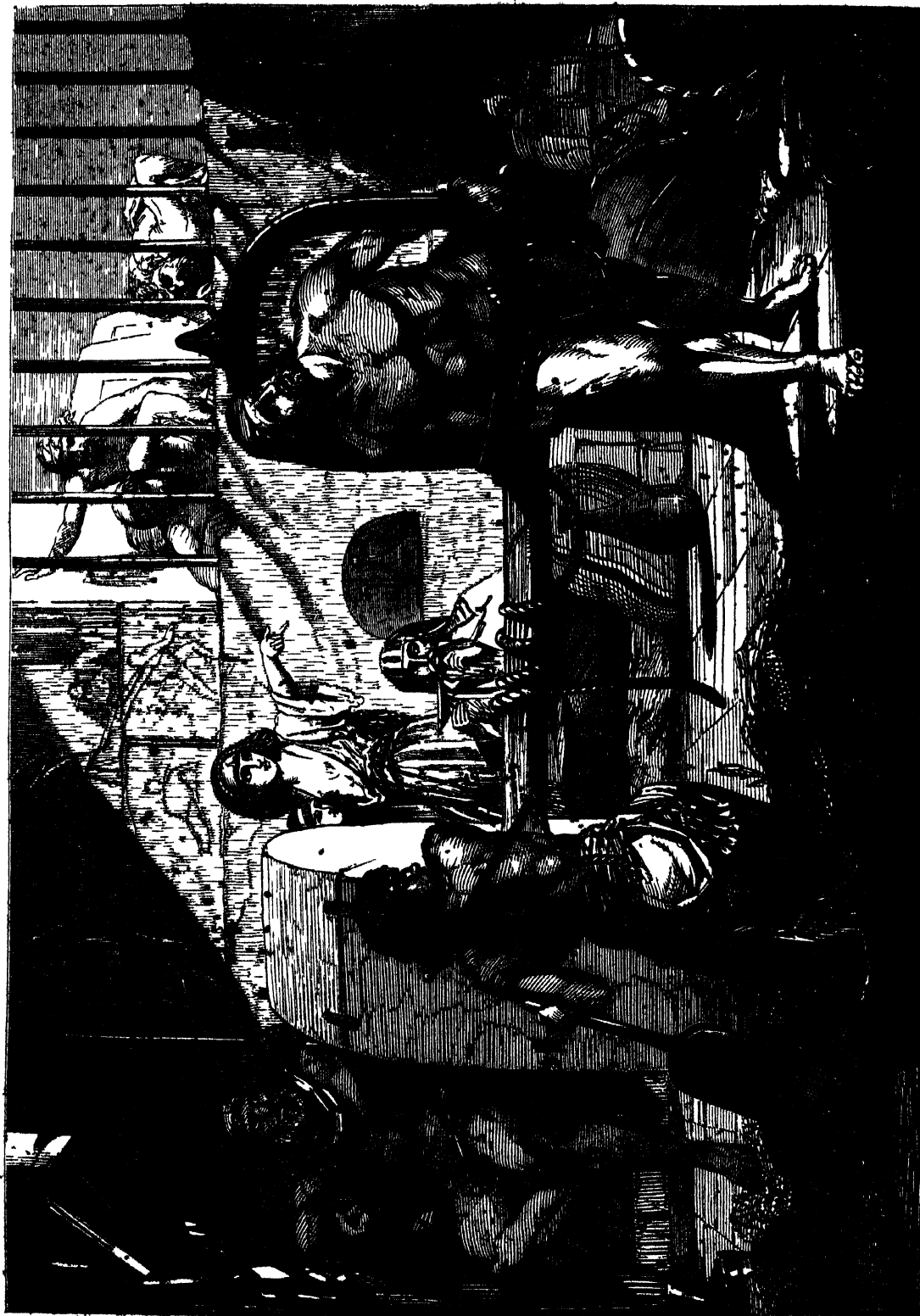
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SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. XL

NEWLY LISTED

SAMSON BOUND BY THE PHILISTINES.

PAINTED BY F. ARMITAGE.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

SAMSON BOUND BY THE PHILISTINES.

By E. ARMITAGE.

"The Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house."

SAMSON, the son of Manoah, and first deliverer of Israel from the hands of the Philistines,—whose coming was announced by "a man of God," "with the countenance of an angel of God, very terrible,"—is here presented undergoing the punishment of his weakness and disobedience of the ordinance which that angel pronounced before his birth. Blinded, shorn, dishonoured, and a slave, put to the vile service of the mule and ass,—heavily he treads the weary round of the mill. As a captive taken in war, he is compelled to put forth the remains of his indomitable strength in the service of his captors. And so he shall go on, until the symbol of his strength be again grown, and he cry out, "O Lord God, remember me."

Wearily he hales round the axis of the heavy grindstone, in the dull mechanic circle forgetting the actuality of his fate, with blind face and eyes turned towards God, and deep in his heart the thought of possible revenge and death. So absorbed, his hearing has not warned him of the shouted threat and vengeful lash from the fierce slave kneeling in the front, whom the advancing beam threatens to overthrow on the floor of the pit. The armed guard who sits upon the shaft between the stone and the upright post of the mill laughs silently at the slave's peril, and looks in expectation of the effect of the impending blow across the bare chest of him who had slain a thousand Philistines with a bone. The governor of the gaol reclines behind, equally amused, scarce staying his act to drink in order to notice the result. The women jeer at the misery of Samson; other Gazarites press against the bars, shouting in mockery.

Mr. Armitage is one of the few English artists who paint Scripture subjects, and one of the still smaller number who do so with any thing like judgment and spirit. The picture shows his deep consideration of the example he has chosen; his power in illustrating the text, by inventing the incident we have described; and of giving dramatic force and interest to the history.

There can be no better evidence of the talent of a painter than that he presents some new aspect of a well-known fact, when he makes that fact the basis of his work. A mere relation of the obvious incidents suggested by a story is insufficient to prove that an artist is justified in claiming merit for the choice of a subject so valuable and important as the one before us. We think the reader will agree with us that Mr. Armitage is fully entitled to this merit. Not only is the incident novel, but it is eminently characteristic and just; placing before us in a striking and impressive way the miserable fate of Samson, and inculcating the lesson of his life so forcibly, that it is next to impossible for the observer to mistake the motive of the picture.

We should wish to call the attention of artists to the wisdom of choosing such subjects more frequently, as being

of higher value than those *genre* pictures with which the English school has been for so many years overwhelmed as with a flood. Several of the most able of the artists of our country have given themselves up to the execution of frivolous trivialities in costume and lay-figure subjects; so that the most important of our exhibitions is, year after year, little else than a bazaar for the exhibition of showy, brilliant, and unsound toys, wherein painters aim rather to show their acquaintance with tricks of the palette than a true feeling for art, or desire that it should take its place as a means of instruction.

Mr. Armitage has paid much attention to the costume of his picture; and, as a whole, we think it could only have been improved by his going to the East in order to acquire absolute truth of physical and atmospheric effect. As the picture stands, we have but one fault to point out, which is, that the advanced leg of Samson should have a greater appearance of strength about the ankle.

L. L.

TOO BAD BY HALF.

HORACE GOBBLEDY, Esquire, barrister-at-law, sat in his chambers in the Temple enjoying a state of contemplative beatitude quite new to him. The current of his reverie sparkled like the waters of Helicon, and visions more entrancing than those of an opium-eater in the height of ecstatic hallucination rose before him in endless succession. At one moment gorgeous phantasmagoria such as the genius of the ring might have summoned at the bidding of Aladdin seized upon his senses; at another soft dreams of nestling domesticity occupied his attention. A decanter of sherry stood upon the table half-emptied, fragrant wreaths of smoke curled lightly upwards from his Havannah, and the flames of his evening-fire flickered good-humouredly in the gathering twilight. Albeit Horace had eaten his terms merrily, and washed them down with many a glass of Montillado and Bucellas, not to mention occasional champagne, he had certainly never before experienced such self-complacency and strong conviction that the existing constitution of things is all for the best. He had become, in short, a fanatical optimist. The fact is, that just a fortnight before,—only a little happy fortnight,—our friend had courageously dashed across the *pons asinorum* of love. He had fairly put the interrogatory-in-chief to the golden-haired blue-eyed Angelica Fitzmaurice; and in spite of maidenly evasion and blushing hesitation enough to ruin the credit of the examinant before a jury, had elicited the important truth, that he, Horace Gobbledy, was the sole proprietor of that lady's tender sentiments.

Angelica Fitzmaurice,—whose estimable character and personal graces undoubtedly did honour to the taste of her admirers, and whom it is to be regretted that no occasion offers for introducing to the reader's more intimate acquaintance,—was the only child of Matthew Fitzmaurice, Esq., and he was a widower. She had been for some time past paying a lengthened visit (perhaps Mr. Gobbledy had something to

do with its protraction) to her cousin, Jemima Crickton, whose address the present chronicler declines to give for reasons not necessary to allege.

It was very wrong—shocking and unparliamentary, no doubt—in Mr. Gobbledy, and we have no desire to screen him from the just indignation of all fathers (and mothers) of families comprising marriageable daughters; but so it was. What was? Why, Miss Angelica and Horace, or, as the latter would say, “my guardian-angel and myself,” had determined in a most unfilial way that it was not expedient to make known to the parental autocrat in a hasty off-hand way an occurrence destined to deprive him of the society of his beloved child. Mr. Gobbledy made certain representations to the young lady, and backed them by arguments possessing great and unaccountable influence in the court and parliament of love, although logically of no validity. He represented that the withdrawal of a daughter from the family-circle is, in a domestic point of view, a catastrophe not to be lightly dealt with; that just as, in case of the demise of a near and dear relative, the good feeling and sympathy of men have made it customary to break the news with all possible tenderness and discretion, and oftentimes to withhold the melancholy truth for a short period, and occupy the interval in preparing the affectionate bosom to meet the blow, so, in a case like the one under discussion, it might be, nay, it was, advisable to reflect at leisure how the inevitable pang could be softened to the paternal heart. “At all events,” Mr. Gobbledy suggested, “it will be better not to communicate this intelligence by letter; I shall much prefer a *visà voce* explanation.”

“What a hypocrite Mr. Gobbledy was!” murmurs the reader. True, too true; but we have not undertaken to defend him from censure. It is probable that other reasons than those mentioned led him to take the above line of argument. It is within the bounds of possibility that he wished to make such arrangements (for which time might be necessary) as would be satisfactory to Miss Fitzmaurice’s friends. Doubtless it had occurred to him that, when settlements were in question, his eloquence, so irrefragable in the opinion of Miss Fitzmaurice, might perhaps prove unconvincing to her elderly and experienced papa. A little anxiety, scarcely amounting to misgiving, in the direction hinted at had, however, no depressing effect on the meditations of Horace Gobbledy. He was in some sort a philosopher, accepted the truth, that risk and adventure in the chase enhances its pleasurable excitement and the value of the quarry, and thus reconciled himself to the phenomenon which has been remarked in relation to the course of true love. Perhaps he entertained erroneous views on this point; and many lovers no doubt ardently desire the course of true love to be as unimpeded as lubricated lightning, or planetary motion at the least.

The upshot of the manoeuvres of our ill-advised pair was, that the momentous event above recorded remained a secret presumably unknown to Mr. Matthew Fitzmaurice, who, worthy man, was engaged in a remote district pursuing his lawful avocations utterly unconscious of the machinations of the misguided Angelica, and ignorant of the distinguished existence of Horace Gobbledy of the Middle Temple.

For a fortnight, therefore, this learned gentleman had surrendered himself incontinently to blissful emotions. “His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.” *Coke upon Littleton* and *Fearn on Contingent Remainders* were clearly inadmissible to that realm of fairy-land wherein his imagination disported itself. What could be the use of boring over musty papers and crabbéd reports, when the very cobwebs here and there attached to neglected folios assumed the similitude of Brussels lace, and white-satin waistcoats, and blue coats with gilt buttons stalked about like lay-figures seized with a fit of perambulation, or voluntarily suspended themselves on the learned counsel’s hat-pegs? Amid this inextinguishable but very pleasant preoccupation of mind, he in vain attempted to unravel the points of law in the great case of

Snubbleton v. Smith, which was to come on next week. A mania for personification possessed his sensitive fancy; and Shelly’s case stood forth a radiant and gallant gentleman with the inevitable white-satin vest and blue coat with gilt buttons, repeating in a monotonous but rather jaunty way, “To A for life with remainder to his heirs,” from which phrase Horace could gather nothing more than that Angelica was the sweetest girl, and he, Horace, the happiest man in the world. (*Vide* 1 Rep. 104^a, Shelly’s case.)

Only three-quarters of an inch (or thereabouts) of his Havaannah now remained, and the last tint of twilight disclosed in shadowy outline the arm-chair opposite and the bookshelves beyond. Very shortly the outer world ceased to have dominion over Horace Gobbledy, who became a naturalised citizen of the realm of reconciled impossibilities. He was engaged in opening the case of Snubbleton v. Smith, and commenced by addressing a serene personage in clerical robes as “My lord,” and a number of individuals in white-satin vests and blue coats with gilt buttons as “Gentlemen of the jury.” Then he poured forth such a stream of legal lore and badinage from the matrimonial service, that Smith was forthwith crowned with a wreath of orange-blossoms; while Snubbleton, producing a mysterious signet-ring, at once established his title to Whiteacre. Suddenly Snubbleton became Horace Gobbledy himself, Smith was converted into Angelica Fitzmaurice, and the verdict of the jury was proclaimed amid the pealing of an organ in the marble-columned nave of a cathedral, and the roll of drums.

The pantomimic exercises thus rehearsed on the stage of dreamland were abruptly brought to a close by the tap, tap, tap at the door, which Horace had in the first instance interpreted as a roll of drums. “Enter,” said Horace drowsily; and, to say the truth, he would not have been much surprised to see the ghost of Hymen enter with his altar on his back, Cupid playing round his feet, and Angelica hanging on his arm. “Who goes there?” he repeated in a louder tone, at the same time getting up, and poking the fire into a blaze.

The door opened, and in walked, not any mythological person whatever, but only a little stout waddling old gentleman with a very rubicund nose and flowing white locks. The visitor wore a drab travelling-coat, a scarlet-velvet waistcoat, and snuff-coloured continuations as far as the knees, where a pair of dark gaiters embraced his sturdy legs, and finally united themselves to shoes adorned with shining buckles. Horace had risen, imagining that possibly it might be an attorney with a retainer, or (better still) John with a pretty little note. The old gentleman advanced with his hat in his hand, and saluted him with grave solemnity.

“I have called upon you, Mr. Horace Gobbledy,” said he with a squeaky voice, but in a stately way, and gently tapping the top of his silver snuffbox, “with the view of obtaining—”

“Pray be seated, sir,” said the other; “but allow me to remark, that it is usual in cases of disputed property for a solicitor to intervene between the client and his counsel.”

“Ay, I understand; the nobler beast of prey is attended by the jackal; very good, but that’s nothing to the purpose, Mr. Horace Snubbleby—”

“Gobbledy, sir.”

“Your pardon, Gobbledy. I was saying that I called with the view of obtaining some explanation relative to a transaction which has taken place privily and without my consent. For some weeks, in order to have the benefit of change of scene, my daughter has been visiting her friends the Cricktons.”

“O, indeed! Can it be that you are the father of Angelica—my dear Angelica?”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” interrupted the old gentleman tartly; “I cannot listen to such language. As the father of the young lady to whom you have too familiarly alluded, I have to request an explanation of your unwarrantable conduct in insinuating yourself into the affections of a

member of the Fitzmaurice family. I have come to town expressly for this purpose. I wait for a reply. You are confused, sir,—naturally so."

"Really, Mr. Fitzmaurice, your question is quite a—leading one, and—and—requires some reflection before answering it."

"I will give you one minute to collect your thoughts, which I have reason to believe are woolgathering, Mr. Horace Snobblety—your pardon—Gobbledy," said Mr. Fitzmaurice, taking an antique watch from his fob and laying it on the table. He then tapped the family snuffbox, and taking thereout a copious pinch, carefully laid it on the back of his inverted hand, and inhaled it with deliberation.

Horace watched him with great interest. Could it be possible that this oddity was the father of the sweet and accomplished Angelica? "Yet it does not follow," thought he, "that because the daughter is charming, her papa may not be eccentric. But I wonder who told him about this matter?"

Glancing at his chronometer, the visitor repeated, "I wait for your reply, Mr. Horace Gobbledy."

"My dear Mr. Fitzmaurice," commenced the gentleman addressed, exhibiting great tribulation.

"Your pardon, sir. As we have but recently become acquainted, it may be as well to withdraw the possessive pronoun, and also the epithet of endearment, although of course I appreciate the honour implied."

"Upon my word, sir, I can't conceive how you can ask such a question as the one you have put to me, knowing as you do the manifold graces and accomplishments which—which adorn the person and character of my dear Angelica."

"Ah!"

"Of Miss Angelica Fitzmaurice, that is to say."

"If I may borrow a word from your vocabulary, Mr. Gobbledy, I should say you are fencing with my question. I still wait for a reply."

"Well then, with reference to your interrogatory, I beg to say, it was because—because—I—couldn't help it."

"Judging by your appearance at the present moment, I apprehend the cause alleged is still in operation," retorted the old man maliciously. Taking another pinch, he proceeded: "And you have the audacity, young man, to assert that my daughter is so prodigal of the blandishments of her sex as to ensnare you in her toils against your will."

"O, you mistake me, indeed you do; on the contrary, it was only by the most assiduous devotion that I gained her inestimable favour."

"Then why on earth did you tell me you couldn't help it? Why did you take the trouble to exhibit such assiduous devotion?" Horace had lost his presence of mind, and scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels, or in a horizontal position. "Now, sir," resumed Mr. Fitzmaurice pompously, "you have fenced with a straightforward question, you have prevaricated in a most glaring fashion, and I wish to ask whether you for a moment suppose that I shall allow a Fitzmaurice to ally herself to an equivocating, a briefless—"

"No, sir, not briefless; I am in the case of Snubbleton v. Smith."

"And will Snubbleton v. Smith, think you, drag itself along for the term of your joint lives? Am I to understand, Mr. Gobbledy, that you contemplate extracting the pin-money of a Fitzmaurice from the vitals of the unhappy parties in that cause? Fie, Mr. Gobbledy!"

"But I hope—"

"And what business have you to hope, young sir?"

Here Horace Gobbledy, Esq. was completely overcome by his emotions, and regardless of dignity, threw himself at the feet of Angelica's obdurate parent. He besought him not to destroy his happiness for ever by interposing the parental authority, and with head bent in submissive dependency, he remained immovable until the sentence of doom should be pronounced. Crestfallen Gobbledy!

"Ha, ha, ha! haw, haw, haw! if this isn't capital! By Jove, Horace, you deserve to have her!"

Horace started and looked up. "Augustus Crickton!" There stood that good-for-nothing mischievous cousin of Angelica, with a white wig in his hand, and doubtless a holster for a corporation like a stage Falstaff, and rouge upon his nose enough to tint the cheeks of a company of artists.

"Ha, ha, ha!" and with a loud guffaw the unfeeling wretch burst out of the room, and rattled down the stairs like a mad lamplighter.

Horace found it difficult to forgive that. "Villain! I'll call him out," thought he. "No I won't," thought he again; "I'll hurl a chair at him." Bounce, bounce, clatter, clatter went the article of furniture down three flights of stairs. Fortunately it did not hit the rogue; but he had a narrow escape, and got less than he deserved,—didn't he, O legion of loves?

It is pleasant to be able to add, that the gentleman who veritably represented paternity on behalf of Angelica was of a very amiable disposition; and there is every reason to believe that Horace subsequently became the legal protector of the young lady in question. We venture to state, however, that prudent Gobbledy does not allude to the foregoing incident, even after dinner.

NEW BOOKS.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF ANCIENT GREECE.*

Or "lays" the English public have had many, and of various qualities. Macaulay has gallantly sung those of Ancient Rome; and the minstrel of the Scottish cavaliers has shown in their cause a natural force and pathos which are sadly wanting in his later and more ambitious work. Professor Blackie may be held as having a special right to chant the lays of Ancient Greece,—a right given by the intellectual labour of a lifetime devoted to the study and elucidation of Greek literature. To the able and conscientious translator of *Æschylus* there are few lovers of classical lore who will not be glad to listen.

As might be expected, the present "Lays," though not without faults and shortcomings, bear the distinguishing merit in every page of an intense love and a thorough and sympathising knowledge of their subject. Many of their faults, indeed, would seem to spring from this very fact. The minstrel has such a tender delight in the story he sings, that he enlarges its descriptions and dwells on its details at the risk sometimes of exhausting the interest of listeners who lack the love born of that intimate knowledge which he himself possesses. It hardly needed the frank and genial introduction to assure us that the compilation of this volume has been a labour of love. More of the lover than the artist stands revealed in its pages, we are bound to admit; but having so admitted, and viewing the book from the point thus reached, there is much in it which will delight the lovers of classic fable. From the introduction, take the following stanzas, in which the writer discusses the "old Greek men" and their romantic mythology:

"Thus every power that zones the sphere
With forms of beauty and of fear,
In starry sky, on grassy ground,
And in the fishy brine profound,
Were to the hoar Pelasgic men
That peopled erst each Grecian glen,
Gods, or the actions of a god.
Gods were in every sight and sound,
And every spot was hallowed ground
Where those far-wandering patriarchs trod.
In the old oak a dryad dwelt,
The fingers of a nymph were felt

* *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems.* By JOHN STUART BLACKIE. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

In the fine-rippled flood;
 At drowsy noon, when all is still,
 Faunus lay sleeping on the hill,
 And strange and bright-eyed gamesome creatures
 With hairy limbs, and goat-like features,
 Peered from the prickly wood.
 Nor less within that mystic realm
 Where passions swell and thoughts o'erwhelm,
 Strong-ruling powers divine
 Were worshipped. All-controlling Jove
 With clear-discerning eye did prove
 Each human heart. The thoughts that move
 To pity of the houseless poor,
 The open hospitable door,
 Obeyed his law benign.
 But when unreined wild Passion flew,
 And evil Hate sharp daggers drew,
 And deathful blows were given,
 Dream not that he who fled from man
 Escaped the sleepless eyes that scan
 All sinful doings in heaven.
 Far from the fell avengers' tread
 The blood-bedaggl'd murderer fled;
 O'er many a blasted heath he sped,
 The dewy sky his curtain made,
 No sleep might close his eyes;
 For, when he fain would rest, a crew
 Of murky-mantled maids from hell,
 Snuffing his blood, his track pursue
 And pierce his ears with baleful yell,
 That blissful slumber flies:
 Haggard he lives a little space,
 No fatness rounds his eyes;
 The Furies' mark is on his face;
 Grim leaders of the airy chase
 Perplex his path from place to place,
 Till stumbling with a blinded fall,
 With never a god to hear his call,
 The wasted murderer dies."

Then follow various of the classic legends, among which we may instance "Ariadne," "Bellerophon," and "Salamis," as happy specimens of the narrator's power. In the latter, the great naval combat between the Greeks and their Persian invaders is described with singular spirit and a rugged eloquence, very characteristic of the writer.

"Now they meet. Now beak on beak is furious dashed; and
 Sidon old
 Drives her brazen-breasted triremes 'gainst the ships of
 Athens bold.
 A moment equal; but the Athenian, in the desperate-handed
 strife,
 Wields, as patriots well may wield, a surer sword, and sharper
 knife.
 On he presses; close and closer; cloven booms and shattered
 sails,
 And the frequent-crashing oarage, mark the track where he
 prevails.
 Ocean seethes beneath their fury; and the hostile-fretted
 flood
 Yawns to drink the reeling Tyrian, and the floundering Cy-
 prian's blood.
 Sobs the wave with drowned and drowning: where the narrow
 channels flow,
 Vain the strife with death two-handed, here the water, there
 the foe."

A large degree of enthusiasm, of impulsive warmth and kindly earnestness, is manifest throughout the book, whether we turn to the classic legends or to the miscellaneous poems. Among these latter there are some sweet and occasionally fine utterances. "A Sabbath Meditation" deals impressively with high things. We must except, however, to a tendency on the part of the writer to identify the holder of a definite religious creed with the bigot. We do not believe that the illiberality deplored by Professor Blackie really exists,—certainly not as a necessary concomitant of faith. No intelligent Christian, however much he may prize the special service of the temple, restricts either the presence of his Maker or his own worship to its walls. We are persuaded that, on the whole, the heart that is most reverent in the sanctuary is also the most reverent amidst the wonders of the universe. Where it is otherwise, not the religious belief, but the narrow mind of the worshipper, is in fault. Bating this objection,

Professor Blackie has handled the general theme with great earnestness and power. Throughout the book there is often evinced a keen feeling for natural beauty. Of this sense, "The River-side" is a delightful example, but too long to quote; instead, we give this picturesque rendering of

"SOLITUDE.

Alone, alone, and all alone!
 What could more lonely be?
 'Neath the mist-wove pall of a dull gray night,
 On a treeless shore and bare;
 Nor winds' low sigh,
 Nor sea-birds' cry,
 Stirring the stagnant air;
 And only one dim beacon-light
 Far-twinkling o'er the sea.
 And the wave that raved but yesternight,
 So blustering and so wild,
 Is smooth and faint, and crestless quite,
 And breaks on the sand as faint and slight
 As the whispers of a child.
 Alone, alone, and all alone,
 By the sad and silent sea,
 On one far-twinkling beacon-light
 I look out through the lonely night,
 And only God with me!"

We like the shrewd but cordial philosophy which pervades many of the Highland and German sonnets; nor do we quarrel with the frankness, though it occasionally be somewhat rough, with which our author deals out his opinions on men and things. The charm of thorough heartiness pervades all that Professor Blackie writes. His animadversions may take a wide sweep, but we are much mistaken, if they are not enclosed within the circle of a yet wider charity and kindness.

No more noticeable reprint in poetry has lately been issued than that of Mr. Heraud's epic, *The Judgment of the Flood*. The labour, learning, and genius expended on the perfecting of such a work entitle it to be discussed with reverence. No doubt a poem so large in its design, and so elaborate in its detail, is alien to prevailing taste; but the most supercilious reader of the fast school should pause before he utters a careless verdict on a production which commanded the respect of Wordsworth, Southey, and Lockhart. *The Judgment of the Flood*, it is true, will attract none who cannot bring to it a large amount of poetical enthusiasm. It contains exquisite and majestic pictures of nature, impersonations of tragic dignity, and reveals a noble philosophy; but the author has done nothing to conciliate popular favour; and we must add, not without strong censure, that he has done nothing to help popular apprehension. The "Book of Enoch," in particular, outdoes any riddle propounded by the Sphinx; and the very terms in which its propositions are couched are only intelligible to a small school of thinkers. Nevertheless there are few modern works which recal so vividly the colossal framework of the great masters in epic song; and as a monument of patient devotion to a noble task, it stands almost alone in contemporary literature.

Episodes in the War-Life of a Soldier, and other poems, by Major Calder Campbell, claim a word of cordial recognition, as the work of a man of poetical taste and true feeling, and whose refined and gentle utterances have been lost more than was meet in the din of this age of action.

A new edition of Wordsworth's works has just been issued, with notes by himself, many of which are very valuable. These show how diligent the poet habitually was in observing nature, so that he might trace characteristics in her various forms which had not yet been described. He became early conscious, to use his own words, "of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country," and he made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency. This was the way in which Wordsworth studied his poetry as an art, by making his mind the treasury of images taken from his own immediate experiences of the external crea-

tion, and afterwards consciously using them in the act of composition. The lesson is of great importance, and may particularly avail for the instruction and guidance of our younger minstrels. Good service to Wordsworth's fame has been rendered by the publication of these autobiographical notes.

On the other hand, a desperate attempt has been made by Dr. Maitland to pluck the laurels from the brow of the unfortunate Chatterton. The reverend doctor would degrade the poet to the swindler, and thus give one poet less to the world. He is impatient at the number of the claims on its admiration, and would considerably deprive it at least of one. An undertaking of this kind, even in the service of truth itself, one would think, could hardly be a delightful one to its projector; but when we say that the materials of Dr. Maitland are derived from a loose pencil document, purporting to be notes of the inquest on Chatterton, and that in dates and other vital statistics this document is full of the most glaring errors, we can hardly conceive what motive there could be to a labour which is as barren of facts to vindicate justice as it is of feelings to enlist sympathy. In the opinion of some persons, all enthusiasm is misdirected energy; and in Dr. Maitland's, our usual estimate of Chatterton is an especial instance of the mania. Dr. Maitland represents what we hope is an inconsiderable portion of mankind,—those who are slow to acknowledge the presence of poetical genius, and would rather find an aspiring youth,—probably "led astray," like Burns, by the very "light of heaven" itself,—to be a scamp than a Scald.

Genius has, or should be permitted to have, its family claims, where its intelligence is clearly inherited; and that it is so derived to a considerable extent in the case of the younger Thomas Hood, a cursory perusal of his *Pen and Pencil Pictures*, lately published by Hurst and Blackett, will convince any impartial reader. It may be granted that he has not yet acquired all the wonderful skill displayed by his father in the manufacture of those intellectual puns which sparkle through his comic lyrics like new revelations of verbal analogies, as if in virtue of some pre-existent harmony by which the wit and the sage were in him identified in one individuality. Nor has the son all his father's deep-searching pathos, which, in his "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Song of the Shirt," penetrates the heart in the heart, and reaches the sealed fountain of sympathetic tears in its most mysterious recesses. But with his father's name the present Thomas Hood has much of his fancy and feeling, and a tact in composition which enables him to amuse while he instructs. For in this also he resembles his father, that in trifling he does more than trifle, and under the smile hides the earnestness of wisdom. He too has the art of making all his objects live; and in this respect his taste is as oriental as it is quaint. The volume contains both prose and verse; and though we cannot afford space for citation, there is much of both highly meritorious. A gentle spirit reigns throughout in union with a humour never boisterous, equally light and thoughtful.

We have perused with much interest the first volume of *The Temple Lamp*, a serial published at Paisley, and edited by the Rev. John Bathurst Dickson, of that place, author of *Theodoxia*, one of the most eloquent of Scottish divines. Apart from matters of theological controversy, into which it is not our province to enter; the work contains kind and loving expositions of religious truth,—expositions which tend to convince and instruct,—in lieu of those barren affirmations with which the pulpit too often abounds, and which are often strong in dogmatism in the precise degree that they are weak in reasoning. Moreover, Mr. Dickson shows the excellent faculty of applying religion to matters of mental culture and social right. He does not exclude from his sympathy every thing that is not directly theological, and thus leave Christianity without a sphere for its action. He can render homage to Shakspeare, discuss the laws of imagination, and delight in its examples; nay, utter a fervent protest against political wrong, and feel that,

so far from derogating from his sacred mission, he is only fulfilling it. He sees evidences of the Creator in all that He has made, and believes that every pregnant fact of human or natural history is a contribution to Divine science.

We must not conclude without drawing attention to a work of great value, elucidative of our elder literature. We allude to a book published by Chapman and Hall, and entitled *The English of Shakspeare Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his "Julius Cæsar."* In this excellent book, Mr. George L. Craik, the author, has treated our dramatist as a classic poet writing in a tongue the full sense of which has been impaired by time. Mr. Craik has given to every word of the play a distinct study. The lights that he brings to bear upon the text are, in many cases, very remarkable. His etymological acumen is exceedingly fine, and the abstruse points are hit in a manner which surprises and pleases. This "philological commentary" is indeed full of curious matter; and no student of our elder poetry should miss the opportunity of at once perusing this mass of learned notes and philosophical disquisition.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

King Richard II. has been produced at the Princess's Theatre with all that scenic pomp and antiquarian research which mark Mr. Kean's revivals. This circumstance invites comment, not only upon the particular play, but upon, what is more important, the general question of what may be called the Pictorial Drama.

For gorgeous spectacle,—for picturesque grouping,—for accuracy in presenting the manners and customs of a period, we hold Mr. Kean fairly entitled to very high praise. The exhibition which he offers to the public is imposing, refined, and instructive.

Nor can we see any just exception to a series of spectacles which bring vividly before the eyes of this generation the scenes, manners, and costumes of the past; provided always that no mistake occur as to the kind of merit to be recognised. Were we noticing the Princess's Theatre under the head of Fine Arts, we should have little but praise and congratulation to offer. It is only when that which is excellent in point of decoration and learning assumes also to be a dramatic excellence that we feel bound to question, nay, let us say at once, to protest.

It should be granted at once that there may be certain pictorial effects in a theatre which bring out the poet's conception. *Acis and Galatea*, as produced by Mr. Macready, with its exquisite scenery, so true in local colour, and its charming suggestions of the old classic life; the mob in *Coriolanus*; the civic gate, thronged with eager watchers while the two monarchs contend, in *King John*; the sudden glitter of a hundred unsheathed swords in protest against Duncan's murder, in *Macbeth*,—are a few instances out of many furnished by that great actor and manager, whose too early retirement we have to deplore, of the manner in which dramatic effect may be enhanced by pictorial accessories. Nor is Mr. Charles Kean's management wanting in such examples. The beacon-fires and the clink of the armourer's hammer near the usurper's tent, in *Richard III.*, and the exquisite moonlight-pictures in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, belong to that class of illustration which may be justly commended. In all these cases the scenic illusion is an aid to dramatic interest, not a substitute for it.

Difficult as it may seem to point out in detail where spectacular exhibitions enhance the dramatic motive and where they injure it, the principle by which such displays are to be tested is a broad and intelligible one. Spectacle

is admissible and praiseworthy when it serves as a background to story, passion, and character; it is, dramatically speaking, baneful when it usurps their place. Interpolated dances, elaborate banquets and processions; corporeal angels that move in grooves and mount by pulleys, drawing the spectator from the human emotion that sees them in the "mind's eye" to the contrivances of the mechanist; panoramas of old London; long processions, where the spectator is asked to test the heraldic accuracy of every badge and cognisance; cups and mallets, fashioned after the pattern of the time represented, and inviting the scrutiny of the antiquary,—all these obtruded into the first rank of interest, are essentially undramatic, and render the conception of the poet just as subservient to pageantry and archæology as the libretto of an opera is to the music. The drama, thus treated, no longer exists for its own sake, but as a vehicle for spectacle and erudition.

It is vain to say that these objects, so prominently set forth, are mere adjuncts to the dramatic purpose. Whatever managers may think, audiences know better. We put it to the experience of every frequenter of the Princess's pit whether the anticipations that send him there relate to what he expects to *feel* or to what he expects to *see*; whether the display of the passions, the fine analysis of human motives, the vigorous interpretation of character, are not quite secondary attractions compared with those of tableaux and appointments. He looks for a magnificent picture of life without him, not for a revelation of the life within him.

Is Mr. Kean serious when he takes credit in his programme for paying homage to Shakspeare by "realising the scenes and actions which he (Shakspeare) describes"? Those actions must of course take place somewhere, but where is not a matter of vital moment. We should have imagined the highest honour to the dramatist to be the realisation of his mental conceptions, not the ostentatious reproduction of the mere localities in which his persons either did or were supposed to exist; far less in the invention of scenes and ceremonials which he never thought of. We cannot believe that the genius of the poet is complimented by a system which dares not trust to himself for his chief attraction, and which is ever striving to eke out his insufficient claims by an excuse for a show. There is surely decrepitude either in the poet or somewhere else when he can only stand by leaning on the shoulder of the scene-painter. What, let us ask, were the aids of this kind to which Shakspeare had recourse in his own day? In what framework of spectacle has he himself set some of his greatest scenes? Sometimes they occur on a blasted heath; sometimes in the gloom of a dungeon; sometimes in a churchyard; very often in an ordinary "interior." And who is there that doubts, when these crises of interest arrive, that pageantry was the last thought in the mind of the dramatist, as it ought to be in that of the spectator? Granting the propriety of some picturesque display in scenes which form the background of the story, they ought never to be prominent in the principal scenes, nor to occur so frequently in other portions of the drama as to distract attention from the human interest to its mere auxiliaries. Why, is it not the province of a great actor to make you *forget* his mere surroundings? Give him a chamber or a dead wall, and though he be but a unit, he will fill the entire stage. The eyes of all will follow the lead of their hearts, and converge upon himself. In the whirlwind of passion; in the struggle with temptation; in the pathos of some noble sacrifice,—he will disclose to you the recesses of the heart; thrill you with whatever is terrible or august, melt you with whatever is sympathetic and tender there, and from his own nature pour a flood of light upon your own, till all that is seen and felt is man responded to by man. In such cases, spectacle is at best a superfluity; more often an intrusion.

It is not necessary for us to show that Mr. Charles Kean is precisely an actor of the class referred to, nor shall we impose upon ourselves the too arduous task of proving it; but he has undoubtedly many and unquestionable merits.

If not a profound, impassioned, or imaginative actor, he is at least earnest, graphic, and vigorous; and from the advance he has already made in his art, we should be slow to set limits to his future progress. For his own sake, then, and for that of his company, we regret that he should have made the position of both subsidiary to the external appliances on which he so much depends. There is an almost artless *naïveté* in his statement, that plays which, without these aids, "only commanded occasional repetition, now attract audiences for successive months." What is this but to admit that Shakspeare, as interpreted at the Princess's, has no charm for the public on grounds purely dramatic, and that the manager's present success is owing, not to the substance of these works, but to their accidents? We think sufficiently well of Mr. Kean to believe that he would have eventually triumphed on these higher principles of art which he has discarded as inadequate.

As we said at starting, the objections taken have been urged on grounds purely dramatic. Once leave that element out of the question, once grant, as a contemporary says, that the Princess's Theatre would obtain all its triumphs won in Shakspeare's name if Shakspeare himself were dispensed with, and we have nothing but hearty praise to award.

As a pictorial resuscitation of a past age; as a gallery of historical illustration, in which the resources of the scene-room are combined with those of the museum,—such a production as that of *Richard II.* has undoubtedly claims upon the public. The actors engaged in filling up the spectacle did their task so well as to make us regret that they were exhibited for the sake of the picture, not the picture for their sake and the poet's. The expense lavished on this revival, the taste and judgment evinced, and the beauty of the result, make us believe and hope that, *as an exhibition*, it will keep the stage for many weeks. But it would be a fatal error to identify its success with that of the Drama. Should such a delusion prevail, and be adopted at other theatres, not the triumph, but the death, of the actor's art would ensue. Brilliant spectacle would but signalise the obsequies of histrionic genius; and, in such an event, the arms of Legitimacy, with the motto, "Shakspeare," should be displayed, not as a banner, but as a hatchment.



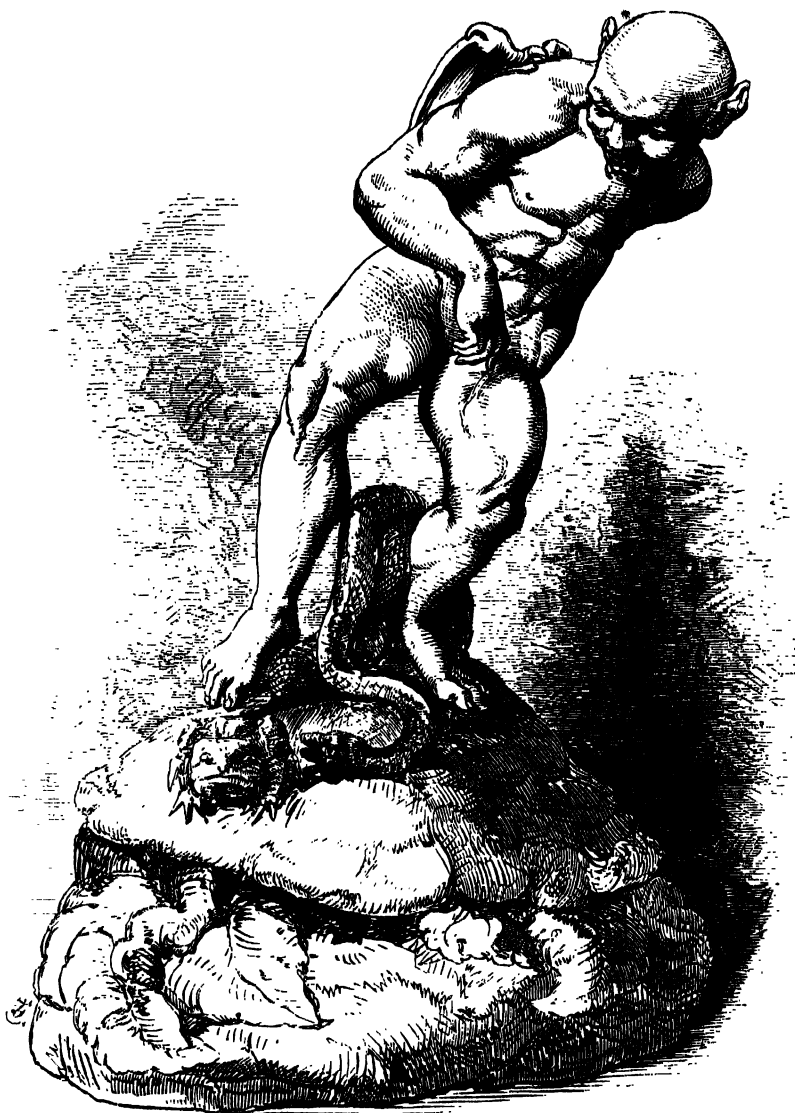
MR. WOOLNER'S "PUCK."

THE little figure of "Puck," by Mr. Woolner, which we engrave, is rich in grotesque humour. The statue exhibits the merriest subject of the "king of shadows" standing on the top of a mushroom, and with elvish fun turning over with his foot a young frog, who has chosen that spot for his batrachian meditations. See how he strides wide about the cap of the fungus, and how that grin shows the zest with which he enters into the joke of disturbing the amphibious philosopher!

The usual representations of Puck present him to us as a corpulent boy,—a great mistake, which Woolner's judgment has avoided; for here we have him as a sinewy little elf, adult, active, and strong, fit for any mischief, and precisely what both the old ballads and Shakspeare represent him; as capable of those feats of wheat-threshing for his friends, and of rude practical jokes upon others, which rendered him the terror of our ancestors in many a thorp and homestead, while they beguiled the winter evenings with tales of his freaks, and their excited fancy traced his figure in the starting shadows which the firelight cast upon the wall.

We shall take an early opportunity of speaking of other and more important works of this able sculptor.

L. L.



PUCK. BY T. WOOLNER.

LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

I.

"JEAN," I said, "Lord Erlistoun is coming."

"Is he?" said cousin Jean; not our cousin, I should add, but we called her so for convenience, to save telling the not-easy-to-be-told facts concerning her and her poor father.

"Jane, my dear," said my mother,—she would never remember to say Jean,—*"is that piano well in tune? Do see about it. And we must have the velvet furniture uncovered to-day; Lord Erlistoun's coming."*

"O yes; I'll remember, Mrs. Browne."

"Jean—O cousin Jean—Russell and I shall miss the rook-shooting. It is to be put off till Monday; Lord Erlistoun's coming."

This last of the various interruptions made Jean stop her practising. She was fond of the two lads, and they of her.

"Never mind, Algernon. The young rooks will have four more merry May-days; and, after all, I think I would rather see a worse fellow than you shooting them."

"A worse fellow? Eh? Lord Erlistoun?"

"Well, he may be; I don't know him."

"Jane—my dear Jane!"

"My dear Mrs. Browne." But mischief was too strong in the lass; her merry eye caught mine; she repeated solemnly, out of last week's *Punch*, which lay on the drawing-room table:

"To H'Apsley 'ouse next day,
Drives up a broosh-and-four;
A gracious prince sits in that shay
(I mention him with *hor!*)."

Of course I knew as well as Jean that one of my good mother's few faults was a propensity to "mention with *hor*" any member of our British aristocracy. She had it, I have heard, from the time when honest Thomas Brown became clerk to Browne and Co., merchants, with many a true word spoken in jest about the possibility of changing the final *e*; the only thing in either his name or character that in his progress upward my father ever consented to alter. She was then Susan Steel, a young milliner and dressmaker—very pretty. As Mrs. Browne, of Lythwaite Hall, mother of many children,—none now living but the two boys and myself,—she was often pretty still; and she took a pleasure

—very excusable, considering all the years she had kept herself neat and spruce in cotton and linsey-woolseys—in making the best of her good looks with handsome gowns.

She made the best, too, of every thing about her,—house and carriages, servants and plate, even to “my sons at Cambridge,”—though I often thought they all bothered her at times, especially the latter. Poor dear, the only thing she could never make the best of was me.

I was new to the splendours of Lythwaite Hall. It was only lately that my father had bought it, and settled down among the landed gentry; only lately—probably through his active labours in the Great Exhibition, which that year mingled together all classes—that I had heard of his having noblemen among his visiting-acquaintance. I was not too pleased, moreover, that any visitors should break in upon this, one of my rare visits home,—for I take a good while to become accustomed to new people; I did even to cousin Jean. Jean and I were good friends now; yes, the best of friends.

We had taken a long walk that very morning,—in the garden to the lily-of-the-valley bed, then across the park by the trout stream, and home by the rookeries, under the three horse chestnuts; for Jean said, laughing, that when her “ship came home,” and she owned a park, she would have it full of horse-chestnut trees. I remember the saying, since it quite convinced me that she and I had been, both in our speech and our silence, carrying on trains of thought and plans for the future as wide apart as the poles.

Our “ships” rarely do come home, or are meant to come home; are they, cousin Jean?

I am but a plain man, I know. There is no poetry in me: if there ever was, the Liverpool Docks and Liverpool ‘Change beat it all out of me nearly twenty years ago. Whether it ever might revive depended upon certain things, which I had tried that morning to find out, without troubling any body, or making any talk in the family. I did find them out; or rather, I found out in safe time that there was nothing to find. So ended the whole matter; and I was once again Mark Browne, eldest son of honest Tom Browne, the merchant’s clerk; belonging to a prior order of existence from Charles, Russell, and Algernon Browne, my brothers, born after a long interval, in days of prosperity. Nice handsome lads they were; well-grown, well-educated, accustomed to ease and luxury. No wonder they got on so merrily with cousin Jane, and that Jean should have such a liking for the boys.

She was fond of my mother too, and humoured her peculiarities admirably; followed her this morning from chair to chair, taking the covers off with a most domestic and inexhaustible patience, worthy of a “poor relation;” and then with a lively spirit, very unlike any poor relation, bursting into a song or two for her own entertainment.

“Just stop one minute, my dear; don’t you think Lord Erlistoun,” &c.

And having stopped and settled the important question, Jean was off again with her ditty,

“O no, O no, says Earlistoun,
For that’s a thing that maunna be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or dee.”

“Mark, who is Lord Erlistoun?”

“Just Lord Erlistoun; I know no more. What were you singing about him?”

“O, that Earlistoun was quite another person; an old ballad-hero of mine. Nobody you know, nothing you would care about.”

Sometimes Jean was mistaken. She knew much that I did not know; but that was no reason why I should not care about it. True, my learning and my literature had been chiefly in ledger and cash-book, like my father’s before me; and until lately, in the incessant whirl of money-making, I had had little leisure for any other interests. Still Jean was mistaken.

But I did not contradict her. I let her sing out her song,

and watched her sitting at the piano in the green-shaded drawing-room, with one slender sunbeam sliding across the Venetian blind, and dancing to the music on the top of her head. Ah, bonny cousin Jean!

To return to Lord Erlistoun.

It had since struck me as one of those coincidences we afterwards trace with some curiosity, that Lord Erlistoun should have first appeared at our house on this day. He was not expected till the morrow; and I had gone to my room. When my mother tried to open my door, it was bolted, for a wonder.

“Mark, do go down; your father’s out, the boys gone walking with Jane, and I’m this figure. O dear me, what shall I do, for Lord Erlistoun’s come?”

Yes; there I could see him from my window, lazily walking up and down, or leaning against the portico,—a tall slight young man, in a gray shooting-dress and a Glengarry bounnet. Nothing very alarming about him, as I hinted to my mother.

“Nonsense, Mark; for shame! Only do go down-stairs.”

Usually I dislike strangers, and especially “fine” strangers; but this morning all things appeared the same to me, and all people alike. The only thing worth doing seemed the simple necessity of small every-day duties, as they lay to my hand.

“Mother, don’t vex yourself; indeed I’ll go. How long am I to keep him out of the way?”

“Until dinner-time, if you can. Mercy me, and there’s no game to-day for dinner!”

I thought, what mere trifles do women, even the best of women, sometimes seize on to worry their lives out! But I went down.

“Lord Erlistoun, I believe?”

“Mr. Browne. I beg pardon, Mr.—”

“I am Mark Browne. I am sorry my father is not at home to welcome you.”

“All my own fault, indeed; I mistook the day fixed for my visit. Still, may I intrude?”

His manner presupposed an answer, the only one possible. Probably his society was not usually considered an intrusion. I bade him welcome; and we shook hands, with a mutual covert inspection and dim recognition of having met somewhere; but no allusion was made to that prior acquaintance by either.

I remembered him distinctly. We of the hard-working classes seldom see, even among our women, seldomer still among our men, that noble yet delicate outline of face which is commonly called “aristocratic;” not unjustly either, for it is the best type of mere physical beauty. We rarely boast—we poor fellows, stunted in early growth by toiling in close offices and living in town-homes—such lithe tall figures, combining the strength of manhood and the grace of womanhood, even down to the long hands and almond-shaped nails: I remember noticing them. No; each rank has its peculiar advantages; physical development rarely belongs to ours. It depends on chances frequently out of our power, or prior generations, who bequeath us their personal type to start with; afterwards on rearing, education, and modes of life.

I saw at a glance what any sensible man must see, nor need be ashamed or afraid to see, that for certain qualities you might as well institute a comparison between a working-cob and a race-horse, as between Lord Erlistoun and Mark Browne. Perhaps the instinctive train of thought which led to that comparison, or rather distinction, indicated too much self-consciousness in me. But there are positions when a man will and does think of himself, and compare himself voluntarily or involuntarily with other men; such a one was mine this day.

“This is a very pretty place,” said Lord Erlistoun.

He was correct; many a nobleman’s I have seen not half so fine. My father took great delight therein; and it was not without a certain satisfaction that I did the honours of it to our guest—through gardens, conservatories, plea-

sure-grounds. There was a pleasant pride in showing to Lord Erlistoun that we also—we money-makers—could love nature and art, and expend wisely and liberally what we did not inherit, but earned. And in going over the place I was myself forcibly struck with the whole thing,—with my father's princely style of expenditure, and with the contrast it formed to the little dark merchant's office in Liverpool, which originated and maintained it all.

Sometimes I thought uneasily that—but a son has no business to comment on a father, on so excellent a father.

Our walk came to an end, likewise our conversation. We talked over the state of Europe, the Great Exhibition, &c.,—topics which were possible meeting-points,—until they successively fell dead. I am not a conversationalist myself, but I like to hear others; and am obliged to own that I found Lord Erlistoun's company rather uninteresting.

I left him safe in his apartments; whence, to every body's relief, he did not emerge till dinner-time.

He must have found it a dull meal; my father still absent, my mother, brother, and cousin being all I could introduce him to. I remember the boys, strong in Cambridge ease and "knowledge of the world," coming readily forward, till quenched by the grave politeness which it was impossible to make free with; and my mother, whose hearty apologies for "pot-luck" were met by a smile which expressed by its very reserve the most amiable ignorance of what "pot-luck" might be.

My dear good mother, hot-checked and hurried; a little too warm and too fat for her light-coloured silk dress, and her white gloves that would not come on properly; with her uneasy attempt at ease, and her incessant stream of talk, in which the "If"—that unlucky letter, which we had never yet succeeded in safely impressing on either her or my father—appeared and disappeared at pleasure;—I wondered what Lord Erlistoun thought of his hostess.

Possibly nothing; for no outward indication testified that he ever had any thoughts at all. I have seen close-tempered men—iron-visaged fellows, whose faces were as hard as a locked chest, but then you guessed from that very fact that there was something inside; proud sensitive men, who tried to wear a countenance like a mask, yet through which now and then, by some accidental flash of the eye, you felt sure it was a mask, with the natural flesh and blood behind it;—but I never in my life saw such a smooth, courteous, handsome negation as Lord Erlistoun's physiognomy seemed this first day of acquaintance.

"What do you think of him, Jean?" I said, when my father having returned late, I was free—free to settle myself in the usual corner, and watch Jean going about her usual evening's ways, which she did not alter, nor seem to intend altering, for our grand guest. She had merely bowed when I introduced him to "my cousin." She was not usually much noticed,—and something in her manner rather evaded than attracted notice,—when we had company. And yet it often seemed, to me at least, as if she, of the whole family, looked most at ease, most natural, in the beautiful rooms of Lythwaite Hall.

"What do you think of him?" I repeated, as she stood by the tea-table, ending a long discussion, by persuading my mother it would be much better to let her make the tea, as she always used to make it, country-fashion, in spite of Lord Erlistoun.

"What do I think of him?—wait a minute. (John, leave the lamp there.) Yes, I think him very handsome, and remarkably well dressed."

"You are jesting?"

"Not at all. The latter quality is no mean one. Any man can dress like a dandy; but it takes a man of some taste to dress like a gentleman."

"And his manners?"

"I have seen worse, and better."

"My dear Jane, how can you judge? So elegant, so polite; accustomed, as one might at once perceive, to the very highest society."

"But, mother, Jean has been accustomed to good society too."

"I was accustomed for six-and-twenty years to my father's." She said this with pride, yet no unholy pride. I saw the tremble on her lip, and hastened to talk of other things.

Once in my life I had seen Jean's father. He was not a man ever to be forgotten, even by a mere lad. Why he married into the Brown family, or whether the Emma Brown he chose had qualities in herself enough to make her his fit wife, and Jean's mother, I never could learn. She died early. We never heard of either father or daughter,—save that occasionally we saw his name in newspapers and magazines; and my father would say, "That's surely poor Emma's clever husband,"—till we heard of him one day in a newspaper obituary. "Authors usually die in poverty; but by some means he had secured enough to leave Jean mistress of about fifty pounds a-year. My father brought her home for a visit; and then somehow we couldn't part with her. This was all her history that I knew of."

Of herself—she was a tall dark-haired girl. People did not generally admire her, at least our sort of people; bright complexions, plump figures, well set-off by gay dresses, were their notions of beauty. If the Parthenon Athene (I have a head of her, which I bought at an old-curiosity shop, on account of some turn of the brow and trick of the hair which reminded me of Jean),—if Athene herself were to appear at one of their parties in a high black silk-gown, a little white frill round her throat, and not a ribbon or jewel on neck, arm, or finger, they would doubtless have called the goddess a "rather plain young woman," as I have heard Jean called.

A "young woman" she decidedly was, not a girl. She had seen a good deal of the world, in London and elsewhere; her character and manner were alike formed; that is, if she could be said to have a "manner," when, under all circumstances, she was so simply and entirely natural; not always the same,—few people are, except the very reserved, the sophisticated, or the dull,—but in all her various moods she was—as alone she cared to be—herself.

There was no pretence about her; no tendency to petty or polite humilities. I think she knew she was *not* plain, and was rather amused by the ill-educated taste of those who considered her so. I think, too, that, in a harmless womanly way, she took pleasure in her own classic features, large and noble,—her father's features,—and in her father's beautiful hereditary hands,—for his sake partly. She was the sort of woman to have something true and good at the root of her very vanities.

I describe her as she was to us who knew her; not to strangers. She rarely "came out" to strangers; or, except when she was really interested in them, made any show of appearing so. Nor, in the extremely quiet mood she was in to-night, was I surprised that Lord Erlistoun merely noticed her face (he, accustomed to art, must have seen it was handsome) as if it were a picture or statue, and quitted it. She bore the look; or was unconscious of it, with those "level-fronting eyelids" of hers, full of other thoughts—sometimes thoughts evidently far away. She had had a hard life, you saw that; she had gone through a great grief, you saw that too, at least some might;—but so much discernment was probably not to be expected from a young man like Lord Erlistoun.

"How old do you think he is, Jane?"

"Who? Lord Erlistoun? Really one can hardly judge so speedily. But 'Burke' will inform us, Mrs. Brown."

"I told you, my dear, that was by no means a useless purchase," said my mother, turning over with no displeasure our till lately unknown necessity, the book which some satirist calls the "British Bible." "Here it is: Nugent, Baron Erlistoun. Dear me, only twenty-four! just Charles's age; younger than you, Jane."

"Yes."

Here the subject of discussion unwittingly ended it by opening the drawing-room door, looking rather tired, but

still listening with the blandest courtesy to every word of my father's. Now my father's talk was always worth listening to; but then, like most old men, he had a trick of long-windedness; and it is trying to have the wisest sayings and the best of stories half-a-dozen times over. The young man turned, perhaps a little too quickly, to my mother, when she came to the rescue; and there was just the slightest shade of personal interest, beyond his invariably polite interest in every thing, when, among the long list of people whom he "had not the honour of knowing,"—the *élite* of our friends, whom my mother had anxiously invited to a dinner-party for his entertainment to-morrow,—she chanced to light on some whom he did know. "Lady Erlistoun" ("my mother," he explained) "was acquainted with the bishop and his lady; very nice people."

"Charming people!" (Ah, why so ecstatic, good mother of mine, for you had only dined there once, I know?) And that sweet little niece of theirs,—she's not out yet though,—the heiress, Lady Emily Gage. You know her, of course?"

"Lady Erlistoun does. Allow me;" and here Lord Erlistoun rose in a languid manner to bring my mother's cup to the tea-table. It cost him some trouble, and her a thousand apologies; but Jean's eyes had a spice of mischief in them as she looked on.

"Don't stir, Mark. A little exercise won't harm him. Let him do at Rome as the Romans do."

He stood by while she filled the cup, made some slight remark or acknowledgment, and retired. Then, in great dearth of entertainment, and with a dead heavy atmosphere of restraint creeping over the room, he was set to whist with the parents and Charlie till bed-time.

Jean and I contemplated the party in silence: my mother's round, rosy, contented face; my father's, rather coarse and hard-featured, but full of acuteness and power; and between them this elegant young man, whose exquisite refinement was only one remove from, and yet just clear of, positive effeminacy.

"I wonder what on earth he came here for," Jean said meditatively. "He must have had some very strong motive, or be sadly in want of novelty, before he—"

No, cousin, you need not have hesitated; I traced your involuntary thought; I too was aware of what our house was and its ways, also how they and we must necessarily appear to one so totally different from us as Lord Erlistoun. It is folly to disguise an abstract truth; I never do.

"I see what you would say, Jean;—before he came among such inferior folk as we are,—he, accustomed to the high breeding of fashionable life. That slow, listless, faultless manner of his, which I perceive is fidgeting my poor mother beyond expression, is, I suppose, high breeding? You know."

"No, I am glad to say I do not know. Mark, you ought to be ashamed of yourself" (and I was, seeing the indignant colour flushing all over her dear face). "I do not know, and never mean to know. What have I to do with fashionable life? I know how good you are, all of you; I love you."

Ay, Jean, speak up, frank and warm. Surely you loved us, every one, and all alike.

After Lord Erlistoun had been lighted duly to his repose,—and the greatest nobleman in the land, as his hostess privately avowed, need not have desired a better furnished or handsomer chamber,—we began to breathe. Of course we "talked him over," as families will among themselves,—and, thank Heaven, with all our increase of fortune, we had never ceased to be a family. Jean, stealing slowly into the place of the little daughters who had died, or else by the natural force of her character making a place for herself among us, took her due share in the discussion. She gave full merit where merit was; but was severe and sarcastic upon various small peculiarities which had struck the family with unacknowledged awe, namely, that under-toned soft drawl, that languid avoidance of the letter R, and that nimini-pimini "O."

"I should like to compel him for once into a good honest English round "O" of either pleasure or pain. Boy as he

is, I wonder if he is still capable of either, or of the expression of them. I wish he may be."

"Not altogether a kind wish, Jean."

"Yes it is," she said, after a moment's thought. "Any pain is better than stagnation; any expression of feeling better than the elegant hypocrisy which is ashamed of its existence."

And then she turned laughingly to put her arm round my mother's neck, and tell, apropos of nothing, how twice that day she had been addressed in the village as "Miss Browne."

But no, Jean, you could never have been my mother's daughter. I saw clearer than ever to-night that something in your mien, manner, and tone of thought which made you distinct from all of us. Perhaps you knew it, too, much as you loved and respected us, honest honourable Brownes.

So thought I; and my thought had a truth in it, but was not the whole truth. "Each after his kind" was the original law of things; and that "like attracts like" is no less an absolute and never-to-be-ignored law. But sometimes we decide too hastily, and with mere surface-judgment, upon what it is that constitutes similarity.

A WORD ON MR. THACKERAY'S LECTURES.

By this time almost all our readers will either have heard or read of Mr. Thackeray's lectures on the "Four Georges," and have done battle for or against him, accordingly as their dispositions and occupations may have inclined them. We say occupations, because we believe that they have a great deal to do in the matter, and have considerable weight in the manner in which men are disposed to view both historical characters and social questions. It is natural that those who live by abuses should have small love for those who rise by abusing abuses. Could one wish it otherwise? Thackeray has been unsparingly condemned, not only for the subject of his lectures, but for the tone which pervades them. Apart from all narrow-minded considerations, there are reasons appertaining to professions which almost infallibly determine men on one side or the other. "Are you going to hear Thackeray?" demanded one gentleman of another. "No, I am not going to hear the Royal Family abused." "On the contrary," returned the first speaker, "I go to hear how well they can be abused." We do not think clergymen as a body have admired them. The Evangelical section fell foul of his portrayal of George III.; the High Church party demurred at the taste and propriety which disinterred the iniquities of the Fourth George. What Conybeare denominates the Broad Church in general testified admiration and approval. Literary people shared these sentiments; and with them were ranged most young thinkers who had any thing good and hopeful and enthusiastic about them: for the natural attitude of youth towards sycophancy, intolerance, and profligacy, is undoubtedly that of stern aversion. With respect to the fairer sex, opinions were divided. Thackeray is infinitely tender and pathetic on women, and yet they do not seem properly grateful to him. Perhaps they are not commonly sympathetic with a sarcastic writer, and do not quite enjoy hearing men so trenchantly dealt with, and their *beau idéal* so pitilessly dispelled.

Nevertheless these lectures have attracted large audiences, not only in London, but in all our principal cities and towns; and in Edinburgh especially, where the fashionable world,—who pride themselves on being more scientific than the philosophers, and more literary than the *literati*,—the *élite*, attended in enormous numbers. Large proportions of the middle-classes contributed; and shopkeepers, artisans and working-men, and women were not behindhand; and the applause from horny hands which followed any good sentiment was hearty and unmistakable. Those who expected a brilliant, sarcastic, fashionably-dressed man were woefully disappointed. To our mind, he presents the appearance of a profoundly sorrowful man, who has discovered

for himself the truth of the preacher's saying, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." The expression of his countenance seems to say, "I know the hollowness and weariness of all things; and the worst that can befall me I can bear and despise." Of course every question has two sides to it; but, in truth, we conceive the censures passed on Mr. Thackeray to be unjust as far as these lectures are concerned. No spirit of malignancy is betrayed, no democratic turbulence taught, no making the right appear wrong, or the wrong right. There are touches of the finest irony and of the most exquisite pathos.

The lives of the Four Georges have passed away into history. Nearly thirty years ago the last George died. The virtues of the Third George are not forgotten; the vices of the Fourth George have left their trace, as all bad actions do, especially when done in high places. Profligacy was then in fashion; and surely the stern bitter invective of genius is well employed in lashing that dastardly vice from its position. We honestly believe that Thackeray has done more than any other writer to make young men ashamed of being bad. He has taught them that it is not very difficult, not very fine, to be false to woman; that to seduce and swear and drink and gamble, to cheat and run into debt, to dishonour what they profess to honour, are but poor accomplishments, and such as a man with a very poor head, a very little spirit, and no heart at all, can easily practise. He has taught this systematically in his books; and if the lesson can be more forcibly impressed by portraying the last George, we say it is well done; and if it saves one young heart from sorrow and shame, one man from guilt and remorse, it will not have been done in vain. If he has shown us that goodness may exist along with a monotonous, dull, and tiresome life, he has also demonstrated that wickedness is not essentially lively or clever, but often more stupid and brutal than any thing else. Is there no moral to the intolerant or greedy of the present day in this passage? "What wonder, then, that there should have been a Whitfield crying in the wilderness, or that Wesley should quit the insulted temple to pray on the mountain-side?"

How fine, and yet how mournful, is the sarcasm when he speaks of Walpole's times, and of the ladies and gentlemen!—"the fine gentlemen who made coarse jokes, and the fine ladies who listened to them, and laughed at them." Is there not a lesson which speaks to all in the stern brevity with which he records the death of George II.? "At length the fit came which choked the old man. On the 25th of October 1760, his page took his chocolate into his bedroom, and behold, the king was dead on the floor." We need not multiply quotations which are probably already familiar to our readers. But a long time hence, when the shadows of many years shall have fallen over us, and made us less prejudiced; or when, as is more probable, we shall be fighting for the same things under other names, these historical readings of Mr. Thackeray will be regarded as more profound and true, and perhaps as brilliant as any of Mr. Macaulay's vivid descriptions.

IGNOBLE CARES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE HOUSE OF RABY."

"PLAGUE, pestilence, and famine; battle, murder, and sudden death;" an unrequited love, a betrayed love, an unworthy love; the death of those we hold most dear, solitude in life, political or social dishonour,—all these things, and such as these, are recognised as great afflictions; and the cares and pains which they entail no one feels to be ignoble. They call into exercise the highest powers of our nature; they set us face to face with God, and rouse the hope of immortality. We are carried by them out of the paltry every-day interests of this earthly life; we forget our lowest needs and greeds in the gratification of the higher. Sufferings of this kind dignify our humanity. Through them man ob-

tains his ideal conception of the hero and the saint. The man of great afflictions and noble cares walks the earth with self-respect, and, though sad, may still feel that he is but a little lower than the angels. Alas! that such a creature, whose thoughts can wander through eternity, whose best passions dilate his mortal heart, so that he feels like a god, and knows no end to his powers,—alas! that he should ever be a slave to ignoble cares, that a Man should ever be troubled in spirit about five-and-ninence to pay a milk-score!

For the want of "so much trash as may be grasped thus" is the joy of life taken out of a man. The poor in purse are too often made the poor in spirit, though not in the evangelical sense.

It is all very well for people to try and put a good face upon the matter in public, and to talk big about

"The glorious privilege
Of being independent;"

or to demand, in a British tenor, and a white neckcloth,

"Wha sae baso as be a slave?"

But let some invisible little demon go about whispering in the ears of speaker or singer and his audience, "*How about the payment of that little bill that the man will call for to-morrow?*" Such a question will take the light out of their countenances; at least out of ninety in every hundred, so wide-spread is the tyranny of one class of ignoble cares. The other ten per cent are of the jolly-dog kind, or of the systematic dishonest sort, who are neither of them troubled about the payment of debts until they are in prison. Their cares are of another ignoble kind, and shall have a few words presently.

It is many years now since I came to the belief, that what are called the great afflictions of life are easier to bear than the small worries; that it is positively less painful to die by a sword-thrust through the heart than by innumerable flights of Lilliputian arrows lodged in all parts of the body. Ridiculous and contemptible sorrows require a double portion of fortitude or insensibility. They have a poisonous quality which is most injurious to the best natures.

I sat last night with Forster's *Life of Goldsmith* on my knee, after I could read no more from pity and shame. I stared into a great fire, and grew cold at the remembrance of that man's youth. He had no great sorrow, no grand tragic trouble, to cast about him like a pall of state, and to add a dignity to his manhood. He had few cares in life but those ignoble ones that sprang from the necessity of earning a living. To think of him bound as a slave to such wretches as Griffiths and his wife, is far more terrible and pathetic to my mind than the thought of the tortures of Regulus or of Joan of Arc. There is a horrible mockery, a sort of devil's dance on the prostrate soul of the poet, in the details of Oliver Goldsmith's poverty that does not strengthen the reader's heart as stories of heroic deeds do; they only make it rebellious and antagonistic to suffering.

After deeply meditating these things, and finding no end, "in wandering mazes lost;" having indulged in temporary Manichæanism, and a satirical view of the origin of evil, I returned once more to the point from which I had started—the contemptible meanness, the sordid trials, the ignoble cares, that environ our human life. These, be it ever remembered, are not the portion of the highest, the choicest spirits of the earth, solely; on the contrary, if they be made to succumb for a time to such a plenipotential tyranny, how much more are inferior natures kept in subjection thereby! For ordinary men and women, in this hollow civilisation of ours, the ignoble cares of life are like the circumfluous ocean to the earth. They compass it round on every side. In ceaseless waves they grumble and roar and dash against it now; then again there is a lull; the shore forgets the storm, and man forgets the taxes and the butcher's bill, the *dicta* of Mrs. Grundy, and the pitiful ambition of making a figure in her world. But still the sea is there, and will vex the shore again to-morrow; there too are the ignoble

cares of life, biding their time to wash over the soft and lowly, and to undermine the lofty and strong hearts of men.

The ignoble cares connected with the want of money are among the most destructive of true life among us at the present time. It is very easy to talk like great philosophers about being content with such things as you have; but it is not so easy to be content. For instance, to be content when you see your children grow weak and sickly for want of change of air and natural exercise, which you can't give them for want of money. In a thousand smaller matters it is not easy for even very rational and uncovetous people to be content with what they have. Suppose you have but sixpence, and a friend wants to borrow a pound of you to pay for a train immediately to go and see his dying father; suppose you yourself are invited to meet some old school-fellow now become a great celebrity, and feel yourself bound in conscience to refuse, because you can't afford the journey or the time, which is money also; suppose you are walking in London with a lady, and it begins to rain;—she proposes that you should call a cab, and you are *sans sous*: a great philosopher might be content to tell her so; but an English gentleman would find it difficult to do it.

People of the Poor-Richard school, who preach to you about the happiness of spending only nineteen shillings and elevenpence out of every sovereign you possess, and the misery of spending twenty shillings and a penny, are in the right to a certain extent:

"Such dire results from trivial causes spring."

But to such persons it would be useless to talk about the impossibility of practising their doctrine in any given case. In a question of expenditure they see nothing but financial facts, moral right or wrong; moral comparisons of better or worse they do not entertain. Your income is so much; the whole is consumed by the yearly necessities of your family. Your wife is pining away; she should have good medical attendance, and other costly aids to restoration. "She must go without it," says your rigid economist; "for you must not run into debt." "But she will die if I do not." "O, but you will have lived within your income." "I would rather run into debt, and take my chance of getting out again," says the husband. Blame him who will. Some of us would be very sorry to cast a stone at him; some of us, too, who hate debt cordially as the fruitful parent of ignoble cares.

"Out of debt out of danger," is an excellent prudential maxim; but let prudent people remember, that prudence is not the highest virtue, and that the post of danger is sometimes the post of duty and honour. Let not every one who is able to live within his income hug himself in the notion that he is a wiser and a better man than every one who has tried to do so and failed.

But, ah, my dear friends, not of the Poor-Richard school, I shall sing in another key to you. Beware of debt. It is the most insidious fiend that roams the earth seeking the ruin of souls. Suffer hunger, mortification of vanity, nay, of affection; labour hard—yea, over much—but keep clear of debt. Once in the clutches of that first-born of Mammon, and you begin to lose your freedom of soul. The small sums that you can't pay pursue you (if you have a delicate sense of honour) like gadflies. You may be light of heart in poverty, but not in debt. Small worries accumulate like curses upon the household that can't pay all liabilities. Sensitive, noble-minded people are reduced to sordid thoughtfulness. Base cares drive away fine fancies; and small anxieties oppress their spirits, so that things lovely and of good report touch them not with joy.

To the man of letters, to the artist, ignoble cares of this sort are supposed to come as a sort of birth-wrong. And a most cruel wrong they are to him, as the lives of great men in literature and art abundantly show. Prosperous "ledger-men" are scandalised at the extravagance of authors and artists. They do not know that it is a very extravagant thing to be poor; that want forces honest people to go into

debt, which is only less extravagant than dying, when the creature who would die is an uncommonly valuable human being. It is sad to think of the many fine intellects and brave hearts that have been worsted in the battle with ignoble cares of this sort.

Even among ordinary men and women, as I said before, how much of their sorrow in life is caused by what are called trifles—cares for things ignoble, yet inevitable! How a man despises himself, too, for being worried by trifles! How angry he gets with his wife for being worried too! Is it possible he can't resume his study, or his letter to a friend, because of the tax-gatherer's knock, or the tailor's request for 20*l.*, which he has not in the house?

Getting a living is sometimes nothing but a succession of ignoble cares, destructive to life in the true meaning of that glorious word. For there is a great difference between *living* and getting a living; as great a difference as there is between getting a living and not being able to get it, between being content with the meat that perisheth and not being content.

There are other ignoble cares which spring from money. There is the stupid and vain care to hide that you can't afford to spend money as your richer acquaintances do; and the stupider care to spend in ostentation what is pinched out of healthful comforts. We know ladies who will keep a man in livery, while the household shivers over scanty fires, and grows thin on *soupe maigre* and rice.

It is almost as ignoble to care about having things because others have them, as it is to seem to have them, on that account. If people were but impressed with this truth, many fictitious wants and ignoble cares would be cleared away from the lives of sensible and earnest men and women, who would then lead their own lives, careless of the remarks of their neighbours concerning such "strange disregard of appearances," such "very odd ways," &c.

I also reckon among ignoble cares the heaping up riches in order to found a family, as it is called; and the living not to *be*, but to be rich.

There is also a very ignoble care about the salvation of one's own soul, which is quite different from the noble care for the same object.

The best cure for ignoble cares is to rouse a care for noble and excellent things in the mind; and to be on one's guard against those self-indulgences and careless habits which put us in the power of small circumstances. Let no one desire a life free from care or responsibility. That is not true human life; that is the life of a slave. We cannot all

"Scorn delights, and live laborious days,"

because most of us lack the power as well as will to do so. Very few men in a generation are born to care for the race, for a nation, or for a new truth; those few are free from the tyranny of ignoble cares. They may fail, they may be disgraced in the eyes of men, they may be poor, reduced to beggary, they may even die of starvation; but they will be always free from ignoble care, because free from the selfish weakness which is the essence of ignobility, as loving strength is of magnanimity. Belisarius, blind and begging his bread, was still the noblest Roman of his day.

Women are supposed by better men than Iago to be by nature condemned to ignoble cares, which may be briefly summed up in the well-known words:

"To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

But how if instead of fools they suckle wise men? Socrates and Pythagoras, Solomon and Confucius, had nursing mothers once; and theirs, I take it, was no ignoble care. As to the chronicling of beer, if they brewed College ale and Dublin stout, would men deem that an ignoble care? Do they not even take it upon themselves to chronicle much small beer of their own brewing?

The uncertainty of men's minds, and the vanity of human wishes, are forcibly set before me in the above remarks. When I began to write about ignoble cares, the subject

seemed full of matter for light jesting, and rich in absurd incongruity; but a little more reflection made me see it in its true light. The lets and hindrances, the petty annoyances, and the sordid anxieties of this wonderful human life, are not fit themes for fun, unless looked at only on the surface. I could not look only on the surface, because I have too often been obliged to work, and to see others work, below it, among these same ignoble cares, from which may your life be as free as is good for you, O gentle reader. And so farewell. Another time you and I may be more inclined to laugh at this matter than we are to-day.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

GIVE A DOG AN ILL NAME, AND HANG HIM.—"I'll not beat thee nor abuse thee," said the quaker to his dog; "but I'll give thee an ill name. Hallo! mad dog!" "He that bath an ill name is half hanged," says another English proverb; and a French one declares with a still bolder figure, that "Report hangs a man,"—*Le bruit pend l'homme*. The Spaniards say, "He that wants to kill his dog has but to impute madness to him,"—*Quien á su quierre matar, rabiale ha de levantar*.
W. K. KELLY.



WORKHOUSE VISITING.

SEEING a paper in your very agreeable NATIONAL MAGAZINE (which I have taken from the beginning), on workhouse visiting, I thought you might like in the Homo column to insert my own remembrances of such visitings. They may make some of our young friends anxious, like Una of old, to make "sunshine in a shady place," and take a few happy moments with them to the poor secluded ones there. I have been myself a constant visitor for six years past, and never am so affectionately welcomed as by my poor friends in the hospital-wards of our large union.

When I first went there it was dull vacuity: nothing to do all day long among the invalids and "poorly folk." To see from their window the parish-horse preparing for a funeral journey, was their only living change, and would furnish conversation for days. This shocked me. I proposed to them to make me some patchwork; they jumped at the idea. I bought about ten shillings' worth at our draper's—all kinds of old-fashioned and modern patterns; drove up soon again, and laid the treasures on the bed of one hopelessly crippled. Never did I see greater delight. "There now! wouldn't I like a dress of that?" "La! if I hadn't an apron of that pattern." "Bless my heart! it do do one's eyes good to see such pretty things once more." The next time I went up, half-a-dozen were on their knees arranging the colours and patterns. "Bless'ee, ma'am, we've a-been happier over this 'ere work than ever we were afore." And so it was. Even the mistress entered into it; helped them out with scraps of her own; and "sunshine" came into the dark dull ward. I have now by me, on my servants' beds, two of these delicately-arranged counterpanes—really beautiful in their design and execution. The joy of showing me how they had got on, the anxiety to get a light bit to finish some effect, the sense of rising in the morning with something to do, was inspiriting to them. I used to go, take my chair in the midst of them, read them *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or books of some interesting kind, for an hour. Then all work put away, they would listen to me like little children while I read them a few earnest words from God's book, followed by a five-minute prayer—such as one would utter

to one's darlings circled for the purpose round mamma's knee. Many a sob have I heard as I have mentioned them individually—"poor old Bridget," "the crippled Sarah," &c. Then the hearty shake of the hand, the loving look, and the burst of, "Now do'ee come again soon," sent me back to my happy home happier still from the sense of having been permitted to "soothe Creation's groans." I established a regular system of book-lending from one ward to another; using my own books—such as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Wide, Wide World*, &c. This was something to amuse the weary day; and then to talk to me about it afterwards was the great charm.

I never shall forget singing to them on one occasion a simple hymn,—beginning, I think, "There is a happy land." A poor idiot-girl who always came,—but, as I thought, mindlessly,—burst into tears, and exclaimed: "My mother, my mother; O, come to poor Mary!" They want humanising; they need the gentle influence of a lady's visiting. They like to see a well-dressed lady come among them. They dreamt of me, of my house, &c., envying the servants who lived with me; brought me their little quarrels when I came, for "our good lady to set them right." I found them living an aimless existence, and provided them with interests, simple and utterly inexpensive; and, could any of your young readers have looked in yesterday on my sweet young daughter and myself going among them, they would have felt with Trench—

"A solemn yet a joyful thing is life,
Which, being full of duties, is for this
Of gladness full,—and full of lofty hopes."

My child picked out of the hedge, going up, a few green leaves, and placed them in the cripple's hands; and how her face brightened as she said, "It do seem so good to see a bit o' green!" Should you wish to hear more, I could tell you more—much more. Enough, if I can rouse one earnest-hearted woman to mitigate such dull woe as is found in workhouse-wards.—I remain, &c.,
AN ENGLISH LADY.

GROUND AND ENAMELLED GLASS.

[THE writer of the following paper objects to the process previously described by "Alpha," and speaks, he says, from a practical experience in the calling of twenty to thirty years. We give his own plan.]

To imitate this, white-lead of itself is too chalky and painted-like. Take a little patent dryer, with the least particle of white-lead to give it body; tint to a light-gray with black; thin with one-third raw linseed-oil, and two-thirds turpentine, to the consistency of milk; and, after cleaning the glass well, proceed to lay on the colour with a short-hair brush in the ordinary way of painting, but with as little colour as it is possible to cover the pane. Cross it and recross it till it be regular all over; then take a piece of old silk, fold it neatly up without wrinkles, dab it gently and regularly over the pane; this done, let the paint dry. Prepare pounce (which is the design drawn out, and pricked with a fine needle, on paper, to size of pane), and pounce-bag, which is finely-powdered charcoal tied up in a piece of flannel. Lay your design on pane; dab it over with pounce-bag, which you may do with freedom (the paint being dry will resist the pressure, and no injury be done to the paint); after which trace the mark left by the pounce lightly with a black-lead pencil; dust off the loose charcoal, and you have the design neatly sketched before you. Or you may obviate the necessity of pouncing altogether by drawing your design on paper with ink, and placing it outside the pane to be ornamented, and follow the drawing inside with pencil. Then take your pieces of hardwood-sticks, sharpened to the necessary thickness; breathe gently on the part you intend commencing at, and repeat as you proceed. This softens the paint, and allows the lines to be sharp and clean, which is the principal beauty in enamelling.

Thus you may execute any design, however elabo-

rate, at your pleasure and convenience; whereas, by Alpha's method—drawing the points on the wet paint—you raise the paint on each side of the lines, which conveys the foul proof that it is painted. And, according to his manner of mixing up his colour, you must finish your ornament before leaving, otherwise it will dry, and of course the labour will be lost. In conclusion, after having finished the ornamental work on the panes, take crystal or mastic varnish, with which coat the panes. This will prevent the paint being rubbed off by accident or otherwise; and it may be washed carefully with soap and water.—I am, &c. OMEGA.



deed, in all except the delicate blue of the upper surface of the wings, —which were of a deep rich brown (figure 3). From this circumstance I had imagined it a distinct species, which was excusable enough in a mere tyro; but I soon ascertained that it was the female of the *Polyommatus Alexia*, just described. The colours of many of our native butterflies differ similarly in the opposite sexes, as the "Purple Emperor" and the "large copper;" but in no other genus have I yet met with the peculiarity about to be described.

BRITISH INSECTS AND THEIR METAMORPHOSES. II.—THE COMMON BLUE BUTTERFLY (*Polyommatus Alexia*).

BY HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "INSECT CHANGES," "BRITISH BUTTERFLIES, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS," ETC.

THIS beautiful little insect must oftentimes have been observed, towards the beginning of May, by lovers of nature, flitting gaily among the wild flowers of our heaths, or over the turf margins of our sunny lanes. The genus to which it belongs has received its distinctive name, *Polyommatus*, from the number of delicate ocelli, or eye-like marks, with which its wings are variegated on the under side.

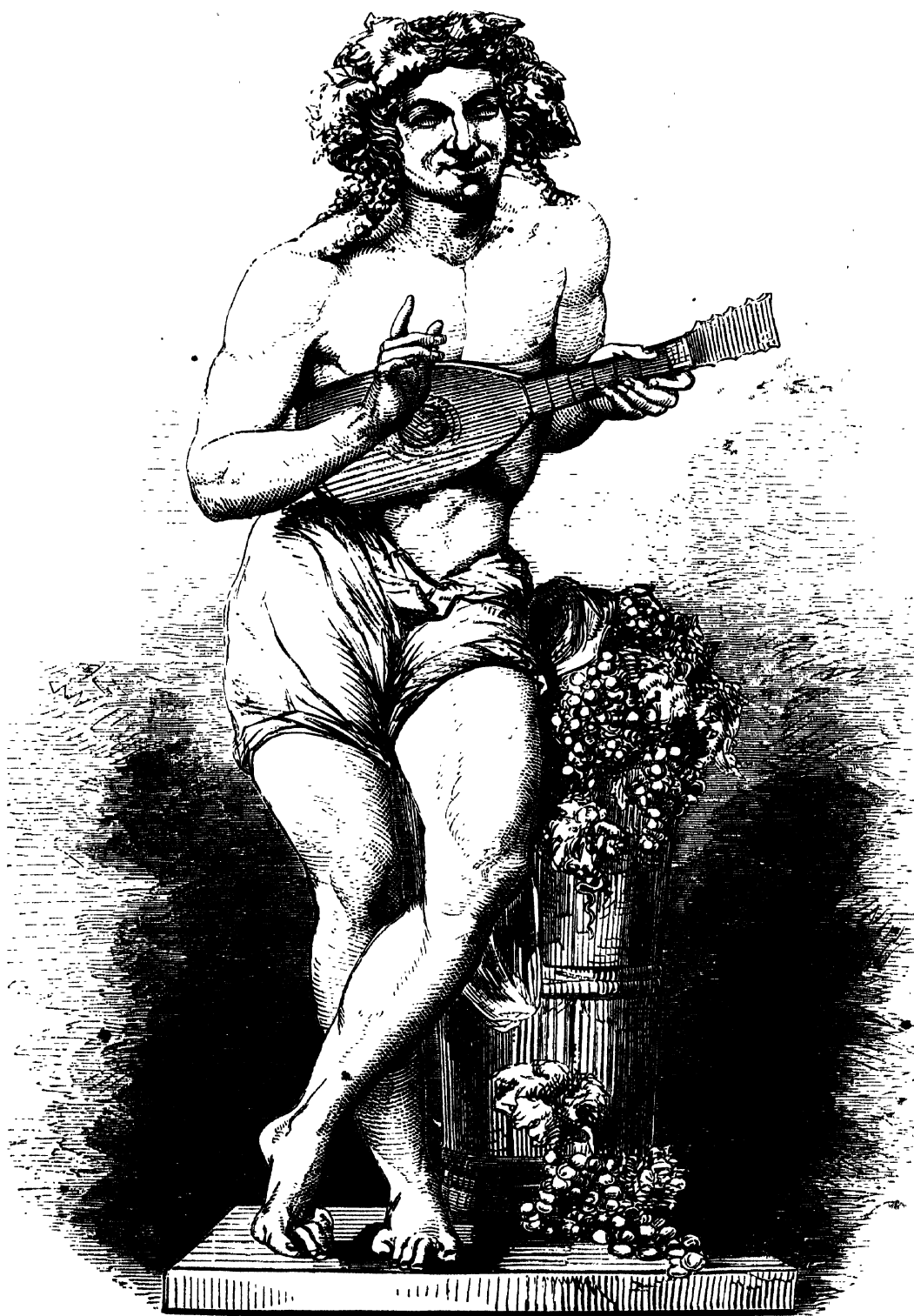
At a first glance, this exquisitely-tinted insect would seem but a pretty azure-winged fly, not calling for further notice. It will, however, repay a much closer examination. The wings, like those of nearly all other butterflies, have the colouring of their under side differing entirely from that of the upper. In the present instance, the two surfaces are as strikingly diverse as the obverse and reverse of a medal, and each as perfect in its individuality of design. On the "obverse," or upper side, the delicate nacreous blue, fitfully changing to pinkish tones of lilac, is bordered on the external margin by a close silken fringe of delicate straw-colour. Within the fringe runs a bright slender streak of brilliant black; and down the front of the anterior wings is a line of purest white. The under side of all four wings have for their ground colour a delicate dove-like ash tone, upon which are dotted the numerous eye-like spots, their pupils black as jet, within an iris of bright cream-colour. Towards the edge, just within the fringe, is a border, formed by a row of black dots upon a rich orange ground. The body, on the upper side, and the parts of the wings adjoining, are clothed with fine, silken hair of paler blue; and the horns, or antennæ, are decorated with alternate rings of black and white (figs. 1, 2).

Such are the beauties which a careful observer may detect in a little insect often passed by without examination. It has also other peculiarities well worth the finding out. In my own collection I had a number of specimens agreeing in size with the insect just described, and with many of its markings,—in

On one of my collecting excursions, I captured a specimen having on one side the azure-wings of the male, and on the other the more sober brown of the female (fig. 4). This hermaphrodite example forms one of the choice treasures of my collection. Other amateur lepidopterists may hope to be equally fortunate; for that variety is not excessively rare, as the Museum collection possesses three or four specimens of the same kind.

The metamorphosis of this elegant insect, from its larva to its perfect state, is rendered perhaps more striking than that of any of the family, from the ungraceful form of the caterpillar, which certainly does not in the least foreshadow any of the beauties of its finally perfected state. It is of the class of lepidopterous larvæ termed *onisciform*, or woodlouse-shaped, as shown in the figure (No. 5). Its colour is bright-green, with a dark streak down the back, near to which, on either side, is a line of yellow varied with black specks; and there is another band of paler yellow just above the legs. It feeds in preference upon several species of medicago or upon the cultivated lucerne represented in the illustration, the curiously-twisted seed-vessels of which are a characteristic of the genus. The chrysalis is represented in the example (No. 6). It is of a pale flesh-colour, and is found attached to a blade of grass, or sprig of lucerne or bird's-foot trefoil. The first brood appears at the end of April or beginning of May; the second in August.

The warmth of the midday sun appears to be very grateful to this gay little insect; when he assumes all his flitting activity, seeming more intent upon the exercise of his azure wings than even on his repast among the tiny nectaries of the wild-thyme or other heath-flowers. He becomes, indeed, quite pugnacious in his agile and dexterous flight, frequently attacking and driving from his "beat" the bright little butterfly known as the "meadow copper," whose ruddy orange tones contrast strikingly with the blue wing-banners of his rival during the contest; and who is always subdued and driven off by his more persevering adversary. I have sometimes seen the little blue warrior attack the comparatively monstrous *Atalanta*, described in my former article; and he is generally successful even in this unequal combat, *Atalanta* retiring majestically before the reiterated assaults of his puny antagonist, just as I have sometimes seen a giant Newfoundland dog, from the yelping of some combative little terrier, make a dignified retreat.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. V.

THE NEAPOLITAN IMPROVISATORE.

THE NEAPOLITAN IMPROVISATORE.

BY DURET.

THE extraordinary interest and patience with which the Jazzaroni and Matelots of Naples listen to the interminable tales of the Improvisatore are well known to visitors, and have more than once been described by travellers in the south of Italy. On the Molo, and in all the maritime quarters of the city, large groups of men may be seen listening to these recitations, and manifesting the keenness with which they enter into the good or ill fortune of the heroes by yells of approbation or anger at the conduct of various characters who appear in the progress of the manifold and particoloured story. In these tales, magicians and enchantresses figure greatly; very often a damsel oppressed and a brave knight are the subjects; and it is said, that they are prolonged night after night, to the same audiences, until the Improvisatore has utterly exhausted the stores of his invention,—a matter requiring time. Astolpho, Rinaldo, and Armida, our King Richard, and even Arthur, figure with Charlemagne and Charles of Anjou in a manner not a little interesting to the mass of hearers, and bewildering to the better informed ones who pin their faith upon chronology.

These histories are almost invariably cast into a rough metrical form; for which the Neapolitan dialect, with its numerous elisions, is so well adapted. The manner of addressing the listeners is generally in a kind of recitative or occasional chant, accompanied upon such a lute as the statue bears in his hand. The attitude and expression of the figure show that he has come to a comic portion of his tale, which he dilates upon with great animation, marking a point of interest with upraised finger. The sculptor has skilfully expressed the action of a man drawing in his breath by the contraction of the respiratory muscles which is shown in the statue. The ease and wild grace of its attitude evince that he was thoroughly master of the subject, and well acquainted with the class from which he took his model; nothing shows this more clearly than the air of habit with which the arm sustains the lute.

As a work of art, this statue is a good example of the sculptures of the modern-romance school, which in one sense may be said to be based upon the later antique satyric statues; at the same time it is scarcely necessary to remark that, however equal to these latter such works may be in spirit of design, and superior to them in individuality of character, sculptures like that before us are greatly behind them in scientific and artistic execution.

There is a cast of this statue at the Crystal Palace.

L. L.

THAMES ROWING.—MY LAST "PULL."

"SHALL I take her out of the water, sir?" said he to me, as we were both standing by the banks of the river. This did not refer, good reader, to any defunct female, love-slain or otherwise; but was simply an inquiry from my boat-master as to whether I intended to row any more this season. A reply in the affirmative would decide him to place the boat under cover for the winter. But I bade him delay this a few hours; for the warm still afternoon and the sight of my favourite outrigger were sufficient inducements to take a last "pull," and once more revisit the old localities of my summer pleasure. Bidding him get her ready, and changing my dress, I was soon afloat; then, speeding along, stroke after stroke, upon a good tide, went quickly some miles away. But what a day it was! the sombre afternoon seemed grieving for the past year; and the sun, like a man declining fast, strove to break through the wanish misty clouds, struggling against the languors of approaching death,—“Surely I shall not die!”—and fitfully shone, but with a weak and mournful radiance, that rendered more sad the gray distance, the sere leaf-dropping trees, and the full

stream autumn-swollen, which seemed to murmur a low dirge, and complain that it glittered in his brightness no more. That long cloud above,—dappled with pale purples, and touching the zenith and the horizon,—would, if this were summer, glow like the hollow of an angel's wing;—now, how mournful it looks!

I speed along, now linger, and now stop, and endeavour to recal to memory the many scenes I have witnessed here, and the associations the river has for me. There under the trees is a nook where one can lie unseen, boat and all, screened from the summer's heat, and watch the passers-by, letting the smoke of a pipe rise slowly away into the branches above. This is the battle-ground of the regatta, where the oarsmen stretch as for life and honour to the boat anchored for a goal above. Many a stoutly-contested race have I seen here. From the high bank there, among the osiers the quick kingfishers flit in and out like flashes of fire; but that is when the sun glares upon the water and the shore, and the days are twice the length they are now. At present, the very swallows are mostly gone; what few do remain hover upon the face of the water, and wheel with a sharp twitter after their prey. In another week there will not be one of them left. I fancy these are not the local inhabitants, but merely a few feeding upon their long journey from north of this, and bent upon “flying south.” Do they bear the message of Tennyson's lorn lover?

“O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded caves,
And tell her,—tell her what I tell to thee.”

If this be their charge, he has chosen most dilatory messengers; for they circle over and round one another in a manner very unsatisfactory to a lover's impatience. The first rain will start them again, however, by destroying their insect-food; and the only strange bird these waters shall see for many months is the long-winged sea-gull, which, if the winter be sharp, comes up from the coast for shelter and garbage.

The water is oily-smooth, and charged with earth to excess from the up-country floods; and myriads of leaves slowly float along, their number added to every second by the fresh fall from the trees, whence they drop without the slightest breath of their ancient playmate, the wind, and, feathering down, reach the water, dip, and are carried silently away.

Not a boat to be seen, and scarcely a sound heard, though there are houses here and there upon the banks,—most melancholy tenements, with the green damp-stains streaming down their fronts, like a girl's hair when lank and out of curl. Think of living in such places through the winter; walking on your lawn in goloshes; the young ladies practising the use of stilts to reach the conservatories; no one looking out of the windows on to the river without such a shudder as one feels in the neighbourhood of a dead body. The trees here look stark and thin, their boughs rigid and straight, standing out from one another as though each felt the discomfort and dampness of its neighbour. The same might be said of the houses; there is one heavy-porticoed place, just passed, which, from the black shadow beneath its pedimental brows, seems to scowl on every thing around, for all the world as if it had its feet in the mud and could not get away. The ghastly white front of this mansion looks superciliously upon each neighbour, defiantly pale, when one might imagine that common fellow-feeling would lead to a little sympathy for that cottage *opposé*, with the glittering laurels and dark arbutus, which seems fairly about to slip off the bank into the river, like a man going to swim with his clothes on.

Now a sound of oars and loud voices confusedly talking, and from round a point appears a boat, the first I have seen. It has a cargo of Westminster scholars, their coxswain standing up to steer, as usual, and the whole affair proceeding with that reckless audacity which causes wonder that they ever return to their suppers and early beds. They row well, however, and with their usual good fortune

may escape the eels to-night. Here, as if for contrast, comes a specimen of that *lucus a non lucendo* called a lighter, carrying thirty tons of coal, and managed by a stoutish individual, dressed in a complete suit of black cloth and a round hat,—an odd dress to tug at the great sweeps of the craft in; yet he hauls away lustily, looking in figure like a corpulent rural dean, but is simply a small coal-merchant, whose workmen have got drunk, and, like a true man, now puts his own hand to the oar in their default. He inquires about the tide,—when it will be high-water,—and acknowledges the information given with a grunt and a vigorous tug at his work.

Talking of incongruities of costume, was it ever noticed that your masters and captains of little river-steamers affect an almost Quakerish demureness of dress? You will see a man who is exposed to all sorts of weather the entire year through arrayed in a black dress-coat (of the description popularly called a "tail-coat"), black trousers, and a single-breasted waistcoat of black cloth; which latter on grand occasions—say Sundays—is exchanged for one of gorgeous black satin, with glass-buttons; while he surmounts the whole with a hard-looking round hat. The commanders of colliers and other coasting-craft are to a man got up in *this style* on Sundays; and the result is almost as worthy of a smile as the outrageously vivid garments of scarlet, orange, or purple, in which a certain class of amateur rowing-men induce themselves, in preference to simple and cleanly white, which is so suitable a dress for a man taking violent exercise in hot weather, on account of its property of radiating heat. Do not let these things be condemned as trifles; for they show an equal amount of affectation on both sides, and are loopholes through which we may view human character. What can be more absurd than for a man who is obnoxious to all weather-damage to dress himself in strict imitation of what is in itself another absurdity,—that is to say, the costume of a London mechanic or handicraftsman in his "best clothes," as he calls them, which is precisely what we have described as worn by the masters of coasting-vessels? Most men of the class referred to,—in London at least,—rejoice to render themselves uncomfortable in such a costume as this; and why? The truth is, that they fancy it is the ordinary dress of a gentleman, of a class higher in the social scale than themselves. The root of this feeling seems to lie deep, and not to be without a significance, which is to be regretted. The masquerader,—for he is little else,—wishes to appear to be what he is not; renders himself wretched for a time to accomplish this effect; longing to be mistaken for one who does nothing for his bread,—an idler, in fact. He does not see that his own honour lies in being an excellent carpenter or builder; that his pride should lie in this, not elsewhere. If we are to augur from this that he hates and is ashamed of his position in society, how significant of what Carlyle calls this "Age of shams" this manifestation of feeling is!

Now in the country an agricultural labourer does nothing of this kind; when "dressed," he delights to put his head into an imitation beaver-hat, with long nap, wind-shake, like bear's fur; he greases his boots, dons a clean shirt and smock-frock (which latter has often really beautiful embroidery upon it), and the whole dress differs little from that which he finds most convenient for his labour. You see he is a labourer, and he does not pretend to be any thing else. Standing upright, he is not ashamed of himself or his trade. But the black coat of our coal-merchant has led us far, and the tide carried him quite out of sight.

It is nearly high-water now, so let me scull onwards; for there are two or three miles yet to row before getting out to rest.

Men who profess the *nil admirari*, and who state themselves *blasé* of beauty, ever affecting to shun a new sensation, should, if the profundity of their self-contemplation so permits, try to see the river under a new phase when it has few visitors. Let them start just before mid-night, and row into that part of the stream where there are no houses,

and not even a sound can at that hour be heard. Rowing in the profound darkness of night is really a novel thing. All around is intense still blackness; the water welters along, just lapping against the side of your boat; while the sky, if the night be without stars or moon, is solid and opaque like a cavern-roof, such a one as we may fancy Peter Wilkins passed through into his land of misty twilight. The echo of your rowing will come backward from the bank, and greatly assist fancy in this idea. Every moment one expects the darkness of the cavern to dissipate in grayness on either hand, and the sleepy trees and level waters of that strange southern land to group themselves around you, all as silent and dreamy as this dark river now appears;—awful and full of profound melancholy is the water at that time. But wait for dawn, if you seek the fullness of a new sensation. Gradually the palpable darkness has grown gray, and you see the night-clouds parting from the deep firmament, which is lighter than they are. As the light increases, this grayness has grown silvery, and of a thousand opalescent hues, which charge with pearl-colour and metallic brilliancy every cloud-edge. Silver, seventy times refined into the radiance of pure light, has possession of all the sky; while here and there, upon the peaks which surmount the cloud-heaps and rise into the ether, a faint stain of rosy-tint has just begun to strike. For no longer a time than the falling of an eyelid (as the glory overhead remains not longer the same) look into the river which glances like a mirror of ivory, and of inky blackness,—of profound blackness; solid as ebony are the reflections of the trees upon the shore, while interspaces of whiteness come from the sky as it fills with light. Look up again, and see how the clouds have grown purplish, but changing—rosier and rosier—with every breath you draw; and that heap of clouds which has stood like a habitation of giants all night long upon the horizon, has a single streak of dull fire upon its line of summits that lingers until lost in the red light which streams through each rift, till every part from the east to the zenith seems bursting into flame. The trees, which a few minutes ago were sound asleep, now stir and shake themselves without a wind; every bough seeming to quiver with self-contained life, so that you might conceive this alone to be the cause of the moving air which comes from the west, and is like the last breath which a sleeper draws upon awakening. But let us have done with the dreamy darkness of night and the brightness of the summer morning, and make the most of the daylight which this sullen November permits. Here is Kew Bridge, where we will rest until the tide turns.

Half-an-hour has elapsed, and the water-flags, which just before bent to the west, are now inclined to the east, and the ebb-tide has begun to run. Like most things in this world (if you only know how to manage them), the tide may be made serviceable in all its humours of ebb and flow; at any rate it will serve my purpose in returning to Chelsea as well as it did in coming to Kew. Now that I am afloat again, and got into the easy mechanical sweep of the sculls,—their strokes as regular as the beat of an engine,—mile after mile is traversed with ease, and I am rapidly nearing home,—past Strand-on-the-Green, Barnes, Mortlake, Chiswick, and Hammersmith, until the widening river opens out into as fair a view as one can wish to see without going far from London.

This broad sweep of the river is Putney Reach, much used for regattas, and known to boating-men as the scene of some chivalrous actions, wherein the English character has come out bravely. It was here that a well-known rowing-club were present at a match with an eight-oared boat. The boat was accidentally swamped by the swell of a passing steamer, and was sinking with her crew of nine men. In the imminence of the danger, the steersman, a servant of the club, cried to the man sitting next to him, "Give me your oar, give me your oar, sir; I can't swim." The other, with a generosity worthy of the nation whose soldiers mustered at beat of drum on the deck of the sinking Birkenhead, replied, "Nor can I swim, P—; but here it is;" thus giving away his

best chance of life. They were all saved ultimately. It was in this reach that the writer saw, at another match, one of the crew of a boat engaged in the race throw himself into the water, because he had accidentally broken his oar, doing this in order that his comrades might not have to carry his dead-weight when he could not do a share of the work. It was here also that I, rowing down at night, heard cries for help suddenly rise from the water, and even the struggles of a man in his death agony, so close at hand was it; yet I could not by any effort, because of the darkness, discover the whereabouts of the drowning man, or by any inquiry afterwards learn who he was. The horror of those cries hung about my mind for a long time; they seemed to answer my eager shouts, and even to call me by name reproachfully, grow smothered and fitful, and with an indistinct bubbling sound were merged in the murmuring sweep of the dark relentless river. He might have been within two-oars length of me,—could not have been far; but although I leaned over at my own peril nearly to the level of the water, and looked in the direction of the cries, yet the eye could perceive nothing but the trembling black shadow of the trees, and the dark overhanging bank.

These are black and ugly thoughts, and their impressiveness is not a little enhanced by passing a spot somewhat further down, which always reminds the writer that he himself is indebted to the Leander Club for the preservation of his life, which his own heedlessness had endangered. Passing the dreary swamp of Wandsworth, and Battersea village and church and bridge, I reach Chelsea and see the Cadogan Pier, and a light (for it is quite dark now) just behind it, low down near the water, which I know is a signal to me; a few strokes, and I am alongside the landing-place. One stoops to grasp the outrigger of the boat, and a voice says, "You are the last out, sir." It may be so; I know I have taken "my last pull."

F. G. S.

AMYLENE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHLOROFORM.

CONSERVATISM is one of the leading characteristics of all learned bodies. Perhaps it is a necessary tenet, and a wholesome safeguard against rash or unripe innovations. And yet it is painful to see great discoveries doggedly and perversely ignored by the very men who should hail their advent with enthusiasm, until they are forced upon them by the general acclaim of public opinion.

It was thus that the possibility of preventing pain during surgical operations, by the inhalation of certain vapours, was long treated with utter neglect by the medical profession.

The ancients may have known and used several anæsthetics; but Sir Humphrey Davy was the first in modern times to suggest the possibility of suspending the sense of pain in certain cases incidental to medical practice. During the course of his experiments on nitrous-oxide gas, he discovered, incidentally, that a severe pain in the gums, arising from inflammation, was relieved by breathing it; and he then published, fifty-seven years ago, the following passage upon the subject: "As nitrous oxide, in its extensive operation, seems capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations," &c. The publication of this remarkable sentence, the first utterance of a wonderful discovery, made no impression upon the steady march of routine; and for forty years it was continually read at public lectures with no better success.

At last a grain of the good seed fell upon fertile ground, and flourished; but that ground was not British ground. The late Mr. Horace Wells, a dentist, of Hartford, in the United States of America, hearing those remarkable words, in a lecture delivered by a Mr. Colston, "immediately acted upon the suggestion; and, with the assistance of the lecturer, succeeded in extracting several teeth without pain. He was, however, so much disappointed by a subsequent failure at Boston, that, deeming the effect of the nitrous oxide uncertain, he appears to have abandoned it. His first success

had, however, stimulated his partner, Dr. Morton, to the search after other agents of a similar character; who succeeded at last in discovering that sulphuric ether produced similar effects with greater certainty, and greater completeness of coma, if required. It was in 1846 that Dr. Morton established the powers of sulphuric ether by positive experiment in several important operations. Nevertheless, its use, in consequence of the prejudices of the profession, did not even then become general.

Chloric ether was tried in London, in the following year (1847), by Mr. Jacob Bell, with nearly equal success; and was occasionally used at St. Bartholomew's and the Middlesex Hospitals, and in the private practice of Mr. Lawrence; but it did not attract that immediate and general attention of the profession which might justly have been expected, not even among those of the highest attainments; while the routine practitioners, of which the great majority is always composed, of course ignored the matter altogether.

It was found, upon analysis, that the so-called chloric ether was a solution of chloroform in spirit; and it was from a Mr. Waldie, of Liverpool, that Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, who had long been in search of a safe anæsthetic agent, learnt this circumstance, and many particulars connected with its inhalation to destroy the sense of pain. That eminent physician succeeded in procuring pure chloroform in its undiluted state, and was the first to apply it with such success in midwifery cases as eventually led to its general use; but not without obstinate opposition from the public as well as the profession.

Pamphlets actually appeared stigmatising the use of any anæsthetic in midwifery cases as a direct violation of the decree of Providence,—“in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children;” and many were as much influenced by this unexpected view of the case as by the ordinary opposition of routine to innovation. Dr. Simpson was, however, not slow to reply, in a pamphlet, not only full of argument, as opposed to mere assertion, but in which he showed that he too could quote Scripture with as good effect as his adversaries.

To prove, he said, that neither man nor woman were destined to unnecessary pain, he asserted that the very first “surgical operation on record” was performed by the Divine hand under the influence of an anæsthetic agent, as proved by the passage in which it is described in the following words: “The Lord caused a DEEP SLEEP to fall upon Adam, . . . and took out the ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof.” This silenced the open opposition of the most fanatical scoffers, though an under-current of prejudice still lingered in the public mind, and impeded the progress of that great discovery, so welcome to all who are unfortunately destined to suffer natural pain, or undergo the agony of complicated surgical operations.

Opposition, however, gradually died away, and the use of chloroform became very general, and at last nearly universal, in hospital-practice; notwithstanding some unfortunate cases (altogether insignificant in number) in which, from unskilful administration or other causes, it had proved injurious, or fatal. There were also the minor objections, that it occasionally caused severe sickness and other unpleasant symptoms; and many members of the profession began to look for the discovery of a similar agent which should be free from these defects. Dr. Snow was fortunate in being the first to try the vapour of Amylene, which bids fair to supersede, not only chloroform, but even the less dangerous, or rather, more manageable, sulphuric ether.

The substance Amylene is said to have been discovered some fifteen years ago by M. Cahours, though first described, in 1844, by M. Balard, professor of chemistry to the Faculty of Sciences of Paris. It is composed of ten atoms of carbon and ten of hydrogen, and bears the same relation to fused oil or amylic alcohol that olefiant gas or ethylene bear to common alcohol.

Of the advantages and disadvantages of the new anæsthetic agent, Dr. Snow, after trying it in twenty-one cases, makes the following summary in his paper, read on the

10th of January last, and subsequently published in the *Medical Times*:

"In the first place, it has less disagreeable pungency than chloroform; so that, while a patient often complains of a choking sensation during the first inhalation of chloroform,—by which some minutes are occasionally lost,—the Amylene can be inhaled at the full strength within half-a-minute from commencing; and the operation may generally be begun within three minutes. In the amount required to produce insensibility, it is intermediate between chloroform and sulphuric ether."

Amylene has the further advantage of preventing pain with a less profound stupor than that occasioned by either of the other agents; which has been probably the cause of the unfortunate effects resulting from their use in some few cases. In the ready waking and recovery of the patient, Amylene has also the advantage over chloroform, and a still greater over ether. The most important advantage of all is, however, the nearly constant absence of sickness, and also of the struggling and rigidity which sometimes accompanies the administration of chloroform. Dr. Snow considered, at the time of writing the paper just alluded to, that the results were so satisfactory as to encourage its further trial. He has since tried it in forty-eight additional cases, making sixty-nine in all; and his general confidence has greatly increased, though slight sickness has occurred in one or two of the forty-eight new cases, while in every other respect it has been entirely successful.

Dr. Snow intends to make known the results of his further experience; and in the mean time the profession will be enabled to watch the interesting series of operations by Messrs. Fergusson and Bowman which he is superintending, under the influence of Amylene, at King's College Hospital.

H. N. H.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION OF THE FINE ARTS, PORTLAND GALLERY, REGENT STREET.

THE Exhibitions of the National Institution differ widely from those of the other London art-societies, as being the only ones where the pictures are not entirely selected by a committee of the proprietors of the gallery. Although a right of rejection is here reserved, it is rarely exercised, and the exhibitor occupies his space upon the walls as a matter of course, upon the payment of a certain sum. For ten years this society has struggled on with more or less success; and we think never until now has it shown that its peculiar principle could bring together a majority of paintings whose merits should be even mediocre in quality. It is, therefore, with satisfaction that we congratulate the society upon the number of excellent works here placed for exhibition, and we trust that every year may add to the proportion which the good examples bear to the bad, or to the indifferent.

The frequenters of art-exhibitions will joyfully notice that there are but three portraits, two of which are excellent and solid specimens of that much abused branch of art. No. 285, "G. A. Beckett, Esq.," by C. Couzens, and the large whole-length of a lady, in the third room (without number or name in the catalogue, but evidently by this painter), possess qualities which are sadly wanting in ordinary portraiture. Here are few figure subjects, and still fewer which do not merit a hearty condemnation. Mr. J. Colnaghi once distinguished himself for the great care and modesty evinced in his works. Those who remember his "Charity Boy's Début," some years ago, and "The Writing Lesson," both at the Royal Academy, will feel as much surprise as regret that in his pictures this year ("The Mineral Spring" at the British Institution, and "Our Topsey" here) should show such false feeling, weakness, and insincerity. What "Our Topsey's" qualifications for the character are, beyond an enormous and distended pair of eyes, are points which the artist has not expressed. This is a kind of art which we hoped would ever be confined to the frontispieces of music-sheets, certainly never be found in a place of honour at a public exhibition.

Mr. F. Cowie's "Bolingbroke's Entry into London," No. 31, is so egregious an imitation of Mr. Hook's system of painting (without its beauties), that we cannot forbear pointing the picture out; the disproportion of the parts of figures and that which they bear to each other is most palpable. "Christopher Sly," No. 299, by H. Stacy Marks, is a well-known subject admirably executed. Mr. Marks is evidently improving in power of colouring. The textures of the drunken tinker's dress are extremely well rendered, and show some careful painting. In No. 321, "Modern Minstrelsy," Mr. C. Rosseter represents two boys, one of whom is accompanying the other's performance on the banjo with a fantasia on the slate-castanets. This is a very clever little picture, exhibiting knowledge of boyish expression and character. We wish we could speak as highly of W. Maw Egley's "Taming of the Shrew," No. 307, whose whimpering Katherine would not require a Petruchio to tame her. This artist appears to mistake the real nature of the finish which he attempts to produce. Apparently his pictures are executed piecemeal, and with much transparent colour; the result is a look as of coloured ivory. Mr. Egley must remember that hardness is not finish: his picture is as hard as a billiard-ball.

Mr. F. Smallfield has a charming water-colour, No. 170, "The Divining Peel," a girl, who (according to the tradition), in paring an apple, inquires the initial of her lover's name from the convolutions which the rind assumes; she leans her head back, smiling yet dreading to look. In execution this drawing is almost equal to W. Hunt's;—we seldom see flesh, even in oil, so finely and beautifully coloured, or so soundly drawn. The artist's other picture, No. 440, "Fight with the Frost," representing Luca della Robbia drawing by candle-light in the cold of a winter's night, does not tell its tale, and is by no means a true representation of the effect intended. Mr. D. Pasmore has some clever and effective little pictures which, although seldom rising beyond the rank of sketches, are brilliant and skilful. His "Interior, Accrington, Lancashire," No. 315, a large room in the disorder of use, with its inhabitants, is especially pleasant to look on. No. 338 also, "The Arrival of the Guests," showing an ancient hall, wherein some visitors are received with the most elaborate courtesy by their hosts, has the same qualities; the figures in both are full of spirit and grace. No. 361, "Janet," from Scott's *Kenilworth*, by J. Bowles, is a picture which, although badly placed, merits considerable praise, as it well represents the subject, and is modestly painted. No. 477, "Getting Wood for the Winter," J. B. Burgess, shows the yard of a house, where a man is cutting up timber, while some children drag away piecemeal. This picture has sound and good painting about it, being obviously done from nature; the artist showing himself a skilful manipulator, with considerable knowledge of colour.

We never saw in any exhibition so many noticeable paintings from flower and still-life subjects as in this. We may particularise Mr. Finlinton's three pictures,—No. 151, "Winter Fruit;" No. 260 "A Kingfisher;" and No. 155, "A Bachelor's Dessert." The latter shows some fruit lying on a carpeted table, with a well-coloured meershaum and a tobacco-jar, and is really striking for solid painting, for colour, and for truth of imitation. Fruit is too often painted to look like wax, with glossy surface; but let the observer admire the way in which the apples in this picture are done, with all their *dry* rich look of nature. Mr. Burcham's two pictures, Nos. 162 and 177, are exquisite. Let us direct especial attention to the one he calls "Wild Roses and Nest."

We seldom see two pictures by the same artist whose merits differ so widely as Nos. 132 and 286, by R. S. Lauder, "Meg Merrilies and the dying Smuggler," and "The Death of Arthur Duke of Bretagne." The first is a subject which we believe the artist has painted before. With all its mannerism of colour and effect, it is a powerful and valuable work; but the latter is ill-drawn, coarsely coloured, and melodramatic in design.

The best feature of the exhibition is the number of good landscapes. First in merit is Mr. J. Peel's "Coast Scene, Isle of Arran," No. 128, exhibiting a rough part of the coast of the Scottish island, with a rain-cloud hovering over, and the sun behind casting great sharp shadows from every bush and rock and tree. A storm is working up and roughening the sea-surface, which is slaty in colour from the reflections of the great cloud which hangs above. There is a patch of corn-land half-reaped, and some stunted trees, which are scattered about, or gather themselves into little shaws. The freshness and hearty feeling for nature which the picture shows are delightful. It has the fault, however, of not being equally finished throughout; some weeds and shrubs in the foreground are exquisitely drawn and coloured, while the corn behind is not only careless in execution, but violent in colour; the tree-shadows also, although skillfully introduced, are much too sharply defined at their edges. When it is remarked that Mr. Peel exhibits no less than ten pictures here, and three others at the British Institution, it will need no comment to explain the causes of these faults. The naturalism of No. 128 stands in wholesome contrast from its neighbour, No. 141, "The Inn Valley at Kufsteine, Tyrol," by F. L. Bridell, with its hot shadows and gaudy colour, careless conventional sky, hazy mid-distance, and coarse feeling throughout. No. 133, "A Salmon Fishery," by R. S. Boud, is, in spite of its opacity, powerful and true.

In mentioning the pictures by J. S. Raven at the British Institution, we had occasion to remark the antithetical qualities they exhibited; his pictures here are noticeable in the same manner. No. 246, "The merry merry Month of May," shows a large expanse of open land, traversed by a road, and in the sky a long promontory of cloud running down to the horizon, casting its shadow through the whole country. We seldom see so profound a knowledge of cloud-structure as this artist shows; he seems to have made it his special study. The picture, however, greatly requires colour in the foreground; that fault, with the intense blue of the firmament, giving it somewhat of a raw appearance. No. 468, "The Mill-stream," and No. 520, "A Kentish Cottage-door," are noticeable examples; the latter a great advance in colour on the artist's other works this year. More than those of any other painter Mr. Raven's works remind us of Antony's earlier productions; but his pictures are deficient in variety and force, and he has a vast deal to learn in colour before he can even approach that master. "The Funeral of a Village Maiden," No. 358, is jointly by this artist and Mr. C. J. Lewis: here the faults of a hasty and careless style predominate. The latter's picture, No. 60, "Waiting for the Wedding Party," has a certain sketchy power and fearlessness about it which takes one's fancy. It has obviously been a study from the porch of a country-church; and the effect of the *locale* is clearly and beautifully given with pearly-gray purples and faint yellows. The figure of the girl, who stands within holding flowers to bestrew the path with, has been introduced in order to make a subject, which it does but indifferently; it is wretchedly drawn, is coarse, and vulgarly showy. The architectural part of the little picture is well executed. The artist's other pictures, No. 129, "A Cottage Interior," and No. 144, "The Sunset Hour," evince similar faults and merits.

Mr. J. W. Oakes exhibits three pictures,—No. 251, "A Breeze on the River," No. 262, "A Salmon Trap, Evening," and No. 304, "A Mountain Path." The second is a worthy companion to his admirable painting in the British Institution ("Caerhau, Low-water"). In the present work we have a calm evening with all things at rest. The expanse of the river spreads out above the weir reflecting the sky, while the mists creep up, and lie like level clouds hovering above the hollows of the hills behind. Against the warmly-tinted atmosphere a rocky hill-top "stands up and takes" the sun. All Mr. Oakes's pictures are remarkable as showing his love of nature and his care in execution; but none more so, we think, than No. 251, where a mountain-stream

comes rushing over broken rocks, and the birches and willows on its banks are bending before a keen strong breeze. The mossy boulders are represented in the utmost fidelity, with all their weather-stains and lichens, and the brook foaming over them white and plummy. No. 304 is also very beautiful, and its minute vegetation given with great care.

Mr. G. Pettitt's picture, "A Mountain Mirror," No. 70, shows a tarn imbedded in mountains, whose utterly barren sides are perfectly reflected on its surface. This is an admirable landscape. The whole scene is overhung with slaty clouds, through which fitful streams of light strike the rough hill-sides, whose peaks repeat one another until lost in the distance, where we catch a glimpse of more level country. The detritus from the mountains, which centuries of storm have cast down, stands heaped against their sides and encroaching on the lake. A more desolate effect it would be difficult to find. Nos. 51, 99, 296, and 303, by F. W. Hulme, are examples of a kind of cultivated sketching much in vogue amongst minor English landscape-painters. Of this artist's four works, we prefer the first-named; but here the observer will notice how the trees are executed, by a series of dots, or rather touches, without the slightest reference to the variety of nature; this is very palpable where the tree-tops come against the sky. There is enough of an agreeable and pretty character in such works to render them popular; but we must ask if this is art, or if real affection for nature is thus shown. Mr. J. Dearnley exhibits three paintings, Nos. 37, 256, and 414, of which the latter pleases us most, not only because it appears to be more carefully executed than his recent works, but as showing that he has found a new phase of nature to paint from. "A Sketch in Stoke Park, Guildford," by A. Fraser, No. 417, strikes us as possessing valuable qualities, the result of care and judgment.

"An Autumnal Afternoon," by J. Thorp, No. 28, shows a rich effect, with quiet water spread out in front, and warm reflections. This is well studied from nature, and, although rather sketchy and crude in colour, is promising. No. 84, "On the Rother, near Rye," also by this artist, shows his taste for the same peculiar aspect of nature. This picture represents the still embouchure of a river, with ships at anchor, the reflections from their masts and rigging shaken as the water creeps past with slight undulations. On the banks is a town with hills behind, and the calm reflection thereof in the water; through this a boat advances with measured oar-beat, whose spreading wake breaks up the surface into light. The great fault of this picture is the unnatural and sulphury colour of the sky.

We recommend to the visitor's notice, as thoughtful works in their various subjects, No. 94, "Interior of St. John's Hall, Norwich," by S. D. Swarbreck; "A View in Surrey," by G. Crookford, No. 152; and "An old Farm-house," by A. Fraser, No. 242. In concluding, we feel called upon to observe the manner in which the *catalogue* of the exhibition is prepared. It is the most complete specimen of careless and negligent compilation we ever met with.

L. L.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

WHEN King Cheops built the great pyramid of Ghizeh, and prepared its granite chamber for his imperial mummy's grim but aromatic rest, he supposed, perhaps, that an original thought had gone out of him, as new to earth as the shadow on the Egyptian sand which would move henceforward daily round his sepulchre. But nature had been beforehand with him. On the same spot, and far beyond it; over regions not so much as dreamt of by any soul in the whole line of Pharaohs; before King Cheops or any human king could

have lived a moment on the half-chaotic world, empires vaster than his own had risen and fallen, and not their monarchs only, but their entire races had been embalmed in elements beside which the spices of the East are powerless, and laid in pyramids, whose mere foundations are greater than all the works of man.

Those pyramids are the mountains of the earth; those races were its first inhabitants. There they rest in the sleep of ages; in marble chambers, on sandstone beds, in coffins of slate and clay. There is little to be got out of the dry husk of an Egyptian king. A few drops for the well of truth; a few torn pages for the book of history; a few grave thoughts about the grandeur and the vanity of man; a standing exercise for the subtle powers of research, and a passing wonder, which is at times the seed of wisdom;—these things we may find in the painted coffins and the perfumed dust; and they are perhaps enough to countenance the charitable thought that those royal races and their labours were not quite utterly in vain. But it is not with such scant and doubtful gratitude that we turn to nature's pyramids, and search the coffins where her dead are laid. They give us truth in a new fountain; history in magnificent and perfect volumes; exercise the fullest and the healthiest; a world-wide astonishment, and out of it a nobler wisdom. They do not end even here. A modern Turk may find building-materials for his ill-shaped dwelling by the Nile, among the broken slabs falling from the tombs of the Pharaohs; but the whole earth lives, the forests strike their roots and the grass grows, by virtue of that beneficent decay which has brought down from the mountain-sides the fertilising dust embalmed within them when plants and fishes, birds and reptiles, were buried there out of an elder world.

The harmonies of creation are as infinite as its variety. The innumerable parts are cast in the same great mould. This world of matter stands before a looking-glass, and its reflection is the world of mind; not an atom of the same substance, but a counterpart of every line and feature. If kings have built pyramids of stone to hand down little more than the knowledge of their own insignificance, vain-glorious souls have paraded their pompous thoughts to as little purpose and with as poor a meed of immortality. If nature, more divine than kings, has preserved the material relics of former life in rocks, upheaved them in mountains, and left them to refresh the earth by perpetual disintegration, so also ideas have been fossilised in equal safety and abundance, and human genius in its grandest ages has raised them high above the common intellectual plain, to crumble down on it year by year, as the rich soil of Egypt has crumbled from the hills.

So far as art is concerned, we are not living just now in one of these mountainous ages of the mind. The volcanos are burnt out, or they throw up lava and not alps. The mental heights to which we lift our eyes were mostly upheaved some centuries ago, and there is no immediate shaking of the ground as if another Chimborazo or Mount Meru were within an inch of the surface. We look on all sides for positive greatness, but it is not found. Many hands are pointing, lo here and lo there; but point as they please, the great peaks do not rise. Yet the times are full of beauty and full of promise. We are rolling in mental wealth, and were never further from the monotonous dead-level of intellectual barrenness. What is the secret of the age? It is not poverty; it is not grandeur. It has quite another characteristic. Its work has been to pull down pyramids, not to build them; to disintegrate mountains, not to give them birth. The rocks crumble towards us; they do not heave above us. It is an age of fragments.

Three or four centuries ago the world rang with the noise of great discoveries. Columbus was in America; Cortez in Mexico; Pizarro in Peru. New trees, new animals, new races, were coming to light every year; and the same era gave us our Elizabethan chain of mental mountains, with Shakspeare in the midst. We discover no new continents now. The kingdoms of vegetable and animal

life have been explored from side to side, and nothing more is to be expected from them that is likely to astonish us very much. We find instead distinctions many and small in species and varieties; and we stumble on Californian or Australian gold-fields, where infinite wealth lies scattered and fragmentary, like the mental riches of the time. There is such harmonious fitness in the ordering of all things, that one might almost predict the intellectual character of the age from that of its external aspects.

Go into any modern picture-gallery, and be struck at once by two remarkable facts. The executive power exhibited is wonderful, to all appearance unlimited; but it is all spent on subjects intrinsically small. There is ability to paint any thing, but there is nothing that was very much worth the painting. We have clouds that float, skies that dazzle, streams that ripple and flow; flowers that might be smelt, flesh that quivers, faces that are alive; but we have them as fragments only, not as any glorious whole. The clouds hide nothing awful; the sky shines on nothing heavenly; the streams are not sacred ones; the flowers are like Peter Bell's primroses; the flesh is not the flesh of heroes, and the faces belong to men and women who had no particular occasion to be copied. Put a great idea before these brushes and these fingers, and a great picture must be the result; but great ideas do not sit now-a-days, even to the most ambitious; and so our walls are hung with large sheets of canvas, but little pictures nevertheless.

Turn from painting to poetry, and the case is not very much altered. The beauties of modern poems are exquisite; of their kind unrivalled. There is a delicacy of touch, a refinement of perception, a purity of thought, unknown to any other era. Yet the poems are only fragments. There is the stone and the cedar, the brass and the gold; but we miss the architecture. The work of perfected greatness has yet to come.

So with our sculptors also. They carve superbly; but what do they carve? Busts of country-gentlemen, monumental stereotypes, or the worn-out gods of paganism. At times, indeed, they give themselves up to fancy; but it is dangerous ground. A great hall in Liverpool is to be surrounded with gas-lamps; a dozen river-gods rise up to hold them; they throw themselves into muscular attitudes, and strain their stony sinews to the uttermost under a weight just heavy enough to tire their little fingers. A new banking-house in a close street in Bristol is to be elaborately adorned. It is forthwith covered from roof to basement with sculpture as exquisite in workmanship as it is grotesque in taste; a medley of birds, beasts, fruits, and other matters, quite enough to make an Englishman stare in admiration, and to send an old Athenian into fits of laughter.

Where is this to end? In the physical world the eras of grand events seem over. The earth has built her pyramids; we look for no new peaks among the eternal snows. The mountains stand about us, sublime, but old, and with no prospect of any younger rivals; and broken fragments, rolling down from them as years go on, are the only novelties we are very likely to discover hereafter. Is it even so with the world of art? Have we already seen the Andes and Himalayas of human imagination? Is the fragmentary character of our age the symptom of a completed cycle and the sign of a latter day; and must we henceforth be content, instead of working for the future, to live only on the fossil treasures of the past? The question would be altogether a melancholy one, if it were not for two considerations. The first is, that the resources of creation are boundless, its possibilities infinite, and the past, after all, no more a key to the future than the seed is an outline of the flower. The second is, that whatever limit there may be to the phases of the world we are born in, our souls themselves belong to another order of things, move in a grander cycle, and may rise hereafter to a height of thought and a vision of beauty as far above the culminating points of mundane genius as these transcend the lowest form of life that lies petrified in our paving-stones.



THE HAPPY AGE. BY A. LUDOVICI. (FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE.)

LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

II.

LORD ERLISTOUN spent a whole week at Lythwaite Hall. Why he did so, or if he found any pleasure in it, we really could not tell. He deputed himself agreeably to all; went meekly with my mother to various solemn dinner-parties; took his due share in our own company-keeping in his honour; at other times he shot or fished with Charles,—Algernon and Russell having vanished,—nay, even walked and talked amiably with me. With Jean, who had little leisure, and perhaps less inclination to spend it in doing nothing, his association was chiefly confined to, "Good morning, Miss Jane" (having discovered that her name was not Browne, but being too courteous or too idle to find out what it was), and a brief, equally civil, and indifferent, "Good morning, Lord Erlistoun."

He did not seem to take any interest in one of us more than another, if, indeed, it was his habit to feel interest in any thing. The only occasional gleam visible in those soft, large, lazy eyes was once or twice over the post-bag, on getting an accidental letter or two: "My mother's letters," as,—once when my mother, in her homely way, ventured the shadow of a jest,—he replied, with such overwhelming bland dignity, that the dear old lady was quenched for evermore.

Still, as Jean observed, it was a good sign in him to like—if he did always like, of which we were not sure, but at any rate to be interested in—his mother's letters.

We knew—from "Burke" of course—who his mother was; a member of a noble, indeed, a truly noble family; also from that most useful book, and from various things he himself let fall, that she had managed a somewhat dilapidated property through his long minority faithfully and well. There were some sisters; but he was the only son.

"I think," Jean observed, one night, when as usual, after he had gone to bed, the rest of us were sitting in committee upon him, making that domestic dissection, which, as I said before, families and friends will make,—and the only thing to mind, therefore, is to take care that it is made in good humour, justice, and charity,—*"I think much ought to be forgiven an only son."*

The next morning, during the garden-walk, which by mutual consent had become a habit with my cousin and me,—we being always the earliest risers in the household,—the subject was again recurred to.

"Jean," I said, "if he stays over another week,—and I think he will, for I heard him promise the Bishop to come to that child's party given for Lady Emily Gage,—you really will have to take your turn in amusing him. He hangs heavy on my mother's hands sometimes."

"Your poor dear mother!" half-amused, yet with a vexed air, at things no doubt which vexed me likewise occasionally; but they were inevitable, and it was useless to notice them. "Mark," she added seriously, "if a young man of four-and-twenty, handsome, well-educated, and by no means stupid; having been Lord Erlistoun from his school-days; having travelled a good deal, seen court-life, common life,—who knows what life?—at home and abroad; his own master, possessing a good fortune, together with a mother and sisters, whom he seems not to dislike,—though to love

them, and own it, might be a display of feeling quite impossible;—blessin, if such a young man is not able to amuse himself, all I can say is, that it is a very great shame."

"I did not know you had reasoned so much, and felt so strongly, concerning him."

"Not him; but the simple right and wrong of the question, of which he is a mere illustration."

"Yet you appraised him categorically. You must have observed him a good deal."

"A little. One cannot live in the same house with people without noticing and forming some judgment upon them."

"Do you dislike him, or his manner;—his high-bred manner, I mean?"

"On the contrary, I like it; it is the external sign of those qualities which a few have, and twice as many imitate. His case may be either the one or the other—I don't know yet. If we only could break this fine outside enamel and get at the real substance underneath, supposing there is any."

"Do you think there is?"

"I am not sure. Mark, do you understand me? I like refinement; I love it, in every thing and every body. It is really charming to me sometimes to hear Lord Erlistoun's low-toned voice, and see his quiet way of doing little civilities, little kindnesses—especially to women. I give him credit for every thing he is; and would not wish to see him less, but more; I would like to make a man of him."

"Hush!" I said; for she was too much in earnest to notice, on the other side of the espalier, footsteps, also the top of a gentleman's hat. "Tis himself; I think he heard you."

"I think he did." Jean set her lips together, and held her head erect. Nevertheless she coloured, as was not unnatural; still more deeply, when at the path's end Lord Erlistoun crossed in front of us. Would he pass on? No; he turned and bowed.

"A fine day. You are walking early, Miss Jane," with a steady gaze, though he too seemed to have had those "hot cheeks" which are said to trouble people who are talked of behind their backs. "I have been stealing your lilies of the valley; may I restore some?"

Leisurely keeping a few, and presenting her with the rest, with a matter-of-course air, as if it were a mere "devoir," a duty owed to her sex, he lifted his hat again, and sauntered on.

"Jean, I am sure he heard."

"I hope he did; it was the truth, and perhaps he does not often hear the truth; it may do him good."

That notion of "doing good" to a person which women have—the best and sincerest women often most dangerously. "Ah, Jean," I thought to myself, "take care!" But facing those eyes, bent forward meditatively as she walked,—those eyes, neither downcast nor passionate, neither a child's nor girl's, but a woman's, with a woman's steady heart,—I felt ashamed to say of what I wished her to "take care."

I was absent in Liverpool all day; but with hard travelling, managed to return at night. We had a family-party,—a party of poor relations,—postponed a little, waiting our guest's possible departure, till at last my father decided on its being postponed no longer. By "poor," I mean not indigent, but less wealthy and in a less honourable position than ourselves; kindred whom in climbing up the ladder my father had passed one by one, and now stood towards them in the envied, yet perhaps unenviable position of "the great man of the family."

An odd heterogeneous gathering it was, as we were aware it would be. Under present circumstances, my mother had been seriously alarmed at the idea of it—"Mercy on us! what shall we do with Lord Erlistoun? What will Lord Erlistoun think of so-and-so?" and my father had invariably answered her with that dogged iron twist of the mouth which had helped him up to the top of the tree, and that merry twinkle of the little bright eyes which had kept some enjoyment for him when he got there.

"Molly,"—he still called her Molly sometimes in private,—"I—don't—care."

So the good people came. I found them all in the drawing-room when I returned home.

Heaven forbid I should be hard upon poor relations, even the dearest, that, lying nerve during a man's struggling days, spring up like mushrooms every where under his feet in the summer of his prosperity; and the scores, still worse and more trying, who, unable or unwilling to help themselves, expect always to be helped by somebody—him, of course; who, wherever he goes, clings like a fringe of burrs to his coat-tails, not a whit the better or greater in themselves for sticking there, and to the unhappy rich man neither a use nor an ornament. Yet let every man do his duty—even to these: my father always did.

It was good to see him now and then, on occasions like this, fill his house with honest folk, who no doubt spent weeks after in commenting injuriously on the grand establishment of "cousin Tom," to watch him, and even my mother, gradually warm up into old acquaintanceships and old recollections, till at last the very tones and manners of earlier days would revive, and we would hear them both talking as broad Lancashire as any body present.

They did talk very broad—these "country-cousins;" or, so it seemed to me to-night. I was accustomed to it pretty well in the way of business, and with men—but women! And then they dressed so showily, so tastelessly; those Liverpool ladies seemed so horribly afraid of being thought any thing less than "ladies," and so convinced that the only travelling patent of ladyhood consisted of clothes. They paid great court to my mother; there was always an admiring group of listening gazers round her ruddy velvet gown; and she was pleasurably and amiably conscious of it too, dear soul! though perhaps just a thought too patronising. But with all her pleasantness, and the pains she took to amuse them, they seemed at first to have ignored altogether, and then to stand a little in awe of, my cousin Jean.

Must a man be blind with poring over a lifetime of ledgers? or deaf from hearing the incessant rustle of notes and clink of sovereigns? I was neither.

Let me give all credit to those worthy people, my kindred; many of them good wives, good mothers, good daughters, lively and pleasant in their own homes, though a little awkward and ill at ease, more so than we were ourselves, in ours. But when Jean crossed the room in her soft, rich, black dress; when Jean's low tones struggled through that awful Babel of loud voices, O, what a difference it was! And yet she came of them too; her mother was a Brown. But nature itself had made her what she was; a creature distinct from these, and, as it seemed to me, from all other women in the world.

Some one else saw it besides myself; other eyes traced her with slow observation across the room and back again. Once or twice when she was talking, I saw Lord Erlistoun quit the books of prints in which he had taken refuge and listen.

Doubtless his lordship had spent a very dull day. My father, shrewd and wise,—neither wishing to show off his titled acquaintance, nor thinking himself justified in mixing up heterogeneous classes against their will,—had desired that his guest should be left entirely free to find his own level, and join in the society about him as much or as little as he chose. Perhaps for their comfort, if not their sagacity, some of our good relations did not even know that the young man who sat so quietly aloof, and talked so little, was Nugent Baron Erlistoun.

"Ask him to play chess with you," said Jean, passing me, towards the piano, where some of the old folk had begged for one of her old-fashioned songs.

I had intended asking him; so we soon sat down face to face to our mimic battle.

Let me do him justice, as I tried to do that evening. A finer face I have never seen; not a mean line in it. Something eclectic even in his way of handling the chessmen; balancing over a poor pawn, in doubtful choice, those white expanded fingers, laden with a ring that valued—I know

in a business capacity the value of diamonds. Nay, his every action, down to his way of lounging back on the crimson-velvet chairs, had a freedom and repose—in addition to that last grace, entire unconsciousness—at once admirable and enviable.

Let me do myself justice now. I did *not* envy him. Physically, I might have done, a little: there are times when most men feel keenly nature's niggardliness; but, spiritually, never. In any great moral battle,—as in this sham one we were fighting, somewhat unequally, as I soon saw,—I had an internal conviction which would be the victor, which would hold out toughest, strongest, and longest,—Lord Erlistoun or I.

He lost, as I expected; but replaced the men, seeming to make no account of losing.

"Do you like the game, Lord Erlistoun? To enjoy chess, requires a certain hard, mathematical, calculating quality of brain."

"Which I have not? Very probably. Nevertheless it amuses *vous passer le temps*. Your move, I believe?"

He leaned back, and we began another game, keeping up the chess-players' solemn silence, nor distracted therefrom even by Jean's singing.

She rarely sang in public at Lythwaite. Either she disliked it, or her taste in music was too "old-fashioned" for our elegant friends. Now it struck home. People's songs they were, with the people's life in them; passionate or tender, merry or sad, but always fresh warm-blooded life. One felt rather sorry for those too refined to understand them.

"You like music, Lord Erlistoun?"

"Yes. You should have heard *Ernani* last winter at La Scala. It was very fine."

"My taste in music is low. I had rather hear an English or Scotch ballad than a dozen operas."

"*Chacun à son goût*," said Lord Erlistoun smiling.

Jean burst out again, like a mavis from a tree-top, with another of those ditties made for all time—such as "Huntingtower," "Robin Adair," or "the Bonnie House o' Airy." To see her, to hear her, with her heart both in voice and eyes—her true womanly heart—tried me. I could not play chess for it. Lord Erlistoun apparently could, for he won. Just as we were rising, Jean looked across at me, merrily and mischievously,—I know she did it out of pure mischief,—and began afresh—

"O billie, billie, bonnie billie,
Will ye gae to the woods with me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
And gar them throw slain men are we.
'O no, O no, says Earlistoun."

Lord Erlistoun looked up quickly; Jean went on—

"O no, O no," says Earlistoun,
'For that's a thing that maunna be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or dee.'

The ballad continued, verse after verse, in a wild plaintive tune, about this young laird's rising "i' the morn," his

"Farewell father, and farewell, mother,
And fare ye well, my sisters three;
And fare ye well, my Earlistoun,
For thee again I'll never see."

And so on, ending, I think, with,

"Alang the brae, beyont the brig,
O mony there lie cauld and still;
And lang we'll moun, and sair we'll rue
The bluidy battle o' Bothwell Hill."

The last line fell in a faint echo, as if the singer herself was touched by the sweet old song. Lord Erlistoun rose.

"That ballad—I never heard it before; may I look at it?"

"You cannot, unluckily; I sing it from memory."

"Will you sing it again?"

"Some time, but not to-night, I think."

Was Lord Erlistoun so surprised by being refused any

thing by any body that he did not ask again? Nevertheless he still stood by the piano talking to her.

"The bluidy battle o' Bothwell Hill." There was hard fighting in the days of our forefathers. We live an easier life now."

"Do you think so?"

"I mean—let me help you with that music-stand,—I mean, there is a difference between the men of to-day and the hero of your ballad: Alexander Gordon, of Earlistoun, I think you said?"

"Certainly a difference."

Lord Erlistoun was silent.

Presently he made another attempt at conversation.

"I rather fancy I have a legitimate right in that pretty ballad of yours. Our family is descended collaterally from those same Gordons of Earlistoun."

Jean's attention was caught. "Ah, indeed? Earlistoun near Dalry, a tall gray castle, among trees, in the bottom of a wide valley surrounded by low pastoral hills?"

"You seem to know the place better than I do myself. In truth, save the fact that the first Lord Erlistoun chose to take his title from the old castle, I know very little of those remote Scottish ancestors of mine. I have been so much abroad; have become so thoroughly a cosmopolite."

"I perceive that."

"Do you?" as if he wished to discover whether the perception was favourable or unfavourable. "You are interested, I see, in those days of gone-by romance. Yet I thought you rather contemned old families?"

Yes, he had certainly overheard us this morning—Jean felt he had. Her colour rose painfully; but she was neither ashamed nor confused.

"I would be sorry to condemn any thing for being old; or, on the other hand, to value any thing merely because it was old."

"You believe, then, there is some little truth in the doctrine of race?"

He said it, not without pride, but a pride too accustomed to its possessions to heed either condemnation or justification. Jean answered with something of the same feeling, though drawn from a different source.

"Thus far I do believe, that, seeing how fast races decline and families dwindle and die out, when a family has maintained itself notable above others for centuries, the chances are that its members must have sufficient good qualities, and the whole race enough vitality, to keep it worthy of note."

"If so, can it be a mean thing to respect one's progenitors?"

"I never said that, Lord Erlistoun. Any one who ever honoured a dear father can understand something of the delight of honouring distant forefathers—when they were deserving of honour. But,"—and her great bright eyes flashed light and life enough to kindle a whole race,— "I think it far, far beneath the honour of a living man to go trading all his days upon a heap of dead men's dust."

Perhaps never in all his days, among his English peeresses, his Russian princesses, his Paris *baronnes*,—had Lord Erlistoun seen a woman who spoke her mind out, with all her sincerity, in this way. Evidently simply because it *was* her mind, without any reference to, or thought of, her interlocutors. He looked certainly a good deal surprised. With some curiosity, if not admiration, his eyes rested on the dark glowing face; then he stooped to help her arrange her music.

"Dowglas," reading the lettering on a volume; "Jean Dowglas." I beg your pardon; is that—"

"My name? Yes; my father was Scotch. My mother's name was Brown."

Ay, Jean, lift your head; speak up proudly of that poor young mother, who had no "gentle" blood, yet who left some of the bold plebeian energy of us Brownes in you, to to help you after she died.

"Dowglas," repeated Lord Erlistoun. "Spelt, I see,

with the *w*, as a very old branch of the Douglasses still persists in spelling it?"

This was meant as a question apparently; but whether she belonged to that "very old branch" or not, Jean did not vouchsafe to say.

"Jean, too. Have I not always heard you called Jane?"

"My father called me Jean. Thank you. Do not trouble yourself any more with that music, pray."

She moved away, and busied herself for the rest of the evening in entertaining the poor relations. I did not see her speak again to Lord Erlistoun. He sat in his arm-chair, occupied with his book of prints, till at length, finding some person worth talking to,—as doubtless every one present was, if only one would discover the right key to unlock their hearts and lives,—he began talking with a good will.

When we all separated for the night, I noticed that he held out his hand, which Jean had never touched before, in a manner that made it impossible for her to refuse it.

"Good night, Miss Dowglas."

"Good night, Lord Erlistoun."

III.

I WENT to Liverpool next day; but my mother made me promise to return every Saturday, remaining until the Monday. I did not look well, she said, and she thought it was a curative measure; but I myself was not so sure of that.

A week in the office, with odd evenings spent in walking swiftly up and down the busy Liverpool streets, or taking a twopenny breeze on the river, to see the sun setting behind the Groat Orme's Head, and colouring into beauty the long sandy line of the Mersey shore;—while all the time I knew it was lighting up wavy grass meadows, May hedges, and merry rookeries far away, in those lovely spring evenings, which I never knew so lovely any where as at Lythwaite Hall.

A clerk in our house, speaking of my father's new place one day, said he knew it well when he was a boy. He once spent a whole May month there with a cousin of his, who was dead now. He told me how they used to agree to rise early and stroll about the garden before any one else was up; go fishing in the trout-stream, and rook-shooting in the shrubberies—only she did not like that much; how they generally went to church the field way, where he helped her over the stiles; and how he had still the clearest recollection of her face as she sat opposite to him listening to the sermon. She was dead now, and buried—had been for years. He thought he should like to get a holiday, and go to that village-church again some Sunday.

O, Jean, my cousin Jean, if you and I had been girl and boy together, years and years before now; if we could be boy and girl still, and go hand-in-hand through the gardens and over the meadows of beautiful Lythwaite Hall!

When a man lives an exceedingly practical and busy life, when of necessity the one spot—of romance, will you call it?—in his character must be reduced to a very small space of time and thought daily, close pressed down,—locked down, as it were,—it is astonishing what vitality it preserves, and how, in the brief moment or two when he allows it liberty, it can rule and sway his whole being.

I seemed to have lived a year in the short railway-transit between Liverpool and Lythwaite Hall.

My mother was unfeignedly glad to see me. She had been worried about a good many things, she said, but that was nothing now. Poor body, she was always worried. "Could Jean not help you?" I asked.

O no; she did not like to say any thing to the poor dear girl.

"Mother, is any thing the matter?"

But that minute, through the dusk of the garden, I heard Jean's laugh, and saw two figures moving slowly up and down her favourite walk—our favourite walk.

"Don't go to them, Mark; please don't. It isn't Charlie; it's Lord Erlistoun."

"Not yet gone?"

"No; nor seems inclined to go. And I can't help thinking, though I wouldn't mention it to her or any body for the world, that this visit of his may turn out a very good thing for our dear Jane."

"A very good thing!" When women say that, they mean marriage, supposed to be the best possible thing for any woman. My mother—the worthiest creature alive, and not a bit of a match-maker—she also undoubtedly meant marriage.

Lord Erlistoun wanting to marry Jean Dowglas! plain Jean Dowglas, whose mother was a Brown. Things must have gone very far indeed for even my mother to take into her innocent head such a "very good thing."

It must be understood here, that the matter struck me—who perhaps knew her better than my mother did, or any of us—solely in the light of Lord Erlistoun's wanting to marry Jean; a very different thing from her consenting to marry him.

"But if it does come to that," said my mother, after listening to all my excellent good reasons to the contrary, and then repeating her own, "what will your father say? and what will his mother say about our having had him here—to entrap him, perhaps? and what will all the world say"—a little pleasure lurking in her lament;—"our poor cousin Jane to be made Lady Erlistoun?"

"Hush, mother!" for nearer came that little laugh. They two were in full and lively argument about something; they noticed nobody till we were close upon them, and then Jean turned with a start of surprise.

"O, Mark, I am so pleased!" with an unfeigned pleasure.

Lord Erlistoun likewise, with extended hand and an air of real friendship, was "exceedingly glad" to see me.

We all joined company, and paced up and down the garden till nearly starlight. Jean linked her arm in mine; and turning to Lord Erlistoun, went on with the argument. I don't remember what it was about; in fact, I did not hear much of it. I only recollect noticing the perfect frankness and freedom of her tone, mingled with a certain decision and independence which usually marks the intercourse between a woman and a man younger than herself, and possibly younger still in character.

Twenty-four and twenty-seven. Comparatively, a woman and a boy. Often a boy worships a woman—sometimes permanently, always devotedly, for as long as the passion lasts; but it is rarely that a woman's love goes backward in the dial of life, to expend itself in all its depth and power,—as a true woman alone can and ought to love,—upon a boy.

When starlight was exchanged for candle-light, and I had full opportunity of noticing them both, I saw nothing in any way to controvert this opinion; not even when coming back into the drawing-room after all the rest were gone. Jean found me still sitting over the fire, and stopped to talk a minute or two upon the nearest and most natural topic—Lord Erlistoun.

"He is here still, you see, Mark. He appears to like Lythwaite and our steady-going home-ways. And, upon my word, I think they have improved him very much; don't you?"

"He certainly is a great deal altered."

"For the better?"

"Possibly. Yes; I think for the better."

"I am sure of it. Not all surface politeness now; you may see his kind heart through it. And he is beginning to feel the useless waste of his life hitherto; thinks of dashing into politics or public business or literature. He longs for something to live for—something to do. He says he often envies you, Mark, that you have something to do."

"Does he?"

"Cousin," after a pause, "I am afraid you don't quite like Lord Erlistoun, as indeed none of us did much at first; but we should be slow of judging. We never know how much good may lie hid in people, nor how good they may finally grow. I have great hopes of Lord Erlistoun."

I looked suddenly up at her, doubting for the moment—only a moment—whether she too were playing off the usual feminine hypocrisy, or whether she was still her true self—my spotless Jean Dowglas. Ay, she was.

"Jean," I said, feeling somehow that now I ought to say it at all costs, "take care."

"Of what?"

Could I answer? But she was no child. After a moment, I saw she had answered the question for herself.

"I understand you; and Mark, though it was not quite kind of you to say that; still, such friends as we are, I should be very sorry if for a moment you misunderstood me. 'No; I am not in the least afraid of what you suppose.'"

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because I know myself, and trust myself. When we are girls," and she sighed, "out of our very innocence and ignorance we make mistakes sometimes, but not afterwards. A young man must be blind indeed, very blind, and a little conceited too, if he cannot discern at once from the manner of a sincere woman whether she simply likes him or *loves* him."

"That is true."

"So, cousin Mark," smiling, "do not be unjust again, either to me or to Lord Erlistoun."

No, I wished not to be. I made every effort to see things justly, and as Jean herself saw them; and perhaps her vision was clear then. Perhaps, had Lord Erlistoun left that day, or even the next, he might have merely carried away with him the remembrance of a noble and unworldly woman, who, in the totally opposite world in which he dwelt, might have been an element of purity and goodness, lasting him at intervals all his life long. But in these things, people frequently go on safe and sure to a certain point; they cross that, on some idle hour, in some unconscious way, and there is no going back ever again.

On the Sunday evening we took a walk—Jean, Lord Erlistoun, and I—through the same fields which our old clerk in Liverpool had been talking of. It was such an evening as perhaps, poor old fellow, he had enjoyed many with that little cousin of his; the sort of evening which always puts me in mind of Wordsworth's foolish-wise rhymes,—Jean repeated them, sitting on a stile, eating clover-honey,—

"O, who would go parading
In London, and masquerading
On such a night of June,
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses
Of such a night as this is?"

"Who would, indeed? But I am afraid I must soon."

And Lord Erlistoun leant against the stile, listening to the soft, sleepy, far-off "caw-caw" of the rookery, looking up at the face of the "soft half-moon," and then at another face, also quiet, also rather sad, as if in the pathos of the hour Jean had gone back into former years, shut-up sanctuaries of her chequered life, whither no one could follow her.

"Miss Dowglas" (she started slightly), "I wish you knew my mother. You would like her for many things—and I think likewise—" He stopped. "I had a letter from her this morning; would you feel interested in reading it?"

"Thank you; you know my fancy for reading strangers' letters. Sometimes they let one into bits of character unknown to the correspondents themselves."

"I wonder what you will find out here," and he lingered over it,—the delicate-tinted scented envelope, with the exquisite handwriting and large coronetted seal,—before he put it into Jean's hands. "Read it all, if you will; excepting, indeed, the crossed page. She has but one fault, this mother of mine—like her one crossed page."

Jean read and returned the letter. "But I ought to confess," she said smiling, "that I saw one word—I think the name of 'Emily' or 'Emilia,' on this momentous page."

"O no, quite a mistake!" with one passing flash, fierce and bright, that showed what fire could kindle even in Lord Erlistoun's eyes. He put the letter in his pocket,

and returned to the subject we had been lazily canvassing along the fields, as if in contrast to every thing surrounding us,—namely, London life, "high" life, as set forth in that most sparkling and most melancholy of fictions, whose very brilliancy tortures one like the phantasmagoria of disease—Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

"The question seems," Jean said, "is it a true picture of that sort of life? I would never shrink from any truth merely because it was painful; but *is* it true? I have no means of judging. Is it true, Lord Erlistoun?"

"I am afraid, in a great measure, it is."

"Then I would rather say to any sister of mine, like Hamlet, 'Get you to a nunnery; go, go, go,' than see her thrown out into the great world, to grow into the sort of woman you have described to me sometimes. I couldn't help thinking so, even in the cathedral this morning, when I looked across the aisle to the pretty baby-face of that little Lady Emily Gage."

Lord Erlistoun knocked the mud off his boots,—he could risk muddy boots now,—saying carelessly,

"Miss Dowglas, what is your opinion of that small school-girl?"

"Lady Emily? Indeed I have no possible grounds for forming an opinion at all. I only now and then have felt sorry, looking at her, to think how soon her child-life will end. I always feel great pity for an heiress. She has less than the common chances of us women."

"How do you mean,—that she is likely to be loved for any thing except herself?"

"Or if she were, she would be unlikely to believe it. Poor little Lady Emily!"

"Don't waste your pity over Lady Emily. You might spend a fragment of it upon us men,—men of the world,—who never find a woman to believe in; who are sought, flattered, hunted down as it were; afraid to look at a pretty face lest it should be only a bait to hook us with; afraid to trust a warm heart, lest it should turn out as hollow as this worm cast under my foot. What chance is there for us men, when we have lost our reverence for women?"

"Not for all women," said Jean gently; for he had spoken with passion, as certainly I never in my wildest thought expected to hear Lord Erlistoun speak. "You have told me of your mother."

"And what does my mother do, even *my* mother?" His tone was lowered, but I could not help hearing it. "She writes me that there is a charming creature just ready for me,—one whose estate joins mine, and therefore will be a most suitable match,—with a good fortune, and I am poor you know; good birth, good looks, and in short, every thing convenient—except love. Shall I go in a year or so, propose to her, and marry her?"

"I thought you said that for ten or fifteen years to come you were determined not to marry?"

"So I was. I abhor matrimony. Of course, after a time I must settle down as others do; but I will have my liberty as long as I can. When I do sell myself, it shall be tolerably dear, even though it be to this young lady. I won't tell you her name, lest perhaps I might finally marry her."

Whether he was in earnest altogether I know not, but Jean was. You should have seen her look of mingled pity and scorn.

"Lord Erlistoun, we will, if you please, discuss a less serious subject; on this you and I could never think alike."

"Could we not?"

Perhaps he felt that, regarding sideways the dark noble face, on which the last bit of sunset was shining,—a pale face too, for to-day she did not look either particularly well or young. While in his unwonted energy, stronger than ever I saw the distinction before spoken of, between the woman and the boy. Equally strong between the one who, living in the world, lived only for it, and its ideal of happiness; and the other, who, also abiding in it, and enjoying it so far as fortune allowed her, had yet an ideal, a spiritual sense, far, far beyond any thing there.

"You think, I perceive, that I am fit for nothing better than to turn out one of those people you hate so in *Vanity Fair*—a Marquis of Steyne, perhaps?"

"I never said so or thought so, Lord Erlistoun."

"What would you have me do, then? What would you have me be?"

I, leaning on the other gate-post away from them, was struck by this speech. It is not a light matter when a man arrives at asking a woman, "what she would have him be." Possibly Jean noticed it, for she replied rather coldly,

"Indeed you are the best judge of that; every man must be the keeper of his own conscience."

"But he may gain a better self, a purer conscience, to help him. Miss Dowglas, shall I take my mother's advice and marry?"

"No!" and the truth in her, the duty of speaking it, seemed to make Jean forget every thing else. "After the fashion of marriage you have told me of, undoubtedly no. For those who see no clearer, know no better, much must be allowed; but for you who do, nothing."

I saw Lord Erlistoun smile to himself. "You do not quite understand me."

"Yes, I think I do; but we see things from such opposite points of view. You have always been used to consider marriage as a bargain, a convenience, a matter of necessary respectability; I think it a sacred thing. There can be no medium in it; it must be either holy or unholy, entire happiness, or utter wretchedness and sin. For man or woman to marry without love,—not merely liking or decent respect, but downright *love*,—is in my belief absolute sin."

Lord Erlistoun replied never a word. All along the still twilight fields he scarcely made one observation. It was my hand that helped Jean over the stile; he did not offer to do it. My hand, large and hard it might be, not like his; but a man's pulse beat in it; it could support, and it could hold fast too.

"Will you take another turn up and down the walk, Miss Dowglas?"

"No; it is too late, I had rather go in."

She slipped away. Was it with the same sort of instinct, that whenever Lord Erlistoun came near her, for the whole remainder of the evening, she slipped away?

Well do I remember that evening, and the look Jean had—her face a little flushed, with a certain unquietness in it. She sat at the piano a long time singing; it had become a custom, I found, that she should sing every night, and to no lack of listeners. What she chose, in spite of one or two hints to the contrary from Lord Erlistoun, who seemed a little surprised at our narrow notions about "Sunday" music, were songs of Handel and Mendelssohn, among which, I remember, were some of their solemnest and most spiritual,—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "O, rest in the Lord;" ending, at my father and mother's desire, with an old-fashioned Methodist hymn (we were Methodists when I was a child); and how the tune carried me back to the hot chapel in Rathbone Street, where, after some fierce, coarse, strongly-emotional sermon, the congregation rose, and their stent Lancashire voices threw the chorus backwards and forwards, women and men alternately:

"For we're marching on Immanuel's ground,
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
And we all shall meet at Jesus' feet,
And never, never part again.
No, never part again,—no, never part again.
O, never part again? No, never part again;
For we all shall meet at Jesus' feet,
And never, never part again!"

O life,—life so full of partings! I have often quieted the pain of it with a bit out of that old Methodist hymn; with the echo of that "never part again."

I was up early on the Monday, as usual; but my father caught and carried me off to look at some horses he had bought for the new brougham; so that I did not get my early walk with Jean. She had taken hers though; for I met her in the hall laying her hat aside. She was late;

and we waited some minutes for her before she came down to make breakfast. All breakfast-time she was exceedingly silent and grave:

Lord Erlistoun did not appear till breakfast was nearly over. When he entered, I noticed that Jean blushed burning hot, in trouble and pain, a very anguish of blushing. He did not speak to her, even to wish her good morning; but took his seat near the foot of the table, and entered with my father into a long and energetic discussion on politics. In the course of it, I overheard that he had some thought of standing for a small borough in the south of England; and to do so, it would be immediately necessary for him to leave for London.

I breathed. Yes, he was going away at last. Maybe I could even feel sorry for the young man.

He did not seem much moved himself. He carried things with a high hand, and stood talking with great *empressement* of the pleasure he had enjoyed at Lythwaite Hall; but I noticed he did not give any of us the slightest invitation to return his visit.

Ay, in a few hours he would be gone. The new element he had brought into our household—as he certainly had, since different characters and classes must necessarily act and react upon one another—would depart with him. My mother might cease to put herself and her house into full-dress every evening, and my father to bring out his claret every day, as if for a dinner-party. We should go back to our old ways, and Lord Erlistoun to his. Could we? or could he? Can any new experience in any life be merely temporary, leaving no result behind? I doubt it.

Nevertheless he would most probably vanish completely out of our sphere, as if he had dropped at Lythwaite from a balloon, and gone up again by the same ethereal conveyance. Would any body miss him? Would any body care?

Of this, too, I was not quite sure.

"Liking," not loving; used in opposition to loving, rather; but most certainly she had said the word, and she did not even "like" every body.

"Mark, are you going to walk to the station? I'll walk with you."

So once again went Jean and I, under the chestnut-trees, where the white flowers now lay strewn, soiled and scentless, beneath our feet.

"You perceive; you had better reconsider the chestnuts that are to be planted in your park. 'It is not always May'—eh, Jean?"

"Ah, no!" with a slight sigh. "Cousin, you need not make public that foolish speech of mine."

"About owning a park? You never mean to own one, then?"

Whether involuntarily I put into this question some meaning below the surface, I know not; but Jean answered, seriously and emphatically, "No."

Still, as she walked along, though her head was erect and her footfall firm, and she talked easily and cheerily upon our usual family topics, I fancied I could trace at times the same unquietness of mien, as of a good and true nature not quite satisfied with itself. She was "out of sorts," as people say; out of harmony with herself and with the lovely June morning; it seemed almost to give her pain.

Waiting at the station,—for she would wait,—she took my arm to walk up and down the platform.

"O, Mark," clinging a little, "I wish you were not going away; there is some comfort in you."

I asked her, after some consideration, if any thing was troubling her; would she tell me?

"No; I had rather not. In fact, I ought not. It is, after all, really nothing; it will soon be quite over. If I were not sure of that, as sure as—There's your train."

"The next train goes at 2.40. Express, remember. Lord Erlistoun wished me to inquire. He goes by it."

"O, indeed!"

"Jean, one word. Are you sorry or glad he is going?"

"Very glad; heartily glad."

"But he may change his mind again; he has a trick of doing so. Ah, Jean, take care!"

"I have taken care."

"You are not angry at my saying this?"

"No. Good by."

My sight rested on her there for as long as the whirling train allowed, standing fixed and firm, with her shawl gathered tight round her, as if nothing in her or about her was to be left loose, subject to any stray wind of fancy, feeling, or chance.



PAYING DAUGHTERS.

DEAR MOTHER,—As you have invited remarks from all who conceive they can add something to the pleasures and comforts of home, I, as one of its members, would fain make a little statement to you of the feelings of some of its daughters, in the fond hope that through your benign influence the head of the family may be prevailed on to take our case into consideration. My claim to your indulgent hearing is founded upon the fact, that we do not think a fair share of this world's good things falls to us, in comparison to that which is bestowed on our brothers, and that consequently there is just cause for remonstrance on our part.

We belong to the happy middle-class, whose men are mercantile or professional; while the women do not require to work for a maintenance, but are, as gentlemen express it, "young ladies, with nothing to do but amuse themselves." Now I wish it to be remembered, that we are offered no choice in this matter; the men of the middle classes do not choose that their females should work for money, so we have no option; but as we are born or bred to be ladies, must just live as such.

Ask our brothers if they would exchange places with us, taking our "happy idleness" and our allowance of pocket-money; see if you would get one to agree to it, highly favoured as they talk of us being. Again, ask a similar number of girls if they would willingly take the toil and anxiety of a business-life, with its chances of making money. I can answer for it, you would find many ready, who are now pining in the monotonous round of home pursuits—busy idleness, unremunerative employment. But do not let any one fancy I mean to advocate women going into the business-world when it can be avoided; I merely suggest the idea of exchange of position by way of illustrating my subject. Neither can I allow, as some may be ready to say, that this is cherishing an undue love of money. It is simply natural, and must at least be as innocent for women as for men. I fully acquiesce in the wise arrangement that makes man the provider, and his wife the dispenser, of the household funds; but my present argument relates to the unmarried of the two sexes.

We young women have had our minds and tastes cultivated; but wanting money, we have no power to indulge them. Benevolent feelings have been implanted and cherished in us, but we are not given means to exercise them. We cannot buy a book for our own improvement, or as a gift to a friend, unless its value can be reckoned in pence rather than shillings; and so on I might go in my list of very moderate desires, whose realisation is, however, impossible to us. Turn, then, to our brothers, and see how they fare in this respect. They have been set out in the world, and not only allowed but encouraged to make money. They too have taste for art or science or sporting; but mark the difference—they have money. They can buy pictures, if that be their fancy; or costly books of art or science; or they

may keep a horse or dogs or birds; or they may buy all the requisites to satisfy their sporting tastes;—any or all of these recreations which require money are thought reasonable in them. Say, what have we, their sisters, in lieu of all this? They choose that our time should have no money-value, our labour be unproductive, never thinking it unkind or selfish to deny to us what affords them so much gratification. Now my object is, to show the propriety of giving the daughters of a family a share of the family income. Let no one say he cannot afford it; a good man can always afford to be just. Let him live in plainer style, entertain less company, or do it in a more homely manner; let him keep fewer servants, and train the daughters to do all the lighter household duties. They might then be paid for their services; and thus learn to value and economise their time, because they find a direct benefit from being active and industrious. The wholesome stimulus of gain, which is the mainspring of most of man's labours, surely cannot fail to act well with woman also.

At present there are two great classes among us; the first, those who, as they have been taught, keep themselves as far as possible out of mischief (wonderfully so, I think) by employing themselves in fancy work, music, and other accomplishments; the second, those who employ themselves really usefully in making and mending their own and the family garments, in educating the younger branches, and occasionally in housekeeping. It would be for our own and the general welfare were we all to be found in the last of these classes; though far be it from me to disparage those light occupations for otherwise idle fingers, which might with fitness be the elegant recreation, but not, as at present, the employment of life,—the all of preparation that too many girls have for the earnest work of their womanhood. Such trifling pursuits do not allow sufficient outlet for a girl's natural high spirits; consequently, love and marriage are all that she has to look to for relief from her monotonous, aimless, useless existence. Men will have it so; and they reap the fruit in ill-kept, ill-managed house and children. Give girls, instead of trifles, active employment, and a share of the money they see others dispensing, and very sure I am there will be a great development of the proper qualifications for being good wives, mothers, and mistresses; and likewise, should their lot prove a single one, for being kindly, gentle, patient, loving maiden-aunts,—those much despised but useful, nay, indispensable, members of society.

A DAUGHTER.

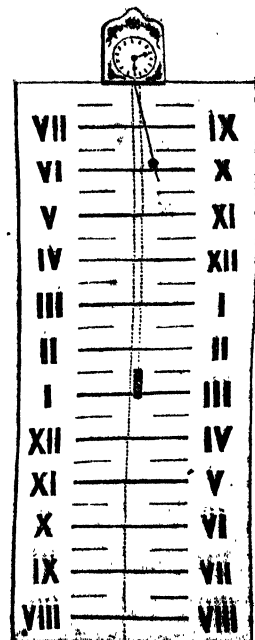
THE INVALID'S CLOCK.

In August last, I purchased one of the six-shilling clocks at the Crystal Palace, and found that it kept capital time.

The only objection to it was, the small size of the face, it being only $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches square.

To remedy this, I made a scale upon paper, as shown in the annexed drawing (so that twelve divisions were equal to half the length of the chain), and affixed it to the wall of my bedroom, under the clock. A night-light I burn in place on a bracket, surrounded by a tin-reflector; thus throwing a light on the scale, the rest of the room being in shade.

If the clock is wound up at nine p.m., it is necessary to bring the top of the weight to IX at the upper part of the scale.



Thus, instead of fumbling for a watch, and being thereby thoroughly disturbed, it is sufficient to cast the eye to the opposite wall, and the top of the weight shows the time.

A ring at the other end of the chain does duty during the day.

E. A. CORLAND,
Bellefield, Chelmsford.

GOLD FISH.

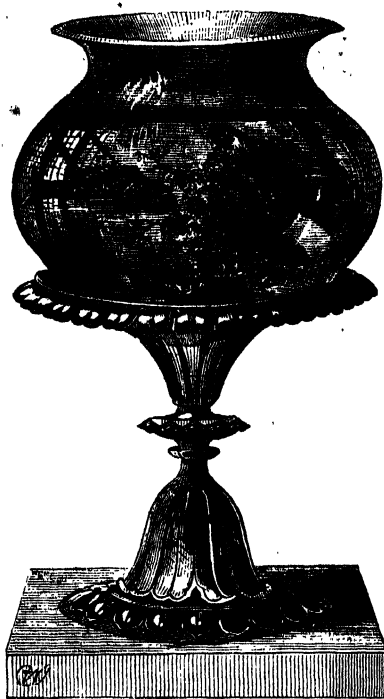
The first requisite for the proper treatment of Gold Fish (*Cyprinus auratus*) is a commodious and roomy (glass) globe, wherein the inmates can move about at their ease. The larger the space the better; for it admits of an abundant supply of water, and, by consequence, supplies an increased number of animalcules (invisible to our eye), which are their proper food. The next thing is, to furnish them with water adapted to their natural requirements. If this be neglected, the fish will grow sick, become unsteady in their gait, and lose all their brilliancy of colour; their tails will split, and their bodies become furred. They will then try to obtain relief by poisoning themselves on their heads, or by leaning against the sides of the glass—all in vain. Disease has attacked them, they are indifferent to all around them, and death is awaiting his victims.

Spring-water, being considered the brightest of any, is too often injudiciously chosen for the purpose. This contains iron, and is the cause of much uneasiness to the fish. It moreover changes the brilliancy of their colour, and frequently dyes it brown or black. Whenever this is observable, it is a proof that nature has been outraged. The sufferer must be removed into a more genial element. Nor must any water be supplied in which there exists either chalk or clay. Both these have the effect of destroying their vision; and this readily accounts for their eccentric movements, so often considered proofs of tameness, playfulness, and happiness. Unhappy error!

Rain-water appears, from close observation, to be most suitable. If this be not easily obtainable, use the purest river-water. No difficulty can exist in ascertaining whether your fish are in good health. Their motions and habits will at once declare it.

In the selection of your little prisoners, it is not sufficient to choose those which are of the deepest and brightest colours. If you wish them to be admired, you must consult, not only the vivacity of their motions, but the elegance and symmetry of their form and markings, closely observing their structure and outline. In this matter, there is often much negligence shown. A fat fish floundering in a crystal bowl is unsightly to a degree.

As regards any special food, there is much difference of opinion. Feeding must very greatly depend upon the frequency or otherwise of the change of water. Beyond all doubt, their proper food consists of the invisible animalcules contained in the element wherein they live. If, therefore, there be a daily change of water, and the number of inmates in the globe be not too great,—this should be guarded against,—the less they have in the way of "extras" the better. Crumb of bread contains alum, and is therefore homoeopathically poisonous. Sponge-cake is better. A small fly thrown in occasionally both amuses and pleases them. Hard-boiled yolk of a fresh egg, dried and finely powdered, is also a luxury. A wee bit suffices. All must depend upon the



deficiency of animal food existing in the water. So long as a good supply remains, all beyond is *de trop*. They are easily tamed, and readily rendered familiar. "How," will be explained in a future paper.

Here it is needful to put in a kind word for our little friends in the matter of light and heat. They can bear, and they prefer, a moderately warm temperature; but they are severely punished by being exposed to the uncontrolled rays of the sun; they are certainly tortured under such circumstances. The effect produced on the fish by the glass and water, so operated upon by the solar rays, is, probably, little short of madness. Their eyes feel like balls of fire; they stagger, and seek for some means of escape. Finding none, they rush furiously about, until perhaps observed by some of the family, who may remotely guess the cause of their discomfort, and relieve them. Fish thus treated can never be healthy or happy. Their position should be under a tree, or surrounded by flowers and shrubs. Intensity of heat or light are destructive of all their enjoyments.

The necessity for a frequent change of water is now, fortunately, altogether obviated. Natural science, amongst its other wonders, has taught us that, by in-

troducing certain plants into the water wherein fishes are located, the balance of nature is at once preserved without man's interference. This may be familiarly explained in few words.

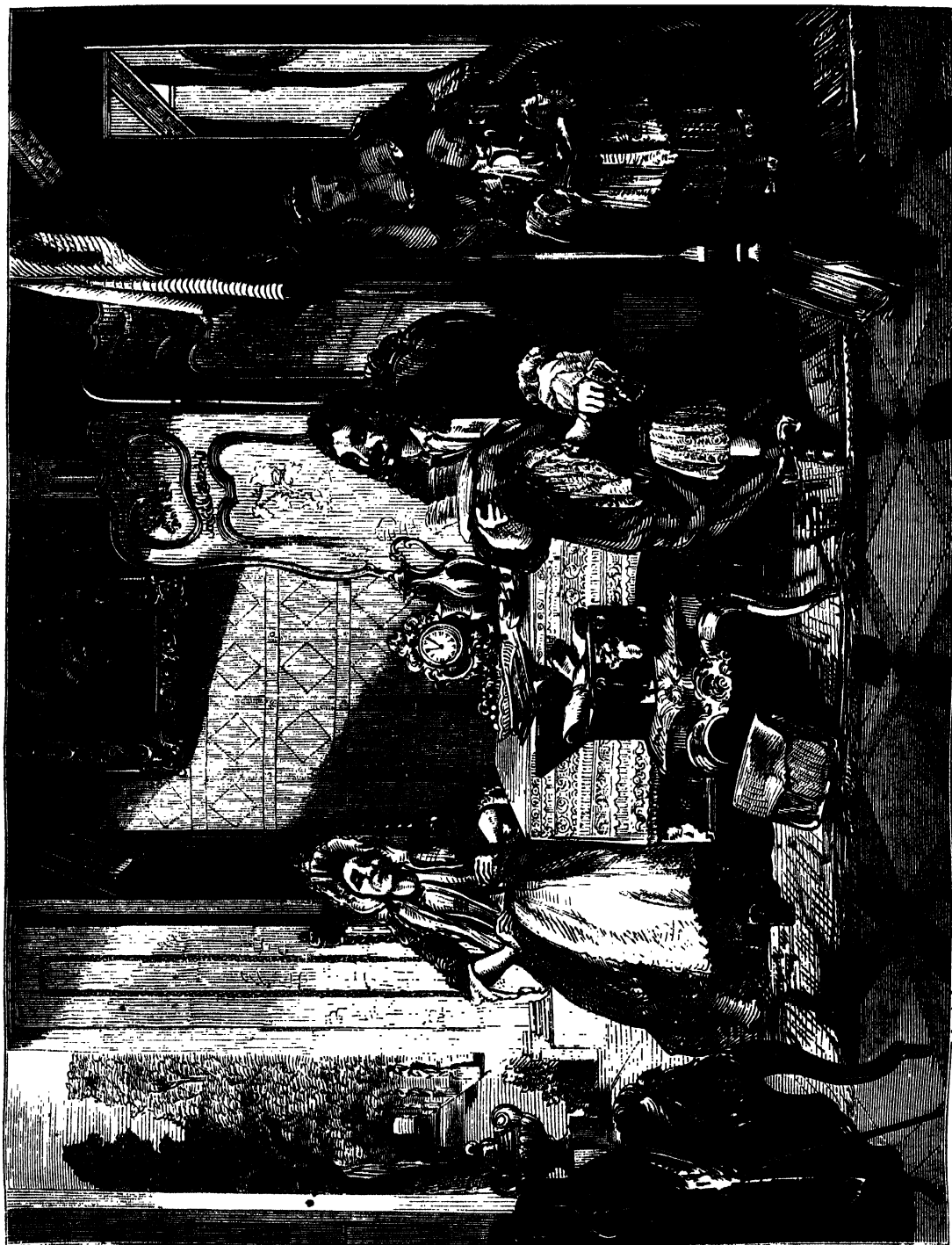
At every inspiration made by a fish the water taken in by the mouth is immediately expelled by the gills. By this act, the free oxygen of the water is absorbed, and carbonic acid given out. This operation, continuously repeated, naturally exhausts all the vitality of the water. Its constituents are now changed. It is not only useless, but dangerous. It is destructive of life, consisting principally of carbonic acid. The poisonous nature of the water soon manifests itself. The fishes rise to the surface in search of that which they cannot find below—atmospheric air. This, for a season, sustains them; but as they obtain it in an unnatural way, their lungs become inflamed; the effect is overpowering, and they soon cease to live.

To remedy the evil, there only requires "the balance" which has been before alluded to. This is effected by introducing into the bowl some suitable and pretty water-weed, such as the *Vallisneria spiralis*, which, whilst being ornamental and characteristic, immediately brings about a new set of chemical operations. These operations are of such a nature, that they prevent all necessity for a change of water. The cause is evident, inasmuch as plants absorb both oxygen and carbonic acid; and as they give out (when in health) more oxygen than they absorb, they thus contribute that which the fish require to maintain their powers of respiration. Fish and water-weeds flourish famously together.

One word more. Seeing that the square glass "tank" is becoming fashionable, I would strongly urge its very general adoption in preference to the globe. The form of an Aquarium is natural. It affords plenty of room for its inmates, and it removes the danger of the sun's influence on the organs of vision. The structure of a fish's eye is so delicate, that too much care cannot be taken to preserve it from injury.

It must be borne in mind that, when there is no change of water, fish require to be fed. Their natural supply has become exhausted, and must be replaced.

WILLIAM KIDD.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. VIII.

PAINTED BY T. P. HALL.

MOLIÈRE READING HIS COMEDIES TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

MOLIÈRE READING HIS COMEDIES TO HIS HOUSEKEEPER.

By T. P. HALL.

"Molière," says Boileau, "used to read to La Forest, his housekeeper, his comedies and farces; and when he perceived that certain laughable situations did not excite her hilarity, he altered or erased them, having remarked that such passages never had any success."

THE picture which we here engrave is by Mr. T. P. Hall, and is at present exhibiting at the British Institution. It is one upon which we had great pleasure in commenting in our notice of the paintings now before the public in that gallery. We then described it as a work by a young artist from whom much might be expected, if he would avoid even the suspicion of following, or rather imitating, the manner of that school at the head of which Mr. Frith has placed himself for many years, and which is at the present day so popular. This warning we considered the more necessary, as we thought Mr. Hall might venture to strike out a line of art far enough removed from the probability of a charge of plagiarism, and also because English exhibitions have for a great while past swarmed with pictures which are even more obnoxious to that suspicion than this work of his; and lastly, as in many parts of the execution it is easy to trace the influence of the excellent painter we have named, and of those numerous artists who are either followers of, or coadjutors with, him in the extensive walk of art which is known as *genre* painting.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin, who called himself Molière, determined, like many men whose names resound in the world, upon following his natural instinct for the stage in direct opposition to the wishes of his family. Neglecting the route which his father had marked out for him in life, he became an actor, and ultimately writer of plays. For many years,—indeed, until past the prime of youth,—he achieved no position which seemed to give hope of obtaining that immortality which he now holds in the minds of men. It is to be remembered that in France, for nearly a century and a half after his birth, the very rites of Christian burial were denied to players; and that, in spite of all the celebrity and riches which some of them obtained, they were never looked upon otherwise than as outcasts of society. No one will therefore wonder that his parents should endeavour to divert him from the path he had so resolutely chosen. Perrault relates an anecdote of their opposition which is amusing, and illustrative of the force of Molière's character and of his histrionic powers. A certain friend of the family, who was a schoolmaster, had been deputed to remonstrate with him on his devotion to the theatre; but Molière so utterly routed the ambassador by reading some of his own compositions, and by the rehearsal of a favourite character, that the ambassador himself became a player. It is further said, that more than one of the lost dramas (for, as with Sophocles, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and many others, some of Molière's dramas have been swallowed up by time) were written in order that the *ci-devant* schoolmaster might act therein.

When Molière had entered upon the downward phase of life, and was separated from a wife to whom he was devoted, but who was alike his torment and his disgrace, he made, as Mr. Hall shows, a favourite housekeeper his confidant, or rather editress, previously to bringing his works upon the stage. The best point of the picture is the face of this woman, whose unrestrained cacklings are not overawed by the prospect of the dreadful amount of Ms., or "copy," upon which she has to exercise her editorial function.

We need not dwell upon Molière's power as a humorist, nor on the force of his sarcasm against the extravagances of his day, in fashion, in law, in medicine, and in manners. To him may be attributed the more moderate and natural style of acting which prevailed in his time, taking the place of an extraordinary system of ranting and vociferation, which had reached such a pitch, that more than one actor actually died on the stage from the sudden rupture of blood-vessels consequent upon the violent manner of performance.

The great French dramatist reading to his housekeeper has so long been a stock-subject with English artists, that we hoped to see the last of it in Mr. Hall's picture; but we were hasty in doing so, for at the National Institution the same subject is repeated. This persistence is the more annoying, because, if artists *will* paint from his life, there are many subjects in it of graver interest than this; indeed, of all the biographies of great men, there are hardly any so copious or so fascinating as that of Molière. There is scarcely an incident in his life which is not dramatic, and, in some sense, like the working of a fateful Nemesis; it reads, in fact, not unlike a novel by Thackeray, and would make a splendid subject for his pen.

L. L.

SIR RALPH AND LADY JEAN.

By HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

PART THE FIRST.

"ASH-BERRIES are turning red, Jean,
Beech-russet lies underfoot;
There is gold on the maple-bough, Jean,
And orchis about its root.
When I saw thee first on the moor, Jean,
The blackthorn was but in bloom,
And now the summer is gone, Jean,
And coming the winter gloom.
But the gorse is still in flower, Jean,—
It blossoms the whole year round;
So kiss me once ere I go, Jean,
True lips should aye be crowned.
There be roses outlive the May, Jean,—
Such roses are thine, my sweet!—
No blight on their beauty come, Jean,
Till again my lips they greet.
And say that thou lov'st me well, Jean;
It will nerve my good battle-arm;
I shall think I am fighting for thee, Jean,
And wearing thy heart as a charm."

"Mind thou bring honour home, Ralph,
Think first of The Cause, then me;
For I scarce could welcome thee back, Ralph,
If thou should'st beaten be.
True soldier, true knight, must thou live, Ralph,
True soldier and true knight die;
So will I love thee or mourn, Ralph,
Till cold in my grave I lie."

"I swear by my spurs and sword, Jean,
By my stainless name and shield,
To die in the thick of the fight, Jean,
Rather than fly or yield!
Sooner a grave and thy tears, Jean,
Than dishonour with all thy love.
I will do what a man may do, Jean,
To win thee, my trembling dove!
Kiss me once more ere I go, Jean,
Sweet, soft as the summer thou art!
For a gage of my faith and my love, Jean,
I give thee this ring with the heart.
'Tis full of a ruby-light, Jean,
As warm as the light of our youth;
It will pale if I change to thee, Jean,
And break if we break our troth.
I had it from one who said, Jean,
That the maiden who wore this ring,
Six stalwart sons to my house, Jean,
In her matronhood should bring.
No wife will I have but thee, Jean,
To sleep in my living breast;
No mate shall thou take but me, Jean,
To lie in thy arms at rest."

Look in my face and swear, Jean,—
Swear by some pretty oath,—
By the heart in thy breast that beats, Jean,
That thou wilt be true to thy troth."

"I will swear by what is mine own, Ralph,—
My heart thou hast ta'en from me :
Say, shall I swear by *thine*, Ralph,
Which thou hast pledged to me?"

"Swear by whate'er thou wilt, Jean,
I know thou canst faithful be ;
Or swear me no oath at all, Jean,
Until I come back to thee.
Then shall thou plight thy word, Jean,
In the sight of God and men,
To live and to die with me, Jean,
And never to part again."

PART THE SECOND.

"There are signs in the sky, dear mother,
Dark threatening signs in the sky ;
Watch how the serried lances
March swiftly and palely by !
To the tumult of cloud in the westward
They rush like the sweep of a host
That is dashing down to the battle
When the day is almost lost.
Look how the glorious banners
Wave wide on the wingèd breeze,
And the burnished corslets glitter,
Like foam on the boiling seas !
Look at the white plumes tossing
In lines on the crest of the hill,
At the prance of the war-horses fretting
To charge and to trample and kill !
O, Ralph, art *thou* one of the foremost ?
Now Heaven be good to thee !
Strengthen the worthy and brave, Ralph,
And send thee safe back to me."

"What do these signs portend, Jean ?
Dost thou dream and talk in thy sleep ?
I see nor lances nor banners ;
Why dost thou shiver and weep ?"

"They are gone, and the heaven is silent,—
O, mother, kneel down and pray !
Pray that the God of all battle
Will prosper the right to-day !"

"Give me thy hand, my daughter ;
What frenzy obscures thy brain ?
There is nothing of all this vision
Abroad on the silent plain.
The clouds are full flushed with crimson
In the west where the sun goes down,
And the moon is rising in beauty
O'er the quiet of Ashburn town."

"O, look where the sky is reddest !
There, there, o'er the barren they rush,
Scattered and lurid and broken,
Flying, defeated, they push !
See how the points of the lances
Drop blood-gouts along the way,
And the plumes are half shorn from the helmets,
And the banners are rent away !"

"There are flocks of sheep on the moorland,
And kine in the meadows green ;
But they are feeding in safety ;
There is no flight here, dear Jean."

"Seest thou this ring, kind mother,
What tint does the gemmed heart wear ?
Is it of ruby brightness,
Or pale like a fallen tear ?"

"It is red as the heart of a rose, Jean,
That has fed on a tropic sun ;
And clear as the star of eve, Jean,
When the night is but begun."

"Now art thou living or dead, Ralph ?
O, mother, let me go weep !
If dead, I will break my heart, Ralph ;
If living, still must I weep."

PART THE THIRD.

There is no light in the sky,
No light but the light of stars,
And the red moon gleaming angrily
Across its prison-bars.
The west wind whirls through the mountain-pines,
And tosses their ghastly boughs,
Like elfish locks dishevelled,
On the night's uplifted brows.

What little foot comes swiftly,
Gliding by grange and hall,
Gliding so very softly,
That you cannot hear its fall ?
What little shadow creeping
Under the arch of trees,
Comes with a panting swiftness
Unheard through the mournful breeze ?

Comes like a ghost in the midnight
Under the churchyard-wall,
Asking the late by-passers,
"Heard ye my true love call ?"
Her hair is all pranked with daisies,
Red poppies, and golden corn,
That she culls in the dewy hedgerows,
Where she strays at early morn.

They say she is crazed who see her,
And they let her steal away,
Up to the fearful forests,
To watch the wild winds at play.
There's not one who would dare to follow
As she goes on her lonely course,
Glancing so white and eerie,
O'er the bridge that spans the Fosse.

Should her light foot once falter,
As she crosses the dangerous track,
There would mourning be in Ashburn ;
For Jean would ne'er go back.
The water is wan and angry ;
She shivers and glances down,
Where it pours through a midnight ravine,
And thunders from stone to stone.

The black wood is all around her,
The chillness of autumn night,
And a choir of solemn whispers
That thrill in the dim pale light.
The leaves are telling each other
Old secrets of gone-by times ;
The sighing wind in the brushwood
Sounds faintly as long-dead chimes.

She thinks of the headless gytrash,
Of the wraith by the winter byre,
Of the thousand ghastly legends
She has heard by the winter-fire.

But her spirit is armed full fear-proof,
As she steals through the darkling grove,
And her wide bright eyes are shining,—
And both with the power of love.

She comes to a hidden pathway,
Where the tangled wood twines low,
All massed with the creeping ivy
From roots to arching brow.
Her brave young heart beats faster,
Her tender hands are torn,
Groping her way in the darkness,
By many a cruel thorn.

The moaning wind in the branches
Now stays her in pallid fear;
The rush of the distant water
Breathes like a whisper near.
Down midst the ferns she crouches,
And listens, and scarcely breathes,
Till certain that all is safety,
She creeps from the clinging wreaths.

Then presses eagerly forward,
Where the path goes down a glen,
As lonely and fair as Eden
Ere death was the meed of men.
There is moonlight athwart the elm-trees,
And moonlight upon the sward,
Where a gaunt old priest is keeping
A dangerous watch and ward.

He has had a weary vigil,
Twelve nights by that painful bed,
Where Sir Ralph has lain in hiding,
With a price upon his head.
Sore wounded, and left to perish,
Midst thousands of ghastly slain,
He had found him at dismal nightfall
On the bloody battle-plain.

Sir Ralph could but beg in whispers
To bear him to Hurly Dell,
And send to fair Jean of Ashburn
A message that all was well.
And every night in the darkness
She has come by that perilous way,
And stolen home in the morning
By the wood-paths dank and gray.

He can hear the cautious rustle
Of her foot in the fallen leaves;
He can see the wave of her garments
In the fancies his fever weaves.
Through all the long hours of daylight,
The echoes of last night's cheer
Come whispering of joy and comfort
To his stretched and wakeful ear.

When she comes his joy is all voiceless,
Or breathes but in longing sighs;
He watches her face in the silence,
And worships her with his eyes.
He covers her hands with kisses,
Or crushes them 'gainst his heart:
"Ah, Jean, how the hours are flying!
'Tis morning, and we must part."

"Dear love, the red ring is faithful,
It glows like a furnace-spark;
Canst thou see it upon my finger,
Shining athwart the dark?"

"Sweet Jean, this dell is a temple,
Let Heaven our witness be;
The priest will give us his blessing,
And thou shalt begone with me."

"I must kiss my mother good-by, Ralph;
She wakes for me all the night,
And wanders forth from her chamber
At the earliest point of light."

"Stay, Jean, yet a little moment,—
Ah me, but my heart is sore!
It seems that if thou should'st leave me,
I may never see thee more."

"Nay, Ralph, this is strange and idle;
Am I not all thine own?
Come through the wood at sunset,
And meet me by Hurly Stone.
I know of one that is faithful,
Who waits with his brig at Leigh,
Who will carry us soon and safely
To some refuge beyond the sea."

She bent down her face, and kissed him
On his aching fevered eyes,
And wept some tears on his bosom,
Till the old priest bade them rise.
Then the dell was a holy temple,
And the sward was an altar green,
Where they knelt before God together,
Midst witnesses unseen:
All the soft-breathing watchers,—
The angels who come and go
'Twixt earth and merciful Heaven
In hours of joy and woe,—
All the unspoken blessings
That wait upon love and youth,
Gathered and hovered around them
To hear them plight their troth.

PART THE FOURTH.

There is joyful shouting in Ashburn town,
The people crowd round the gate;
Sir Ralph and his lady and all their folk
Are riding through in state.
Six goodly sons go in their train;
Sir Ralph is stalwart, but gray;
And Jean has passed with the passing time,
To August from blooming May.

Loud ring the bells in the ancient tower;
Sir Ralph looks up with a smile:
"Sweet wife, dost thou mind how thou used to steal
In the night full many a mile,
To bring me food to the bonnie dell
In the forest beyond the Force?
Ah, Jean, it seems but as yesterday
Since we met in the golden gorse."

Next to Lady Jean rides her eldest-born,
And three little lads of his:
"Dear Ralph," says she, "I can count the years
Only by signs like these.
Six sons of ours, all hardy men,
And twelve slight boys of theirs,—
'Tis a long yesterday, dear lord,
That brings us such blessed cares."

"Fair wife, I am young when I look at thee,
Thou hast such love in thy face!
Can forty years and more have gone
Since we left this homelike place?"

"Forty-three years of exile, Ralph,—
Of exile, but not of grief:
O, let us not count our sorrows, love,
They seem so few and brief!
No; let us reckon our blessings,
These noble and loyal sons,—
The treasures that God has given, Ralph,—
And all their tender ones."

"Thy voice is shaken and faint, love,
There are tears in thy gentle eyes.
Ah, dame, it is sweet to remember
Old troubles when they arise."

"It was that I saw a grave, Ralph,
That we could not bring away,—
A grave in the Flemish town, Ralph,
That we made one winter-day.
The sun is out on the cornlands,
The shadows play hide and seek,
How is it with that old graveyard?
Ah, dearest, my heart is weak!
I cannot but think how sweetly
Our little maiden smiled:
Forgive me, love, if I hurt thee,—
She was our youngest child."

"Dame, she went first to heaven;
God took her—O, be thou still!
See how many He left thee!
And fret not against His will."

"Look, grandam, the crimson banners,
Where high on the walls they float;
And look at the waving kerchiefs
From the drawbridge over the moat!
Why are these people shouting,
As forth from their doors they come?"
"My darling, these cries are pleasant,
Because they welcome us home."

"Who is this ancient lady
That a servant leads by the hand,
Stepping so slow and careful,
Yet looking so proud and grand?"

"God save ye, my little daughter!
Who are all these with thee?
For God has darkened my eyeballs,
And their faces I cannot see."

"They are my sons, good mother,
Six sons and twelve lads more,
And this is Sir Ralph, my husband,—
Together we are a score;
For God has prospered our marriage;
The king has vouchsafed us grace;
And we have come back to Ashburn
To rest in the midst of our race."

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

"To the Greeks," says Aristotle, "belongs dominion over the barbarians, because the former have the understanding requisite to rule; the latter, the body only, to obey." This was all very well in the days of Alexander; it is still the doctrine of every man who owns a slave;—but England has adopted a wiser creed; has carved on her white cliffs a nobler motto; has pledged her soul to the extirpation of slavery from the earth; has fought for it, argued for it, even paid for it, and is just as likely to become a South Sea island or an Indian jungle as to change her mind about the question whether men, women, and children ought to be bought and sold. Faithful to this cause, she turns with constant solicitude to her sister in the West; and if the news came to-morrow that America had emancipated her slaves, there would be a shout of joy amongst us such as few other events could possibly call forth.

It is nevertheless an astounding fact, that the news we should receive at first so gladly would, at the present moment, be more fatal to ourselves than war against a world in arms, more ruinous than all the plagues of Egypt, and as likely to plunge us into the ruthless misery of civil strife as a seven years' famine or a reign of tyranny.

We live by our commerce. Our commerce is the fruit of our manufactories. The existence of our manufactories depends on the supply of raw materials; and of these raw materials the most important by far is the cotton grown for us by the slave-states of America. There are more than 2000 cotton factories in England; they employ nearly 400,000 pair of hands; the numbers of those engaged in making the machinery, providing the coals, and carrying on the trade, is probably very much larger. One third of our whole export trade consists in the shipment of cotton goods spun and woven by these factories. We sent these goods abroad last year to the value of nearly forty millions sterling, after supplying also the whole internal consumption of the British Isles. To feed these whirling mills, to employ these multitudes, to carry on this prodigious business, we have to import a quantity of raw cotton which weighed last year about 900,000,000 of pounds. Of this vast quantity, three-quarters of the whole came from the United States. We receive, in fact, from America every day of our lives enough cotton-wool to stop the ears of every man, woman, and child on the face of the globe; and the whole of it has been grown, picked, cleaned, and packed by slaves. Our muslins, our calicos, our tapes, our cotton-thread,—the most beautiful fabrics of modern looms, and the most indispensable articles of modern comfort,—have passed fibre by fibre through the dark fingers of negroes, with the lash at their backs and the curse of slavery on their souls.

Now we know by dearly-bought experience the first effect of emancipation upon human beings whose lives have been degraded by long and hopeless captivity. Ambition has died out; aspiration is extinguished. The wants remaining are purely animal ones; and when the freed bondsman has done enough to satisfy these, he will do no more. There is no doubt whatever that if America, by any sudden act, were to liberate her slaves, compulsory labour would be changed at once into comparative idleness; and as no other labour can be had on the spot at any price; as the American cotton-plant is an annual, which must be sown, reared, and gathered within a year; as even a partial cessation of labour for a few months only would be fatal to the whole crop, and as there is no considerable stock of cotton ever laid up beforehand,—our mills, the mainsprings of our wealth, would be left without material to work upon, and must stop perforce with such a shock as England never felt before.

This fact is perfectly understood in Manchester, and it is a very ugly one in every point of view. We do not wish to dwell on its commercial significance. That is the most obvious part of the business, and ample justice will be done to it by those whose self-interest is urging them to acts of self-preservation. We would rather point out its bearings upon the wider and higher question of human freedom,—the question as to how much longer the wants of civilised and Christian nations are to depend for their supply on the forced and blood-bought service of the slave.

The growth of the British cotton manufacture is in itself a general benefit to the world. It spreads the comfort of cheap clothing and the advantage of commercial intercourse in all directions. But its effect upon the Slavery question is extremely powerful and extremely unfortunate. We are customers at good prices for any quantity of cotton that America can grow. In the present state of her population, she can only grow it by slave-labour. In Texas and elsewhere she has vast unoccupied territory, where it could be grown with great profit, if there were only slaves enough for the purpose; and the demand for them has in consequence become so eager, that the re-opening of the slave-trade with Africa has been seriously proposed by the Southern states, and may very possibly be insisted on in some shape or other. This is

not all. If the planters of America are deeply interested in the extension of slavery, the spinners of England know that the existence of their own trade still depends on the continuance of that baleful institution. The moral influence of England is great in a good cause. We may, and we ought, to give most valuable aid to that great American party whose watchword is Emancipation. But can it be supposed that England will ever throw her whole weight into the scale of freedom, will ever do her utmost to encourage the trembling virtue of a sister nation, will ever desire from the bottom of her heart the extinction of slavery in the United States, while the ruin of her own cotton trade, with all its terrible consequences, is the price she may expect to pay for the accomplishment of her philanthropical designs? It is out of the question; it is more than can be asked of human nature; nay, the very noblest souls may well be pardoned if they stand aghast and hesitating. The case of our own colonies had nothing parallel with this. Our West-Indian islands supplied us with sugar and coffee; but sugar and coffee could be had in any quantity from other parts of the world as well. The deficiency caused by the emancipation of our own slaves has, in fact, been filled up in this way; and even if it had not, the articles themselves were not the staples of manufacture, and the want of them would not have caused any serious stoppage of our industry. For American cotton, however, there is at present no substitute. We depend upon it as entirely as the silkworm depends on the mulberry-tree. This is a plain truth. It may at any moment become a fearful one. The same year which has seen a demand made for the restoration of the slave-trade has also seen one insurrection among the slaves. It has been put down, sternly, cruelly, and successfully; but it reveals a hidden gulf and a smouldering fire, where the passions of three million brutalised and ignorant souls lie heaving and burning.

There is a mountain on the borders of Tibet whose peak of everlasting ice has been trodden by no foot of man. The condor flies over it, and looks down from that frigid height over the watersheds of two great rivers. On the north the Indus, on the south the Ganges, has its source. Between them lie the plains of India; the great empire whose name and destiny England has united with her own. India, at the present moment, remains what it has been from time immemorial—the greatest cotton-growing country in the world. The East, and not the West, is the native home of the cotton-trade. Cotton is itself an Arabic word; calico is derived from Calicut; muslin, from Mosul. The quantity of cotton produced annually in India is probably twice as much as our whole consumption. If half of it found its way to England, we should be as independent of the American slave-states as we are of the Russian corn-fields. Yet we received last year from India only one-sixth of our supply; this was the largest importation that had ever been made; it was made under the impulse of unusually high prices; and if on a sudden we wanted two or three times as much, it is certain that, under present circumstances, we could not get it. How this happens is easily explained.

The staple, that is, the fibre, of Indian cotton is shorter than the American staple; it is in some respects inferior also in texture. The condition in which it arrives in England is worse, both in regard to dirt and damage, and the use of it requires a certain alteration in our machinery. The Indian product fetches, therefore, a lower price than the American in the English market. There is, in the ordinary qualities, a general difference of about twopence a pound, or twenty-five per cent. But the cost of production in India is astonishingly small. A man's labour can be had there for little more than the rice he lives on. A rupee a month will keep him from starvation; and if he gets two or three times as much, he is prosperous. Slave-labour, on the other hand, is dear labour; and though the African is a more powerful fellow and a better worker than the Hindoo, though he works with the whip behind him, has all the aids of Saxon intelligence and capital, and produces per acre fully four times the Indian average, yet the first cost of raw

cotton in America is twice as great as on the plains of Hindustan. The price obtained by Indian cotton, low as it is, ought therefore to pay the cultivator well, and to draw large quantities from his hands. Yet it does nothing of the kind. When American cotton happens to be dear, the Hindoo gets a moderate profit; but when it happens to be cheap, he gets little or nothing. He is beaten, in point of fact, and pushed out of the market by his American competitor, notwithstanding the very small comparative cost of his own cultivation. This strange anomaly is the effect of a very simple cause.

It is not the cost of production, it is the cost of transit that is the largest item in the cotton-trade; and it is this that makes all the difference. The freight across the ocean itself is a very unimportant part of it. It is a shorter voyage from New Orleans than from Bombay; but that matters little. The real difference is, that whereas in America the means of transit by land and water from the interior to the ports of shipment are excellent and abundant, in India there are positively neither roads, canals, nor navigable rivers, by which the produce of the country can be brought safely and cheaply to the coast. Such cotton as we receive from it is brought on the backs of bullocks, along tracks impassable by any thing on wheels, across hills, deserts, and unbridged rivers, the journeys being often hundreds of miles in length, and weeks or months in duration. It frequently costs thirty times as much per mile to bring the cotton from the plantation to Bombay or Surat as it does to bring it from the plantation to New Orleans; while the injury from wet and exposure during these barbaric expeditions is enormous and unavoidable. This is the root of the whole matter; and the subject is of such national importance, that every Briton ought to make up his mind to understand at least the leading facts of the case. The cotton of India is not at present so good as that of America, but it is good enough for most purposes. It is good enough to be used to any extent while it can be had at the present average prices; and these prices would pay the grower a splendid profit, and lead in consequence to all those improvements in culture which are sure to follow the certainty of commercial gains, if there were only the means of conveying it cheaply and safely from the fields to the sea. We have held India for years with absolute power; its petty princes are our puppets and slaves; it yields an enormous revenue; we can do what we will with it, and yet we have not made a dozen important lines of road in the whole peninsula. Nobody, however, knows better than John Bull that a bad road is the road to ruin. The greatest road-makers have always been the greatest nations. In this little land of England we have 30,000 miles of turnpike-road and 8000 miles of railway. If we want an opposite example, there is Spain before our eyes. There are no roads in Spain; and she remains to this hour as poor as Job, as proud as Lucifer, as ignorant as her own mules, and at least three centuries behind the rest of Europe in every thing except her wine and her fleas.

Now a great deal is being written and said about the growth of Indian cotton, and the duty of Government to do something to increase the supply; but it is much to be feared that many years will be lost, and a vast amount of energy wasted in the prosecution of schemes, excellent in themselves but perfectly useless for the intended purpose, while the one grand evil remains. The spinners of Manchester, for example, have joined together to promote improvement in the culture of the Indian cotton-fields by every means in their power. They will supply seed, machinery, and information,—all of which are needed; but this will avail but little by itself. A single good road from Bombay to Hyderabad would do more to improve culture, quality, and production, than half-a-dozen societies. But a whole network of roads is needed before India can supply cotton enough for our wants at home. At present the vast quantities grown there are used on the spot. We export a good deal of calico to Hindustan; but the natives are still clothed chiefly in fabrics of their own manufacture. All this might

be changed; we might bring the whole of their cotton to England, and return it in calico, to the advantage of both parties; and there is room enough and labour enough in the Decān and in Guzerat to grow tenfold the present quantity; but the only magic that can bring about such a change is the magic of road-making,—and road-making on such a scale as nothing but the direct efforts of the Government can accomplish within any calculable time.

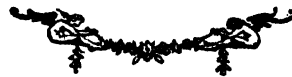
This, in truth, is the disheartening part of the business. For any thing in the shape of public works the Indian Government is one of the worst executive machines in the world. From the collector to the Board of Revenue; from the Board of Revenue to the Local Council; from the Local Council to the Supreme Council; from the Supreme Council to England; from England back again through all these dismal stages;—such is the hopeful journey on which almost every project has to start, when it involves the idea of something actually to be done. It is no use despairing, however. The work might be accomplished. Even an Indian government might be badgered into activity.

It will not do to be beguiled with the promise of Indian railways. They will do incalculable good; but they are slow and costly works, and will hardly be formed into a complete system in half-a-century. There are at this moment only three lines of railway open in all India, and their aggregate length at the present time is little over 300 miles. They are designed, moreover, rather on a military than a commercial plan, are the property of companies, who are ravenous for immediate dividends of ten per cent, and will be worked on a scale of charges far too high for the true interests of the country. Good common roads and bridges in all directions, the improvement of rivers, and the construction of canals,—these are the grand and pressing wants of India. Such works as these could be done at once, and at a comparatively trifling cost. A despotic road-maker, with a staff of engineers, sufficient authority, the necessary funds, and no restraint upon him except the obligation to get his work done within a given time, would cover India with passable roads, and arrange a practical system of tolls and repairs in the course of five years. He would make mistakes, of course; there would be jobbing and there would be waste; but the thing would positively be done, and would be worth ten times the outlay. The money can be borrowed at any moment. Ten millions might do it, or it might cost twenty; if it cost a hundred, it would repay itself in a single generation. We do not scruple to borrow for the necessities of war; why not for the necessities of peace? Common roads can never be dispensed with by any extension of railways; nay, the railways themselves depend very largely for their success on the avenues by which traffic can be brought to them from the country on either side.

Some trifling improvements in the means of transit have actually been made in India. The most aggravating thing about them is, their marked success; for it shows how much is possible, and how much is neglected. Between India and Ceylon, for instance, a reef of sunken rocks, too near the surface for ships of any size to sail over them, caused the traffic between the island and Madras to be carried on by means of very small vessels at a heavy rate of expense. A few years ago these rocks were blasted, and the channel deepened by some five or six feet, to the disgust, it is said, of certain oysters; but with an astonishing result in its effects on trade. The simple blasting of the rocks, so as to allow larger vessels to pass, immediately reduced the freight on corn between Ceylon and the peninsula about twelve shillings a ton, and increased the traffic ninefold. The river Godavery, again, flows right through the cotton-fields of the Decān and falls into the Bay of Bengal some distance north of Madras. It is not properly navigable; but there is nothing to prevent it from being made so for hundreds of miles. Near the mouth of it improvements have really been begun, and their success, as far as they go, has been striking. The only pity is, that they go no farther, and that while water-

communication could be had so easily with so important a district, the work is so long delayed.

The case stands thus before the British nation. India will give us as much cotton as we please as soon as we give her roads to carry it on, and will improve her culture as soon as we improve her gains. The moment that an abundant supply is sent to us from the cheap free labour of the East, the dear slave-labour of America will be stripped to a great extent of its profitable character, the greatest stimulus to the demand for slaves will be taken away, and while we relieve ourselves from a continually impending danger, we shall at the same time remove one of the chief obstacles to the liberty of the African race. Let every one who speaks of India speak of roads. In ethics, there is a road to perdition as well as a road to glory; but a practicable road of any kind in India is assuredly a road to freedom and civilisation.



LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IV.

BUSINESS kept me in Liverpool for three weeks without intermission. My father could only find time to go down once to Lythwaite for a day and a night. The incessant burden and responsibility of money-making, money-turning, and money-spending,—the cruel slavery of riches,—sometimes weighed heavily upon even his stout heart.

"Mark," he would sometimes say to me, when we were laying our heads together over business-matters in the small parlour till long after office-hours, "I sometimes think I'd ha' done better to ha' left thee a clerk, as I was myself when thee wert a bit of a lad, going back'ards and for'ards 'twixt this and the little house at Everton. Heigho, my boy, I hope thee'll get more good than thy father gets out of Lythwaite Hall."

It did sometimes seem to me strange that he and I, working here, in this musty room, under the coarse flare of gas-light, sometimes lifting our eyes from the mass of papers and mazes of figures to exchange a word or two, then again silence,—it seemed passing strange that he and I should have any part or lot in the splendours of Lythwaite Hall.

For its splendours, they might go to the winds; but then it had some sweetnesses too. Every Sunday,—that being the only day I had time to let them come,—I used to be haunted by wafts from the May-hedges, by the sound of rooks cawing, or the soft single twitter of young thrushes going to sleep in the rustling trees.

On Monday, when my father came back, I asked him if all were going on well at home.

"All well, and particularly quiet. Your mother," with a twinkle of his keen eye,—*"your poor dear mother has quite given up telling folk how very much she misses Lord Erlistoun."*

He was gone, then, safe and sure. Well, let him go, and prosperity go with him. He was a fine fellow in his way; but he could have done us little good, or we him. Why he came among us at all, whether from self-interest (yet rich and influential as my father was, common justice condemned me for suspecting the young nobleman of that), or whether it was one of those mere idle adventures which an idle young man is prone to, I still was ignorant; and, to throw no further mystery over the matter, I remain ignorant to this day.

Sometimes in the dull round of business, which chained my father and myself as effectually as if we were two horses in a mill, or two convicts working hand-fasted side by side, there would suddenly come across me a vision of that easy



THE MAGDALEN. BY CORREGGIO. (FROM THE DRESDEN GALLERY.)

enjoyable life, pictures from which Lord Erlistoun had given us at Lythwaite,—and I had seen Jean's eyes light up on listening,—pictures of summer sunrises in the Alps, of summer sunsets over the Euganean hills, of exquisite moonlights, brighter than our dull northern days, while lazily rocking on the blue Mediterranean seas, or skimming in and out among the lovely isles of the Grecian Archipelago. All pleasure, nothing but pleasure; bounded by no duties, burdened with no cares.

Yet, would I have exchanged lives? No.

One Saturday afternoon, when I was just thinking of him,—thinking, too, whether it would be possible to get away by the last train that night for a little, a very little, pleasure,—my notion of pleasure,—our housekeeper ushered into the back parlour "Lord Erlistoun."

I was surprised, and probably I showed it; for he looked awkward, that is, awkward for him.

Again, as I seem always to keep on saying, let me be just to him; let me not deny that delicate courtesy, that charming grace, which made the least thing he did well done; which, after the first, forced the little dark parlour

and me to brighten up in his company. He gave no reasons for his visit, except a slight apology for "interruption;" but sat down as if determined to be friendly and at ease.

We talked upon ordinary topics; then, on his inquiring after my "family," about Lythwaite Hall.

"You go down every Saturday, I believe?" he said.

Was that the reason of his coming? Was it only through me that he could hear,—as, in spite of all his calm, politeness, he seemed nervously eager to hear,—any tidings of Lythwaite Hall?

At my age, a man is seldom without some penetration, especially when his observation is sharpened by certain facts which concern no one but himself. I think I can detect falsehood in feeling or expression, and can likewise respect any feeling which is evidently honest and true.

Jean had "taken care," she plainly said. Perhaps one might even afford a little temporary regret for the temporary pain of young Lord Erlistoun.

I told him I did not go every Saturday; but intended to be at home to-night.

"Ah, indeed! It must be a pleasant thing to be able to say, as you say it, that thoroughly English word, 'home.'"

Thereupon we diverged, in an abstract way, upon different branches of this same subject. I detected in what Lord Erlistoun said many turns of thought, nay, even of phrase, which I recognised as my cousin Jean's. I have often noticed this fact,—how one person will involuntarily imitate, not merely the tone of mind, but slight peculiarities of word or gesture belonging to the one other person who has most influence over him or her.

Again, I say, both on this account, and from a certain restlessness which, well as he disguised it, pervaded his whole manner, thoughts, and plans,—for he poured out to me, unwilling and unresponsive confidant, a great many of these,—I could not help feeling sorry for Lord Erlistoun.

Rising to leave, he said suddenly, "You are going home to-night; might I burden you with these?"

Two letters; one addressed to my mother, the other to Miss Dowglas. Probably he noticed my surprise; for he continued:

"They are, you perceive, from Lady Erlistoun. She wished them delivered to-night; and I think I have reason to believe your Lythwaite post is uncertain. May I ask of you this favour on the part of my mother?"

He always spoke somewhat haughtily when mentioning the word "favour;" and yet to-day there was a hesitating humility about him too.

"I was not aware of any shortcomings in the Lythwaite post; but I will deliver these safely."

"Thank you. And you return on Monday?"

"I really cannot inform you, Lord Erlistoun."

All these miles the letters seemed to lie burning in my pocket. Men, especially young men, visit about as they will, in circles higher or lower than their own. If honourable in themselves, there is no reason why they should not be accepted and acceptable; but with women it is different, or society thinks so. What on earth did Lady Erlistoun want with my mother and my cousin Jean?

I reached home late: they had not expected me. The drawing-room windows were dark. However, in the little breakfast-room I found them both presiding over a large heap of new household-linen, my mother looking busy and pleased, as she always did when, on any excuse, she could put off the fine lady and be the housewife once more; Jean rather pale and anxious; but she brightened up when she saw me at the door.

"Ah, cousin Mark!"

"Mark, my dear boy!"

Lord Erlistoun had said truly; it was pleasant coming home. I did not for an hour or more deliver the two letters. My mother opened hers in a flutter of curiosity.

"Dear me! Bless my heart! Why, Jane!"

But Jean had taken up hers, and gone out of the room.

When she came back, it was merely to say, "Good night, Mark;" and she said it hastily. Two hot roses burnt on each cheek; but her hand was very cold. It struck to my heart.

I am no advocate for the romantic dignity of silence, that is, between two people who, however much or little their mutual regard, understand and believe in one another. With such, silence is often no virtue; merely cowardice, selfishness, or pride.

"Do not go," I said; "I want to speak to you."

"I can't; I must not stay."

"Only a minute. Sit down;" for she was trembling.

"Lady Erlistoun is coming to call here on Monday. Did you know?"

"Yes, he told me."

He! that little momentous word. But I passed it over; it would not do to stand upon trifles now.

"Cousin, I should like to know,—not that I have the slightest right to ask, and you must not answer, if you have the slightest objection,—but I should just like to know, in explanation of something he let fall, whether, since he left, you have heard from Lord Erlistoun?"

She paused a moment, and then said slowly and sadly, "He has written to me almost every day; but I have never answered a single letter."

No need to ask what the letters were about; no need to guess what their effect must have been, coming thus, every day,—and strong must have been the impulse to make Lord Erlistoun do any thing regularly every day,—coming from a young man, fresh in all the passion, the poetry of his youth.

I stood silent by the chimney-piece, meeting in the mirror over it a familiar face, well-known in Liverpool warehouses and on the Liverpool 'Change; seeing, too, in the distance beyond, that poor flushed face of Jean's. At last she turned, and hid it on the sofa-pillow.

"Do help me, Mark. I have been so very miserable."

I took a chair and sat down, opposite the grate, with my back to her, and said—something or another. Then I waited, and waited in vain. My mother called from the staircase, "Mark, it's bedtime; see that the house is locked up;" and I answered from the parlour-door, to prevent her coming in.

"Now, Jean, tell me."

She told me: just what I had feared, nay, expected. There is no necessity to give her precise words; indeed, she explained no more than the bare fact that she might have been Lady Erlistoun.

"I thought you said you had 'taken care.'"

"Ay, that's the thing. It was my pride, my wicked self-reliance; I thought I was doing him good; I wanted to do him good; I liked him to like me. But I never thought—O, Mark, if I did wrong I have been punished!"

Punished! Then even though his letters came day after day,—even though by some unaccountable means he had persuaded his lady-mother to come and condescendingly investigate his choice, there was no fear. I had judged her rightly. Our Jean would not marry Lord Erlistoun.

"I know it will not last; he is too young. After a little it will seem to him no more than a dream. And I may have done him some good, after all. Was I so wrong, Mark?"

I attempted not from any false kindness to compromise the truth. I said, it was likely that she had been in some way wrong, since, as she had herself acknowledged, in similar circumstances the woman is rarely free from blame.

"Ay, that is it; that is my self-reproach and fear. Yet, O Mark, if you knew what it was to feel your youth going—to feel, too, that you never had had its full value, that there had been no love in it, and now it was going, gone; and if some one came and loved you, or thought he did, said you were the only creature in the world who could make him happy, make him good; if you saw, too, that there was some truth in what he said, that if you had been younger or he older, or if other things had been more level between you both,—you might—"

"Jean," I said, startled by the expression of her eyes, "do you love Lord Erlistoun?"

"I am afraid I do."

So in a moment the whole face of things was altered; so, in less than a moment, that "ship" which Jean used to laugh about, as being with most people so long in "coming home," went down, down, without the flapping of a sail or straining of a mast, to the bottom of the sea.

Otherwise I might have perceived something unnatural in those five slow words, something not right in any car except the lover's being the first to hear them. As it was, I simply heard them, in all their force and significance to both our lives; and, so recognising them, entered upon the duty of mine.

This was plain as daylight. There are none who feel more sacredly the absolute right of love for love, than those to whom fate has denied its possession.

Jean came behind me, and laid her hand on my shoulder. She might. Henceforward I could no more have touched it, except cousinly or brotherly, than I could have put out my hand to steal the crown-jewels.

"Well, Mark."

"Well, Jean."

"I think 'tis time we said good night."

"Good night, then." A look up into her bending face, which was pale, drawn, and hard, "You will be happy, never fear."

"No; what I told you has no reference to—that. If any thing, it prevents it, and makes easier what I did upon instinct for his good as well as mine. No, Mark; I shall always remain Jean Dowglas."

With a smile that made her face saint-like in its sadness, she passed out of my sight.

But we cannot be in a state of saint-hood always. Certain facts which four dun walls might that night have borne witness to, till such time as the rookery was all astir in the weary dawn, gave me a clue to certain other facts, which Jean's exceeding paleness next morning alone betrayed.

There was happily no one at home but us three. I kept my mother safe out of the way the best part of Sunday, and on Monday forenoon.

My good mother,—she behaved admirably. Only a few nods and winks in confidence with me, and an affectionate lingering over Jean, indicated her perception of what was going on, or her prophetic anticipation of what was undoubtedly coming. After the first expression of pleasure, she did not even refer to Lady Erlistoun's visit, and, moreover, gave me a hint to the same purport.

"You see, she doesn't like to be noticed. Very natural; I was just the same myself when your father was courting, Mark, my dear."

Monday came. My mother was rather fidgetty; dressed herself directly after breakfast in her gayest silk gown, and strongly objected to Jean's, of some soft gray stuff—mouse-colour—her usual morning-dress.

"O don't, please," Jean answered, in a weary tone. "What does it signify?"

"Well," my mother commented, after watching her stand arranging the drawing-room flowers, her customary daily duty, and then sit down to work in the far window,— "well, I don't think it does signify. Poor Emma Brown! I wonder what she would have thought of her daughter."

And my mother wiped her eyes, for all she seemed so proud and pleased.

Not many minutes after, she rushed back into the drawing-room, all in a flurry. Lady Erlistoun's carriage was coming up the avenue.

"Who is in it?" I asked. Jean did not stir.

"Only herself. Dear me, how very odd of Lord Erlistoun!"

I thought differently.

Lady Erlistoun was a very handsome woman. You saw at once where her son had inherited his delicate profile, his full soft eye. The likeness might have been stronger when she was young, or would be as he grew old. In their world, the years between twenty-four and forty-four effect much.

She resembled her son in manner too. She paid various elegantly implied compliments to my mother on the exceeding beauty of Lythwaite Hall, and her own desire to see it; then went on graciously to explain how she happened to be staying a night at the Bishop's, and was unwilling to return north without having had the pleasure of making Mrs. Brown's acquaintance; and so on, and so on, never alluding to any particular object of her visit, nor noticing, except by the customary acknowledgment, the lady who was presented to her as "Miss Dowglas."

Nor when, after this formal introduction, Miss Dowglas slowly retreated to her seat, could a less sharp eye than mine have detected the occasional wandering of Lady Erlistoun's—keenly inquisitive as women are of women—anatomising her at a glance from top to toe.

Jean sat still, proudly quiet, unmistakably fair.

"Miss Dowglas, will you take me to see your rosery? Erlistoun has spoken much of your beautiful roses." This was the first time she had mentioned her son's name.

Jean crossed the room. Lady Erlistoun watched her,

every step, every trick of gesture and action of hands, as she showed the flowers in the vases; listened attentively to every word that fell from her lips, dropped easily in that low-toned, pure English, not, alack! as my dear good Lancashire mother talked.

Let another mother meet equal justice. She, who had been used all her life to these external refinements, valuing them far beyond their worth,—and yet they are worth no little, as indications of greater things,—let her be judged fairly. Nay, I doubt now if even my mother's son and Jean's cousin had a right to feel his heart so hot within him while this noble lady stood conversing with and investigating the other lady (yes, she recognised that self-evident fact, I saw), whom her only son desired to set in her own place, as Lady Erlistoun.

And for Jean?

Once or twice, at the bent side-face, at some accidental family tone, which you can detect in most voices, I could see Jean's composure stirred; otherwise she was, as she was sure to be, simply herself. Her mind she could disguise, or rather conceal, and in degree her feelings; but her character never. To attempt it would have been to her an ignoble hypocrisy.

I followed them as they moved slowly up and down the garden, talking of books, pictures, Continental life,—as Jean could talk, if necessary, and did so. In no way could I detect in her the least faltering, the least paltering with what she owed to herself, or to us Brownes.

Us Brownes! Though Lady Erlistoun was extremely gracious, though she had too much self-respect not to fulfil to the last letter whatever courtesy she had evidently set herself to perform, still one felt, if one did not see, the soft, intangible, but inevitable, line she drew between Jean Dowglas and "us Brownes."

In leaving, she held out her hand, "I trust we shall meet again, Miss Dowglas."

"You are kind to wish it, Lady Erlistoun."

And so they parted. When, after seeing her to her carriage, I returned to bid my mother and cousin good-by,—for I was starting,—I found Jean had gone up at once to her own room.

Two days after, my father showed me a letter from Lord Erlistoun, enclosing another from his mother, and from himself a formal application for Miss Dowglas's hand.

A very extraordinary thing, the old man said—quite unaccountable. If he had known what was going on, he should have set his face against it; he didn't like those sort of marriages. But in this case, when the other party had shown such respect and consideration towards the dear girl, and towards us likewise, when it must be a thoroughly disinterested affair,—for he remembered telling the young fellow himself that, except her fifty pounds, Jean had nothing,—why, he hardly knew what to say about it.

I suggested that none of us ought to say any thing. Jean was her own mistress; she must decide.

"You're right, my dear boy; of course she must." And not sorry to have the responsibility lifted off his shoulders, my father, in his own honest way, wrote to that effect.

In four days more I learnt, or at least judged from obvious evidence, that she had decided. Lord Erlistoun was again my father's guest.

That Saturday I did not go down to Lythwaite Hall.

* * * * *

Youth and love—first love;—let not those who have passed them by turn back and deny either: they are glorious things.

In time I became accustomed to the new order of circumstances: could go home and see those two pacing the garden of mornings, or talking of evenings in the summer Sunday twilight, without feeling that their position towards each other was unnatural or wrong.

This came easier to me, perhaps, because Jean looked happy. Not at first; but when she saw how happy her lover was; how gradually, under her influence, his whole

tone of mind seemed changed; how his character settled and deepened, the fine qualities in him strengthening, and the frivolous ones vanishing away,—then Jean, likewise, became at ease, and content. She evidently loved him; and love alone will make people happy for a time; not permanently; at least, not that sort of love.

Even now sometimes I fancied—could it be only fancy?—I could trace a doubt, like as when she had asked me so pitifully that very night, "Mark, was I so very wrong?" We had never spoken together confidentially again; indeed, it was an understood thing in the family that Jean did not like to be spoken to on the subject of Lord Erlistoun. When and where she was to be married, my mother said, she herself had not the least idea; it seemed "rather odd of Jane."

But, either from the inherent weakness of human nature, or something different in the girl herself, every body in the household treated her with great consideration, and offered not the shadow of a reproach to the future Lady Erlistoun.

I was not of them, and had no call to be. Their Jean Dowglas was not mine—never had been; it was a very different thing. And one day, when she was mentioning something she intended to alter in the Lythwaite garden "next year," I determined to find out the truth about her engagement.

"Next year?—you forget." And I looked at her left hand, where, as I had noticed, she wore no ring.

With a rather sad smile, she turned to me. "No, I did not forget. I know what you are thinking of; but you are mistaken. I told you the truth that night."

"That you should always remain Jean Dowglas?"

"I believe I always shall."

I could not just then find words, or her manner stopped me. She went on—

"Mark, I wish to tell you one thing,—which is all that any body has a right to know, and I have said it from the first, only nobody here seems to believe it,—that Lord Erlistoun is not engaged to me."

"Jean," I cried,—for it was hard to think her less than the woman I had always thought her, and yet keep silence,—"for the third time I say, 'Take care.' You are attempting a dangerous game; you are playing with edged tools." "Am I?"

"Beware! Two people may go on together easily and friendly for a long time; but after love is once confessed, or even suspected, they *must* be lovers, or nothing. I speak as a man. You women know not what you do; you are toying with burning coals when you play fast and loose with a man's heart. It is worse than folly—wickedness. Let there be no half measures; take him, or reject him; love him, or let him go."

I spoke hotly, out of the bitterness of my soul; but she was neither hurt nor angry. A little reproach there was in her eyes, as if in me at least she had looked for something she did not find.

"Mark, cannot you understand the possibility of loving and letting go?"

THE THEATRES.

ON Balzac's novel of *Eugénie Grandet*, MM. Bayard and Dupont, some time since, founded a drama, entitled the *Fille de l'Avare*; and a few seasons back Mr. John Bridgman made a version of it for the Olympic, while under the management of Mr. Fayren. A new version has been prepared for the same theatre by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, apparently for the purpose of adapting the character of the miserly parent to the genius of Mr. Robson. This actor has for a time held an anomalous position on the stage, as a broad-farce and burlesque actor who raised his edifice of humour on the basis of tragic passion. Not a few have felt that this same basis was the real element of his genius, its very substance, indeed; and that the comic superstructure was, in a vulgar as well as in a philosophical sense, merely accidental.

The revival of *L'Avare* has gone far to prove this, and, if such proof be necessary to any really critical mind, to convince the doubter of the fact. Mr. Robson is a tragedian; and, in the part of *Daddy Hardacre* (such is the title of the new adaptation), he is furnished with opportunity for evincing his emotional power. The tragic scenes are introduced by some comic ones, in which the avaricious feelings of the old man are cleverly illustrated, in connection with the affection which he bears for his only daughter. Hardacre finds it impossible to decide whether his love for his gold or his child is the greater. Nature herself, it is evident, holds the balance even. But in the course of the dramatic action the normal equilibrium is disturbed, and a fearful conflict ensues, that must end either in its restoration or the death of the subject. Does Hardacre love to increase his golden heaps, to touch their constituent units, and to gaze on the glittering pieces both separately and collectively, toying with them in admiration and fondness? Even so he cherishes his daughter, fondles over her, and presses her to his bosom and his lips with devoted passion. Fain would he teach her to love money as he himself does, and learn not to "let it slip through her fingers," which, in her pardonable inexperience, he fears she may. Hardacre loves also to possess land, but it gives him a pang to pay for it—to part with the bright gold for the dirty earth; it costs him blood to effect the exchange, but the anguish makes him richer in the end, and is therefore endured as a portion of the means for accomplishing the final cause of all his being. He has just completed the contract for a bargain which will make him at least five hundred pounds more wealthy, and the money is set apart for the purchase. Mean time the daughter's sympathies are wrought upon by the distress of an uncle, who, for the want of five thousand pounds, is about to commit suicide. She takes the sum from her father's stores, and sends it to her uncle. Hardacre discovers his loss; ere long, too, he discovers the thief; then it is that the struggle of emotion commences. His reason, his life, is threatened by the vehemence of his passion. We fear, too, his vengeance as he raises the chair to dash it on the poor girl's head; we tremble while he commences a malediction, which, however, he does not complete; we listen to his implorings with interest; we share his passion as he grovels on the ground in search of the hidden treasure, and hangs over the aperture from which it has been taken; and when he crawls up the stairs in the climax of his agony, we feel relieved from the weight of an intolerable suffering. Feebly do these words describe the scene; they can only enable our readers to guess at the acting of Mr. Robson. They must therefore imagine the coalescence of all that art and nature can accomplish to give perfection to the histrionic expression of complicated emotions like those we have indicated, and they will then form some conception of its completeness and depth; but nothing short of actually witnessing the scene can realise it to the mind of any one, however fertile in anticipations and invented probabilities. The money so stolen turns out, after all, to be by right the girl's own, and this fact proves the turning-point of the emotion; and when the mischief done can all be healed by marrying her to his nephew, whose presence on the scene has been the occasion for the distressing incidents which all parties have survived, a gleam of comfort penetrates Hardacre's poor racked brain, and the torture gradually subsides. Peace returns to his mind and heart, and a certain satisfaction, too, in the result. It is, however, at the cost of his daughter, whom he must part with—whom it is better, after such a breach, to part with; but as to the rest, he is solaced by the conviction that his other loss has only been imaginary, that he has really lost nothing, that she has only stolen her own property; and with such a chuckling sense of superiority over his fellows, and fortune into the bargain, he rejoices that he has still enough to complete his intended purchase and realise the profit on which he had calculated; and to this philosophic phase of the conclusion Mr. Robson gives as much effect as to the tragic force of the main situation. Beyond

doubt, in such a part as we have described, he is the greatest actor on the modern stage.

The dramatic season at the Lyceum has been brought to a close by the temporary transfer of the theatre to Mr. Gye for the purposes of Italian opera. The continued illness of Mrs. Dillon interrupted the run of the new works in which she was engaged, and the lessee had to fall back upon revivals. Amongst these *Virginius* and *Hamlet* have been conspicuous. We have not seen Mr. Dillon to greater advantage than in the Roman Father of Knowles. The performance was equally chaste and powerful. As to the former quality, indeed, we think Mr. Dillon carries his dislike of what he thinks "stagey" into excess. The indignation of the patriot at the end of the third act, and the devotion of Appius to the "infernal gods," in the fourth act, were consequently under-toned; but the grief and passion of the father were rendered with a natural truth and intensity that roused the house to enthusiasm. The passage in which Virginius sees in thought the arms of the "Second Tarquin" coiled round his child was one of the most striking displays of histrionic power that we have witnessed for years.

In his personation of Hamlet, the same performer has no superior on the boards. From the bias already noticed, some of the soliloquies—the "To be, or not to be," in particular—were given with even too much simplicity, and would have gained in effect by a more set elocution. On the other hand, the charms of genuine emotion and fresh thought were present throughout. Although Mr. Dillon, on the whole, eschewed new readings, his Hamlet in its general effect is decidedly original. The ardent and loving nature of the princely Dane, aspiring to meet in life with that ideal of truth and sympathy which, except in the case of Horatio, he never finds, was most truly and affectingly portrayed. The celebrated scene with Ophelia, in the third act, deserves the highest praise. The "noble mind o'erthrown" at first vents itself in an agony of invective. It is as if there, where Hamlet had "garnered up his heart," he discerns that lurking poison of self and falsehood, the fruits of which he had elsewhere proved so poignantly. "Get thee to a nunnery," he cries, bitterly at first, for he fears that even *she* cannot else escape the fatal contagion; but before he parts from her the old memories of affection revive, the thoughts of all that she has been to him come back, and it is with a voice faltering from tenderness that he at last repeats, "Get thee to a nunnery," and turns away from her as from a fading vision of youth and love. There is far more than conventional merit in such acting as this. In the play-scene, and on the reappearance of the Ghost, Mr. Dillon showed a power to grasp the sterner elements of the part no less admirable than the pathos which he had previously evinced. We take leave of the Lyceum management for the present with congratulations on the result of the experiment to the lessee, and on the dramatic gain which has accrued to the public.

Since the closing of Sadler's Wells, Mr. Phelps, and one or two of his company, have migrated to the Standard Theatre in Shoreditch. In such a neighbourhood the refining influence of the poetic drama fitly presented can hardly be overvalued. By force of high and consistent purpose, and great ability as a Shaksperian actor, Mr. Phelps has not only superseded in the north of London a low and meretricious entertainment by a pure and intellectual one, but he has given an almost classic fame to his suburban theatre, and attracted thither persons of intelligence and taste from all parts of London. It is with much pleasure, then, that we find the same actor now aiding the civilising ministries of art and poetry in the East. No small portion of his present audience is drawn from classes to whom the theatre is the sole recreation from else incessant toil, the one illusion amidst the hardest realities of life. Minds untaught except by the sternest experience, and too often embittered by the lesson, are amongst those who throng to the Standard Theatre; and who, amidst the images of beauty or passion which a noble drama affords, feel there at least that they are something more than hired machines, and that the

hopes, struggles, and triumphs of the heart there portrayed belong also to themselves. There one sees the fustian-jacket, the worn, it may be the dingy, visage, lit up only when the genius of the actor embodies that of the poet, and by the "touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin" enfolds the humblest spectator in the bond of a common nature. We know not whether such a sight can compete in externals with the gorgeous shows that prevail elsewhere; but we must be allowed to think that it has the advantage of them in moral use and dignity.

Glancing for a moment at the drama of spectacle, we may observe, that an equestrian version of *Henry IV.* has been produced at Astley's; and that in this, as in previous cases, the words of Shakspeare are positively delivered. Curiously enough, while theatres professedly dramatic have tended in the direction of pageants, a theatre professedly devoted to pageant has thus become in a measure Shaksperian. We do not profess to inquire whether the balance thus struck is a very consolatory one; but we suppose, if Shakspeare must be held to do little good in "legitimate" establishments, it may at least be granted that he can do little harm in equestrian ones.

A FRIENDLY VISIT TO CANTON.

WAR is a wonderful master of the ceremonies. Like individuals constantly meeting in the same drawing-room, but perseveringly ignoring each other's existence, because the magical words of introduction have not been pronounced by the common friend in whose house they meet, nations may stand face to face, and even keep up a certain degree of intercourse for centuries, without seeming to know aught of each other. But let war bring them into contact for a moment, and they become at once eager and interested about each other's affairs, and sedulously cultivate acquaintance. If this be not true of all nations, it is most assuredly true of the English, which,—whether it be from its insular position, or, as foreigners are prone to think, from an overwhelming degree of self-esteem,—during times of peace receives with listless indifference any attempt to make it acquainted with foreign manners, life, and modes of thought; while in times of war, the very turn of the noses and twist of the moustaches of the people with whom we are engaged in deadly struggle become of interest to us; and every scrap of information, old or new, concerning them is caught up with avidity.

Presuming that, in consequence of this peculiarity in our national idiosyncrasy, an interest in China has by this time been created, which all our tea-drinking, and the various excellent works written about that country, have hitherto failed to awaken, we venture to invite our readers to take a glance at Canton through the eyeglass of an intelligent French officer lately stationed in the China Seas.

It is not until the bay to which our Anson gave his name, between the mountainous promontory that terminates the peninsula of Chuen-pi and the point of Anung-hoy, spreads out before him, that the European, advancing up the Chou-kiang and approaching Canton, becomes strongly impressed with the distance of time more than of space that separates the empire he is about to visit from all that he has until then known. For the Chinese fleet, perchance lying at anchor under cover of the forts which crown the summit of the promontory, at once brings home to his mind the strange immobility of the race with whom he is coming into contact. The vessels of Nearchus must have been less primitive looking than these long rectangular boxes with three spars in the middle, looking more like dead saplings than the regular masts of a vessel, and the whole construction of which is such as would make the very mummies smile that repose under the pyramid of Cheops. Their poops rising in stories like a child's card-castle, bear on their escutcheons the imperial dragon with its greenish folds and its blood-tinged jaws; their prows are ornamented with scarlet flags, and

with two haggard eyes, without which it is supposed the vessel could not find its way along the water, and which give to its formless mass a ludicrous resemblance to a frightened seal. All the details of their construction and rigging make these war-junks curious specimens of the art of navigation in its infancy; yet they differ very little from the large commercial junks which visit the distant ports of Singapore, Batavia, and Siam. How they can achieve successfully such long voyages it would be difficult to understand, had not complaisant nature undertaken to solve the problem. One monsoon carries the helpless junks to their port of destination and another wafts them back again; and if, when close to the coast, the breeze ceases to favour them, they patiently await the tide, and float in upon its bosom like the sea-weeds that are the toys of the waves. Let no one suppose, however, that the deficiencies in the construction of these vessels are owing to the incapacity of the Chinese ship-builders. The same men who construct these primitive arks build the swift and admirable clippers and schooners which navigate these waters under English and American colours, and the agile mandarin-boats which are constantly plying up and down the river, cutting through the water with incredible swiftness by the aid of their forty oars. But the sacred rites and time-hallowed routine which hedge round the ancient civilisation of China extend their sway over the art of ship-building also; and though the imitative Chinaman may construct for the use of foreigners vessels on a level with the requirements of the nineteenth century, his countrymen he only furnishes with such as are built upon a model twenty centuries old.

The passage of the Bogue is less than a thousand yards wide, and though there is a somewhat broader channel to the west of the little islands of Wantong, both these straits might be long defended against a hostile squadron by a well-directed fire. Indeed, the Chinese seem to have been quite aware of the importance of guarding their inner waters against barbarian invasions, and have spared neither stone nor iron for the purpose. Having erected batteries on every available summit and point, they have further constructed massive walls at the foot of the hills of Amung-hoy, and behind these they have accumulated an amount of artillery sufficient to demolish all the fleets in the world. But having done so much to intimidate the barbarians, they deemed all further trouble superfluous. However, the events of 1856 may have impressed the lesson which the defeats of the years '40, '41, '42, and '47 failed to teach, and the Celestials may by this time have become convinced that fortifications and cannon, without men to back them, are poor means of defence.

Be this as it may, the Bogue Forts form an imposing feature in the river scenery, which, between these and Wampoa, twenty-five miles further up, assumes a somewhat different aspect. The verdant hills crowned with tufts of trees, and the cultivated valleys winding their sinuous path among them, now withdraw further inland, and vast rice-fields, won from the alluvium of the river, and skirted by rows of banana-palms, extend on all sides and hem in the course of the stream, which is further obstructed by numerous banks, that render the navigation very difficult. Small boats, with one man in each, stationed along both sides of the deep channel, warn the mariner off the shoals; and the Chinese pilots that navigate the ships through these upper waters are so skilful, that a wreck in the Chou-kiang is said to be a thing almost unheard of.

Wampoa is the roadstead of Canton. Hundreds of foreign ships assemble here every year; and around these, in thousands of boats that circulate in the numerous channels that intersect the land, and along both banks of the river, swarms a population that lives exclusively by the barbarians. In spite of the interest presented by the spectacle of restless activity that prevails at Wampoa, we must, however, hurry on to Canton in one of the small steamers which ply between the two places, and represent the inroads of Western civilisation upon the stronghold of Eastern stagnation. As

the steamer rapidly ascends the Junk River, verdant rice-fields climbing up the hill-sides in terraces, villages peeping out from amidst bambou-hedges, pagodas half hidden under the gigantic branches of the banyan-tree, meet the eye on both banks; and in the distance clusters of many-storied turrets with polygonal roofs and galleries announce the presence of a large city. As soon as the feeble barrier is passed, which, in 1840, was thrown across the river, and the oft-humiliated forts that defend it, the red masts of the mandarins, the first houses of the suburbs, built upon piles and hanging as it were over the river; large squadrons of junks, lying side by side, with their banners fluttering in the breeze, and the ever-increasing crowd of tankas, give notice that the port of Canton has been reached. Soon after this the city presents itself, but not the Canton beheld from afar, buried amid the heavy walls that surround the Tartar city; not either the Canton rising out of the mud of the Chou-kiang, which often overflows its streets; but Canton, such as the Chinese artists love to represent this Venice of the Celestial Empire. In the background, the imposing edifices of the European factories (for, be it remembered, we are describing the city before the outbreak of the recent hostilities), the flagstuffs of the consuls, and the proudly waving flags of England, America, and Denmark; in the foreground, the floating city, with its avenues of palaces, with gilded façades and delicate tracery; its long streets of cottages with wooden walls and bambou-roofs; its gambling-houses and pleasure-gardens, lighted at night with gaudy paper lanterns and silken globes; its teeming population; its swarm of boats, playing the part here that carriages would play on firm land;—a truly picturesque city, dazzling with colour, dizzying with movement, fantastical as a tale in the *Arabian Nights*, or as a scene at the opera.

But the steamer passes on, and approaches *terra firma*. Making way for itself through the crowd of tankas that hover round the quays, it deposits its passengers at the entrance of a large square planted with trees, and in the middle of which waves the flag of the United States. Grand as is this entrance to the European quarter of Canton, it furnishes a deceptive measure of the extent of liberality extended by the Celestials to the restless progressive sons of the West; for an area comprising between 400 and 500 acres of swampy ground is the utmost extent of territory that was granted to them, and beyond the limits of this they ever walked on enemy's ground. The factories and other edifices raised upon this area, which had to be filled up and consolidated at great expense, are divided into thirteen distinct groups by intersecting streets. Two of these streets, running at right angles to the course of the river, and denominated Old China Street and New China Street, are occupied by Chinese shops; and here are gathered together in fabulous quantities the divers and innumerable objects of Chinese art and industry which are so much prized in Europe: silks manufactured in Kiang-nan, and enriched with heavy embroideries in the suburbs of Canton; ebony boxes inlaid with gilt or ivory ornaments so minute that the beauty of the designs can only be duly appreciated when seen through a magnifying-glass; water-colour paintings with tints so soft and brilliant that they seem borrowed from the butterfly's wings, and representing gods brandishing thunderbolts, or warriors shooting with bow and arrows, or condemned mortals writhing in the tortures of a Buddhist hell, or mandarins seated in solemn grandeur on their curule chairs, or lovely ladies hovering like the fabled birds of paradise between heaven and earth. Then there are lacquered tea-caddies, fans, and trays of every variety of form and hue; porcelain of exquisite delicacy, bronzes of most capricious form, and carved ivories, exhibiting more taste in design than delicacy of workmanship. And from among all these articles you are to make your selection; and, in a strange compound of English and Portuguese, with elision of all not strictly necessary words, and in soft and liquid tones, that make you think this Anglo-Portuguese alliance remarkably harmonious, the Chinese merchant wheedles you

into spending much more money than prudence approves of. Who could resist the old opium-smoker when, with a caressing smile that almost imparts to his aged visage the gracefully naïve expression of childhood, he bends his sunken sallow cheek upon his shoulder, and says: "*You are my friend; we talker true; foty tolla*"? Forty dollars are given for what is not worth more than twenty; but it is only experience that can teach you what "talker true" means to a Chinese mind.

Old China Street and New China Street are broad and regular, and paved with large flags of granite; but being only frequented by Europeans, they bear a deserted appearance, in spite of the lines of low shops that border them on each side; and they form a striking contrast to the bustle and noise of Physic Street, a narrow irregular lane that winds its crooked way from east to west, between the European quarter and the labyrinthine islands of the suburbs, and through which an incessant stream of passengers and merchandise is flowing. Here you make acquaintance with all the dainties that tickle most agreeably the Chinese palate: Mandarin oranges with soft crimson rind, water-melons from Amoy, pears from Shantung, and jujubes from Pe-tche-li, are displayed in tempting order. Living fish from the Chou-kiang disport in large basins; and the wild-dogs, destined for the tables of the Luculluses of Canton, fret their short hour of life in baskets made of ratan. Here also are smoked ducks, but flattened so as to be almost unrecognisable, and bunches of dried rats and strings of cats' shoulders, hanging most amicably side by side, and vying with the more substantial attractions of quarters of beef and mutton and sides of terribly fat pork.

What a running to and fro; what a jostling, what a clamour, in this the noisiest street of Canton! but no quarrelling and no fighting; for patience is one of the most salient traits in the Chinese character, as you may judge from the look of passive endurance with which yonder rich merchant, seated at his counter, has been submitting for the last half-hour to the unceasing noise kept up by a blind beggar who has entered his shop, and who, by way of giving something in return for the alms he is soliciting, is striking together two sticks of bamboo which pass in Canton for a musical instrument.

No Chinese woman ever appears on foot in Physic Street; nor are the buttons of the mandarins ever seen mingling in the motley crowd there. The small-footed ladies and the big guns among the men are carried about in palanquins on the shoulders of vigorous coolies. They are not, however, the only members of the population that enjoy this privilege; for there is no student, be he ever so poor, who does not at times indulge himself in a promenade in one of these bamboo vehicles, and his porters upset the passers-by with the same aristocratic *sang froid* as do those who are preceded by lictors and runners announcing with fearful din the coming of a mighty lord. Indeed, the bearer of any thing seems, in Canton, to be invested with superior importance; for even the fellows that come tottering along under the burden of heavy baskets of fruit, slung on poles carried on their shoulders, trample down whoever may be in their way with all the indifference of conquerors trampling on a despised race.

Calculations based upon the daily consumption of rice fixed the population of Canton a few years ago at 1,200,000. The city of boats alone is said to number 300,000. A crenelated wall about eight or ten yards high surrounds the space occupied by the Mantchou Tartars when, in 1650, after a siege of eleven months, they gained possession of Canton, the last place that bent to their yoke. It is in this interior city that reside the viceroy and the other authorities of Canton, and within shelter of its precincts also the greater part of the respectable Chinese population withdraws at nightfall; for the tradespeople of Canton, like those of our own city, abandon their shops at night, and seek more quiet and comfortable quarters, either in the suburbs or in the Tartar city. From the latter strangers have always been

most rigidly excluded; and those who have visited it have done so at the peril of their lives, and have found little to reward them for their daring. It remains to be seen whether Sir John Bowring and Sir Michael Seymour will be more successful than their predecessors in opening to us the range of the entire city of Canton.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

YOU CAN'T SEE THE WOOD FOR TREES. "The houses hinder one from seeing the town" (French).—*Les maisons empêchent de voir la ville*; i. e. the attention is so distracted by a multitude of details, that one cannot comprehend them collectively. In its primary meaning the English proverb may have been equivalent to the French; but it is scarcely ever used now except in an ironical sense, like the Spanish, "He cannot find water in the sea,"—*No halla agua en la mar*.

W. K. KELLY.



BRIGHT POKERS.

We do not hesitate to set forth by asserting that we are utterly opposed to the whole class of articles of which that named above is the shining head. Although we thereby draw upon us the compassionate displeasure of many thousands of admirable housewives, we must be candid, and confess that bright pokers, and the whole catalogue of such "things not used," are our abhorrence. They are specious hypocrites, household shams, and deserve to be scouted from the society of those honest working-day sons of toil, their serviceable brethren. These latter, in daily familiar use, which do all the labour, become blackened, battered, bent in the service, for which, with half the world, the useless polished dummy gets all the credit,—yet who would not rather be the last than the first? Who would not rather be a tea-cup of the homely ware, constantly in requisition round the fireside, than one of the splendid set only brought out on state-occasions, when company comes, and every body is stately and stupid accordingly? What apartment possessed of heart and feeling would not infinitely prefer the estate of the cosy family-room, where the children are allowed to play about, and where, of evenings, the father and mother, in their easy-chairs each side the hearth, chat over the events of the bygone day, than that of the grand drawing-room upstairs, sacred to strangers and formalities, where the chairs and sofas and curtains are alike pinafores in brown holland,—where the looking-glasses and pictures are veiled with yellow lino, and the carpet is kept from profane feet by a layer of green baize?

But setting aside our sympathy with the things themselves (and, indeed, we are ready to admit that there may be many narrow-minded rooms, and many household articles, so nice and pretentious in disposition as to like the gilded state of a useless existence), we must be permitted briefly but emphatically to protest against the system which permits them to be. The principle is surely a mistaken one from the first. Use, and not idleness, should produce the only true and effectual polish. We should admire things, as persons, for what they are rather than for what they appear to be. "Handsome is as handsome does" is a homely proverb, equally applicable to the bright pokers of the household *ménage* as to human beings, we submit. Also, there is another wrong at the root of the custom,—the wrong which assumes that "any thing will do for us"

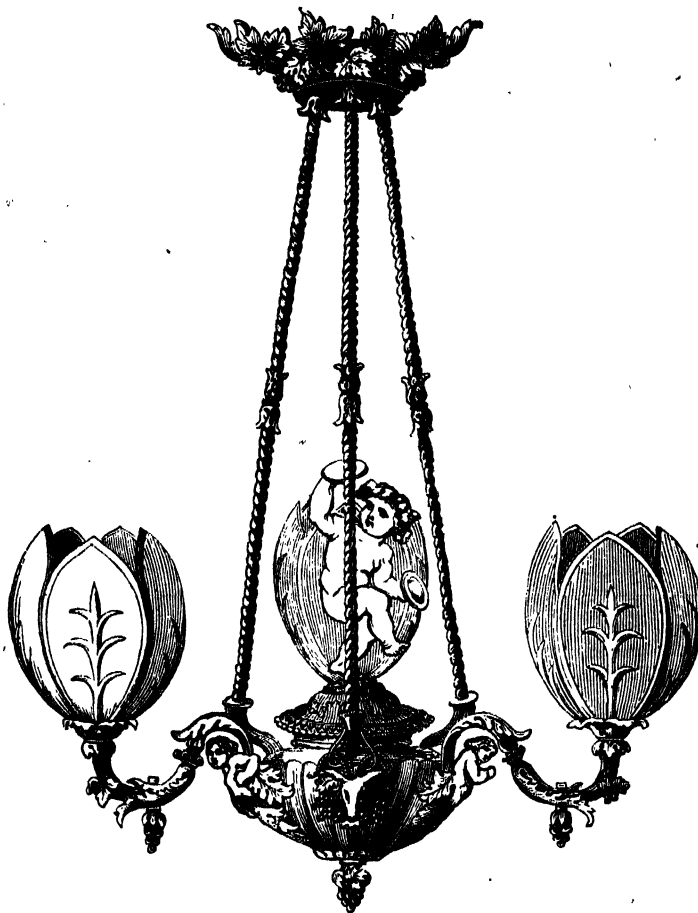
when we are by ourselves," in order that the eyes of visitors may be dazzled by the household splendours on company occasions. It is this feeling, or a phase of it, which invests the drawing-room draperies and chair-covers with their unsightly wrappings about 360 days out of the 365. It is this, too, which keeps the pretty dinner-service in almost perpetual imprisonment with the silver tea-service and the fine damask table-linen, while the family dine daily from ugly willow-pattern plates, and drink their tea from an ungainly and pewtery-looking vessel out of tea-cups, cracked, mismatched, &c., as the case may be. There is danger, too, that where these material externalities are thus careless and un-beautiful, the family manners may likewise deteriorate and fall far short of the proper standard. With children especially this danger would be imminent.

Let no one rashly assert, that the theory hinted at here is transcendental or unreasonable. It is no part of our present purpose to advert to it at length; but they who doubt may be assured *en passant* that more "education," in the true sense of the term, is achieved for good or ill by such so-called "little" things than even by the great ones. Children are quick observers and apt imitators; see, therefore, that, so far as it is possible, there be nothing in the daily habits and customs of family life which it would not be advantageous for them to perceive and draw unconscious influence from. For this, therefore, among other reasons, reserve not the handsome china, the damask curtains, and the satin dress, for "company," while in your own home-circle, which should be dearest and holiest of all to you, you are content with shabby, ungraceful, common things to use and to wear. Rather have *no best*. Let there be no satin for the gala-dress, if only duffle-gray and coarse stuff can be afforded for "every day;" and let the drawing-room hangings and chair-covers be of simple moreen for company, rather than they should be of brown holland, cold, ugly, and comfortless, for the family.

In other words, have no bright pokers, if you dare not use them at the household hearth to raise warmth and light around and among your nearest and best-beloved.

HABITS OF GOATS.

In a late charming paper of yours you stated with some emphasis, that *goats never drink*. That statement I must venture to contradict. We kept goats for years, and I am able to speak from personal observation. Our goats con-



DESIGN FOR A GAS CHANDELIER. [GARDNER.]

stantly drank water, preferring that in which a lump of brimstone had been placed, and greatly enjoyed warm ale-posses, such as is sometimes given to horses; and after milking, were the bowl carelessly left within their reach, they would soon drink up their own milk; and sometimes, while one was being milked, another would come behind, and nibble away at the groom's coat. Paper they were very fond of. I once left a volume of Cowper on the window-sill of their house, and on returning discovered that they had found it no task to swallow the "Sofa" and the "Time-piece," as well as "Truth" and "Charity;" and this was not from hunger.

Their love of horses is well known. If the stable-door were left open, our goats would immediately rush in, nor be ejected without difficulty. One of them, while dying, crawled to one of the horses, and resisting all efforts to remove

her, died almost under the horse's legs.

They seemed afraid of nothing—save the cat. Hor they seldom dared to attack; and when they did, she had only to *spit or hiss*, and away they scampered, cured of their bellicose attempts (against her at least) for the next month.

I will only add, that I know no creature more beautiful and engaging than a young kid. A baby is not to be compared with one.

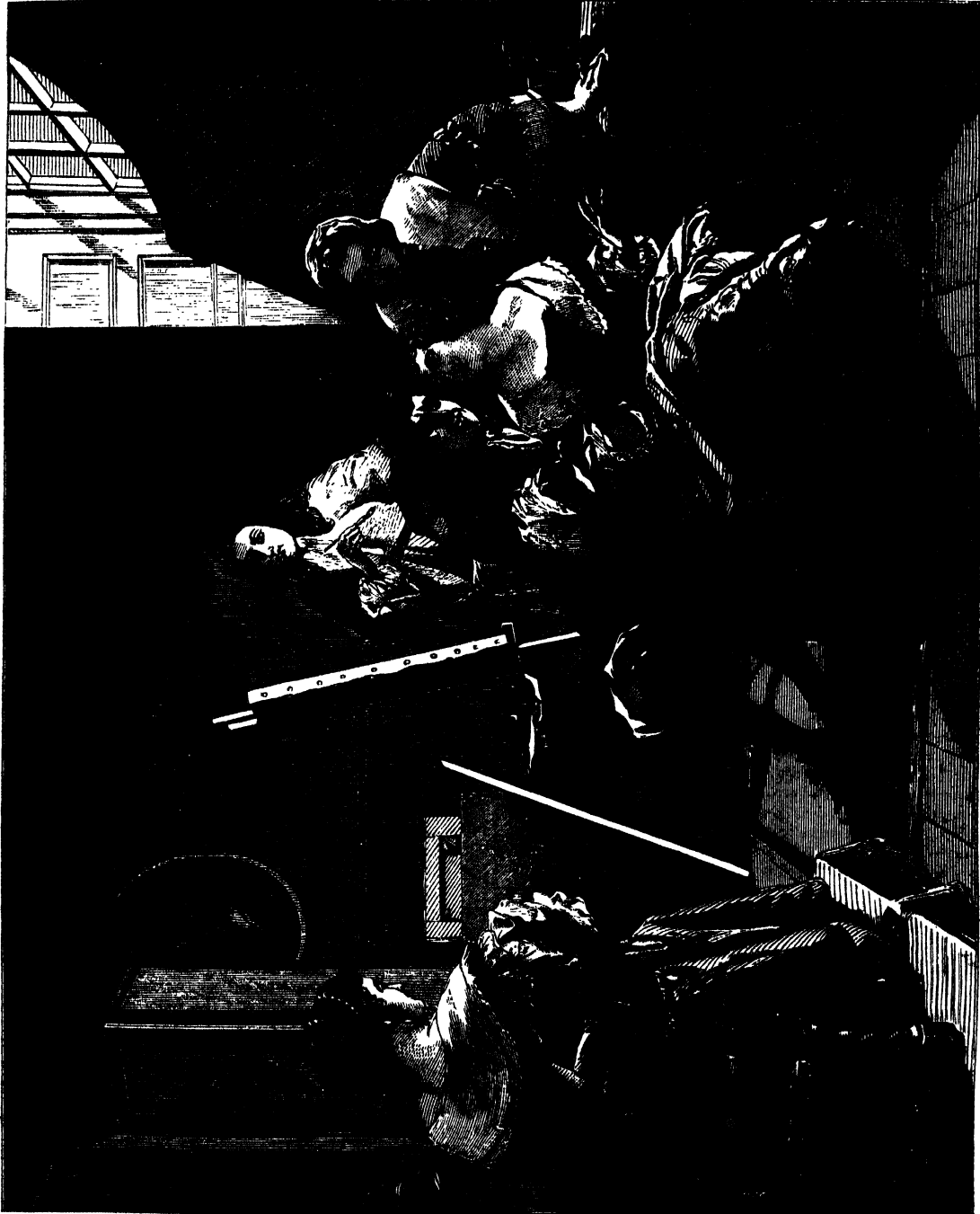
W. THRELKELD EDWARDS.

9 Downing Terrace, Cambridge.

[My remark, as the context shows, applied to goats in a state of nature. They are not the only quadrupeds which ordinarily abstain from drinking; many of the antelopes do the same when they obtain sufficient green food. She-goats in milk will sometimes drink, once a fortnight perhaps, and then only when fed on dry food. If goats get sufficient succulent diet, they do not drink; in fact, have an aversion to water. This is not intended in the sense of opposition or contradiction of our correspondent's statements; we admit that, in exceptional cases, goats do drink. It is the *rule* that gives interest to this fact in natural history. I could match the one that swallowed the "Sofa" and received the "Truth" without disputation by another that *chews tobacco*, ay, and swallows it too; in fact, she will eat any quantity of the vilest mundungus, and enjoy it.

As to the opinion of our correspondent as to the playfulness of the kids, let him turn one loose in a plantation of roses or fruit-trees, or any choice things that should not be *barked*, and then judge if it is *more engaging* than a baby. Fie! what will the ladies say to the comparison?

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.]



SCENES OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. XII.

PAINTED BY A. ELMORE, A.R.A.

A SUBJECT FROM "PEPYS' DIARY."

A SUBJECT FROM "PEPYS' DIARY."

By A. ELMORE, A.R.A.

"Feb. 15, 1685-6.—Mr. Hales begun my wife's portrait, in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a Saint Katherine. While he painted, Knipp, Mercer, and I sang."

THAT eminently respectable man, Samuel Pepys, Esq., secretary to the Admiralty of Charles II., left behind him a voluminous and most valuable Diary, which has been for many years a delight to all students of human nature, and, indeed, to every one who cared to observe the humorous side of mankind; and which is also extremely curious as an historical document relating to an important period of the history of England.

Among other entries, is the one quoted above as supplying the subject of Mr. Elmore's picture, from which our engraving is taken. Mrs. Pepys's, "poor wretch," as the diarist often calls her, sits patiently enough, making the best she can of the circumstances, but not without a glance of dissatisfaction at the singing with Knipp. Her husband is utterly absorbed in his share of the performance, beating time with his hand, as his companion does with hand and foot, to the song. Mr. Elmore has made a good point of design in showing this repetition of action in both. Knipp's face is characteristic and pretty, though rather out of drawing; the *minauderie* of her figure and action is very excellent; so is Mr. Pepys's face, as characteristic of his gross and sensual nature,—not, indeed, without a certain kind of goodness. Hales goes on, undisturbed by the singing, with a disguised smile on his face.

In the early progress of Mrs. Pepys's portrait the difference was so great between it and that of Lady Peters, that Mr. Pepys rather doubted if the latter could have been really painted by Hales. It progressed, however, more to his satisfaction; and afterwards he records, that it "is at last come very like her [Mrs. P.], and I think well done; but the painter, though a very honest man, I found to be very silly as to matters of skill in shadowes." Poor Hales! When the work was quite finished, he grew delighted, and "not myself almost." These were the difficulties of the artist, but Mr. Pepys did not escape; for he says, on the very day of the commencement of the picture, "and by and by comes in Mrs. Pierce, with my name in her bosom for her valentine, which will cost me money," it being the custom at that time to give jewellery to ladies on such an occasion.

On the completion of the portrait, Mr. Pepys inquired of Hales what was the price; and notes that "he [H.] says 14*l.*; and the truth is, I think he do deserve it." He had his own likeness painted soon after by this artist; and observes, that "I do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by." We suspect that here was the revenge which Hales took for the criticism his sitter had previously favoured him with. The reason Lady Peters, and after her Mrs. Pepys, chose St. Katherine as the character for their portraits was, in order to pay a clumsy compliment to the queen, Katherine of Braganza.

Mr. Elmore has exercised much discrimination in showing Hales to us as a mere man of business executing a portrait, not wasting an expression of ideal capacity on his head; an error into which many other artists might have fallen, and which there are no facts to warrant. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852, and is now at the Crystal Palace.

L. L.

FAST MEN AND THEIR FOUNDER.

In the dictionary of popular terms, "fast" implies a quality that has an inevitable tendency towards ruin; and yet its opposite, "slow," is only applied as an epithet of contempt. But prudent people connect *sure* with *slow*; and being aware that there is nowhere such a thing as perpetual motion, and that a man cannot be fast and seem fortunate for ever, the prudent people may be said to have by far the best of it.

A fast man resembles, in a certain degree, those coats of heraldry which dazzle by their varied and contrasting colours. Such scutcheons are known to the initiated as being the least honourable, and a competent judge is not deceived by the vulgar blazonry. Like a tulip, the fast man is showy, but also useless and unprofitable. The one is of ill odour, the other of evil reputation. Nevertheless, as in the tulipomania foolish amateurs wasted a fortune on a flower, so silly admirers of the professors of fastness pay dearly for their taste. It was said of a celebrated author, that he touched nothing which he did not adorn; the fast man comes in contact with no one without marring him. He does not merely shine, he burns; he destroys others, and consumes himself. He is like the balloonists, who rise high by flinging sand in the eyes of the world. He tosses overboard all principle, and is then like a ship whose ignorant crew have lightened her of all ballast; there is more appearance of solidity, and very much less of safety. The fast man, however, prefers appearances to reality; and yet what appears in him, to an observant eye, is real ruin; and his reality is empty show. He is like a torch flaring in a draught; the wilder it blazes, the swifter it consumes; and there is no honest warmth in him, nevertheless; yet does he wear a smilingly calm though cold countenance. But his heart is even colder than his face; and, in this respect, he is not unlike those lakes which, under certain conditions, show a liquid surface marked by a gentle ripple of smiles, and which are all solid ice below. If he has a fine head, illogical admirers will be ready to conclude that he has a fair heart; but with him appearances are especially deceptive. The very slips of his tongue spring from the corruption of his heart. You may trace one to the other, even as in paralysis we know that the side of the body is affected which is opposite to the side of the brain which is attacked. The conceit of the fast man is on a par with his selfishness. He is as daring in the former as Goethe's philosophical friend, who used to maintain that had he existed at the Creation, he could have given some useful hints to the Divine artificer. And we may add, that if the fast man is often daring in his conceit, he is quite as frequently ridiculous. There is no great work accomplished but he fancies he could improve upon the achievement. He is like Green, the Oxford watchmaker, who, just a hundred years ago, published a specimen of a new version of *Paradise Lost* in a "particular metre," by which he professed to have "brought that amazing work somewhat nearer to the summit of perfection." Generally speaking, however, the fast man lacks capacity for intellectual work. He is as foolish as he is fast. If his conceit equal his selfishness, his ignorance is often as great as the sum of both. If he be attached to any philosophy, it is (and that without knowing it) to the system of the Pythagoreans, who declared that many things were best learned late. The fast man defers instruction till he dies ignorant of all things save his own ruin. There are some men of the class who affect indeed the virtues which they do not really possess; as Pompey built a gaudy theatre, and thought to reconcile serious people thereto by calling it a temple. Under similar false titles, there are especial individuals of the class of fast men who ride triumphant for a time, and fancy that their triumph shall not end. And therefore do those require to be reminded of a fine saying of Parendon, one of Charles I.'s chaplains, that "there are some whose chariot-wheels God striketh not off till they are in the Red Sea."

The period is not so very remote when fast men occasionally found their career brought to an end on the scaffold. One thus placed laid blame on his sire whose indifference in his paternal office had resulted in this catastrophe to the son. But even the most anxious of sires now and then exhibit unskillfulness in dealing with their vicious offspring. They lack the dexterity of Alcon the Cretan who, when he beheld his son in the killing embrace of a serpent, aimed an arrow so justly as to kill the reptile without injuring the child.

What made the first fast man the founder of the order?

Simply that which has ever since increased the evil brotherhood—discontent and ambition in inordinate degrees. Why does one star in the Pleiades shine with less lustre than the rest? The star of Merope is dull only because, of all the seven sisters, she is the solitary maiden who was not wooed by a god. Happiness is very much like the golden tree of felicity in the Paradise of Mahomet, a branch of which reached to the very extremity of creation. There was fruit of various sorts for all, and all were required to be satisfied with the share which it was in their power to pluck, to keep their own, and not count their neighbours'. All dispensations have walked beneath the shadow of a similar tree, only to show how numerous are they who would rather live fast than live well. It is under the very earliest of dispensations that we find the original founder of the fast brotherhood, and his career has never been equalled for brilliancy and brevity.

The Abbé Banier was a man who made matter-of-fact of the grand mysteries of mythology. Gods and goddesses become under his hand simple gentlemen and ladies; Olympus is a hill, and Jupiter a squire of not irreproachable manners, who lives in a country-house on the summit. There is not a mythological hero whom the abbé does not strip; he takes the hide and club from Hercules himself, and shows us the performer of the "dozen labours" in the attire of a private individual. We see hero and heroine in their respective garters; they have played their parts; but, the play ended, the abbé takes us to sup with them, and then we discover that the ambrosia and the nectar, the helm and the tunic, the eagle of Jove and the owl of Minerva, were but mere symbols, and that the actors were by no means so great or so genuine as they seemed to be.

But the abbé has failed to satisfactorily elucidate the instruction given in the story of Phaeton. Now Phaeton was the founder of the order of fast men; and we are the more surprised that the abbé did not discern this fact, seeing that in the abbé's time France gloried in gentlemen whose way of life was the reverse of slow. Indeed such had been the case long before the age in which Banier flourished. What a sublime sample of the fast man, for instance, was that Duke of Angoulême, the officers of whose household once ventured to apply to him for the payment of their salaries!

"Why, what sorry and unreasonable varlets ye are!" exclaimed the duke. "My house stands where four roads meet; every road is frequented by travellers with rich cloaks and heavy purses; and yet you have the impudence to ask me to provide you with money."

The penniless gentlemen of the ducal household understood their fast master; and with a finger on the nose and a hand on their swords, they went forth singing, "Hurrah for the road!"

Of the order of fast men, of which this duke was so accomplished a member, there is no doubt that Phaeton was the founder. An examination of his story, as it is told by the Sulmian who sang of the Metamorphoses will tend to prove that our assertion is not groundless.

The first thing we learn of Phaeton is his intimacy with Epaphus. The latter was the son of Jupiter and Io; and he affected to look down upon the glittering boy whose mother was the nymph Clymene, and whose claim to call the sun his sire was laughed at by the proud offspring of Jupiter. This assumption of superiority on the part of his friend made Phaeton blush. To prove his quality and equality, he did just what fast youths are apt to do,—he applied to his father for means to make a figure, and he resolved to accomplish his end at any cost.

If the lad was weak, his sire was foolish. The latter could not withstand the boy's flattering appellations addressed to him; and Apollo, trusting that Phaeton would not ask too much, promised to grant whatever he might demand. When the boy requested to be put in possession of the chariot and horses of the sun, Apollo exhibited the characteristics which distinguish the foolish fathers of too rapid sons; he chose rather to ruin the boy than let him be disappointed. He des-

poiled himself in order to glorify his child. The latter scarcely heeded the counsel given him by his sire. He was too impatient to make a figure either too heed good counsel, or to count the cost. He thought his sire slow, and dreamed only of outshining the fop Epaphus. When he felt the reins in his hand, with the cruel ingratitude common to fast fools, he was ready to drive over the father who had stripped himself in order to deck his son.

The whole after-story is the narrative of a fast career. The father timidly suggested that Phaeton would do better by taking his sire's counsel rather than his chariot,—*Est tibi consiliis, non curribus utere nostris*; but Phaeton, dazzled by his possessions and prospects, replied only by cracking his whip, and dashing forth upon his way before him. He created a sensation,—of that there is no doubt whatever,—and his vanity was intoxicated by the result. There were many, however, who neither admired nor welcomed this first of fast young men; but these were sneered at. Some, who left town to avoid exposing their children to his example, and went to the sea-side under the plea of bathing, were pronounced cold. Such were the *gelidi Triones*. Others, equally reluctant to form an acquaintance with him, were pronounced not only cold but stiff; Bootes was voted slow, "*tardus eras*," for no other reason than because his honest soul was frightened at the ruinous course of an obstinate and headlong youth. And the time speedily came when that youth became alarmed for himself. His short hour of splendour was soon over; ruin stared him in the face; safety lay neither before nor behind him; and when he beheld the bailiff Scorpio, with both arms stretched to arrest him, the sight of the long, ill-smelling, and insolent official so affrighted him, that Phaeton hurriedly disappeared from the scene of his glory, leaving naught behind him but an evil name and hideous ruin.

The consequences of his career are to be found in the catalogue of his devastations. They are all emblematic. Beauty has perished before him; he makes poverty take the place of wealth; where he has passed, the nymphs bewail his passage with dishevelled hair, and the aged deplore his presence with equal reason. Cities suffered through his extravagance; and the gold of Tagus has melted away under his touch. The ruin also brought upon himself is well depicted in the broken harness, the smashed axletree, and the fragments of the shattered chariot, which are strewn around the proto-fast man on his final fall. A modern Banier, perhaps, would find in the words,

"Excipit Eridanus, spumantiaque abluit ora,"

some allusion to the restoration of Phaeton by the process of what is technically called "whitewashing." The process is not unfamiliar to fast men; but the ruin of their founder appears to have been permanent. He had his admirers of course. The foolish Hesperian Naiades said of him, that he had only failed in a dashing attempt,—*magnis excidit auris*. But also, of course, his own family wept bitter and fruitless tears over him to whom they were indebted for their ruin. The ruin which he brought upon his sisters in particular is suggested by the metamorphoses which they are described as having undergone, by being changed into trees; that is, they ceased to live, and thenceforth merely existed, or simply vegetated. And mark the pretty involution employed by the poet to describe the lowliness of the condition into which the sisters of the original fast man permanently fell. "From the trees into which the sisters were converted," says Ovid, "tears began to flow; and these tears, distilling in drops of amber from the new-formed boughs, harden in the sun, and, received below by the limpid stream, are thence sent to shine in the dresses of the dames of Latium." What is this but to say that the sisters of Phaeton were reduced to the condition of needlewomen? To this day, the tears of the sisters of that sad community may be traced on the garments which they make for bread.

The example of Phaeton has had many a follower. The brotherhood of fast men drive the chariots which they

hold on credit, create ruin where they pass, and, like their prototype, go to Eridanus at last. We have them, indeed, in our days "with a difference." A century ago, fast men, when "hard up," threw their main at White's Chocolate House, mounted their "thorough-bred," and cantered quietly down to some suburban heath, where they waited for passengers and purses. These were bold fellows who perilled their lives in their rather fast vocations. Fast men have other methods now; and the variety of the men, as well as of the systems which they pursue, baffles description. Some are evangelical bankers, who live like Oriental princes, plunder like pirates, and quote Scripture like the gentleman who is said to have a facility in doing so, when it suits his purpose. Others look like trustworthy officials; they are the pleasantest of Amphitryons, are genial chairmen of benevolent institutions, and are the most stupendous of felons. To maintain a look of respectability, a fast Quaker, not long ago, committed a murder. There is a tribe of Beloochees with whom it is a religious and profitable delight to slay every Christian who comes within reach of their hospitality; their belief being, according to their own phrase, that "his belly is full of gold." Fast men, at home, are even less scrupulous than the Beloochees. They will sooner slay a golden friend than a foreign heathen; and strychnine and the gallows close the tale. Finally, in the most contemptible class of fast men we must reckon him who dishonours an honourable name, prefers rather to be splendidly vicious than richly respectable; who knows not how to obey, and is perfectly unfit to command; who glories in his shame, positively enjoys his own evil renown, and whose best joke is to run up an account with a tradesman, and try to wriggle out of paying him by some rascally plea. When the fast Prince d'Henin exposed himself to the remonstrances of his friends, who were startled by his prodigal gallantry towards Sophia Arnould,—one instance of which was his presenting her with a new carriage-and-four every month,—he answered them by showing his coachmaker's bill receipted, and impressing on them the satisfactory fact, that he was living within his means. Such a fast man may have been a fool, but he was not a knave. Too often, in these latter days, your fast man is both one and the other.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS,

SUFFOLK STREET, Pall Mall.

As usual, we find here, among many bad pictures, some whose merits sparkle like little oases in the desert wilderness, and on these alone do we propose to comment.

Numerous small landscapes, apparently by young men, are noticeable, as showing a more heedful manner of study than prevailed of yore. Of these we shall direct the visitor's attention to No. 14, by F. Buckstone, "On the Llugwy, North Wales." Although over green, there is much truthfulness in this picture; its water-reflections are extremely good. "A Study from Nature," L. G. Cawher, No. 15, an old gate overhung with briars, is skillfully painted, although lacking colour. No. 74, "Bridge, Ewell, Surrey," by Mary Bleaden, a stream spanned by a single-arched bridge, is a charming little bit of nature, painted with much clearness of tone and fidelity. Similar merits belong to No. 126, "Rabbit Warren at Burnham Beeches," W. Luker, showing an old group of beech-stems, mossed and sunlight sprinkled; and also to No. 188, "A Pathway in the Wood," by Miss Witcomb, which is very clear and fresh. No. 218, "A Lane at Albury," G. Cole, is a pretty little picture of a sandy road overhung with trees, and full of shadows and sparkling lights. There are other pictures by this artist which merit observation. No. 585, "Study on the Banks of the Rother," A. Evershed, a full stream with meadows on its banks, and glimpses of distant country seen between trees, is a pleasing little work. Nos. 777, "A Weedy Nook;" 798, "A Corner of

the Lake;" and 799, "At Burford Priory, Oxon," by L. H. Micheal, are most charmingly painted from nature, each one being exquisitely finished. The young green wheat seen over the hedge in the first is quite a novelty in landscape-painting; the second shows a punt moored among weeds: its reflection in the water is one of the most scientific and pictorial effects we have seen. The prevalence of a pale-greenish tone is very detrimental to these beautiful water-colour drawings. A little still-life picture, with the motto,

"The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall,"

No. 669, W. J. Bolton, and No. 781, "Sketched from Nature," J. Hayllar, showing the verge of a wood, appear to be executed with much feeling and care.

Although containing numerous figures, we presume No. 36 may be included among the more ambitious landscapes; it is named "Delights of Summer," A. J. Woolmer, and represents a sort of medieval, or rather dreamland, picnic, with ladies and cavaliers lounging about in gorgeous raiment. Without the slightest pretension of resemblance to earthly nature, there is much cheerful and solid brilliancy about this picture, though retaining the ordinary *bizarre* qualities of colour for which this artist is celebrated. He has seven other pictures here, which are exactly what the public have been accustomed to from his palette for so many years. "Calves and Landscape," No. 65, by G. W. Horlor, has the animal portion of the picture capitally executed; but its landscape is inferior in quality. "Broadstairs Hovelers going out to the Goodwin Sands," No. 67, C. B. Hue, has the sea rendered with great truth,—a rare thing. Mr. W. Williams's painting, "Holme Chase, on the Dart, Devon," No. 69, shows a moorland valley, with a broad stream and rocky swelling land beyond: this is admirably painted. The artist's other pictures, of which there are four, will repay examination. Mr. Alfred Clint's "Recollection of the Thames," No. 80, a view below the Pool, is worthy of his ancient reputation. This artist exhibits ten pictures.

Nos. 121, "Mont Blanc, from the Col de Balm," and 346, "Near Annecy, Savoy," are by an artist, J. P. Pottit, whom we have more than once had occasion to commend. These pictures display Alpine prospects, which are represented with great fidelity and care; the truth of aerial perspective in both is capitally rendered. "Evening," No. 254, by the same, represents the sun setting—purple, orange, and crimson—behind some trec-trunks, which grow on the margin of a stream. This is a most effective and impressive little picture. Mr. West, who is celebrated for his Norwegian subjects, this year fully sustains his ancient reputation by No. 158, "Waterfall, Romsdal, Norway." A Norwegian river breaks between rocks,—its snow-sources visible in the distance,—while below the fall the water spreads calmly and still. The enormous masses of rock, upon which giant trees appear but as shrubs, display their horizontal strata piled mass above mass, and defy alike time and the ceaseless fall of the water. It appears to us that the shadows in this picture are over purple, an opinion, however, which we express with much diffidence. This painter exhibits seven pictures, amongst which "Water-worn Rocks, on the Conway," No. 347, is most remarkable; but all are excellent. No. 223, "A Summer's Noon, Llyn Givernen, North Wales," by H. G. Boddington, although replete with the peculiar manner of a class of artists whose works are so well known, and being moreover charged with purple tints much beyond the truth of nature, is, despite these mannerisms and exaggerations, very effective and interesting. It is greatly to be regretted that so accomplished an artist should continue to repeat himself until it is hardly possible to find a novel feature among the very large number of works he produces every year.

"Early Spring," No. 475, W. J. Webbe, is a novel subject for a picture, but so admirably painted, that we earnestly commend it to the visitor's study: it shows the base of

a mossed bank wherein a robin has his nest; the bird himself is here attending upon his mate, whose head peeps out between the tall grasses. Primroses, violets, the fronds of the adder's-tongue fern, and many lustrous broad-leaved plants, some caterpillars, and a splendid moth, are painted with the utmost discrimination and care; thrusting amongst all this are some boughs of hawthorn full of bloom. The painting of these flowers is the only fault we can detect in the execution of the whole picture; they are hardly "moonlight-coloured" enough, to employ Shelley's exquisite phrase, for May-blossoms. A strange subject is that of a picture by H. J. Rolfe, "A Committee of Taste," No. 511, wherein a worm on an angler's hook is submitted to the judgment of certain roach and bream, the majority of whom look askance, but the biggest and greediest turns on his side preparatory to a bite. This picture requires brightness. Why the glimpse of landscape above the water-line should be so dull in colour we cannot divine.

Mr. J. W. Chapman's "Dead Pheasant," No. 189, and a "Brace of Partridges," No. 78, will be found to be most elaborate studies. No. 107, "My Basket," by Miss L. S. Rimer, shows a white camellia lying in a little basket, and opposed in colour by a red flower: a little picture which is executed throughout with skill and taste.

In "The Son and Heir—the Birthday," by J. Clater, No. 70, is a daring innovation upon a rule of art which we thought sanctioned by nature herself. The picture represents a farmer's family embracing the first-born son, and preparing the anniversary feast; but the artist, determined to be original, has so drawn the faces that no single eye is on a level with its companion; the effect of this, although peculiar, is not pleasing. "The Playfellows," J. Morgan, No. 61, a child tied in a chair and playing with a puppy, is painted with much solidity, force, and clearness of colour: the infant is a little gem. No. 75, a girl reading "The First Valentine," J. H. Naldor, is a somewhat ugly but tolerably faithful rendering of nature in a coarse way. No. 102, "A Rosebud," Miss A. E. Blunden, the head of a little girl smiling demurely, has the expression rendered with feeling, although evidently by an inexperienced painter. "Anxious Suspense," 327, by P. R. Morris, shows an amusing incident: a boy climbing a tree has lost his hold, but escaped a fall by the toughness of his smock-frock, which, catching over a bough, keeps him suspended in mid-air. The expression of face and attitude is capital, as hanging half in hope of a deliverance, and half in fear, lest a person whom we see approaching from behind should be his master, whose advent might convert his suspense into a painful certainty of a "hiding." Under these circumstances, the expectant look of the culprit's face, and the way in which his feet, in their huge boots, dangle wide apart, is inexpressibly ludicrous. The execution of the picture is not unimproving. Mr. H. A. Bowler's "Scene from *As you like it*—Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando," No. 269, has a great deal of skilful painting in the foreground of the landscape, and much taste in the arrangement of the figures; but their faces are of the lay-figure cast, extremely pretty, but unlike life. This artist's picture at the Academy in '55, "The Doubt," a lady meditating over a grave, did not prepare us for the conventional character to which we now refer.

Mr. E. Eagles' painting, No. 153, "Il Ritorno della Contadina," is executed in a style which will astonish most English observers, being a reproduction of some of the peculiarities of the Roman school, such as is rarely seen in this country. It shows an Italian peasant-woman wading through a brook with a basket on her head, in which lies a child playing with some red berries; this she steadies with one hand, holding by the other a boy, who stoops to make a flash with his hand in the water. If we put aside all idea that art should be the interpreter of nature, and that the first duty of an artist is to reproduce something from her vast storehouse, choosing whatever may express the motive of his picture,—having done this, we say, we are bound to state that the picture before us has very promising

qualities, being broadly and skilfully drawn, the expression successfully rendered, and the design having an element of grandeur such as one rarely sees surpassed now. Our surprise will, however, be great, if Mr. Eagles wishes it to be understood that he ever saw a sky (which we take as a key to the colour of the whole painting) like the one here represented. True, we have seen such things, but it has been through the reek of a brick-kiln; otherwise we do not believe there was ever any thing like it on the earth.

"Turning a deaf Ear," No. 138, S. Anderson, is an example of the manner in which the idea of Pre-Raffaellism is abused: the subject is a child playing with a heedless cat. The extreme care with which this picture is executed makes its faults the more lamentable; these are, that the colour is gaudy and hard, violently opposed and unnatural, with the flesh opaque and coarse in texture. The carpet is surely wrong in both aerial and linear perspective. To this artist's other picture,—No. 445, "I'm helping Mamma," a child pulling to pieces some crochet while reclining in a large chair,—every visitor will turn with delight, and long remember. We have rarely seen a painting more exquisitely finished, more richly subdued in colour, or where infantile expression was more charmingly rendered. The drawing throughout the work, from the face and limbs to the wonderful minuteness of the pattern of a shawl which is carelessly thrown over the chair, is unsurpassably correct and beautiful. This picture is the gem of the whole exhibition; and it was with surprise and regret we observed on the day of our visit that it remained unsold.

No. 778, "The Day after the Play," children repeating a performance; and No. 802, "The Lover of Art," an errand-boy regarding a print after Raffaele in a shop-window, by R. W. Chapman, are very capital water-colour drawings, of which the former pleases us most, both for design and execution; the latter, despite a dash of sickly sentiment, is, however, so good that we should rejoice to see more like it in this room.

We shall end by introducing to the reader two pictures by J. Campbell, Jun., whose admirable work, "The Askings," was here last year. "Waiting for legal advice," No. 379, shows the interior of a country lawyer's office, wherein is seated before the rail of the clerk's sanctum an impatient litigant, whose private affairs are under discussion by two vulgar clerks behind. Their audible whisperings are no alleviation to his impatience, as he sits with a bitter hardness on his face that speaks highly for the artist's power of rendering character. The blemish in the picture is the figure of a boy, who vainly endeavours to call the attention of the suitor to a tectotum he has set spinning on the floor. This figure is out of drawing, distorted, and coarse. Mr. Campbell ought to repaint this figure, and turn a blemish into a beauty. The artist is young. He comes from the north of England, which has recently produced such notable painters as Messrs. Windus and Sterling. The latter's picture, "Scottish Presbyterians in Church," exhibited at the Academy in '55, strikingly resembles in many qualities the one before us. No. 750, also by Mr. Campbell, shows a man seated in a stable repairing some harness, the dilapidated condition of which promises that any thing but "a tidy job" will be the result of his labours. The expression is fully equal to, and more finished than, that of the former picture; but the colour, although in perfect keeping with the subject, appears a little overloaded and black. L. L.

THE FIRE-REPORTER.

By STEPHEN HUNT.

THE phases of London life may be likened to the changes of a kaleidoscope, presenting us with something new at every turn, and occasionally exhibiting eccentricities so striking, that it is no wonder they should have provoked elucidations in prose and verse, for the edification both of drawing-room and nursery readers, from the pens of many clever writers.

Of the poetasters, however, it may be remarked, that some of them have made singular omissions, particularly the authors of those amusing little books entitled *London Cries*, not one of which contains the least mention of the cry of "Fire!" the most exciting of all outdoor cries, especially at midnight. No sooner is it heard than up go the windows of almost every house in the street, and the heads of the awakened inhabitants pop out as simultaneously as if they were suddenly seized with the whimsical mania of looking at each other's faces in their nightcaps. "Fire! fire!" Surely it must be a hoax:

"No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the sereno of heaven,"

and the windows are being closed, when suddenly a dense smoke rises from behind the roofs of the opposite houses; then a shower of sparks; and then up shoots a tongue of flame, and young and old hasten to dress and betake themselves to the scene of conflagration.

Of all sights there is not one more generally attractive than that of a fire; it is at once picturesque, grand, and appalling. People will run miles to behold it, and display the utmost eagerness to get to the scene while the flames are yet raging with their wildest fury; but should they be disappointed, as they sometimes are, by mistaking the locality, they console themselves with the reflection, that the daily papers will be certain to give a full account of the occurrence. At breakfast, only a few hours afterwards, they get it,—a vivid description of the fire itself, number of houses consumed or injured, names of occupants, value of property destroyed, lives lost, narrow escapes, and other particulars, so minute that they could have been recorded only by some very painstaking person on the spot; the London fire-offices doubtless keeping in each brigade a competent scribe—a sort of literary fireman—to do the reporting. To those who are unacquainted with the mysteries of a newspaper-office this may seem a reasonable way of accounting for the details that are given of the numerous fires that occur after midnight. The majority of readers, however, do not trouble themselves to think about the matter, and will probably learn with surprise that the graphic accounts which so deeply interest them are not supplied by any one specially employed either by the fire or newspaper-offices, but by casual reporters, who, as though they bore an affinity to the reputed peculiarity of the salamander, depend upon fire for their existence, ay, more, even their wives and families subsist upon it, their welfare and felicity increasing with the number and extent of the fires they may be able to revel in during the year, or rather three parts of it, the summer being a season of perfect torpidity, and affording nothing but such poor substitutes as one or two railway-accidents and an occasional murder or suicide. This, however, is very listless unprofitable work, and affords our reporter little more than a discontented domesticity at his lodgings, which are invariably within a few doors of an engine-station; whence, at all hours, he receives intelligence of every fire the brigade are called out to, and, like the fireman's dog, being considered as belonging to the establishment, he is allowed the privilege of conveyance free of cost wherever the engine and its attendants may be going.

The season for fires begins about November; and then, limiting his nocturnal repose to a sort of dog-sleep, and having prepared every thing in case of a call, he is up and dressed almost before his alarm-bell has done ringing. Off he hurries, in dread of exceeding the limited three minutes during which the horses are being put to; and should he, in his haste, escape such hindrances as a slip on the stairs, a collision with a lamp-post, or an immersion in the gutter, he presently finds himself being whirled off to the scene of conflagration. No matter how repulsive the weather,—be it a cutting north wind, with sleet, hail, and snow, or a soaking south-wester, or a dramatic combination of thunder, lightning, and rain,—he braves it all. The idea of "a good

fire" in perspective, especially if the first of the season, would cheer him through fog, frost, or any amalgamation of inclemencies, albeit in keen contrast with the cosy warmth of the bed that he has just turned out of. Yes, it is a good fire; the glare in the sky is beginning to spread; possibly it may even be good enough to admit of "further particulars" for a second edition; and the idea of this dispels at once every sense of discomfort, however seemingly oppressive.

On a dark or foggy night, when the swarthy faces of the brigade, their glittering helmets, and the fiery-red of the engine, are illumined by the glare of torches smoking and blazing in the current of air created by the furious speed at which the horses are galloping, our fire-reporter presents the imaginary impersonation of some condemned victim of the Inquisition on the road to his *auto-da-fé*; and, in truth, his life is perhaps sometimes seriously imperilled; for there is no saying to what casualty he may be subjected in obtaining the particulars indispensable to the completeness of his report. Arrived at the fire, he has first to ascertain the name of the owner and value of the property that is being destroyed; and who so fit to give those particulars as the sufferer himself?

"Mr. Tomkins," says somebody; "there he is, making his way with yonder fireman into the counting-house."

Note-book in hand, off darts our reporter, heedless alike of impropriety and of every other more palpable and personal impediment. "Beg your pardon, sir;—very sorry indeed. *Times* reporter,—trust you will excuse my inquiries. Hope you are insured. What amount shall I say, sir?"

"Ten thousand pounds."

"Thank you, sir. And the value of the property?"

"Double that, at least."

"Any idea how the fire happened, sir?"

"No."

"Nor in what part of the premises, or at what hour?"

"Don't pester me, sir!" cries the irritated sufferer, hastening to depart with the books he has saved out of his iron-safe, and followed by the "*Times* reporter" through a dense volume of smoke which threatens to inflict instant suffocation.

For further information, our scribe applies to some of the crowd, and to such of the neighbours as have come to their doors. Having thus learnt all he can in as little time as possible, he is off on the look-out for some place where he can write his report, on his road to the newspaper-offices. At three or four o'clock in the morning, and probably in a neighbourhood innocent of night-houses, this is rather a perplexing matter, especially if rain, snow, or hail preclude the possibility of using one of the fixed tables, such as we see in front of many of the public-houses in the Kent Road, or of converting the step of a street-door into a writing-desk. The incredulous reader may laugh; but some such transformation, pantomimic as it seems, is very often performed by the fire-reporter, with the aid of a thick oblong piece of tin, about five inches in width and seven in length. To insure a smooth and level surface for writing, he lays this between the doorstep (or whatever other support he can find) and the manifolds which he has brought with him,—alternate sheets of white and lamp-blackened tissue-paper,—already arranged and pinned together. His pen consists of an instrument professionally termed a "stylus," having a wooden stem like a pen-holder, with a beautifully smooth though rather sharp point of hard steel; and thus, at one writing, he makes six copies of his report, unless the length of it happens to exceed a single page, when a dive into his capacious pocket-book will probably produce another set of blacks and whites ready for use on the instant.

Should the weather be wet, he avails himself of the best accommodation he can find—such, perhaps, as one of the sheltered shambles of a market; or, failing in this, he ties his handkerchief round his head, and makes a writing-desk of the top of his hat, unless, indeed, his road home lies westward, and then he knows where to find plenty of houses

that are open; but he has no time to go out of his way to look for them in a strange neighbourhood. His report being now written, he flies round with it to the different offices; and, after all this toil and positive suffering, to say nothing of injury to health, sometimes finds that, owing to the pressure of parliamentary debates, or other imperative matter, the editors of the papers have condensed his account, and cut down his earnings—literally a penny a-line—from pounds to a few shillings.

As a compensation for this, however, they will, when their pages are less crowded, accept his account of the first atrocious murder, or other exciting event that may occur; and should it be any thing legitimately in his own line, such as the destruction of a theatre or other public building, will allow him to extend his report to any length he pleases, taking also "further particulars," almost *ad libitum*, as long as the public mind continues to evince an interest in the occurrence.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

THE question which has lately been raised in the *Times* as to the Efficiency of the Pulpit in our National Church, is one of the deepest interest.

Abstaining as we do from argument upon those points of doctrine on which Christians differ, we hold ourselves quite free to remark upon the best means of enforcing those great truths to which all Christians assent; and we may say further, that we should care little for the interests of science, imagination, or morals, with which we especially deal, unless we could refer all, directly or indirectly, to a common ground of religious life and influence.

While granting on the whole the earnestness and devotedness of our clergy, we fear that, as regards the great function of speaking home to the hearts of the people, there is too much reason for complaint; nor can we admit that in this particular Dissent has any superior claims to boast of. The names of MELVILL and DALE, MAURICE and KINGSLEY, in the Establishment; of CAIRD, GUTHRIE, and DICKSON amongst the Presbyterians; of LANDELS and (viewing rather the intensity than the width of his mind) of SPURGEON amongst the Dissenters,—prove, indeed, that we have still preachers who can rivet the sympathies of their congregations; but such men are the exceptions. In hundreds of cases it is too plain that cut-and-dried theological phrases form the whole apparatus of the preacher; that the man beset by religious doubts is met with a dogma instead of an argument; that the "hope that is in" the Christian is affirmed, without that "reason" for it which the Apostle enjoined; that the aroused conscience, the enlightened mind, the melted heart, are effects seldom produced; and that infidelity, though weak in its own sophistries, continues the fight uncowed, not because itself is invulnerable, but because its opponents are unarmed.

For this deficiency, so widely felt and deplored, several remedies have been proposed; the chief one being the education of candidates for the holy office in the art of popular appeal, or at all events a previous examination of the candidate to test the degree of his natural gifts in oratory.

Now we cannot but think that this is a somewhat shallow way of looking at the difficulty. Preaching is so often ineffective, not simply because of the speaker's manner of saying, but because he has so little to say. We have, moreover, a repugnance to the notion that the influence of the pulpit is to be restored by the aid of the elocution-master. The issues of religious leading are in Higher Hands than ours; but the consoling truths, and the wide scope of our faith, will, so far as the instrument is concerned, make their

own way, however plainly stated, provided they be enforced with intelligence and earnestness.

The real obstacle to ministerial success is, we apprehend, the narrow views which prevail as to the functions of the pulpit, and the disposition to sever theology from the ordinary feelings and aims of life, instead of regarding it as a central principle which applies to the entire nature and pursuits of mankind.

The great themes of human redemption, and the conditions on which it is to be obtained, are, indeed, not only vital, but the very basis on which Christian hope must rest. Yet we may well ask whether there be not too great a tendency to suppose that the preacher's work is done when the Christian plan is set forth. Man's sinful state, the deceitful bias of the heart, our helplessness but for the provisions of Divine mercy, are surely not only views to be entertained, not only internal feelings to be cherished, towards God, but, as a natural result, motives to holy and noble action towards man. Christianity, it will be conceded, is designed, not only to rescue us from a penal state, not only to produce gratitude for that rescue, but to flow as a sacred current through our whole experience; to leaven, not to destroy, our habitual interests; to direct, not to limit, our feelings and powers.

Yet how lamentably true is it, that in modern preaching religion is often treated as if it were a something apart from man's nature and his daily pursuits; as if there were certain faculties—that of imagination, for instance,—certain callings—that of the politician, for instance,—on which Christianity had no direct bearing, and from which it was practically distinct!

We would speak reverently; and it is because we feel reverently that we ask whether a system which ignores the concerns of our daily life can be a meet offering to Him who appointed it? Do we honour that Divine One, whose name it is our privilege to bear, when we view His religion as a thing apart from our joys, sorrows, and vocations? Is it the truest gratitude, to muse upon the benefits He has bestowed, and our own security for their enjoyment, and yet to look upon His world as unconnected with Himself; to admit Him into our closets and into our sanctuaries, and not into our marts, our senates, our walks, and our recreations; to shut Him out from the philosophic thought, the poetical conception, the scientific discovery; to repair to Him as if He dwelt in a corner of His universe, instead of pervading it? The attempt were as reasonable as to fence in the sun. A man cannot wall-in *that*, although he may himself.

Can it be denied that our contemporary preaching is too often liable to the charges we have advanced? Do we find it habitually incorporating Christianity with life? Does it try our politicians by the standard of Christian rule? Does it exact from our poets the conception of Christian self-sacrifice and purity? Does it demand (except in theory) that marriage shall be a sacrament, not a barter? Does it hold out to the young the ideals of reverent self-denying and heroic character in manhood or womanhood as the fit objects for affection? Does it inculcate innocent joy from the beneficence of the Creator? Does it add to our delight in natural beauty the zest that it is the work of His hands? Does it tenderly visit the recesses of the mourner's heart, remembering Who it was that once wept? Does it draw from the yearnings of the bereaved new arguments for a life to come, and so confirm the truths of revelation by the instincts of man? Too often, even by good and sincere teachers, these interests are neglected, or treated as if they were merely secular; and the minister of religion leaves the heart void because he does not apply religion to its wants.

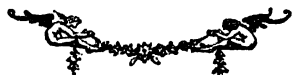
With its Divine revelation of self-sacrifice, as at once the means of salvation and the guide to holiness, we can see no condition of our affairs, no faculty of our being, no labour of the hand, no device of the brain, which should not be referred to Christianity for their motive. As a central principle of life, its nature is to permeate, not to check, human endeavour; to raise the ideals of imagination, to dictate the policy of cabinets, to become integrity in the



THE COLOSSAL PAIR, THEBES. BY FRANK DILLON. (SEE PAGE 375, VOL. I.)

counting-house, love by the fireside, charity every where, forbearance under wrong, peace in affliction, immortality in death.

So apprehended and taught, we cannot doubt that truths which lie at the very core of life would no longer leave their hearers cold or their practice formal. But rightly to expound them, not only earnestness and spirituality are needed, but a large grasp of thought and sympathy. It ought at least to be felt that to such a task a man must be divinely commissioned, not self-appointed; that his office is, in the highest sense of the word, a vocation, not a profession.



LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

V.

TOWARDS the end of the season, which lasted longer than usual that year, we all went up to London for a month; not with any great show, or to enter into expensive gaieties: my father, without assigning any reason, forbade that. He returned to Liverpool, leaving the family under my charge at a handsome lodging in Baker Street. There was only my mother and Jean, Charles (now the Reverend Charles—we were very proud of that "reverend") having gone to his curacy and promised living, and Russell and Algernon being away on a reading tour.

Lord Erlistoun called at Baker Street almost daily. In the Park I had continually to lift my hat to that handsome carriage, where, placed beside Lady Erlistoun's smiling fashionable face, was one I knew; not altered,—no outward circumstances could alter Jean,—except that by the contrast it seemed sometimes a little graver than it used to be.

Well, she had chosen her lot; she was old enough to know her own mind, and to be the arbitress of her own destiny.

Frequently, in my duty as temporary head of the family, I took my mother and cousin to the receptions at Erlistoun House. There, having nothing better to do, I used to moralise on the sort of life they led—this noble old family; nobler in strict purity of blood than many modern dukes and earls. And theirs being a type of many others, though of none other had I ever any experience, I often in that whirl of society, which makes a centre of contemplative solitude for any man who chooses, took notes of a few facts which we *parvenus*, we daring swimmers who have struggled into unknown waters by the main strength of our hands, are rather slow to learn.

It seemed to me that we are looked down upon, not so much for what we are as for what we assume; that the secret of "aristocratic" ease is its conscious possession of so much, that assumption becomes needless. Alas, if we in our generation were as wise as these children of the world; if we valued our sterling ore, our honest manhood and womanhood, as much as they their lovely flagree-work of external refinement; if we were never ashamed of ourselves,—I think these, "our betters" in breeding and education, if such they be,—the only tangible betterness they possess over us,—would be shamed into acknowledging that nobility which worth alone possesses, that power which needs no asserting, since it "cometh not from man, but God."

I know that night after night I, Mark Browne, whose father was a clerk, and whose mother was a milliner, have gone among the best of the land,—the high, the wise, and the fair; the higher I went being the more courteously entertained. That there, amidst velvets and diamonds, I have watched Jean Dowglas, always Jean Dowglas, in her simple attire and free noble manners; speaking as she chose, dressing as she chose,—for she obstinately refused to spend a shilling more than her own humble income,—different from all, fearless of all; yet compelling for herself, and more than herself, an invariable instinctive reverence.

Let no one belie truth by doubting the power of it. In the foolish strife between patrician and plebeian, jack-daws and jays, it is only our sham feathers that make us despised; and deservedly, because all shams are despicable. We that keep our own honest plumage shall always be respected and respectable birds. I never heard one sneer, or saw one covert smile, against either poor Miss Dowglas or "those wealthy Brownes."

This was one view of the subject, but I noted another.

Splendid as this sort of life was, having apparently no aim beyond that of the old Athenians,—“to tell or to hear some new thing,” to seize on some new plan of beauty or delight,—it seemed to me exceedingly sad and strange. Not for people in their first youth, when the faculty of enjoyment is so intense that it must needs be right rationally to enjoy, but afterwards. I dwell not here on the dark underside of such a life, but simply on its brightness,—a glare like living in a house all glass with no shadowy corners in it, or tossing from wave to wave upon a dazzling sunshiny sea without anchorage or rest.

Sometimes coming from one of those assemblies, where in the whole of Erlistoun House you could not find a single nook to make a fireside of,—not a single bare jewelled neck where you could fancy a child nestling to and lisping “Mother,”—I would catch from Jean's corner in the dark carriage a faint half-involuntary sigh.

No wonder Lord Erlistoun had been struck by the pleasantness of our middle-class “home.” In his sphere, except as an order to the coachman, they seemed hardly to know the meaning of the word.

Lord Erlistoun came to us, or rather to Jean, as I have said, incessantly. And now, catching an occasional flicker of the fire that smouldered in his dark eyes, indicating the "substance underneath," which Jean had once said she should like to get at,—ah, foolish Jean!—I began to perceive some reason why, for his own sake, it was better that he should be allowed to come.

His mother never hindered him; all her plans for him seemed to have vanished in air, conquered or made void by his own impetuous will. She was a wise woman, Lady Erlistoun; something better than a mere woman of the world, too; for Jean always said when questioned that she "liked" her.

One forenoon, Jean and I sat together in total silence; for I had business-letters to attend to; and the present surfeit of pleasure made me feel business to be even a respite of rest. Jean was by the window, watching the rattling confusion of the London street; she hardly looked like the rose-cheeked active Jean Dowglas who used to loiter about with me of early spring mornings, before Lord Erlistoun had ever been seen or heard of at Lythwaite Hall.

Those far-away days we never mentioned now. Happily I can put aside times and seasons, thoughts and feelings, when I will, that is, when my conscience wills. Not destroying aught,—nothing save evil need be destroyed; but locking all up, and keeping the key. I never contest anything with any body; I simply resign, absolutely and utterly. Let small rights go with the great ones; I never would claim, or beg, or struggle, for one iota that was not freely and solely mine.

Thus Jean and I rarely talked to one another more than habit made necessary; thus to-day, hearing a knock at the door, I merely observed that it was doubtless Lord Erlistoun, and began putting aside my papers.

"No, it is Lady Erlistoun; I was expecting her. Mark, do not go; I wish you would not go."

Of course I obeyed.

Lady Erlistoun had never before called at this early familiar hour, rarely alone as now. She saluted Jean, French-fashion, in her lively loveless way; thanked her for admitting herself so early; hoped she was not weary with her exertions last night.

"But really, *ma chère*, your singing is perfection. Mr. Browne, why did you not tell me of it before? Such charming simplicity, and yet thorough finish of style. Your cousin might have studied under Garcia himself."

"I did for a little while." (Lady Erlistoun looked surprised.) "At one time I meant to be a professional singer."

"O, indeed!"

"It would not have been quite the life I would have chosen; but it appeared necessary I should earn my own living. I had only my voice, and I would thankfully have used it. However, I had no need, and may not have."

"No, certainly not;" and the visitor began talking graciously to me—would have talked me out of the room if she could, for that was the usual result of her benignity towards me; but Jean's directness ended all difficulty.

"I believe, Lady Erlistoun, you had something to say to me? Need I banish my cousin Mark, who is as good as a brother to me who have none?"

Lady Erlistoun bowed a negative. "My communication is very simple; possibly Erlistoun has told you, his lady-confessor. Nay, he said his decision depended on yours. Truly, there could not be a more devoted worshipper than my son at this fair shrine."

Her light recognition, implying the lightness of the bond, did it hurt Jean? However, she replied steadily,

"Lord Erlistoun is kind; nor could he leave any decision concerning him in safer hands; but, as you both know, I claim no right to influence his plans."

Lady Erlistoun smiled. "I see he must make his own confession, implore his own absolution."

"I trust he knows me better than to do either."

Jean's earnestness surprised the mother into something of the same. She asked in a low tone,

"Miss Dowglas, am I to understand that no tie exists between you and my son? Is the engagement broken?"

"There never was any on his side, as I thought he had long since told you. He has always been free, perfectly free."

A glitter came in Lady Erlistoun's eyes; faint reflex of that in her son's sometimes. "Do not let us argue nominal points. I will tell you this plan of mine, which I have long desired to carry out. It is, that my son and I should take a tour together through Italy, Greece, and the Holy Land. A charming country—the Holy Land."

This last remark, addressed to me, I answered by one or two more, to give Jean time. After a minute she said,

"Would it be a long tour, Lady Erlistoun?"

"Only two or three years, or a little less."

"And when should you start?"

"Immediately."

Jean inquired no further, but sat quiet. Something—it could not be colour, for she was now always pale—faded out of her face, like the light cast on a window when the sun goes down,—faded too gradually to indicate that it was unexpected, or in any sense a sudden loss; still it was a loss—a something that had been, and was not.

"Tell me, what do you think of this plan, Miss Dowglas?"

"I think—if Lord Erlistoun wishes it, and since his mother wishes it, he will—there can be no doubt that you ought to go."

"'Ought,' your favourite word; nay, you have engrafted it on a certain young friend of ours. He is always talking of what he 'ought' to do. Seriously,"—and there was kindness under her sportive air,—"a mother owes thanks for any good influence which at a critical time of his life is exercised over her son."

Jean's mouth trembled.

"I am really sorry to take him from you for this tour; but you know him as I know him, my dear Miss Dowglas—a noble fellow, the soul of honour, both in principle and practice; but a little, just a little—However that will amend."

What would amend? Jean must have known; for she answered slowly and firmly, "I believe it will."

"Once,—I may speak before your cousin, I know?—once I wished Erlistoun to marry early; and even now, I think"—hesitating, with a passing survey of the face and form, less fresh and fair than it was under the first maternal investigation in the Lythwaite drawing-room—"I think sometimes if you would listen to him—"

"No," Jean interrupted hastily, "he had better *not* marry early. It would not be for his good that he should marry me."

"Have you told him so?"

"From the first; but he will not hear it. He will not let me go. He loves me, *now*."

O, what depths of meaning lay in that half-uttered,—I know she did not mean to utter it,—that quickly smothered "now!"

Lady Erlistoun might have heard it, or might not. I suspect she did, and understood it likewise. Taking Jean's hand, she said, out of the heart that may have beat truly, or even passionately, some time—possibly, since she married at twenty, for another Lord Erlistoun,—

"I never wish my son to love a nobler woman."

From that day I ceased to avoid Jean's lover so much as I was accustomed to do. The lover in him interested me in spite of myself: this persistent pursuit and absorbing worship of the woman who had taken hold of his best self as well as of his imagination, and had become to him higher and purer than a passion, an ideal.

Yet there was no lack of passion either—quick jealousies, brief angers; all that sparkling and crackling of a fire which burns fierce, bright, and *fast*; but one cannot readily detect that while it is burning.

A young man passionately, deeply, and disinterestedly in love, has always in him something worthy of respect. Nor,

while women are still women,—and to be loved touches and ennobles their nature, as to love ennobles a man's,—did it seem any marvel or shame that this devotion of his was not altogether wasted on a mere idol marbly cold. For all Jean said, I, catching many a look and tone, less sedulously guarded now that the time of parting drew near, began to feel sure—though she might test her lover's faith, or for his own sake refuse to bind him by a formal engagement—that soon or late she would marry Lord Erlistoun.

The day before his departure his cab was at the door by nine o'clock. I heard his quick footstep springing up the stairs, and his familiar entrance into the back drawing-room, where Jean stood watering her flower-stand. Of all the gifts he would have loaded her with, she refused every thing but flowers.

"I am come to stay all day; may I?"

Jean smiled; she was busy over a sickly heliotrope withering in London air. "I can't keep it alive, you see."

"Never mind it; keep it while 'tis worth any thing, and then throw it away. But you did not answer me. Say, may I stay? or do you wish me to go?"

"No!" Her hand slipped into his. "This last day? No."

He had never spent a whole day in Baker Street before. He soon became very restless, pacing up and down the dull drawing-room suite, which was all our establishment. No charming nooks to sit and talk in as at Erlistoun House; no sunshiny garden to make love in as at Lythwaite Hall;—if, indeed, Jean had allowed any "love-making," which she did not. Only in the eyes that, however quiet she was, seemed always to take note of him and his enjoyments, you could see the utter unselfish love which, abhorring all coquetry, found its best demonstration in silence.

At last, when he had sat listening amiably to my good mother's long-winded confidences of our lodging-house woes, Jean put her work away, and proposed we should all go once more to our frequent haunt, the Crystal Palace.

"But it is Thursday—one of the people's days."

"I am one of the people. I should like to go."

So we went.

Already it is half forgotten; soon it will become a mere tale to tell our children, that People's Palace of 1851. Yet, O the beauty and wonder of it when you came out of dusty London, and stood in the lofty nave, with its captive trees, green but motionless; its lines of white statues; its crystal fountain;—the fairy-land it was! till advancing, you caught the "hum innumerable" of the moving crowd, which thenceforward never left you. Such a grand, touching, infinitely human crowd; its huge mass giving an impression of solitude; its confused incessant noises producing a sense of silence.

I liked to be carried along by that living sea; or else from one of the end galleries to watch it rolling on, each atom bearing its unknown individual burden of pleasure or pain. I liked to recognise, by my yearning over them, that every one of those was my brother or my sister; noble or ignoble, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, sinful or innocent, no less my brother and my sister; and as such, never to be overlooked by me, since not one of them was forgotten before God.

Sometimes, too, when the great organ began to sound, I would try to solve many a troubled problem concerning myself and these by thinking of them, not as now,—the most of them laden with useless sorrow, or tainted with apparently irredeemable sin,—but as that "great multitude which no man can number," which out of all "nations and kindreds and people and tongues" shall yet make the innumerable company of the Church of the First-born.

Feelings like these dwarfed all minor ones, and caused me, when every hour or so I saw emerging from or disappearing in the throng its only two units in which I had any personal interest, to look on them much as I should have done on meeting in that wondrous Company, where we believe we shall have lost all personality that is not too pure to suffer pain.

I think they enjoyed that day. I myself can still see, as then, Lord Erlistoun's tall head, and Jean's slender sober-hued figure, moving down the long transepts, or loitering in the gorgeous courts. And once, fixing a rendezvous, I found them sitting among "the people," who were dining out of big baskets, and filling clumsy drinking-cups at the crystal fountain. Nay, Lord Erlistoun rose, and took much pains to do the same for some cross child-laden woman, whose sole answer was a gruff "Thank'ee; you be civiller than most o' the young gentlemen."

Would he have done it of himself, I thought, or only for Jean's smile? Anyhow, it was better done than undone.

Day waned; a semi-twilight shadowed the courts, while quaint refractions of sunshine flitted about the many-coloured carpets and motionless banners of all nations hung along the aisles.

"Let us all come and sit quiet somewhere until the bell sounds."

They two went and sat in the alcove: many will remember it—made of iron-work from Coalbrook Dale. They talked earnestly—of what, I did not hear, nor ever wish to know. Let no one desire to break in upon the sanctity of another's past.

I can think of Jean even now as sitting there, her hands crossed, her eyes declined on her lap, listening or speaking, with sweet eyes lingering on his face—a face beautiful in itself, and beautiful to her, Heaven knows. I will not deny it, or him. God love him! he was Jean's first love.

The gong of dismissal sounded. It made her start: she was often nervous now. That dull heavy boom seemed to pierce her through and through. When she rose from her chair she could hardly stand.

"She is worn out," I said; "we must take her home."

"Yes, yes. Only five minutes more, for one last walk through the beautiful nave. Can you, Jean?"

She smiled assent.

So, leaning on Lord Erlistoun's arm, she walked slowly through, till at the door she stopped, and turned to look back.

Last year, crossing to Kensington Gardens, I too stopped, as it might be, on that very spot, and called to mind how we three stood and looked back on that fairy palace, with all its glory of colour, form, and sound. What was left of it? Nothing! Save,—and I thought, happy for those to whom this is left, after the clearing away of their youth's crystal palaces!—save free space, light, and air, where the sun may still shine and the grass grow.

Coming home, Lord Erlistoun found a note from his mother, which, with a gesture of annoyance, he passed on to Jean.

"But I will not go; I wonder she can expect it. This my last night to be wasted at the bishop's; she knows I hate going there. Jean, if you knew—" He stopped.

"I know one thing," said Jean's persuasive voice, "that you will not refuse your mother; it is her right."

"And have you no right? Not even this last night!—you are cruel."

"Am I?" Jean took out her watch; her hand shook much, but she spoke decisively: "You will have time enough for both. See; one, two, three hours longer with us, then you shall go."

A few more restless reproaches, such as she often had to bear and to smile down, as now. But her smile always calmed him, and—another of those facts which sometimes set me pondering as to the future—her will always ruled.

A quiet hour or so in the slowly-darkening drawing-room. I read at the window for as long as I could; my mother dozed on the sofa. Lord Erlistoun protested against lights; so we had only the fantastic glimmer of the street gas-lamp dancing on the wall. By it I could just trace Jean's motionless figure leaning back in the arm-chair; another figure sitting beside her, lastly on the hearth-rug at her feet. One would have smiled, remembering the first

dignified behaviour of Lord Erlistoun at Lythwaite; but it was a matter beyond smiling at now.

"Will nobody talk?" said Jean, after a long silence.

Some desultory conversation ensued about people and books, and then,—his thoughts deserting him, or assuming lover-like forms that were necessarily limited in expression, though on the whole he observed little restraint in the presence of my mother and me,—Lord Erlistoun took to repeating poetry.

What a voice it was, rich, deep, and low! how, stealing through the dark, with intentional emphasis, it must have gone direct to any heart that was young, and loved him! Even me it touched in a measure; some fragments in particular; because I afterwards found them in a book, and because of the deeper meaning they carried than I then wist of. It was a love poem, of course:

"In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of this idol of my thought:
And some were fair, but beauty dies away;
Others were wise, but honeyed words betray;
And one was true,—ah, why not true to me?
Till, like a hunted deer that could not flee—"

The young swain goes rambling on in language intoxicating with loveliness, half-earthly, half-heavenly, till he finds the one, the last love, and thus describes her:

"Soft as an incarnation of the sun
When light is changed to day, this glorious one
Floated into the cavern where I lay,
And called my spirit; and the dreaming clay
Was lifted by the thing that dreamed below
As smoke by fire, and in her beauty's glow
I stood, and felt the dawn of my long night
Was penetrating me with living light;
I knew it was the vision veiled from me
So many years; that it was—"

"Emily," supplied Jean, with a little soft laugh. "Why did you pause over it? 'tis one of the sweetest names I know."

"I hate it."

Lord Erlistoun started to his feet, and would say no more poetry. Certainly it had struck me as odd that a lover on the eve of parting should expend his feelings in another man's words, or, indeed, in any words at all; but love takes so many forms, that what seems false to one nature may be essentially true in another.

He continued his old restless walk up and down the room. Jean sighed, and then went and opened the piano.

"Do you remember this, Mark; you used to like it, though you do not care for music?"

Not every body's music; but this—it was a "song without words,"—Mendelssohn's. She had played it with the sunbeam dancing on her head that May forenoon at Lythwaite. Before many bars, it was broken in upon by Lord Erlistoun.

"'Tis too tame, too quiet; Jean, play something I like, or rather do not play at all. Hark!"—the church-clock struck—"only one hour now."

He seized her left hand, the other moving vaguely over the treble keys, and began talking to her in a low voice, as lovers do.

I went back to the window. In the middle of the street, singing in a high voice, cracked now, yet not without the ghost of former tunefulness, stood a woman with a baby in her arms, and a boy at her side. Clustering round the gin-palace farther down was a knot of still wretchered women, some with children likewise, dragging in or out refractory husbands, or worse; while, appearing and disappearing under the doctor's red lamp opposite our door, passed score after score of all sorts of faces, hardly one in the whole number a contented or good face,—which make up the phantasmagoria of London streets of a night.

Without, such sights as these; within, those two repeating delicious poetry, and whispering together over soft music! "God help us!" I said to myself, "is there nothing in the world but love, nothing to live for but happiness?"

O, Jean, I was hard to thee!—hard even at that mo-

ment; and blind, as we almost always are, when we severely judge. I caught Lord Erlistoun's voice, so impetuous that it was impossible not to hear.

"At least you will write to me. You will not forbid my writing to you as often as I please?"

"Did I not promise long ago?"

"I know; you have made every promise I could desire, though you will take none from me. Once again, why will you not? Do you think me changeable?"

Jean repeated, half-jesting, half-sadly, the lines—

"In many mortal forms I rashly sought
The shadow of this idol of my thought."

"I was not the first of these, you know."

"But you will be the last. O, Jean, do you not believe I love you?"

"I do; yet—"

"Stop; I know what is coming—the old argument, that your experience and mine have been so different; that you have lived for work and I for enjoyment; that my youth is but just begun, while yours—"

"You brought me back my youth," she murmured. "O, yes; I have been very happy!"

"Have been! 'Tis always *have been*," and he said something more, rapidly, incoherently, his manner being fierce and tender by turns.

"No," Jean replied; "it is not these things I am afraid of. External differences are nothing with union at the core—love, and trust, and faithfulness."

"Enough; I know," he said bitterly. "I am not one of your 'faithful' temperaments. You judge me—O, most wise woman!—by the tinge of my skin and the colour of my hair."

"Lord Erlistoun!"

"No, I deny it not; I am a very different person from your cousin Mark there. I am southern to the core; my blood seems to run like fire sometimes; and you set it alight—you stand by and watch it burning. Jean, you do not love me; you never loved me!"

Jean did not answer for a minute. "Then you think when I promised—you know what—I was false to myself, and worse, to you, after the cruellest falseness any woman can show?"

"Forgive me—O, forgive me! I love you; yet I am always grieving you."

Again Jean paused before replying. "I take the grief with the love, and would have done the same twenty times over, because I have hope in you."

She did not say "faith"—faith, the very root and foundation of love; but he never noticed that. "Yes," Jean repeated, "great hope. That is the way with us women; we care less for your loving than for what you are; we can be content if, quite apart from us, we see you every thing that you ought to be. I could."

"Jean, I will be any thing, every thing, if you will be my Jean."

He tried to clasp her, apparently; for she shrank visibly from him.

"O, do not!" in an accent of pain; "I feel as if it were not right; I could not unless"—she dropped her face upon her hands. "I know we shall never be more to one another than we are now."

What he replied I cannot say, nor what farther last words passed between them. Let all rest sacred, as last words should.

When Jean called me from my room to bid him good-by, Lord Erlistoun was standing by the lighted lamp exceedingly pale, but proud; more like the Lord Erlistoun of Lythwaite times than as we knew him now. My mother, out of her dear warm heart, extended her hand with a good wish and blessing; when, very much to her surprise, he lifted the hand and kissed it.

"Thank you all for all your kindness; I hope to return it one day, two years hence. Two years; and remember,"—

he turned to me; whether he liked me or not, I think he trusted me,—“however free she holds me, I hold Jean Dowglas as my wife. Take care of her until she is my wife. Good-by.”

He had not been gone a month, when there befell our family what,—as I am not writing our history, but that of Lord Erlistoun,—I will state briefly, as things fatal for life, more terrible than death, often are stated.

A defalcation, in its character worse than mere recklessness, and involving years of long-concealed systematic fraud, was brought to light concerning a partner in our firm of Browne and Co. His name matters not; it is now blotted out from the face of the earth; the wretched forger destroyed himself.

My father did the only thing an honest man could do,—sacrificed his wealth to his integrity. He paid his liabilities to the last penny; then laid down his head in peace, and died. The sight of his coffin borne out through its gates one snowy winter-day is almost my last remembrance of Lythwaite Hall.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

FEARS having been entertained lest the shock of a comet some day, against our world, in the course of the next twelve months might be apprehended, and that such shock might cause us serious inconvenience, if not altogether annihilate us,—it may be well, before commencing our monthly summary of less important matters of scientific interest, to announce that the chances of such accident are so exceedingly small, that we may dismiss all fear of it from our minds. The proposition is almost self-evident, that the amount of danger from the impact of a cometary body against our globe must be proportionate to the density of the former; and that if the wanderer be a thing of air,—a mere phantom; almost inconceivably less dense than our atmosphere,—it may come, and welcome; we need take no heed of it. On this point testifies M. Babinet, an astronomer who has lately devoted much attention to the subject of comets. According to this observer, the attenuation of comets is so much less than what people have hitherto imagined, that although we like as much as possible to avoid figures and formulæ in these columns, we are driven to do so, inasmuch as mere verbal description becomes unmanageable. According to M. Babinet, the density of comets is not a hundred, a thousand, or a million times less than that of the atmosphere, but no less than ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ times! We trust our readers may recollect their numeration table sufficiently well to realise the immense remoteness of the danger which may have oppressed them, on account of the comet. All-convincing in respect of safety as these figures would seem to be, M. Babinet does not rest contented with them. He advances other arguments to prove that comets will fall lightly (when they do fall) on the abode of mortal man. His first reason, however, is so tranquillising, that our readers will pardon us for omitting the others.

Attention is now being drawn in France to the best method of preparing bread for military purposes; the chief object being, to convey the maximum of nutriment in the minimum of space. The general result arrived at is a confirmation of the views of Parmentier, enunciated by this philanthropist in a pamphlet printed, though unpublished, upwards of sixty years ago. Parmentier held the office of *Pharmacien-Inspecteur Général* under the first Republic, and was a member of the Military Council of Health. The subject-matter of the pamphlet was read on the 21st of Brumaire, year V. This brochure of Parmentier demonstrates that it is advisable to separate the greater portion of bran, or husk, which can never be made really nutritive, however finely it may be ground.

M. Kuhlmann has been recently turning his attention

to improved methods of imparting permanence to many intractable colours employed in calico-printing, and distemper-painting. Many of the colours employed in the former operation are not chemically united with the woven texture. French ultramarine is of this kind; it is totally insoluble, and has to be mechanically attached to the cloth by the intervention of some glutinous body. Albumen and gum have been used for this purpose; but, all things considered, the glutinous body most generally eligible for the purpose has been caseine. A large quantity of inferior cheese enters into consumption as a fixative material for these intractable colours. M. Kuhlmann, taking advantage of the known chemical relation of tannic acid and gelatine, by which the two, when they come in contact, generate an insoluble solid (leather), mixes, in certain cases, his colours with gelatine, paints the woven surface, and finally renders the matter of the painted figures insoluble by fixing them with a solution containing tannic acid,—such as infusion of gall-nuts, for example. In the application of this process to distemper-painting, the great difficulty at first experienced was in getting evenness of tone; every touch of the pencil leaving a stain. Ultimately this drawback was surmounted by weakening the wash of tannic acid; the great point consisting, as it would seem, in the use of several solutions of that agent, each successive wash increasing in strength. M. Kuhlmann has also been trying the effect of soluble glass or silica-medium for the same purposes. Had this gentleman been familiar with the practice of some of our British artists in aquarelle, he would have been made aware that the use of silica-medium as a fixative agent in this variety of the fine arts was no novelty. A still less obvious means, proposed by the same chemist for accomplishing the fixation of refractory colours, consists in mixing them with starch-solution, and rendering the latter insoluble by cream of lime, or of baryta. Either of these agents, according to M. Kuhlmann, fixes this material completely.

M. Coste read before the members of the Paris Academy of Sciences during the past month the description of an apparatus devised by M. Noel for the transport of live fish. It is a well-known fact, that fish, like terrestrials, require air for the maintenance of their life; consequently, when a large number of fish are assembled in a smaller quantity of water than they would enjoy in a state of nature, the water should, to be in accordance with theory, be impregnated with a larger amount of air than ordinarily belongs to it. So sensible are the Swiss of this fact, that when they have collected, as is their custom, a large number of trout in a tank, where they are retained until the market-day which consigns them to the epicure, arrangements are made for causing water to fall into the tank from a considerable elevation in the form of a cascade. The efficacy of this treatment is undoubted, but it can only be had recourse to when the tank is a fixture. M. Noel accomplishes a similar purpose by immersing in the portable reservoir an endless chain, to which flaps are attached; the chain being drawn round a pulley by means of a winch, portions of water are successively elevated and caused to fall into the reservoir with a splash. Necessarily, portions of atmospheric air are entangled in the water; and diffused through the tank for the benefit of the finny prisoners.

Louis Helot, one of the French Jesuit missionaries resident for some time past in China, has forwarded to his superiors at home some important points in connection with certain Chinese industrial secrets, and has made himself acquainted with the process of manufacture of a beautiful green pigment, the “lo-kao,” the composition of which had long puzzled in vain the chemists of France. During the year 1848, the French minister of commerce received from China a piece of textile stuff dyed of a sea-green colour of exquisite beauty. Chemists forthwith submitted the cloth to analysis, in order to discover the nature of the pigment which had been employed. Their labours were unsuccessful; nothing certain was made out; but the opinion was entertained that the pigment in question had for its base an

organic substance unknown in Europe. Some time afterwards, M. de Montigny managed to obtain some of the actual colouring-matter, and succeeded in proving that it was extracted from a plant of the *Arbustus* tribe, a specimen of which he also obtained. He nevertheless was unable to ascertain completely the nature and derivation of the lo-kao. Considering that the pigment might be turned to good account in the arts, the president of the Chamber of Commerce at Lyons made application to the Jesuits, soliciting them to obtain, if possible, further particulars through their missionaries in China. This the Jesuit missionary Helot was finally able to accomplish. He discovered that the substance was chiefly prepared at Azé, a large town situated at eight leagues' distance from Kia-Hin-Fou. There being many Christians in the immediate neighbourhood, the missionary had no difficulty in obtaining all the information he required. The pigment is not made from the leaves, but from the bark of the tree; and it is unfortunately inapplicable to the dyeing of silk. We are informed that the Jesuit Helot has also addressed to the manager of the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*, though his communication is not yet printed, some interesting particulars respecting the process of distillation as followed by the Chinese, and details connected with the management of silkworms in their native land.

More than one hundred locomotives are now worked by coal instead of coke, the substitution having been rendered efficient by the introduction of a peculiar firegrate, the invention of M. Cavé. Steam is generated with sufficient rapidity, and so much of the smoke is consumed, that the portion which escapes is too small to inconvenience the passengers. The fireplace is of open bar-work, arranged like a flight of steps, and is designed to furnish a large supply of air. The combustion is most active at the foot of the stairs; but little else than coke arrives there, most of the volatile matters having been already evolved.

The meetings at our own Society of Arts during the past month have been fraught with interest. On Wednesday, March 4, a paper was read by Major H. B. Sears, "On the Appliances for facilitating Submarine Engineering and Exploration." The chief object of this paper was to introduce to the notice of the Society of Arts a new subaqueous self-motive machine, called the "Nautilus." It differs from the diving-bell, not only in shape, but in the circumstance that it can lift weights, and that it is shifted by the operators within it totally independent of external control. On the evening of March 18, Dr. Letheby read a paper, "On the Economy of Food," in which he showed that the statistics of crime, disease, and mortality, even the general prosperity of a country, are intimately associated with the food-supply. In the course of the discussion which followed, the chairman, Dr. Lyon Playfair, went further in the same direction; expressing the opinion, that the character of a nation depended on the quality of food it consumed; stating, as corroborative of his views, that the difference between the flesh-eating Mahomedans of India, and the rice-eating Hindoos, was attributable to the difference of viands. The Rev. Dr. Booth warmly impugned this theory, maintaining that race, not food, was the cause to which the difference is attributable; illustrating his proposition by the fact, that the Jews, whose diet varies in every land which they occupy, still maintain all their original physical peculiarities. Another interesting paper was read on March 25, by Mr. C. Dresser, "On a new system of Nature-Printing." The first records of this beautiful and useful art are no less than two centuries and a half old; the original process consisting in drying the plant, covering its dried surface with a layer of soot from a candle or lamp, then placing it between two sheets of paper, and subjecting it to pressure. Minute directions for performing the operation in this way were published in the year 1650. At a later period, about 1707, Linnæus adverts to this process as having been performed by Hessel, who allied himself with a bookseller for the publication of impressions thus taken. The next step in the art of nature-

printing was to colour by hand the black imprints; but the process was not very successful. In the year 1833, the operation of nature-printing took a new form. Peter Kyhl, a Danish goldsmith, discovered that if a vegetable leaf were dried, then laid between two metallic plates, the one of steel the other of lead, and the whole subjected to pressure, the lead-plate became indented with an accurate copy of the vegetable. The next step of importance in this art was made by Professor Liydolt, of the Imperial Polytechnic Institution of Vienna, in 1849. He applied it, not to vegetable, but to the purpose of obtaining the imprint of agates. He exposed the agate to the action of hydrofluoric acid, which was found to dissolve certain layers leaving others untouched; the surface was next washed with dilute hydrochloric acid, dried, and blackened with printers' ink. Such a prepared agate is capable, as will be seen, of giving impressions to paper. Dr. Ferguson Branson next suggested the application of the electrotype, which constitutes the main feature of the present operation. He took casts of the object in gutta percha, deposited copper electrotypes upon these casts, and printed from the latter. Lastly, the old process of taking the first impression on lead-plates instead of gutta percha was readopted; and this, in connection with electrotype deposition, is the foundation of our system of nature-printing as at present adopted. The process, however, which it was the especial object of Mr. Dresser to set forth, was one of nature-printing by means of lithographic ink, as fully explained in the specification of a patent dated December 22, 1855.

Photographic science is still advancing in many directions, though unfortunately not without a little of the angry feeling with which the heliographic art was inaugurated. Herr Pretsch has come before the world, as our readers are aware, as the discoverer of a process of photolithography, the priority of which M. Poitevin disputes; whilst Mr. Fox Talbot considers the latter to have infringed his patent, and hints at legal measures. Mr. Hardwick has made further investigations relative to the employment of fused nitrate of silver for photographic purposes. It would appear that no great apprehension need be entertained of the decomposition of the nitrate by the employment of a temperature necessary to promote fusion; the heat of a large spirit-lamp, acting upon a porcelain capsule, is sufficient; and except the temperature be raised unnecessarily, no fear of decomposition need be entertained. Mr. Maxwell Lyte has communicated to the Photographic Society a description of a new preservative process, enabling collodionised plates to be retained in a dry condition, and subsequently rendered fit for development, by simple immersion in water. The material employed is chiefly composed of gelatine; the coagulating property of which has been destroyed by prolonged boiling, either alone or in conjunction with an acid. In addition to a solution of the changed gelatine ("metagelatine," as Mr. Maxwell Lyte calls it) in water, the preservative agent contains honey; the proportion being, five fluid ounces of metagelatine, two drachms (weight) fine honey, and five fluid ounces of distilled water.

Amongst the other items of heliographic news, we are sorry to announce that methylated ether does not seem so good as the more expensive ether from ordinary alcohol, for photographic purposes. This is to be lamented, inasmuch as the methylated substitute is considerably cheaper. Mr. Hardwick finds that the presence of chloroform in collodion renders it a little thicker, and removes certain injurious markings on the fibre. Iodoform lessens the sensibility of collodion, and impedes the formation of the half-tone of the negative.

Mr. Grove, who has already done so much to elucidate the connection which subsists between the physical forces, raises expectations in the minds of photographers that they may soon be able to add electricity as a subsidiary resource to their art. Certain German experimentalists have found that when a metal bas-relief is laid in apposition against a polished and electrified metallic surface, or an electrically

excited pane of glass, and the bas-relief removed, the metal of glass is unequally acted upon by solvents. Mr. Grove has been trying to produce analogous effects by electric light, and with some success.

Breech-loading small arms have long been a desideratum; but the breech-loading carbine of Colonel Greene, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a specimen of which we have examined, completely solves the problem. As a large number of this powerful and ingenious arm are being supplied to our cavalry, a short exposition of Colonel Greene's principle will not be devoid of interest to Englishmen. Hitherto the great objection to the general use of breech-loading arms has been the difficulty of providing against the escape of gas at the breech-joint. The carbine of Colonel Greene, by a simple and ingenious contrivance, has admirably succeeded in overcoming this obstacle, so that even after firing 400 or 500 rounds not the slightest escape is discernible. This is effected by means of the chamber to receive the cartridge being at its base a truncated cone, and having a cup or valve fitted into a recess cut into the breech of the barrel, so that on discharging the piece the force of the powder drives back the cup or valve against the face of the breech; thus the greater the charge, the more perfect the action of the principle. Like all arms used by the United-States army, this carbine is discharged by means of the Maynard primer; and although the barrel is only eighteen inches long, the shooting at 600 paces, or even more, is admirable. The great shooting-accuracy of these carbines, combined with facility of loading and discharging (ten times in a minute), prove them to be the most formidable small-arm weapon yet invented, and will doubtless greatly enhance the efficiency of our cavalry in the field.



A WORD FOR THE HOMES OF OUR WORKING-MEN.

MANY years ago the discovery was made, that our poor increased a poverty, already hard to bear, and materially added to its bitterness and humiliation, by their ignorance of the mode of laying out their hard-earned wages, and the helpless manner in which they disposed of the produce. Since then it has been a question constantly before the public; and whether this thing could be helped or no, formed a problem the solution of which has not yet been found. The fact, as we have stated it, has been deplored by philanthropists; reprobated by political economists; silently grieved over by optimists; and grumblingly allowed by the poor themselves. Treatises have been written on the subject, so complicated as to be unreadable, or so pretentious as to be unpalatable to the class they were intended to benefit. There are also *Soyer's Skilful Cookery for the Million*, *Mothers' Receipt-Book*, *Family Economist*, and papers in various popular magazines,—excellent in their way; but those who delight in them, and study and practise the dogmas contained therein, are chiefly intelligent and thrifty young wives, whose husbands may be clerks, writers, &c., with incomes of perhaps 150*l.* per annum. These are not the people to whom we refer. There are labouring men, whose earnings average from 1*s.* to 18*s.* per week. Their wives do their own business at market; lay out perhaps 9*s.* in provisions: generally the best and most wasteful portions of joints are selected. The fire is hastily heaped up, the meat is submitted to the roasting or boiling process, as the case may be; and with new bread, composed of the finest flour and alum, or potatoes more or less diseased,

an unpalatable and unsavoury meal is concocted and despatched. The quantity of meat that is charred or raw, of fat that is burnt or wasted, is really wonderful; and the same unprofitable result is to be remarked with respect to the other meals. Stale cheese, new bread, and drugged beer, are not a very nourishing supper to a working-man. We say less about tea. Mistakes cannot so well be made in preparing it; though, according to Johnston, refuse tea-leaves contain a large percentage of gluten, which the water fails to extract, and which, therefore, is invariably wasted. He suggests that a pinch of soda would remedy this; and it may be worth the trial. Tea for the working-man, if not apparently very nutritive, is at any rate a beverage which prevents the waste of the tissues, and thereby lessens the necessity for food. But it is a question how much of the real principle of tea is to be found in the sort purchased by the poor at such low prices. Now a French workman with the same amount of money to spend on food would live almost *en prince*. Excellent digestible dishes, soups, and the like, would be manufactured at the same, or even less, cost than that of the dinner before described.

This state of matters cannot be denied by those who have used their eyes when on the Continent, or who have had much insight into the homes of our operatives and agriculturalists. Almost any native of France or Germany, be they male or female, can make good coffee; and on the small steamboats which ply on the Saone, dinners may be had at a most reasonable cost which would not disgrace the table of an English nobleman. Let us grant, that with some nations cookery is an instinct; may not plain practical teaching in some measure remedy this defect in us? With reference to casual illness, the same absence of ready sense, the same want of power in adapting means to the end, is remarkable. The panic of a pestilence will certainly cause some extra precautions; but they consist, not in white-washing or ablutions, not in procuring additional pure air and water, but in tea-gatherings, in much talk and great terror, in sudden changes of diet, and frequent applications to stimulants to "keep off the cholera." When we behold one girl poulticing a whitlow on her finger with a mixture of different sorts of rotten fruits, and a labouring man treating erysipelas in the leg with some farrier's stuff, originally procured for splint on his horse's hind-leg, and tying up the afflicted member tightly with calico and green baize (literal facts, to our knowledge), we must own that a little plain teaching on common sense, as applied to common things, might often save an arm or a leg, and not unfrequently a useful life.

There is no call in this class for female doctors or professional cooks. We want to know that a poor woman lays out her money to the best advantage, and uses what she procures in the wisest manner; that she does not buy an adulteration, and then cook it into an abomination. We would have it made certain that she has something less disastrous and more precise in the way of guide than the English instinct of cookery, that there should not be at the same time trials on the hearth and "death in the pot."

There is now in operation, in one of the largest parishes in London, a school where these things are taught in the best mode, by practical and experienced women. We believe we are not wrong in ascribing its promotion, and mainly its origin, to Miss Burdett Coutts. Here the children who attend bring the materials for their own dinner, and prepare it under inspection. They wash, clean, scour the pans and apparatus; they are taught practically the price and value of all articles of consumption in families; the best mode of sewing, cutting-out, washing, &c.; and the why and wherefore of each thing is thoroughly explained to them in language suited to their age and capacity.

Now this institution is in the best spirit, and on the wisest system; and if it is followed out in other places, too much can hardly be hoped for from it. It is beginning at the right end; for children may be taught, but grown-up women will not submit to it. All ladies who visit among

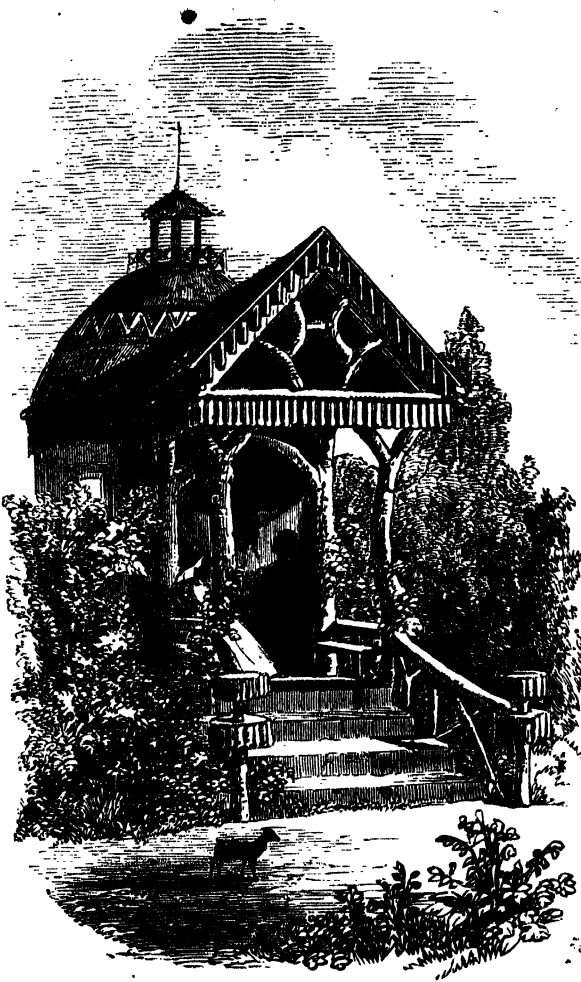
the poor know how jealously any scrutiny into the dinner is regarded, how coldly any suggestion of improvement is received, how many blunders and vexations generally occur, even when, at rare intervals, a woman can be persuaded to alter her ways. With children there are no difficulties of this sort to contend against. They learn new ways as a matter of necessity, and practise them in after-life as a matter of course. We do not want to make rich men's cooks, but poor men's wives; though, by the way, we may remark, that good cooks are so rare as almost to command their own wages in the present day. And we may just hint, that among domestic servants the cook has invariably the most lovers, and marries the earliest and best. Perhaps the reason of the fact is somewhat ignoble, tending to show that consideration for creature-comforts has still great ascendancy. But if the race after matrimony is as universally contested and hard run among the poor as it is among the rich, we deserve thanks for drawing attention to this truth; and we commend the consideration of it to servants in general. Working-men like to have a comfortable home, and a wholesome savoury dinner. A little persevering exertion would soon set similar teaching on foot among the schools in our agricultural districts, where in general, though the conceit and impatience of being taught is less universal than in towns, the tendency to be wasteful, and the bigotry to old forms, are much greater and more deeply rooted. We cannot, and ought not, to evade our duty in this respect to our poorer neighbours. It is no use saying, as the little girl did when her mother explained to her the duty towards her neighbour, "Please, mother, I had rather not have any neighbours." A noble example has been set in high quarters; and a visit to any of these schools will convince any one of their excellent system and their practical utility.

H. B.

DESIGN FOR A RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSE.

We do not purpose writing an essay on the subject of the accompanying sketch, and a few words will be sufficient as to the best mode of working it out.

Where would you place such a structure? In some half-secluded spot; not where it will be hidden utterly, but where it will give character to a scene made up of sloping sward and shrubby leafiness. It should form the key to the particular scene in which it is placed; and for that purpose, must be slightly elevated on a mound, and visible from one or two good points of view; but must on no account obtrude itself on the eye in connection with statues, or architectural ornaments of any kind. Such rustic work as this does well



in the retired portions of the ground, but is out of place in connection with terraces and Italian gardens.

In constructing such a bower, rough unbarked timber is the best; and the lattice-work should be selected, if possible, from the loppings of old apple-trees, and should be barked and varnished, so as to stand out brightly amongst the darker portions of unbarked timber. Oak is very much used for rustic work on account of its gnarled outlines; but it is the least durable of any timber for such purposes: the sun shrivels and splits it, and the rain swells off the bark. Yew, larch, birch, apple, and acacia, are the best kinds of wood for every sort of rustic work; the robinia, or false acacia, especially, for it never parts with its bark, and is the most durable of wood when exposed to the weather.

In the ornamentation of such a structure, a due admixture of the smaller loppings from apple-trees will produce pretty effects, on account of their light clean colour. They should be sawed up into proper lengths, and then steeped in boiling-water to loosen the bark; then well dried, worked into their places, and varnished. Against the more massive portions

of the building they contrast very prettily.

In the design, the portico is open up to the pitch of the roof, and this is an important matter. If a summer-house is built with a close roof and pediment, the heat of the sun will convert it into an oven; and it will be impossible to remain in it more than a few minutes during the hotter part of the day. But if there is an open space immediately beneath the roof for a circulation of air, the roof itself will get less heated, and there will be no shutting in of a stifling atmosphere, which is the case with nine-tenths of the structures called summer-houses made by carpenters unblest with rustic tastes. Either bark or thatch may be used for the roof; and a camera-obscura fitted in the dome will increase the attractions of the retreat. Rootwork, rockeries, ferneries, and water-scenery, associate well with all kinds of rustic structures; but they should never be placed in clean open spots of grass and flowers; they must be backed by shrubs and trees to look appropriate, and to be really useful.

To varnish rustic woodwork, proceed as follows: Wash the woodwork with soap and water; and when dry, wash it again with boiled linseed-oil, choosing a hot sunny day for the operation. A few days after, varnish it twice with "hard varnish," and it will last for years. To give a dark oak-colour to rough wood, another plan may be adopted. Take a quart of linseed-oil and two ounces of asphaltum, and boil over a slow fire till the asphaltum is dissolved, stirring the while. This is not sticky, and lasts for years. As the ingredients are terribly inflammable, the boiling had better be done out of doors.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

THE ANGEL GUIDE.

By R. REDGRAVE, R.A.

CONFIDENTLY pacing, as childhood does, among the thorns and briars which bestrew the paths of this world, Mr. Redgrave's little maiden clasps the hand of the "Angel guide," whose look tracks backward the path from heaven. How expressive is the child's face of the clear joyous innocence of youth, with her happy eyes, assured mouth, and clustering girlish hair!

The motive of the picture is suggestive of the feeling which Wordsworth so finely expressed when he spoke of "the heaven that lies about us in our infancy;" a thought which, perhaps unconsciously, Mr. Redgrave has carried out by the fresh morning sky, and the breezy wholesome aspect of the landscape throughout.

The character of the painting is marked with elegance, breadth, a certain purity of design, taste, and a calm quietude of composition.

The reader will observe the graceful massiveness with which the draperies are disposed. The wings of the angel, although apparently somewhat too weighty, are not without a certain grandeur and power which is strictly in keeping with the whole character of the figure. We cannot avoid the thought, however, that this result might have been obtained quite as thoroughly by a more considerate arrangement of line in placing these appendages so as to have retained the appearance of swiftpy vigour which they possess, and yet have avoided a certain bulky, or, as we have said, *weighty*, look they present, which is much at variance with one's ideas of the function and aspect of a wing. L. L.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

A SHORT time ago newspapers, in reviewing the commercial doings of the past year, enlarged with much emphasis on the vast amount of goods imported and exported into and from the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. To give any person an adequate idea of the value of those articles of merchandise as represented by the current coin of the realm was declared impossible; as easily might a true conception of the distance separating the sun from the earth be given to an individual as the vast size of the glorious luminary be made apparent to him by giving him its dimensions in feet or inches.

We can imagine some patriotic Briton in a foreign country gloating over these brilliant statements, feeling proud of a country whose commercial operations are on so magnificent a scale; and we can fancy him hastening to communicate to some wondering Frenchman or German such of the details as he can remember. We will not blame him. We are free to confess that, when abroad, this means of gratifying our insular vanity at the expense of the outside barbarians was at times too great a temptation to be easily overcome. To tell a Havre merchant that more cotton was bought and sold in a week in Liverpool than on his exchange in a year,—to hint to a Bordeaux merchant that some London trader loaded more ships than the united commerce of his town, was occasionally an agreeable occupation.

There is something in vast magnitude which of itself, and without any intrinsic merit in the object, attracts admiration. Thus an Englishman who at home, whilst he feels its pressure, grumbles sadly at the National Debt, will abroad exult over its vastness as compared with the debt of any other nation; and we do not know but that the failure of an English firm to the amount of some half-a-million ster-

ling, if properly told, may not be made to redound much to the narrator's glorification from the glare thus thrown on his people, even although the light be thought somewhat lurid. At home vanity is not so easily satisfied, and the feelings require to be gratified by something more substantial than by the mere reading or talking of national commercial greatness. Still, we can fancy an elderly sedate book-keeper, who receives perhaps but a paltry salary from some great city firm, opening his ledger with more solemnity, and feeling rather higher than usual on his stool, after reading a leader in the *Times* on the great doings of London traders; whilst his superior, the great merchant-prince himself, will walk home with a somewhat firmer tread, enter more majestically the hall of his mansion, and receive more graciously than usual the chaste salute of his spouse, in whom he will condescend to see reflected some of the effulgence of his glory.

But let us now look a little closely into the operations of Mr. Merchant-Prince; and suppose we first say a few words to Mrs. Merchant-Prince.

You undertake to supply the house which you inhabit with Mr. Merchant-Prince, his children, and servants, with meat and drink, food and clothing, do you not? Of course you do. Now in this respect your duties are precisely similar to those of your estimable husband. He undertakes to supply his countrymen with like commodities. For your labour, madam, you are paid by kind words, liberality, and affection; for we shall suppose Mr. Merchant-Prince to be a good-hearted kindly person, although he does not, as we think, quite understand his business. Your husband is rewarded for his doings by an increased balance at his banker's.

Having specified your duties, let us see how you perform them. We see you sitting at your little desk with the book of weekly expenditure before you, listening to Betty's account of her outlay. We may notice incidentally, that, although we rather pride ourselves on our arithmetical powers, we are overcome by the rapidity with which you check calculations, such as eleven and three-eighths of a yard at twopence-farthing, and seventeen ounces and a half at threepence-three-farthings. But to resume. Betty proposes to order some bread. You immediately ask, What bread is there in the house? So much stale, but no new, which the children like. Well, Betty, get so many loaves from Hotuffen, make a pudding of the excess of stale bread, and send up the remainder in the evening; you know your master prefers his bread to be stale. In this way we shall manage till Monday, and have no waste. And the butcher, ma'am? we have so and so in the house. O, that will do for the kitchen-dinner and parlour-breakfast; the family are to dine at a friend's house to-morrow. And so on.

We call attention especially to this simple fact, that the housewife takes careful note of the stock she has on hand, calculates how long it will last, and is therefore enabled to suit the supply to the exact requirements of her household. She fully meets its demands, but carefully avoids waste by over-supply; and so far from glorying in a large sum-total of expenditure, her endeavour is to furnish a maximum of enjoyment by a minimum of expenditure,—the very quintessence of economic wisdom, and one of nature's chief attributes.

Now, dropping metaphor for awhile, let us see how the traders of this nation manage to supply their countrymen with the articles required for their consumption; and in order to bring our subject within a somewhat reasonable compass, let us select the important commodity, corn; although our remarks will apply with quite as much justice to the buying and selling of every other article of trade. To follow up our investigation, and find out how minor traders deliver corn in the shape of bread, must be deferred to another opportunity. If it be possible, we shall discover greater waste of time and labour, and still more dire confusion in their operations. The prudent housewife, we have shown, before making a purchase begins by carefully taking

stock; and being already well acquainted with the exact demands of those who supply, she runs no risk of purchasing either more or less than is wanted.

Now let us ask whether the British trader has ever any but the vaguest notion of the stock of corn existing at any given time in the country. He has sometimes an indefinite idea of the quantity in mercantile warehouses; but can he tell what corn there is in farmers' hands, in millers' stores, and on board of ship on the way to this country? Does he know how much seed will be required at sowing time; and are not his guesses as to the prospects of a coming crop about as wild as they well can be? Is it not a matter of notoriety that it is only now, within the last two or three years, after England has been priding herself for some centuries past on her commercial greatness, that it has occurred to some few progressive minds that agricultural statistics would be desirable; and will it not take much thundering on the part of a well-known morning paper, and much speechifying at public meetings, in order to insure the establishment of a system for obtaining the required information? And what share do we see the great traders of this country taking to aid the promotion of this first simple step towards the regular supply of food to their countrymen? But we are here only speaking of the means of learning the stock of grain in the gross throughout the country. It is quite evident that the transfer of so bulky an article for even a small distance ought to be avoided, except when absolutely necessary; and that therefore it would be well accurately to know the exact quantity of corn required and existing in every district of even a small radius. The slightest investigation will show that no reliable information is to be had on this head; and as secrecy of operation is considered a main element of a trader's success, we shall not unfrequently find a Liverpool merchant bringing corn from Hull to Liverpool, whilst a neighbour is ordering the same article to be sent from Liverpool to Hull. And in this way corn wanders up and down the country by cart, by canal, and by railroad; so that when we see grain we always think of the nursery-rhyme,

"Goesie Goesie Gander,
Where shall we wander," &c.

But besides that accurate statistics of the growth of corn, its supply, and consumption in this country are very necessary, it is nearly as important that we should have precise information on these heads regarding the foreign countries in which we are frequently large purchasers. And not only that, but it would be well to be acquainted with the comparative economy and facility of transit by different routes. Now, will the greatest admirer and worshipper of England's commercial greatness tell us that these particulars are at all within the cognisance of the generality of traders, and that the information some do acquire is not made use of to subserve private interest instead of public welfare?

We think an impartial judge will agree, that so far our lady-friends have the best of the battle. Mrs. Merchant-Prince knows at all times what stock she has, Mr. Merchant-Prince does not.

But to resume. The information we think so desirable failing them, the British traders make a series of guesses, and their united guesses form what is called the market-price. The senior partner of Messrs. Guesitilpay and Co., on his way to Mark Lane, gets wetted in a thunder-storm; accordingly he opines (it is near harvest-time) that the crops will be damaged, so he holds out for one shilling more for his corn than he did the day before; and in the *Mark Lane Express* we read: "Large holders were firm, but millers being cautious, few purchases were made; and we therefore cannot notice a greater advance than one shilling." Next day a junior partner of the great firm, who, under pretence of business, has been to see a pretty cousin in Norfolk, tells his senior: "Splendid weather—crops glorious! As I was walking with—ahem—I mean, as I was

going through my uncle's fields, I pulled some splendid cars of wheat; see, here! are they not full and heavy?" With such precise information, the firm think they may as well not "stand out" for the extra shilling; and the newspapers have it: "To-day's bright sunshine brought holders to their senses, and sales were effected at one shilling below yesterday's current rates." These are, however, only the smaller interludes of the great drama. We shall now show how the excess in the number of traders, and their disunited efforts to supply by purchase any deficiency known to exist in stocks of corn, would neutralise the benefits resulting from the most perfect and reliable agricultural statistics either at home or abroad.

A time comes when to the most careless observer there are unmistakable signs of an impending scarcity. A hot sun seems to have withered every green blade, and the guesses of traders have now a larger substratum of truth than usual. Curiously enough, that which throws a gloom over the faces of the million seems rather to cheer corn-dealers, who are supposed to labour for their benefit. Do not, reader, hasten to blame them; it is the system, not the men, that are at fault. Mark Lane is unusually well attended: the youngest clerk pushes his hand into the open bags of corn with more dignity than usual, and scatters its contents, after a solemn scrutiny, broad-cast over the stones of the Exchange. Heaps of letters go to the Post-Office. These are but the preliminaries—the scattered firing of troops before a general engagement. A little hesitation, the plunge is made, credits are opened at bankers', and orders are sent out. To give an adequate idea of the confusion that from this moment reigns in the mercantile community would require a pen of more power than we can lay claim to. One pen, did we say? why it is a theme that would serve to stock with incident the pens of a whole generation of novelists, or those of dramatic authors in tragedy, comedy, and farce. We must therefore content ourselves with the faintest sketch of the wild medley of the conflicting doings and interests of merchant-princes, dealers (native and foreign), ship-owners, and speculators, whose name is legion. Messrs. Guesitilpay send orders to Odessa, to Galatz, to Riga, to Dantzic, to Rotterdam, to New York, &c., possibly limiting their correspondents to certain prices, taking the precaution of directing vessels to these ports to load the corn they require. Encouraged by their example, the whole alphabet of traders send orders to the same places, some limiting, others not limiting, the prices of purchase. Some send vessels, some take the chance of their foreign correspondents finding the necessary ship-room. Mean time speculators buy up corn at home, Mark Lane and all the markets in the country are in a fever, wealthy farmers hold back supplies, and thousands of persons of all conditions in life, attracted by the hope of the sudden attainment of wealth, purchase and hoard up corn. The rumour of this excitement finds its way abroad, and in foreign countries farmers also demand higher prices; commission merchants, in anticipation of receiving orders, buy up grain; and some ship on their own account, and others buy on account of their correspondents, at the most reckless rates. Messrs. Guesitilpay and Co.'s limits are found too low; and so their ships lie idle, while other merchants have no ships to take the corn where it is so urgently required. Ship-owners, of course, think it but fair to ask for higher freights, and instruct the masters of their vessels accordingly; these demand exorbitant rates, which merchants demur at; or perhaps an overplus of shipping is sent to Odessa, whilst there is a scarcity in the Baltic ports. So some have ships and no corn, and some have corn and no ships; some have corn and no orders, and some have orders and no corn. Bills to an enormous amount are drawn in London, for the corn bought must be paid for; bankers and money-brokers, carried away by the existing excitement, scrutinise signatures with less severity, and endorsements hardly recognised a short time before now command thousands. Jollity reigns in the shipping-ports; Englishmen,

with large orders for corn and bankers' credits in their pockets, are there fêted with unbounded hospitality; dinners and balls are the order of the day; and truly humane, just, and honourable men are revelling on the profits, fully persuaded that they are the fruits of well-directed and useful industry. The price of wheat has risen perhaps from 50s. to 110s. per quarter. No one can tell what the price ought to be, for no one really knows what exact ratio the supply bears to the demand; notwithstanding all the teachings in theoretical works, practical men, as we have amply shown, have not yet taken the first steps to the acquisition of this important knowledge. This was virtually admitted not long ago by a merchant-prince, in a letter to a morning paper, where he pointed out that a little scarcity occasioned an inordinate rise in price, a little glut an unreasonable depression. Be that as it may, as sure as high-water is followed by still water and then by an ebb, so sure do stagnation and reaction follow on a commercial fever such as we have attempted to give the symptoms of. Traders guess that prices are high enough; agents, that stocks are large enough; bankers, too, begin to look stern, and bills are falling due; it is time to find the necessary money. Every one is now ready to sell; to use a sailor's phrase, prices go down by the run, and wheat that was at 110s. is now again offered at 50s. without a chance of sale. Now let us have a survey of the consequences of all this effervescence. First, how have our merchant-princes fared? How many do we find fallen from their high estate! Instead of being spoken of as highly-respectable, clear-headed, and far-seeing men, they are now termed reckless and extravagant speculators. Others, more fortunate, are able by patching to hide their losses from the world; but in a few years more the results will be made plain to all by an unexpected failure. This is published in the papers of the day as follows: "We are sorry to inform our readers that the extensive firm of Messrs. Straw, Stubble, and Co. have found it necessary to suspend payment, to the surprise and regret of all who know them. There is every probability, however, that the stoppage will prove to be of a temporary nature." Next there appears a paragraph to this effect: "The attempt at settlement made by the house whose suspension we noticed the other day has failed; the hopes once entertained of a good dividend are greatly diminished." And lastly comes: "At a meeting of the creditors of Messrs. Straw, Stubble, and Co., held yesterday afternoon, there was a disclosure of reckless extravagance and wild speculation such as we have seldom had occasion to comment upon. It is really time that some legislative enactment should be made with a view to put a stop to conduct which savours of criminality and disgraces British commerce. We recommend this case to the particular notice of the Hon. Mr. Lawpanacea when he brings in his new Bankruptcy Bill."

Some few speculators, by extraordinary good fortune, manage to realise great wealth; but although willing enough to take credit for superior prudence and skill, the probability is, that they have gone as blindly to work as their more unlucky compeers.

We were once acquainted with a merchant who made his business a study. He was ever in search of information; collated all he got, with a view to comparison with previous years; and possessed a whole collection of those funny zigzag papers which may be seen in the shop-windows of booksellers near the Exchange, to indicate the rise and fall during a lapse of years of the prices of corn, stocks, &c.; but he was seldom successful in his operations. He constantly bought too late, or held out too long; whilst others, who could give no other reason for buying or selling than the opinions on 'Change, managed to scrape money together. The reason simply is, that in the absence of accurate information of the wants of the community, and concerted and well-organised action for its proper supply, the opinion of men who buy and sell necessarily influences prices, just as very vague rumours serve to affect betting at Tattersall's. But how, let us inquire, has the British na-

tion fared in all this turmoil? Has Mr. Merchant-Prince supplied it with corn as well as his wife has supplied her family with bread? Like the frogs in the fable, who, when pelted by little boys, exclaimed, "What is fun to you is death to us," so might the majority of the British people say, "That which is a question to you of a little more or little less wealth is a question of life and death to us." If prices have varied in the course of six months between 50s. and 110s., by stationers the average may be found to have been 80s.; but it is too frequently left out of sight that the thousands who live from hand to mouth are totally unable to pay the highest price; and do not live to see the lowest one, which establishes the average. "Every augmentation in price diminishes consumption, which is very desirable where scarcity is anticipated," says the political economist, with great truth, and we shall, therefore, not gainsay him; but had he said, every diminution in the food of people who have barely enough lays for them the foundation of disease and death,—had he said that there was an exact ratio of weakness, sickness, and actual starvation, for thousands, corresponding to the prices of 60s., 80s., and 110s. per quarter for wheat,—had he in those tables, of which he is so fond, put lusty health at the bottom and grim want at the top, he would have called attention to the importance of preventing the slightest unnecessary rise in price, never compensated, but rather aggravated at some future time by an unnecessary extra diminution of price; and thus, perhaps, he would have incited some one to the discovery of a means of preventing the "guesses" of our merchant-princes, and insuring somewhat more of order in operations of so important a nature.

Do not let our readers for a moment suppose that we look to any benefit from legislative interference or the action of rulers. We owe lasting gratitude to those who have so perseveringly fought for free trade. We do not attempt to criticise Adam Smith or any of his disciples; nor do we call for imperial provisioning such as is vouchsafed to a neighbouring people by a condescending sovereign. With this word of warning, which may be necessary, we shall proceed in our remarks.

The importance of our subject warrants us in the attempt to make our criticism as clear as is possible; and we shall therefore try to do so by showing how Mrs. Merchant-Prince would act were she to imitate in the supplying of her household with bread the method pursued by her husband when he seeks to provision his country with corn. Suppose that instead of being sole manager, she were to allow John the footman, Bob the coachman, Betty the housemaid, and Jenny the cook, to supply the household with the bread required according to their own fancies; supposing they were unacquainted with how much bread was in the pantry, and had no conception of how much was eaten by the family; supposing that the four personages we have named sometimes flocked to one baker, bidding one against another, and finding prices raised in this manner, refrained from buying any bread at all; that they were allowed to charge any price they thought fit, and take what profit was pleasing to them, the only check upon them being the fear of a rival's competition;—supposing all this, our lady-readers will have some faint, very faint conception of the manner in which their husbands, the merchant-princes, arrange to supply corn to the inhabitants of this magnificent empire in this enlightened and progressive nineteenth century.

Put in such plain language, it is possible that traders may cavil at our remarks. Instead of stopping to argue with them, we shall, by an example familiar to the whole world,—for it has frequently been commented on by the public press,—strengthen our case.

We allude to the manner in which Melbourne was supplied a few years ago, on the discovery of its gold-fields. To traders who boast that they carry on the business of the world, it would certainly seem a very paltry, a very simple matter to care for the wants of a population not exceeding 200,000 or 300,000 in number with some degree of regularity.

It is true that the emigration to the Australian continent at that time was comparatively extensive; but then the greater number departed from this country, and the slightest investigation would have allowed their numbers to be estimated, and the supply required carefully calculated. And what was actually the case? Was not Melbourne at one time bare of almost every requisite article of consumption, and next so overloaded with goods, that a large portion was thrown away as worthless from a deficiency of store-age, or brought back to this country? Did we not first hear of fabulous gains made by what were termed keen-witted traders, and then of losses as extraordinary, incurred by men who were of course accounted as dolts and idiots? It may be said in extenuation, that this confusion was mainly occasioned by the doings of men technically called "outsiders," and not by those of the regular men of business. Supposing this were strictly true, could there be afforded a stronger evidence of the unscientific nature of commercial operations, and of the exorbitant profits to be made at times, than that men with a little loose gold in their pockets should be tempted to believe in the possibility of successfully competing with the practical men of the Exchange, whom we are called upon to acknowledge and reverence as princes? But with those who have visited our colonies, especially the settlements at our antipodes, this excuse will not serve; for they well know that an alternation of glut and scarcity is there the rule, not the exception. This irregularity is the origin of the large fortunes occasionally accumulated by the possessor of some empiric rule correct for a time. We were told by a trader that he always ordered from England any article that happened to be in excess at the moment in the colony. He calculated that other merchants would refrain from doing so, and that therefore his goods would come to a profitable market.

In Europe the same evil exists, but from the mass of transactions it is not so apparent; individual irregularities are hidden, and only made apparent by investigation.

When a man boasts of his ignorance, he may generally be believed. When the uncertainty we complain of is made a matter of glorification, it will not require much writing on our part to prove its existence. We cannot now quote the precise remarks of a politico-economical writer, who, after expatiating on the extent of London, and the enormous quantities of commodities required for the sustenance and comfort of its inhabitants, expressed himself with much magniloquence to the following effect: "that although no one could tell with any degree of accuracy where London got its food, how much was wanted, or who supplied it, somehow it was supplied." There is no *satire* equal to truth. In this way does an admirer of British commerce speak of the manner in which it cares for the first city in the world. Had the writer looked a little farther, he would have easily discovered the source of this apparent regularity.

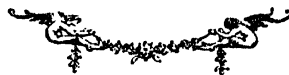
No motive power, indeed hardly any kind of automatic machine, will work with certainty unless it be provided with a fly-wheel to correct occasional irregularities. In a proper organisation of commerce, the regular storing-up of provisions in times of abundance, to be made use of in times of scarcity,—not in the hands of those who benefit by fluctuations, as traders do now,—would furnish the fly-wheel required. In the present state of disorder, the regulators relied upon are the patient compressible stomachs of the poor. To this fly-wheel London owes the apparent regularity of its supply. When articles of food are cheap, the poor indulge their appetites, when these are scarce, they do without. Very simple, but as true as simple.

Shall we recommend the plan to our lady-friends for their adoption?

To conclude, as commerce is carried on, the hope of profit is the lure which incites to industry; but the sole corrective to the selfishness thus excited is competition. Competition, usually termed rivalry in other spheres of action, is not in itself evil; it is based on two most important and useful passions in the human breast,—self-

esteem and love of approbation. A healthful play of these wherever men are congregated together and actively engaged may be made to bear the most useful results; but the competition known to commerce is invariably the calling two at least, if not scores of men, to do the work barely sufficient for the occupation of a single individual. Competition in trade as it exists at present offers a premium to meanness and the lowest selfishness. To obtain a bare remuneration for an immense wear and tear of body and mind, men are constantly called to do all in their power to ruin their fellows; to fulfil the necessary duty of providing for the wife and children dear to them, they are forced to be utterly blind to the rival who is attempting conscientiously to perform similar behests of affection. It speaks much for a native nobility of character in our countrymen, when considering how destructive to all generosity of sentiment this direful trade-competition is, that so many high-minded men are to be found among our merchant-princes.

These confused operations of buying and selling may be dignified by high-sounding terms, and carried on by men of great intellect; but, as the French general said of the bold charge at Balaklava, "This is not war," so may we say, with far greater truth, "This is not a scientific method of exchange; this is not commerce."



THE STEPPING-STONES.

THOUGH an artist, and as such having travelled through the greater part of Europe,—having enjoyed the sublime in Switzerland, and the picturesque in Italy with its sunny skies and warm colouring, I have never yet met with any country, or part of a country, that could vie in picturesque beauty with the nooks of loveliness that lie embosomed among our Surrey Hills. I have returned to them again and again, and have never yet failed to leave them refreshed in mind by the peculiar charm that clings about this, in many parts wild, but extremely interesting district; which now possesses many a pleasing association in my mind, one of which may perhaps interest others besides myself.

Worn out, suffering, both mentally and physically, from a long and busy London season, I, at the end of July 1855, packed up my easel, with the other necessities of an artist, and departed for my rural lodging at C—, not very far from Guildford. I was not long in finding a subject for my pencil; and having selected the right point, I proceeded to establish myself and my easel in the pretty country-road, with as much composure as if it were the Elgin gallery in the British Museum, and with the assurance of meeting with far less annoyance than in that building; where visitors are continually either impeding the view of your subject, or disturbing your attention with impertinent remarks.

Although I had run away from town and town-society, I was not at all misanthropically inclined; therefore, as I was no visitor for any of the few noblemen's residences scattered at rare intervals in this part of the country, I did not repel the kindly advances of the simple cotters around me, many of whom became quite friendly and loquacious when they found that, besides rubbing colours over a piece of canvas, I was capable and willing to take an interest in country matters in general, and their own in particular. After a week or two, not one passed my post without a hearty salutation, whilst many did more, and entered into conversation.

Landscape-artists, professional or amateur, are peculiarly open to intercourse with passers-by. It is so natural, so convenient, to a talkative person to pass behind the artist he may come upon in his walk; and after some remark,—often ludicrous, always civil, and sometimes just,—upon the subject in hand, to fall gently and easily into a good long chat with this godsend to a gossip.

One scene after another beguiled me to protract my stay into October; and I had become so thoroughly interested in my neighbours, that I felt I should find a difficulty in leaving them. I had shared first in the anxiety, and afterwards in the rejoicings, at the state of the crops; had assisted at a most inspiring harvest-supper; and had since gravely discussed the prospects for the winter with various sage old farmers.

At last, however, I set about what I had determined should be my last painting, not without a presentiment that I should linger long and lovingly over it. I cannot produce it here for the benefit of my readers, but will try a little word-painting. The principal object was a magnificent group of elms standing on a sloping bank covered with fern, rich in every variety of hue, from the first slight touch of autumn on the green, to the fine red-brown of the decaying plant. Behind them, and separated only by a warm stream of sunlight, lay a wood, composed of every variety of tree, from the graceful birch, whose slender branches allowed the bright sunbeams to flicker through and dally with each leaf, to the sturdy oak and sombre fir, whose dark thick masses of foliage disdained all such pastime. A path ran through this wood, winding along the edge of a rather steep declivity, and which, as it approached the foreground, widened and made a sudden dip and bend. Immediately in front of the elms a clear spring of water had found egress in the side of the hill, and trickled down unnoticed through the fern until it reached the above-mentioned hollow, where it collected and spread so considerably, that stepping-stones had been placed for the convenience of foot-passengers. After filling the hollow, the waters, again released, danced merrily down the rest of the hill, and hastened to join the placid stream that slept at its foot.

An hour's labour would, by levelling the road and cutting a drain across it, have rendered the path quite dry; but by a fortunate chance, as I deemed it, the folks around had overlooked this easy and obvious remedy, and had instead arranged the picturesque stepping-stones. Most picturesquely inconvenient they were; for at the abrupt bend of the path, where the water was deepest, they had sunk a large but sharp-pointed piece of rock, on which it was impossible for two to stand, trusting, I suppose, to the scarcity of passengers to prevent the chance of two meeting at the awkward point.

I had sketched in the trees, had bidden two ploughmen, one fern-cutter, and two cottage-maidens, "Good morning," and was now happily at work laying on the first shades of colour. My thoughts were very busy,—for that morning I had had the unusual pleasure of seeing a newspaper not more than four days old,—and I was far away, wandering with our brave fellows among the ruins of Sebastopol, when suddenly and involuntarily my thoughts recurred to the camp of our noble allies, and there remained fixed. I was for a few seconds unaware of the cause of this change in my meditations, till, raising my eyes, I saw coming sauntering down the wood-path a young sailor clad in the dark-blue woollen shirt and trousers common to man-of-war's men, and vigorously whistling "*Partant pour la Syrie*," as he switched away at the leaves nearest to him with a hazel-wand he had cut himself.

On he came: now stopping to crack a nut, and now to switch down a bunch of acorns, until he reached the stepping-stones. At the same moment a pretty little maiden of about eighteen, bearing on her head a pail of milk, started from the opposite side; and I watched with some amusement the rencontre that I know must take place at the bend of the stones. The girl had just reached the pointed stone when the sailor appeared on the next.

"Halloa!" he cried, in a clear ringing voice; "who'd have thought of my bearing down on such a pretty craft as you? Come, one salute, consort, and I'll wear to leeward, and leave the open sea to you."

So saying, and before the girl was aware of his intention, he had snatched a kiss, at the imminent risk of the

milk-pail, and leaped lightly down into the water, leaving the girl so utterly amazed at what she called his "impudent outlandish manners" as to be incapable of pursuing her way for a second or two.

The sailor watched her down the wood; then quickly wading out, he took off his boots, shook the water out, put them on again, tightened his belt, and, as he would have said, steered his course towards me.

"Well," I said, "I little expected to see a salt-sea rover so far inland as this. What brought you here?"

"Ay, I suppose it does look a little queer to others; but you see, sir, my mother lives in that next cottage, and so I've come inland to see her."

He did not seem in any particular hurry to meet her; for, seating himself on the bank by my side, he began cracking nuts most industriously. The reason presently appeared.

"Well, master, I must say, without flattery, you *have* got the old place as like as like can be, and a very pretty place it is, too, though when I lived here I didn't use to think so; but I've seen a many places since then, and some very fine; and, after all, I haven't seen any that beats this."

And he looked about with such genuine affection, that I could not quite reconcile it and the indifference with which he spoke of his poor blind mother; for blind I knew the occupant of the cottage he had pointed out to be.

Presently I asked, "But does she not expect you? Have you been long absent?"

"Ay, about eighteen months or thereabouts. But you see, sir," he said, with an embarrassed jerk of his head, "since I was last in this latitude I've joined the '*Billyruffian*,' pointing to the worsted letters worked in his cap (which, for the benefit of those who may not recognise the name as one belonging to our fleet, I had better state spelt '*Bellerophon*'), and she thinks I am cruising on still with the *Saucy Sal*. So that I rather expect it will give the old woman a turn to know that I have had a brush with the Russians, and hope to have many a one more. I trust she'll weather it though; for I shall be able to make her more comfortable with my wages, besides the chance of prize-money." After a moment's pause, he added, in a lower tone, "Ay, and now, perhaps somebody else won't look down upon a man-o'-war's man quite so much as she did upon a mere merchant-seaman."

I took no notice of this last speech; for though I saw there was a story behind, I was pretty sure I should hear it in time; and I was vexed at the careless way in which he had spoken of his mother. At last, after some more desultory conversation, he said, with somewhat of an effort:

"Well, master, I suppose I must be moving on a little further; so good-day;" and on he strolled. Presently he met an old sow, that, after a moment's consideration, he seemed to recognise as an old acquaintance, and gratified the animal with a friendly scratch, such as pigs delight in—any thing, in fact, to delay his meeting with his mother.

I painted on until the fast-setting sun, and certain cravings, reminded me that the time of my five-o'clock dinner-tea was near at hand; so, folding up my easel, and depositing it in its usual resting-place, I took my way home. As I passed the old blind woman's cottage, I witnessed a scene that left a favourable impression on my mind as to my sailor's reception. He was half-leading, half-supporting his mother up the garden-path, with every imaginable care and attention; whilst she, with uplifted face, that actually glowed with satisfied joy, was listening to some tale he was telling her, and evidently hanging on his every tone. They were both so occupied with each other that I passed on unnoticed.

The next day, I had not been long seated at my work before a quick decided step, the very opposite to the slouching gait of yesterday, made me look up and salute the young sailor who now approached.

"Well, you found your mother well, I hope?"

"Did you know that she is blind—my poor old mother blind?" he asked in a choking voice.

"Yes; surely you were not ignorant of it?"

"But I was, sir," he cried vehemently. "Do you think I would have spoken as I did, if I had guessed what she has been brought to. When I was last here her sight was not so good as it had been, but that we thought all in the course of nature; and I remember well the loving look she gave me when I left her, and that's the last I'll have to remember now, for she is quite blind." After a few minutes' silence he went on: "But for all that, she is a true heart of oak. Why, sir, you know when I found how matters were, I'd a deal of difficulty to screw my courage up to tell her what I had done; I know I'd rather have fought a Russian in a good stiff breeze. But bless you, sir, after the first blast she took it quite hearty, and said she hoped I'd serve my country well (see if I don't), and something about God's caring for the widow's son. Ay, she's a true Briton, every bit of her; and it shan't be my fault if she's not kept comfortable in her old age."

"Well—and what about the somebody else?" I asked.

The young man blushed to a sort of burnt-sienna tint, and, stooping over my painting until I feared his nose would act as a novel stump to my last touches, he said:

"Ah, sir, she's gone through a deal of trouble since I saw her last; and though she did refuse to take up with me, and I thought and called her a proud quean and a jilt, I can't somehow keep up my ill-will now that she's in trouble. You see, Lucy Bell and I were schoolmates, and sort o' cousins besides; and a tighter, prettier lass you couldn't wish to see; and I used to fancy that she liked me better than the other chaps; and so I think she did, till she came to know a fellow, a sort of under-gamekeeper of Lord —'s. Well; and so I, like a fool, spoke up to her. Of course she would have nothing to say to me, though she assured me she liked me as a cousin, and plenty of that sort of thing, which didn't suit me, and so I told her; and then we came to words. So the end of it was, I left my place with Farmer Dobson, and went to sea, to try if that would spite her. Not a bit of it. When I came home next, says she, as cool as any thing, 'I think you've done quite right, cousin John; for you never would have settled down to a farmer's life.' Well, next time I came I didn't see her, only I heard that Jim French was keeping company with her. And now, sir, only think, the sneaking coward, after gaining Lucy's love,—and that's not easily got, I know,—if he has not jilted her in the face of the whole country, and is going to be married to Ann Spots, the baker's daughter,—a little, white-faced, dumpty thing,—all because she's got some money. O, sir, I saw Lucy last night, and I shall never forget her face: she was very kind, but so grave, so pale, I shouldn't have known the pretty blooming girl I have so often gone a-nutting with. I wanted her to marry me right off, just to spite the fellow, who can't really care for that little money-bag, and show him she had got some spirit; but she only gave me a wan sort of smile, and said she did not mean me to have such a poor sort of wife as she should now make. The folks she lives with,—for you know she's an orphan,—say she never rests, working away from morning to night. She says it lightens her trouble. Poor girl, it doesn't seem much lighter yet."

Later in the day he was again by my side. Why he made me his confidant on such very short notice I cannot say, unless because I was a stranger. His first words were:

"Well, I've begun to think, that do what you will, there's no understanding women."

A remark with which I entirely coincided.

"There's never one like another, that's the worst; so that however many you may know, your knowledge don't help you a bit. So I suppose, sir," he said, looking up with a puzzled air, "we weren't meant to read them through entirely."

"Not a bad conclusion to come to, Jack. But what is the immediate cause of this little Philippic against women?"

"I don't exactly know what you mean, master; but if you want to know what has riled me just now, it's that cousin of mine. I used to think she was a girl of spirit, but I can't get

her to show a bit. She's not like Sissy Blake, that little craft I fell foul of yesterday down there, who, it's my belief, if she was jilted on the quarter-deck would be married in the fore-castle before one could get wind of it. No, Lucy's quite a different sort. She won't have a word said against him; and if she can't stop us, she just slips away. Well, I've done all I can, and if she won't be spliced there's an end of it. Only she's an orphan; and I've been thinking, now my mother's laid aside, and there's nobody to look after her and the old place rightly, that it would be a good thing if Lucy were to come and live with her. They take kindly to one another; and I fancy I should feel more comfortable to know they are together when I'm tossing about in the Baltic."

I quite agreed with him; and seeing that I was really interested in the arrangement, he entered into numerous details about its accomplishment. Just as he had finished, Sissy Blake appeared at the turn of the wood-path, with her pitcher of milk on her head. She was indeed a pretty object; rather below the middle height, with a pliant, graceful, yet well-developed figure, and true Saxon features. Her blue eyes were seldom without a merry twinkle; plenty of golden hair was neatly gathered to the back of her well-formed head; whilst not all her exposure to the sun had destroyed the brilliancy of her complexion. Over her dark brown dress the fresh autumn evening had induced her to throw her red cloak, thus supplying in the right place that precious bit of scarlet so dear to many landscape-painters. I own I was not proof against the temptation, and hastily sketched her in as she advanced, demurely balancing her pitcher on her pretty head. No sooner did Jack discover what I was about, than he shouted to the girl that she was having her picture taken; "and wasn't she ashamed to come for such a purpose with a milk-pail dancing on her head instead of her Sunday bonnet?"

Thereupon commenced a flow of rural badinage, which ended in Jack's declaring that such a giddy head could never carry a pail steadily, and that he must convoy her safely home.

From that day forth, Sissy seemed regularly seized with a fit of vertigo when milking-time came, and required Jack's assistance in the carriage of her pail. For the month that I yet lingered on in the country, I was continually coming upon them, as it seemed to me, at every turn in the wood-path, and every stile. Jack had completely mesmerised her with his dark brown eyes and wonderful tales of his Baltic life; and we all know pretty well how such mesmerism generally terminates. In fact, the day before I left, Jack, true to his sailor-nature of losing no time, informed me that he seriously thought of bringing down the wedding-ring, and the "other bits of finery," after his next trip; and then requested my advice, which, as matters were so far settled, I gave, in the only shape left me, of entire approval.

Before I left, I had the pleasure of seeing Lucy Bell, with her calm though sorrowful face, comfortably established at the cottage, where, if I mistake not, she will remain; for I think she is destined to form one of that large sisterhood so useful to, and yet, I fear, not properly appreciated by the generality of mankind.

E. M. H.

LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

VI.

It was a little first-floor lodging, sunshiny, neat, and clean. Nothing remains of it now. A month since, on a new line of railway, I dashed through what had been the parlour, with its two balconied windows, each adorned with three pots of evergreen; over which, on fine evenings, a broad ray of sunshine came across the head of the sofa. "See that the house faces westward," had been Jean's private orders, "that she may always have the sun at the end of the day."



THE PINCH OF SNUFF. BY M. ROBINSON.
[Society of British Artists.]

Blank now appear those poor walls cut out of the line of Pleasant Row; yet I thought how many a quiet hour we had passed within them, and what a harbour of rest the place had been for my mother and Jean!

After the general break-up, we thus disposed of the family. Charles took Russell with him to his curacy. I, being offered a situation of trust in a London house, stipulated for a small clerkship there, where Algernon might begin the world. Poor lads! a far different beginning of the world to any they had looked for; but the stout honest working-man's blood in them was stronger than their luxurious rearing; after the wreck they plunged in fearless, and prepared to strike out for the land.

"Now, about my mother?"

"Your mother is mine, Mark," said Jean determinedly.

And so from that morning, when she had dressed her tenderly in that cruel garb which custom compels (I never thought how cruel it was till then), had brought her downstairs, and set her in the midst of her children, a widow, with her gay gowns laid aside for ever, her life's story closed, henceforth bound to receive from every one of us double honour and double care,—from that hour Jean took altogether upon herself the place and duties of my mother's own daughter.

They had not always agreed together before, being in most things so opposite; but now my mother's every weakness was held sacred, every failing gently borne with; all patience accorded to her fretfulness; all trouble silently taken out of her hands. For from the time of her widowhood she grew suddenly old; her energy and activity forsook her; she leant upon all of us, in turn, for every thing, and upon no one so much as Jean Dowglas.

So I brought them with me to London, settled them in Pleasant Row, and left them to comfort one another, as women can. They had Algernon too of evenings; but I did not live with them myself, for many reasons.

My mother's daughter! So she was; and I had sense enough to be thankful, though the fact had its painful phase at times. But no man ought to be a hypocrite in the smallest word. I do not remember ever once calling Jean Dowglas my "sister."

About Lord Erlistoun. During our time of trouble she never mentioned his name; it did not seem to be one of those names that one does turn to in time of trouble. But after we were settled, I brought to her, redirected from Lythwaite Hall, a foreign letter. I might have known who it came from by Jean's eyes; she was no hypocrite neither.

"Does he know what has happened?" ~~As I wished to learn.~~
 "I wrote and told him; at least as much as was necessary, as much as concerned myself."

"And what does he say?"

Jean's vivid blush answered.

"I see. Of course. Cousin," I said, feeling that some of us ought to say it, "you must decide for yourself without reference to my mother. We have no claim upon you; Lord Erlistoun has."

"I know he has."

"Then go; go, and be happy."

She shook her head. "Mark, that is not like you. How could one be happy with any duty left undone? Besides,"—she stopped short here, and re-commenced the sentence,—
 "I do but keep to my first resolve, made not unadvisedly, nor in haste. I think it was scarcely wrong, or hard."

"Hard! the love that must last a lifetime may surely wait two years."

I spoke bitterly, mindful of the scores of young lovers whose "small weak flame" cannot endure from month to month even; who believe the greatest misery on earth is this "waiting." Fools and faint-hearted! what is a man's love worth if he cannot love on to all eternity?

As for a woman's—I glanced at Jean. Her fingers were tightly folded over the letter; her mouth, though it smiled, was somewhat drawn. It had not, and never had had, that look of rest which I used to fancy the kiss of betrothal ought to leave behind—sacred and satisfied, never to be obliterated by any after-care.

"Cousin, if you please, we will not discuss this subject."

I obeyed her; delivering in silence any letter that came afterwards; they being, from Jean's uncertainty of residence, always addressed to my care. Sometimes we heard nothing whatever of their contents. Sometimes, of Sunday afternoons, my mother, who was never denied any thing now, would beg for a bit out of Lord Erlistoun's descriptions of Vienna and Constantinople; of desert-marches, camels, and Arabs; the Pyramids and the Nile; Easter in the Church of the Nativity; moonlight nights under the cedars of Lebanon;—a life such as a young man glories in; full of incessant excitement, beauty, and change. Change especially seemed to be the necessary element, the craving delight, of this young man's existence.

"He seems very happy," my mother would often say. "Eh dear, it's a great thing to be happy!"

"Yes, yes;" and Jean's happiness, which evidently lay in those letters, or fragments of letters, which she did not read, would follow her for days and days like an invisible atmosphere; making a Santa Sophia out of the small parlour at Pleasant Row, and brightening the dull suburban streets she paced along into a veritable Holy Land.

I suppose most people have, some time or other, had such illusions.

They are most vivid, if not most natural, in a colourless life, such as now was hers. In vain she said that she was "used to it;" that it was only going back to the straitened ways of her early youth: it must have been a change. Even to my mother, far less sensitive in tastes or feelings, the task of making sixpence do the work of a shilling, after half a lifetime of plenty, came bitterly hard. Gradually I discovered that the whole cares of the dwindled household had fallen into Jean's hands.

It used to cost me many a pang then; it does not now. I glory in thinking of her in her well-worn dresses and neatly mended gloves, while somehow or other my mother's were always fresh and new; in remembering the miles she would trudge down muddy London streets,—
 "O, we can do, Mark, we're young and strong, but we must take your mother a drive somewhere soon;" in calling to mind her thoughtful ways, as she followed me to the front-door for some private word or two: "I did not like to say any thing up-stairs; it might trouble your mother."

My mother, mine! May heaven forget me when I forget thee, Jean Dowglas!

Looking back, one often wonders to see through what strangely opposing circumstances one has been happy, positively happy. We were so, I think, that year. Our change and loss were both sudden, not lingering; the first left behind it neither disgrace nor anxiety—it was all over and done with; we started anew without a single debt or fear. And for the death which ended worthily an honoured and beloved life, why there was peace in that too. I have at times envied my dear father the smile with which, that Saturday night, he turned himself and closed his eyes to his last rest. "Twelve o'clock, is it, Susan lass? Well, I ha' done all my work, and now it's Sunday."

And now I must say a word about myself, though the most of this history belongs to a portion of me as distinct from my every-day self—patent to my neighbours among men—as Liverpool was from Lythwaite Hall, or Mincing Lane from Pleasant Row.

My father, as I have indicated, was a man of indomitable energy, and rough-hewn but remarkable power. To the last he held his affairs in his own hands, and did every thing himself that was possible for him to do. Even I, his son, became at times a mere supernumerary. Until his death my work had been almost that of a machine; I had never had any responsibility. Afterwards the sense of it, doubled by its exceeding newness, by my peculiar temperament, and by other facts, which it is needless now to particularise, yet which passively, if not actively, will always influence a man's life, never left me for a moment.

After a time, Jean found it out,—I mean this grinding sense of responsibility, this terror of the future, "balanced between health on the one side—I was, or looked, not strong—and pounds shillings and pence on the other, which by me must be earned. When pressed, I made this confession.

"I see; I had not thought of that before. Poor Mark! we must take better care of you. I am glad you told me."

A few weeks after, coming in unexpectedly one evening, my mother met me with, "Where do you think Jean has gone?"

It might have been across the seas for the start it gave me, but it was only to Belgravia,—that region familiar once, foreign as Africa to us now. A host of imaginations took wing at once, but I only said,

"She should not have gone alone. Who did she want to see?"

"She wouldn't tell; she said I must wait till she came home. Ah, here she is. Well, my bonny Jean?"

"Bonny" was hardly the word, and yet she looked strangely lovely; the old sparkle of the eye, the old stateliness of carriage, which among ever such splendours made her seem at once familiar with and superior to them all. She kissed my mother, and then went away to take her bonnet off, saying we should hear all in a minute. But it was several minutes; the unwonted flush had faded; she returned our own quiet Jean.

"Yes, Mark, I have done a daring thing,—entered on an engagement without your knowledge, advice, or consent. Look here."

She showed me an advertisement for "A first-class singing-mistress. No professional or operatic artists need apply."

"Do you notice—a singing-mistress? They are afraid of a master for her, poor thing. She is hedged in by propriety on every side; she is an heiress,—actually our own poor little heiress, Lady Emily Gage."

The cathedral, Lythwaite Hall, and that "night of June" in the Sunday-meadows,—how they came back to me!

"Lady Emily Gage! How strange!"

"Not so strange, its being herself, as that she should have remembered me. She did."

"At the cathedral?"

"No; but last year, at Erlistoun House. If you recollect, they knew her."

This, then, caused Jean's brightness of mien; this sunny rift out of last year's history, which but for the foreign letters

often seemed no more than a dream, to us at least. Such security must end.

"Jean," I said, "you should have told me before you took such a step as this. For you to teach at all, is, to my mind, ill-advised; to become governess, or singing-governess, or whatever you call it, to the Bishop's niece, strikes me as simply impossible."

"Hardly, since I have already promised."

Here my mother, catching my meaning, followed it up loudly.

"My dear, what have you gone and done! what will Lord Erlistoun say?"

Jean was silent.

"If you had been Miss Anybody, it would have been hard enough, my poor child; but for you to turn singing-mistress—you, Jean Dowglas, who are to be Lady—"

"O don't, don't." Her expression of acute pain silenced even my mother. "Let me say a word, and then you and Mark must let me alone. Being Jean Dowglas, I must act as Jean Dowglas, without reference to any body. I believe"—her voice shook a little—"no man would think the less of one he cared for, for doing any thing that she thought right. It is right for me to help to earn money; I can do it, and wish to do it; this is the easiest way. Besides, I have promised. Don't let us talk any more."

She then gave us a detailed account of her proceedings; and described Lady Emily, now nearly grown up, and one of the loveliest creatures ever seen.

"There is a curious simplicity about her, too, like a plum with the bloom on it. She said she knew my face quite well, and used to creep into dark corners to listen to my singing. Afterwards, she had often wondered who I was, and what had become of me."

"What, doesn't she know?" broke out my mother.

"You forget, nobody knows, nor must know. It is much better thus, and much easier for me."

It stung me,—the idea of her going among these people with "nobody knowing." The whole position of matters indicated something jarring, something not right. True, Jean's own will had governed every thing. There was, strictly speaking, none to blame; yet I was irritated and sore. The feeling did not wear off for some time.

Yet good rather than evil apparently accrued from this plan. Money was the least thing Jean gained. She soon taught out of love also, which is a teaching that makes happy. It filled up a certain blank in her life which I had already begun to notice, between the somewhat irregular and lengthening spaces when those foreign letters came, and supplied the lack of many things that, in our narrow humdrum way of existence, a young woman constantly occupied in tending an old and friendless one was sure to feel—refinement, cheerful sympathy, associations with those after her own kind.

Those explanations I used to make regarding her ardent delight in this new interest, foreign to us and ours. But mine was an external judgment, as those of mankind often are.

One Sunday Lady Emily alighted like a bird-of-paradise on the mundane regions of Pleasant Row; and then I found out, or thought I had, a good deal.

"Jean, that 'child,' as you call her, is just like a little lover to you."

Jean smiled. "Well, am I not better, certainly safer, than a lover to her? Don't laugh, Mark. Girls often choose their 'first loves' among women; I did myself. What do you think of Lady Emily? Is she altered?"

"I forget what she used to be; but I think she is growing very like you."

Jean laughed in merry incredulity. "What, dark and fair, thin and soft-rounded, seventeen and nearly twenty-nine?—how old I am growing!" She turned grave for a moment, then went back to the argument in question.

Yet my observation had a truth in it. That similarity, either natural or acquired, which, as I have before noticed, is

often discernible in people attracted to one another, already showed itself between these two. The stronger nature, of course, made the impression; in twenty different ways I could trace in Lady Emily the influence of Jean.

I remarked one day, "that she seemed to come to Pleasant Row a good deal."

"Yes, they trust her with me, and she likes coming."

"Truly, I think she would come to Newgate if you were there."

"I know she would," Jean answered, with a soft grateful tenderness in her tone. "Mark, I am neither Quixotic nor romantic now; yet it goes to my heart that this child loves me. She has been brought up like a nun almost; she is as harmless as a dove, and as sweet as a flower. I want to keep the dove her 'silver wings,' to let nothing soil the lovely white flower."

"You cannot. Her lot is cast in the world; she must meet it."

"I feel that, and I would not wish to keep her from it; but I would like to make her strong for her perilous place—safe in it, and worthy of it. I want—"

"To 'do her good'?"

Had I thought that phrase would have so wounded Jean, I would have cut my tongue out before I uttered it. Her lip quivered with pain as she answered,

"Do not say that. I shall never say it again."

"Perhaps it is safest not said, or thought; but you need not cease to do it. One like you has only to live in order to do people good."

"Thank you, cousin." Her eyes swam in tears; she sat down silent.

I had brought her a letter that day, which I think she had been expecting a long time. Correspondence seemed more difficult to Lord Erlistoun in the capitals of civilised Europe than to the amateur Bedouin in the Syrian desert.

We men, accustomed to take our sweetest draughts in small gulps during the intervals of our busy or ambitious lives, can never fully understand how women actually live in letters. They may not own it even to their own hearts; when the deep root of love, and safer than love, *trust*, is there, you may cut it down over and over again, and it will blossom up afresh; but—'tis cruel handling.

I found this out, when, during an absence of Lady Emily's, her fond girlish letters came regularly once a week, never missing a day. "As sure as the sun," my mother observed, "real lovers' letters."

Jean turned away.

When her pupil returned, there was a gratefulness almost pathetic in the way Jean responded to this love; childlike in its demonstration still, though in most other things the young lady had ceased to be a child. She had learned to have a will and a judgment of her own, and to exercise both in the innumerable ways with which one of her rank and fortune can use a woman's best "rights"—personal influence. A lovely and loveable creature she was; beside her exquisite fresh bloom, I sometimes fancied even Jean looked faded and old.

Jean faded? Jean growing old? I pondered. Would a man—say, any man—regarding the face he loves, think with alarm, or with a solemn and yearning tenderness, of how it will look when it is growing old?

Another winter passed, another summer; in the autumn my father would have been dead two years.

Two years! Was it with another chronology than this of death that Jean now laid aside her black gowns? Her looks and her step lightened; voluntarily or involuntarily, she was evidently hoping, if not believing.

About this time I myself received a letter from Lord Erlistoun.

It stated his extreme regret that circumstances of which Miss Dowglas was aware—he had written to her by the same mail—prevented his immediate return to England; that he must leave in my charge for a few months longer "his best treasure in the world."

I gave Jean the letter without comment, and she made none. Her time was just then fully occupied; for Lady Emily was going on a tour to Switzerland, I believe; and it was hard for Jean to refuse her "little lover's" earnest wish for her companionship.

"I can't," she said, when I urged too, promising to remove all scruples on account of my mother; "I can't go abroad. O, no! I was never fit for any thing but quiet and home."

And after Lady Emily was gone, she seemed to turn more than ever to what—if peace, unity, and affection could make it so—was indeed, with all its narrowness, a "home." I can see her now, as she used to sit on Sunday afternoons, crouching down with her arm across my old mother's lap, and her great wistful weary eyes fixed opposite on me, as I tried to amuse them and make them merry. Sometimes, after listening and laughing a little, she would end with a sigh of relief:

"O, Mark, how comfortable you are!"

These "treasures," which some are readier to prate of than to prize, yet others must neither covet nor steal! Thank God, I was always true to myself, and to both of these two.

Day by day I watched Jean's round cheek straighten into the line which marks youth's departure. Once, stooping her head as she sat, she said, "Mark, see here;" and in an under-lock of her hair were distinct white threads, too many to count.

I hardly know the sort of feeling it gave me, except that it was not altogether one of pain.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

In the autumn of 1847 there appeared a book,—a "novel,"—unrecommended by a known name, unheralded by any portentous announcements, which nevertheless achieved what few books, even with all such appliances, attain;—it made a "sensation" in the English literary world. *Jane Eyre* aroused immediate attention; there was a "rush for copies" at the publisher's; people of generally phlegmatic temperament condescended to be curious as to the unknown author. The book was reviewed, criticised, talked about, on every hand. The reading public—insatiable giant!—for once laid itself down complacently after its meal, and growled approval. This for a brief space. After a while came soberer thoughts; compunction and dubitation began to trouble the monster. He had enjoyed his dinner, but he mistrusted the wholesomeness of the viands; he had partaken greedily, but thought it well to enter a protest against the *chef-de-cuisine*. *Jane Eyre* was striking, original,—its descriptions were masterly, its writing both forcible and brilliant; but it was of an evil tendency, it was immoral, it was wicked, it was, in a word, improper—most fatal ban of all! And curiosity strained her eyes anew. Who *could* have written this queer book? Man or woman, old or young; a masculine mind gifted with unusually subtle perceptions; or a "strong-minded" woman, whom life had embittered, whom experience had hardened,—who *could* be the author?

We know now, or shall know when we have read through the two volumes now before us. Death makes all things sacred; and we believe that the curiosity, often vulgar and mean enough while its object breathes and lives amongst us, becomes a nobler feeling when the infinite barrier between two worlds divides us from it. Were it not so, there would be much pain in seeing the veil drawn from before the quiet life of a gentle, retiring, sensitive woman like Charlotte Brontë, even when the hand was as careful and as loving as it has been in this case.

But Charlotte Brontë is no longer of us. No critical misconceptions or harsh judgments can sting her, nor friendly appreciation arouse her quick gratitude any more. No more of those "strange" books,—good and great, spite of

their mistakes,—will again stir us with their fearless eloquence, their vivid pictures, their magnetic truth. She can do the world no more service by her writings; it only remains that the record of her life shall edify and benefit us. That it will do good, more good than many novels, we do not doubt. Two lessons at least it may well convey to all who read it. The first, that even critics, like other fallible men, may be mistaken; and that they are most likely to be so when they judge an author by the accidents, and not by the essentials, of his or her writings. The author of *Jane Eyre* was a woman gifted with some of the best and noblest womanly qualities in no less degree than she was intellectually endowed. Whoso studies her life will find that authorship formed but a subordinate portion of it; that writing was the least part of her "work;" that the daily, yearly round of her home-duties, little and great, was fulfilled as conscientiously, as cheerfully, as deftly, as though she knew no higher faculties, and possessed no more recondite tastes than those of the housewife. And secondly, we shall learn how compatible a woman so minded may make the sweetest and homeliest duties,—in the performance of which lies her normal vocation,—with the exercise of rare powers, and the cultivation of that intellect which was bestowed on her to turn to good account, *not* to give her an excuse for forfeiting or ignoring one iota of her womanhood.

It is a pregnant fact, indeed, that a writer, one of the most original, powerful, and popular of her day, stands out from the rest of the world still more by her life than by her genius. The reader of these volumes will find it more possible to forget *Jane Eyre* and *Lucy Snowe* than this small still woman, with her indomitable soul; her quiet self-denying heroism, both active and passive; her strong, but not stubborn will; her warm and generous, but steady and consistent feelings. Her genius was brilliant, but her soul shone, we think, with a fuller light than that which through her writings has flashed upon the world.

And what a strange poem-picture have we in this true narrative; what an eerie strain of wild music runs through it; what an atmosphere of moorland-air surrounds it, fresh, sharp, sweeping,—sometimes thick with mists, and anon torn with fierce gusts! She herself never imagined any thing more instinct with that sort of sad grandeur which pervaded all she wrote, than is her own history. The secluded home in that wild region; the motherless childhood, from which all the brightness was struck by the early and painful death of her two sisters; the premature responsibility of her own eldership over the others, which so deeply impressed the thoughtful little girl of ten years old,—how simply touching are these details, and how well they indicate the course of training that her mind was undergoing thus early! Interesting also is the description of the recreations of the four singular children,—their strong political sympathies, their literary achievements, and in particular, Charlotte's detailed catalogue of her writings, "making in the whole twenty-two volumes," completed in fifteen months by the authoress of thirteen.

Here is a characteristic specimen of these productions, presenting a quaint combination of child-life and most unchildish fancies and predilections.

"June the 31st, 1820.

The play of the *Islanders* was formed in December 1827, in the following manner. One night, about the time when the cold sleet and stormy fogs of November are succeeded by the snow-storms and high piercing night-winds of confirmed winter, we were all sitting round the warm blazing kitchen-fire, having just concluded a quarrel with Tabby concerning the propriety of lighting a candle, from which she came off victorious; no candle having been produced. A long pause succeeded, which was at last broken by Branwell saying in a lazy manner, 'I don't know what to do.' This was echoed by Emily and Anne.

Tabby. Wha, ya may go t' bed.

Branwell. I'd rather do any thing than that.

Charlotte. Why are you so glum to-night, Tabby? O, suppose we had each an island of our own.

Branwell. If we had, I would choose the Island of Man.

Charlotte. And I would choose the Isle of Wight.

Emily. The Isle of Arran for me.
Anna. And mine should be Guernsey.

We then chose who should be chief men in our islands. Branwell chose John Bull, Astley Cooper, and Leigh Hunt; Emily, Walter Scott, Mr. Lockhart, Johnny Lockhart; Anne, Michael Sadler, Lord Bentinck, Sir Henry Halford. I chose the Duke of Wellington and two sons, Christopher North and Co., and Mr. Abernethy. Here our conversation was interrupted by the, to us, dismal sound of the clock striking seven, and we were summoned off to bed. The next day we added many others to our list of men, till we got almost all the chief men of the kingdom. After this, for a long time, nothing worth noticing occurred. In June 1828, we erected a school on a fictitious island, which was to contain 1000 children. The manner of the building was as follows. The island was fifty miles in circumference, and certainly appeared more like the work of enchantment than any thing real," &c.

And we have a description of her soon after this time.

"In 1831, she was a quiet thoughtful girl of nearly fifteen years of age; very small in figure,—'stunted' was the word she applied to herself; but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight fragile body, no word in ever so slight a degree suggestive of deformity could properly be applied to her;—with soft thick brown hair and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description, as they appeared to me in her later life. They were large and well shaped; their colour a reddish-brown; but if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet listening intelligence; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill-set; but unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact; for the eyes and power of the countenance over-balanced every physical defect: the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar fineness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind,—writing, sewing, knitting,—was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves."

The readers of *Shirley* and *Villette* will be interested in the account of Miss Brontë's life as school-girl and teacher at Roe Head, and at Brussels, if only because they will there trace the scenes and impressions which long after she reproduced in those books. But authorship,—its cares and its pleasures, its discouragements and its triumphs,—was as yet far from her; if thought of, checked and driven back, in accordance with advice she had received on the subject.

School-life, governess-experiences, diversified by illness, home-anxieties, and plans for the future,—it is of all this we read now. It was necessary that money should be earned; and teaching appeared the only available means, although it was a vocation for which all the Brontës seem to have been peculiarly unfitted. So chafing were its restraints, so trying were its demands upon Charlotte, that again and again her health gave way under her persistent efforts to maintain a way of life which to her involved so much positive suffering.

"No doubt," says Mrs. Gaskell, "all who enter upon the career of a governess have to relinquish much; no doubt it must ever be a life of sacrifice;—but to Charlotte Brontë it was a perpetual attempt to force all her faculties into a direction for which the whole of her previous life had unfitted them. Moreover, the little Brontës had been brought up motherless; and, from knowing nothing of the gaiety and sportiveness of childhood,—from never having experienced caresses or fond attentions themselves,—they were ignorant of the very nature of infancy, or how to call out its engaging qualities. Children were to them the troublesome necessities of humanity; they had never been drawn into contact with them in any other way. . . . It must be borne in mind by those who, surviving her, look back upon her life from their mount of observation how no distaste, no suffering, ever made her shrink from any course which she believed it to be her duty to engage in."

And this brief letter, written from one of her "situations" to her sister Emily, expresses something of the intolerable

yearning for freedom which it was her continual struggle to keep down and endure:

"MINE BONNIE LOVE,—I was as glad of your letter as tongue can express. It is a real genuine pleasure to hear from home; a thing to be saved till bedtime, when one has a moment's quiet and rest to enjoy it thoroughly. Write whenever you can. I could like to be at home. I could like to work in a mill. I could like to feel some mental liberty. I could like this weight of restraint to be taken off. But the holidays will come. *Coraggio!*"

We now arrive at the details of her sojourn in Brussels, of her zealous and resolved efforts in the acquirement of languages, &c., and of the painful episodes which marked, and at length terminated, her stay. The fast-increasing blindness of her father summoned her home at the beginning of 1844. And there ensued a time of much trial;—futile efforts on the part of the girls to establish a school at Haworth Parsonage, till these very efforts were stopped by the bursting of a new cloud of piteous, terrible, domestic trouble which had for long been overhanging them. But Branwell Brontë and his wretched fate need not be discussed here.

Let us pass at once to the consideration of the time, some two years later, when Charlotte Brontë had made the first unnoticed step towards that literary career afterwards so renowned. "Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," published in 1846, were unheeded, passed by, ignored by the great busy world. The risk had been their own, the failure was theirs also; but they appear to have been undaunted by it. They tried again. August 1846 found Charlotte at Manchester with her father, who came there that his eyes might be operated upon. The sisters' second literary venture seemed hopeless enough. Each had written a prose tale, which had been sent, together and separately, to publisher after publisher with continued ill-success.

" . . . Among the dispiriting circumstances connected with her anxious visit to Manchester, Charlotte told me that her tale came back upon her hands, curtly rejected by some publisher, on the very day when her father was to submit to his operation. But she had the heart of Robert Bruce within her; and failure upon failure daunted her no more than him. Not only did *The Professor* return again to try his chance among the London publishers, but she began, in this time of care and depressing inquietude,—in those gray, weary, uniform streets, where all faces save that of her kind doctor were strange and untouched with sunlight to her,—there and then did the brave genius begin *Jane Eyre*. Read what she herself says: 'Currer Bell's book found acceptance nowhere, nor any acknowledgment of merit; so that something like the chill of despair began to invade his heart.' And remember it was not the heart of a person who, disappointed in one hope, can turn with redoubled affection to the many certain blessings that remain. Think of her home, and the black shadow of remorse lying over one in it, till his very brain was mazed, and his gifts and his life were lost; think of her father's sight hanging on a thread, of her sisters' delicate health and dependence on her care; and then admire, as it deserves to be admired, the steady courage which could work away at *Jane Eyre* all the time that the one-volume tale was plodding its weary way in London."

The following is significantly characteristic:

"It was not every day that she could write. Sometimes weeks, or even months, elapsed before she felt that she had any thing to add to that portion of her story which was already written. Then, some morning she would waken up, and the progress of her tale lay clear and bright before her in distinct vision. When this was the case, all her care was to discharge her household and filial duties, so as to obtain leisure to sit down and write out the incidents and consequent thoughts, which were, in fact, more present to her mind at such times than her actual life itself. Yet notwithstanding this 'possession,' as it were, those who survive of her daily and household companions are clear in their testimony, that never was the claim of any duty, never was the call of another for help, neglected for an instant. It had become necessary to give Tabby—now nearly eighty years of age—the assistance of a girl. Tabby relinquished any of her work with jealous reluctance, and could not bear to be reminded, though ever so delicately, that the acuteness of her senses was dulled by age. The other servant might not interfere with what she chose to consider her exclusive work. Among other things, she reserved to herself the right of peeling the potatoes for dinner; but as she was growing blind, she often left in those black specks which we in the north call the 'eyes' of the potato. Miss Brontë

was too dainty a housekeeper to put up with this; yet she could not bear to hurt the faithful old servant by bidding the younger maiden go over the potatoes again, and so reminding Tabby that her work was less effectual than formerly. Accordingly, she would steal into the kitchen, and quietly carry off the bowl of vegetables without Tabby's being aware; and broaking off in the full flow of interest and inspiration in her writing, carefully cut out the specks in the potatoes, and noiselessly carry them back to their place. This little proceeding may show how orderly and fully she accomplished her duties, even at those times when the 'possession' was upon her."

In 1847, *Jane Eyre* was published. And this may appear a fit opportunity for discussing the merits and the faults, the excellence and the defacing drawbacks, of Miss Brontë's writings. But we reserve such discussion; we waive for the present all arguing thereabout. We are learning to know Charlotte Brontë,—not Currer Bell. Whoso wills, may carp and cavil at the author; we deal with the woman as she *lived*, not as she wrote. Imaginary incidents, fictitious scenes and characters, are out of place here; they fade away in the strong clear light of a reality such as this.

Domestic distress of the bitterest kind was assailing her at the time that "London literary circles" were speculating as to the author of *Jane Eyre*. The year passed sadly; though we may imagine her as cheered by the success of her book, tidings of which reached her in her quiet secluded home. But, in the autumn of 1848, the brother died. Connected with him had been the cruellest of the family troubles, and his death seemed to be the herald of further desolation. At intervals of only a few months Emily and Anne Brontë sickened—declined—died. The one sister, after months of devoted nursing, of gnawing anxiety, was left alone, to resume as she might the story (*Shirley*) of which she had written two-thirds at the time of Branwell's death. "The pen, laid down when there were three sisters living and loving, was taken up when one alone remained. Well might she call the first chapter that she wrote after this 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death.'"

The reader of *Shirley* will remember the chapter so called—(read now, in the light of this new knowledge, how inexpressibly touching are its simple details!); and he will remember also the commencing passages in that chapter headed "The West Wind blows,"—one of those outbursts of passionate prose-poetry which truly are only to be "learned in suffering." But, we are told,

"She went on with her work steadily. But it was weary to write without any one to listen to the progress of her tale,—to find fault or to sympathise, while pacing the length of the parlour in the evenings, as in the days that were no more. Three sisters had done this; then two, the other sister dropping off from the walk; and now one was left desolate to listen for echoing steps that never came, and to hear the wind sobbing at the windows with an almost articulate sound."

Her literary triumphs were thus well chastened. Moreover, *Shirley*, though successful on the whole, was much maltreated by sundry authorities. And what a new idea is given of the masculine-minded reckless writer of *Jane Eyre*, when we hear of her quietly shedding tears of grieved feeling over a harsh criticism in the *Times* newspaper! Occasionally she was now to be tempted from her seclusion; occasionally she went to London, staying with the family of her publisher, who strove to make her visits as interesting as her extreme love of quiet and painful shyness would permit. She made some valued friendships also. Life, it would seem, was at least expanding somewhat for her. Her correspondence becomes varied and extensive. It is interesting to mark the clear practical sense of her letters on business-matters, the lucid criticisms on the books she reads, or the new scenes she passes through. Vigorous, and full of life and warm generous feeling, are these letters, and graphic as was all she wrote.

But meanwhile she experienced intervals of profound depression, of utter prostration both of mind and body. Sad indeed is it to read such records of a lonely life,—of mental suffering and longing for the lost,—as we have in some of her letters of the time during which *Villette* was in progress.

But we can dwell only briefly on these and subsequent details. The scroll is nearly unrolled; the life draws towards its close. On its last salient incident, her marriage, we will not touch. Her few brief months of wedded life seem to have been happy ones, and it was surely meet it should be so. There had been a long, dreary, hard winter before the short spring of happiness blessed her with its brightness. And struggle and trial and suffering had done their work upon the fragile frame during that troubled season. Sunshine could not kindle anew the fast-decaying spark that had burned so brightly when its light was needed most, because of the darkness around. She died.

"Early on Saturday morning, March 31st, the solemn tolling of Haworth church-bell spoke forth the fact of her death to the villagers, who had known her from a child, and whose hearts shivered within them as they thought of the two sitting desolate and alone in the old gray house."

Few beyond that circle of hills knew that she whom the nation praised far off lay dead that Easter morning. Of kith and kin she had more in the grave to which she was soon to be borne than among the living. The two mourners, stunned with their great grief, desired not the sympathy of strangers. One member out of most of the families in the parish was bidden to the funeral; and it became an act of self-denial in many a poor household to give up to another the privilege of paying their last homage to her; and those who were excluded from the formal train of mourners thronged the churchyard and church, to see carried forth and laid beside her own people her whom, not many months ago, they had looked at as a pale white bride entering on a new life with trembling happy hope."

And such was the end, yet *not* the end, of Charlotte Brontë's tried, troubled, unpraised life.

One word more before we let the book go which tells us of that life. That we have hardly mentioned the merit of this biography in our warm interest in, and sympathy with, its subject, is perhaps the highest testimony we could render to its excellence. It is not so much a book as a *life* we have been making acquaintance with. To express approval of the arrangement, to laud the style, would appear out of place under these circumstances. And we feel sure that Mrs. Gaskell, in her generous friendship for Charlotte Brontë, will accept as the most welcome praise to her own portion in these volumes, that tribute of admiration and reverence for the Dead, which we believe few will find it possible to withhold when they close the book.

NOTHING IN THE PAPER TO-DAY.

I ALWAYS think a man a dolt who tells me "there is nothing in the paper to-day." *Nothing!* The newspaper is the daily history of thirty millions of people, with possessions scattered all over the world,—a people whose aggregate number at home and abroad is not much less than three hundred millions. And their daily actions are as "nothing" to those who skim the surface of a paper in search of a war, an insurrection, the death of a prince, or the explosion of a powder-mill; and who in one week forget every incident which for the moment was a real bit of news for them. Not one person in a hundred knows how to read a newspaper. They hear a great deal about strychnine, and are delighted to see the portrait, or read the biography, of a criminal; but do they turn to any chemical dictionary or work on medical jurisprudence for accurate information, on which to ground a calm judgment of that which excites them so much? To read and understand a newspaper, requires us to take pleasure in its several details, as matters of contemporaneous history; and there is scarcely any single narrative,—whether of politics or police, of law or war, of destitution or mortality,—but is fraught with a true historical lesson, the dates and circumstances worthy to be made note of, and the outlying facts affording matter for many a curious literary or scientific study.

I remember, during the late war, we used to lay the paper on the table, and, in family council assembled, trace out on a few maps every movement of the armies and fleets,

and form our judgment of the struggles and acts of the belligerents. By the aid of geographical studies, my daughters made tracings of the maps of the Crimea, the Black Sea, and the Baltic; and as each new item of intelligence arrived, we used to mark in on these skeleton maps every new position of the armies, every movement made by them, lines of march, points of attack, positions of fleets and batteries, and, in fact, every minute detail that could be illustrated by geography. Then we saw the meaning of the glorious feats of arms which called forth the plaudits of thousands who knew the places and positions only by name. We saw the whole scheme of the Russian attack: eastward, through the Caucasus, towards Erzeroum; westward, through the Principalities, towards Adrianople; and centrally, by the Black Sea, from Sebastopol,—a grand threefold attack on Constantinople. We saw, too, the wisdom of the allied concentration on the central position of Sebastopol: destroy the enemy's centre, and his wings suffer with it. Besides this, we learnt that by the allies attacking the remotest part of the Czar's dominions, his forces were compelled to march enormous distances to the relief of the besieged city; and those distances were additional enemies, and helped us to conquer.

Now, Bushire and Herat and Canton are uppermost in political geography. We are making skeleton tracings of the maps of Persia, and we shall mark out, in coloured lines, the track of the Persian forces; the respective positions of the fleets and land-forces of the British; the nearest Russian posts on the Caspian; and the route which a Russian army of relief would most likely take, if the Czar were to side with Persia. China also comes in for study, and we are now busy with its coasts and harbours.

Then, as to this sad labour question, we fill up the sketch which the paper supplies in the history of want. Statistics of the population, the produce, and the resources of the British empire, are easily attainable. My note-book of dates shows an awful list of failures of great firms, also gleaned from the newspapers. Emigration returns and reports from the colonies give us further items of information; and if I form an opinion as to the cause of distress, or its most likely remedy, I at least do not content myself with mere surface observation. Indeed, there is nothing in the newspapers, not even excepting the advertisements, but which to me is a reflection of some striking phases of our social and political life. I can separate the temporary and the passing from that which is permanently characteristic of our habits and history; and the newspaper is a great mirror, or rather a lens of enormous focus, through which I can see the whole world in its physical and mental developments arrayed before me as a living panorama. P. P.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

HE THAT DOES YOU AN ILL TURN WILL NE'ER FORGIE YOU (Scotch). "The injurer never pardons" (Ital.).—*Chi offende non perdona mai*. "Since I wronged you I never liked you" (Span.).—*Después que te erré, nunca bien te quisé*.—The same thought is thus expressed by Tacitus: "It is in the nature of man to hate one whom you have injured" (*Agric.* 41). Voltaire wrote to a person who had behaved very badly to him, *Je vous demande pardon de vous être moqué de moi*,—"I beg your pardon for having been treated scurvily by you."

EATEN BREAD IS SOON FORGOTTEN. "A morsel eaten gains no friend" (Span.).—*Bocado comido no gana amigo*. "The bread eaten, the company broken up" (Portug.).—*Pão comesta, companhia desfeita*. "A favour to come is better than a hundred received."—*Val più un piacere da farsi che cento di quelli fatti*.—This is suggestive of the definition which makes gratitude consist in a lively sense of future favours. "He who obliges makes ingrates" (French).—*Qui oblige fait des ingrats*. "When I grant a favour," said Louis XIV., "I make one ingrate and twenty malcontents."

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.—An ejaculation often called forth by the indiscreet zeal which damages a man's cause whilst professing to serve it. The full form of the proverb—"God save me from my friends, I will save myself from my enemies"—is almost obsolete with us, but subsists in many languages. The French and others apply it to perfidious friends. "From whom I trust God save me, from others I will, &c." (Italian).—*Da chi mi fido guardi mi Dio; che da chi non mi fido me ne guarderò io*. On the wall of one of the horrible subterranean dungeons of the doge's palace at Venice, M. Quitard found these words in the handwriting of a prisoner, who had escaped by removing a large flag in the floor, under which was a sewer that ran into the adjacent canal—"One is never betrayed but by one's own people" (French).—*On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens*.

W. K. KELLY.



CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MADAM,—I read with inexpressible pleasure the letter of "A Daughter," in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, vol. ii. p. 31,—I hope the Editors paid her liberally for it,—and I am convinced that in every large family the advantages of her ingenious suggestion would be peculiarly appreciated.

What eagerness would there not be to fulfil every household want; what anticipation of each wish; what jealous watchfulness of the beloved parent's eye, and loving contest to be first in reading its desires!

To descend to lower considerations, the arithmetical faculty (often so lamentably defective in a woman's head) would by this means be wonderfully developed. Consider the accurate valuation of each little service; the habits of regularity cultivated by the strict account strictly kept, and periodically presented for liquidation. I say periodically, as it may not be always possible for mamma to put her hand in her pocket at the very moment the chimney-ornaments are dusted, or the fresh tapes sewn on the pillow-cases.

I have given the subject serious consideration, and think it will be found advisable to draw up a tariff of prices, which may give to parents some insight into their family-expenses, and prevent those little disagreements to which every scheme, however invaluable, is liable, and especially one involving the pecuniary element. The following table will, I hope, be found not incompatible with justice on both sides:

For making breakfast, 4d.
If with both tea and coffee, 6d.
Washing tea-cups, 2d.
Making beds, 1d. each.
Marketing for family-dinner, 6d.
Mending father's or brother's socks, 1½d. per pair.
Brushing father's coat, 1d.
Sewing buttons on shirt, ½d. each.
Making pudding, 3d.
Making pie (large), 4d.
Lessons to little sister, 1s. an hour (and cheap too), &c.

This is necessarily but a bare suggestion. Every daughter will of course be the best judge of what services are likely to be required from her, and will place her own valuation upon them. It will, however, be advisable to modify the latter according to the number of the family and the income of its head. A man with, let us say, 200l. per annum, three grown-up daughters, and four or five smaller fry, to be taught, mended, washed, and generally "done for," at so much a head,—in addition to the necessary rent, taxes, coals, candles, and provision for so large a family,—might find the

weekly account of Jane, Maria, or Fanny, an occasional inconvenience. I am sure I need not point out to the young ladies that these circumstances might sometimes justify a bargain with mamma; or that even, under great pressure, an occasional pinafore might be made, or a collar washed free of charge.

As I have put the case, no parents can surely object to so reasonable a demand, nor be blind to the advantages that must result from it, when they see their daughters valuo and economise their time, become active and industrious, and feel that it proceeds, not from the old-fashioned law by which youth in its turn lifts the burden from the weary shoulders of age; not from the gratitude that seeks to repay, however inadequately, the filial debt of years; not from the loving instinct that necessitates the ministration to those we love;—but “from the wholesome stimulus of gain, which is the mainspring of most of man’s labours, and surely cannot fail to act well with woman also.”

ANOTHER DAUGHTER.



STAND FOR CUT FLOWERS. [MARION.]

ARTIFICIAL SEA-WATER FOR THE MARINE AQUARIUM AND FOR BATHS.

Mr. Gosse, the eminent naturalist, first propounded the possibility of manufacturing from the salt-box and the water-butt a preparation in which to preserve living marine animals, so as to obviate the inconvenience of obtaining supplies of water from the sea. That was in July 1854. The possibility was soon settled; and so admirably did the artificial sea-water answer its purpose, that many aquarists declared it to be superior to the real thing; and Mr. Bolton, operative chemist, of Holborn Bars, gave all his attention to its manufacture, and succeeded in producing it to perfection. In London, there is no difficulty in procuring either real sea-water or the prepared salts: the first is retailed, like porter at a public-house, by Mr. W. A. Lloyd, of Portland Road; the second is sold by Mr. Bolton at the rate of three gallons for a shilling, that is to say, in packets of a pound each; so that the saline materials for three gallons may be conveniently carried home in the coat-pocket. But there are many who live in remote districts who cannot readily avail themselves of either Mr. Lloyd’s or Mr. Bolton’s services, and there are many more who would prefer to prepare the sea-water for themselves as a pretty chemical exercise; and to these we offer the following instructions. Take of

Common table-salt	3½ ounces.
Epsom salts	0½ ”
Chloride of magnesium	200 grs. troy.
Chloride of potassium	40 ”

The above are the essential ingredients; but three elements of sea-water are omitted from the receipt, and these are, bromide of magnesium, sulphate of lime, and carbonate of lime. These occur in such minute quantities, that none but an expert chemist can introduce them. We believe Mr. Bolton does not omit them in his preparation.

Having the quantities of the above four ingredients correctly weighed out, mix them together, and pour three

quarts of water over them, and leave them some hours to dissolve. For this purpose, bright spring-water is the best. When the salts are thoroughly dissolved, place in the vessel a hydrometer registered as low as from 1·000 to 1·030, or in place of that, one of the specific-gravity beads sold by Mr. Bolton or Mr. Lloyd; and at the time of purchasing it, be sure to ascertain if it should sink or swim in sea-water. Stir up the mixture, and note what the hydrometer registers. You will find that the water is too dense, and you must add sufficient spring-water to it to bring it to the standard of 1·027, or till the bead slowly sinks to the bottom, if it should sink, or threatens to sink, if it is intended to register by floating.

Now the usual way is to do all this in the tank or vessel in which the animals are to be kept; but, as shown in the *Book of the Aquarium*, such a practice is wrong, because there is invariably some amount of sediment, which must be removed before the water is put to use. If the mixture

is made in a spare pan, it is very easy to fix above the tank a small filter, and through that filter pass the water into the vessel in which it is to remain. Take a bee-glass with a hole in the centre, or a common flower-pot which has been well seasoned. Into the hole in the centre thrust a piece of clean sponge, just loose enough to allow the water to run out in a thin stream. Over the sponge place a handful of charcoal; and then fill up, and keep the filter at work till the whole of the water has been transferred bright and pure to the tank. Once more test it with the hydrometer or the glass-bead, and make it a shade weaker than the register, to allow for evaporation. A few healthy plants of sea-lettuce, or the grassy sea-weed called *Enteromorpha compressa*, must be thrown in and left for a week, to season the water, and prepare it for the reception of animals. If exposed to moderate daylight, these plants will diffuse an abundance of oxygen through the water, and impart to it some minute portions of the three ingredients that were omitted from the formula. In a week or ten days it is fit for the introduction of animals. Begin with common anemones; but do not attempt to keep fishes or rare kinds of zoophytes in it for some time. The first weeds will probably decay, and their places must be supplied with fresh ones; and these will, if properly exposed to subdued daylight, live and flourish. Time will ripen the water and fit it for the preservation of any of the animals that are usually kept in aquaria; and the same preparation may be used for years, and will continually improve if occasionally drawn off and passed through the filter, and kept to the proper standard of strength by the addition of fresh water from time to time. In this latter particular, the hydrometer or bead must be the guide. A few handfuls of any sea-side drift, such as fresh sea-weed, tangle, &c., if obtainable, will be found useful in quickening the preparation of the water by conveying to it those elements which it is so difficult to include in the manufacture. When purchasing marine animals, a handful of fresh waste weed can always be obtained, and is of great service in bringing newly-made sea-water into a proper state; but any such waste materials must be removed before they begin to decay.



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THE PARTING OF LORD AND LADY USSELL.

PARTING OF LORD AND LADY RUSSELL. [1683.]
By C. LUCY.

MR. CHARLES LUCY is favourably known to the public by a series of pictures that exhibit a quietist turn of mind, verging sometimes upon sadness and pain; and which are characterised by a reserved power of design such as we advisedly designate quiet, in order to mark a wide distinction between that quality and the more obvious one which is simply tame and weak. He has never, so far as we know, produced a picture wherein any violent demonstration of emotion is required by the subject; preserving thereby an individuality as an artist, following a preconceived system to develop his powers to their utmost fruition. This intimate self-knowledge is remarkable, and worthy of all honour.

His principal works are—the picture we here engrave; a cartoon, "Religion," at Westminster Hall (1845); "The Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers," for which he received at that exhibition in 1847 a premium of 200*l.* from the Government; "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" (Royal Academy, 1848); "The Death of Cromwell's Daughter;" "Nelson in the cabin of the *Victory* before Trafalgar." These are, without naming others, sufficient examples of the artist's choice of subjects, his manner of executing them, and of the remarkable persistency of aim which it is our duty to eulogise.

In "The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell" we see grief without violence, a calm human dignity, and a self-respect which also spares others. Lord William Russell being wrongfully accused of participation in the Rye-House Plot, was brought to trial for treason, and pleaded "Not guilty," adding, that he had not received a copy of the indictment against him. On its being demanded how he would be tried, he replied, that he had never heard of a prisoner being arraigned and tried at the same time. This objection, though founded on both law and justice, was overruled; the trial proceeded, extending to great length, during which he received from his wife the utmost assistance which a noble-hearted woman could render, by acting as his secretary. Despite the clearest reasoning, and in the face of the most absolute law, he was found guilty, and sentenced to decapitation.

Many others who appear to have been really concerned in some sort of conspiracy were executed; amongst them, Algernon Sidney. To save Lord Russell from a like fate, the most strenuous efforts with the king were made, but without avail. Abandoning the legitimate means of delivering his friend, Lord Cavendish—between whom and Lord Russell the warmest attachment existed—volunteered to exchange clothes with him in prison, so that he might escape. This magnanimous offer was rejected, and the noble victim prepared for death. The account of his imprisonment and execution, which Burnet gives at length (that is he whom the artist shows withdrawn weeping at the window), is singularly affecting. On the evening before the day of execution, Lady Russell visited her husband for the last time. After praying, he said to her, "Stay and sup with me, and let us eat our last earthly food together." Before she left, he took her by the hand, saying, "This flesh which you now feel in a few hours must be cold," he then kissed her several times. "She so governed her sorrow as not to add by the sight of her distress to the pain of a separation." When she was gone, he said, "Now the bitterness of death is past;" and lauded her highly as the best of wives and friends. Retiring to rest, he slept soundly, and awoke betimes to devotional exercise. He gave his watch to Burnet, as a last gift, with the remark, "I have done with time; now eternity begins." The execution took place in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Burnet relates: "When arrived there, he had lain down (before the block); I once looked at him, and saw no change in his looks; and although he was still lifting up his hands, there was no trembling, though at the moment, when the executioner happened to be laying his axe on his neck (to direct him to

take aim), I thought it touched him, but am sure he seemed not to mind it." Thus died the noblest son of the house of Russell, at the age of forty-four, the victim of a king whose tyranny novelists and romantic historians have slurred over, and whose systematic libertinism has been described as a gay foible. L. L.

AT WOLF'S CASTLE.

THERE is a tottering red-brick inn in the city of Toulouse; an ancient hostel, well scored with many cracks and wrinkles. There is a traveller inside, uttering imprecations against the institutions of the country; moreover, waiting for the horses. They have set him, poor souls, for peace-sake, in their best apartment,—one with a famous bow-window, and noble prospect of the town; but he only yearns to cast the dust from off his shoes, and have done with them utterly. Mean time, while he performs an unholy tattoo upon the window-pane, it may not seem wholly unprofitable to set forth how that traveller came to be bestowed in that unpromising neighbourhood, and under so provincial a sky.

The year previous, I—no other than the wroth *voyageur* of the inn—had the good fortune to make M. Dangeau's acquaintance at the famous baths of Ems. A pleasant man, M. Dangeau, like most of his countrymen; pleasantest, perhaps, when assisting at little private fumigations, or in exhorting one from that Slough of Despond, a *table-d'hôte* of strong Anglican complexion. Just before my departure, it became known to me that my friend was, to use a delicate phrase, somewhat peculiarly circumstanced. M. Dangeau was, so to speak, becalmed, and drifting about uneasily, waiting for the wind. In this extremity, I was not found wanting; and M. Dangeau went his way rejoicing, provided with the needful funds. To say the truth, I had misgivings as to the fate of my napoleons; for, with all faith in my late *commensal*, I could not shut out a truth known to all of any Brunnen experience, that those with the laxest notions concerning money-matters are the most gentleman-like and insinuating of their species. At no distant date, however, arrived my moneys, together with exuberant thanks; the despatch concluding with an earnest request that I would come and take up my abode as soon as convenient at the Château des Loups, on this side of the Pyrenees. So came I to be bestowed in doleful Toulouse,—in Toulouse of the rueful countenance, at the very back of God speed; so came there to be a moody traveller in its crazy red-brick inn, looking from the bow-window, and waiting for the horses.

They came round at last,—those steeds so ardently desiderated, and I was securely fastened up in a rickety vehicle; red-brickdom was soon a pleasant prospect in the distance. We journeyed on all that day, catching glimpses now and again of other little red towns; for a brief span, too, floating sluggishly down the Garonne; until at last, about ten o'clock that night, a whip-handle was pointed in the direction of a dark clump of trees, indicating that the wished-for Château des Loups was in that direction. A few minutes more and we had pulled up before a tall repulsive gateway, all over plates of iron, like a prison-door; which, after long ringing at a bell, hung high among the trees, came at last to be opened by two strange salvage men, very wicked-looking and unkempt. One held a flaring torch high over his head, by whose light I made out a black aisle-like avenue, formed of great yews meeting overhead,—a veritable yew-tree tunnel, exceedingly disquieting to weak minds. It was then bluntly notified to me that I should have to walk up, there being a part of the road, where a bridge had broken down, impassable for carriages. Accordingly my mails were got down, and shouldered by one of the salvage men, while the torch went on a good hit in front. After a dark and dispiriting journey of some ten or fifteen minutes, we suddenly emerged, to my great comfort, upon a grateful *plaisance*, garnished abundantly with

fountains, statues, cool bowers, sun-dials, and other such pleasant conceits, the moon shining tranquilly over all. Exceedingly refreshing was the prospect after that awful probation. There was a stately chateau before me, with its broad sloping roof pierced for many windows, with the usual high minaret, or bell-tower, most likely place of congregation for the rooks. Before I could take note of any thing else, a figure came running down the steps to meet me, and in a moment more I was heartily bidden welcome to Wolf's Castle.

An hour after I found myself bestowed before the fire, in a venerable oak-room, with a bottle of miraculous Burgundy between us. I was infinitely refreshed by that noble fluid. We were very glad to see each other, and got very pleasant over certain Brunnen experiences, when we had heard the chimneys at midnight, and later too.

"After all," said M. Dangeau, stirring the logs with his foot, "this is a dreary place to have brought you to; you will die of ennui in a week's time. Rude wild sports, such as the *chasse au sanglier*, mountain shooting, and a little music of an evening,—behold all the poor entertainment I and my sister have to offer you."

His sister! I felt a sudden chill,—a dim presentiment of coming dangers, of hidden shoals and quicksands. His sister! wherefore his sister? how came I not to hear of her before? I shook my head, mentally, and held that here my friend Dangeau had slightly protruded the cloven hoof.

Later on we took our way to the drawing-room,—a very wilderness of huhl and marqueterie and delicate colouring, over which a soft and subdued light, as of shaded *modérateurs*, was playing. Afar off on the sofa, I could see the presiding beauty of the wilderness; a being with dark round eyes and darker hair, with great gold pins and chains at the back, and a dress of lace and bright colours, after the Spanish fashion. As I stood before her, the large eyes roamed over me with a sort of haughty inquiry, which, to say the truth, rather confused me. A regular Spanish Circe, this sister of Dangeau, thought I; but nevertheless seated myself on the sofa in dangerous proximity to the sorceress.

"Angélique," said Dangeau, "thank the *bon Dieu* in your prayers to-night for sending us this stranger. We must make much of him, my sister. Though for that matter 'tis a crime to bring a Christian man to such a place. Wolf's Castle! call it rather Ghoul Palace!"

Circe looked up. "Do you think so badly of our old mansion? It is a fashion with my brother to abuse it—only a fashion."

Being thus appealed to, I of course was loud in praise of its beauties. There was one thing, however, I must protest against, and that was the awful avenue of yews.

"It is a horribly suicidal place," said Dangeau; "I am always expecting to see a woodcutter dangling from one of the branches. It should have been cut down years ago but for the Mère Angélique here." (He had got this name for her out of the old Jansenist controversy.)

"O, monsieur," said Circe, turning to me, "I love every one of those old yews, and should grieve were but a branch touched."

"As for that," said her brother, "we must have them thinned, and let in a little daylight. Am I not right?" he added, turning to me.

"Why—yes—that is," I said hesitatingly,—for they were both looking to me for an answer,—"that is, if mademoiselle—"

But mademoiselle's lip was now curling scornfully.

"You would have him sell them, perhaps, monsieur? They would bring money."

"No, sweet Angélique," said Dangeau coolly, "they are too old for that; but Antoine and his woodmen shall certainly visit them to-morrow."

Circe's eyes flashed out; but it seemed to me that I was the chief object of their wrath. "You would not be so cruel, so barbarous," said she at length; "I declare it would be a crime. And all because this stranger here (a quiver-

ing finger pointed me out to public scorn) would have you follow the cold-hearted principle of his nation! 'Sir, you would have us turn our heart, soul, affections, every thing, into gold! Ten thousand thanks!'"

Very much hurt at this unprovoked attack, I said, in a halting kind of fashion, that mademoiselle accused me very unjustly; that I had given no advice whatever on the subject; that M. Dangeau, I was sure, would bear me out in this.

"For Heaven's sake, Angélique," said Dangeau, evidently vexed at the turn matters were taking, "be not so wilful. You shall have your trees, spoiled child—there!"

But the Mère Angélique had swept indignantly from the room, the black mantilla streaming behind her. I looked after her in exceeding astonishment.

"She will come round in the morning," said her brother. "She has Spanish blood in her veins, and is a little wicked sometimes. *N'importe*, she is a noble creature; and so you will think when you know her better."

That night I had long before my eyes the figure of the wayward Spaniard, as she swept so haughtily past me. "A very scornful dame," I thought, as I settled myself to sleep, "but fair, passing fair! If one only knew how to tame her, I should not mind playing *Petruchio*. Suppose I try."

After breakfast next morning, I was sent forth to view the lions in the neighbourhood, that being a kind of duty incumbent on all strangers; the inhabitants taking great pride in their lions. These, of course, included a famous healing spring of the place; the fearful hollow where the man was killed last year; also the gap in the mountain-side with the curious and delightful echo. This duty performed, but utterly wearied out, I was permitted to return home, just in time to get ready for dinner.

Mademoiselle was not well enough to assist at that meal; and I cannot help fancying I should have found it more entertaining had she been present. There was one little incident during dinner that struck me as rather curious. Just when the wine and fruit were being set on, some one came in and whispered Dangeau; who thereupon rose up, and left the room hastily. I sat there, I suppose, for more than half an hour, and then thought I would go to the drawing-room, where I would find him, most likely; perhaps Mademoiselle Angélique. Passing through, I ran full against two conspirator-like men, with cloaks, who, in much confusion, stepped hastily aside into the shadow. What might be the business of those suspicious-looking gentry?

In the drawing-room I found the Mère Angélique alone, arrayed in the Spanish picturesque fashion, with perhaps a shade less colour in her cheeks. I had not forgotten the rather pointed manner in which I had been held up to scorn the night before; so I assumed a reserved and stately manner as I inquired after her health. She was well now, she answered coldly enough. I was sorry to hear she had been suffering from headache. It was gone; and now that I had sufficiently complied with the ceremonial of society, suppose we talked of something else. Had I seen her brother?

Here was a thrust for *Petruchio*! I should have hoped, I said, with a wounded manner, that the fact of M. Dangeau being my friend would interest me in the well-being of any of his family; but it was quite evident that mademoiselle was prejudiced against me.

"No," said she; "I should scarcely be so unreasonable. Recollect that I have the misfortune of knowing you no longer than a single day."

"Mademoiselle is very severe," I said.

"Very, no doubt. For not discovering your perfections in that short time. It would be possible, would it not? And yet I know what were your thoughts when you entered the room. You thought you would encourage me—perhaps patronise me—with that grand air. Ah, you islanders can be read like books!"

I was decidedly making a very poor figure. When was the taming à la *Petruchio* to begin? But though smarting under this treatment, I determined to keep my good-humour;

and so answered, with a *very* forced laugh, "Mademoiselle has wonderful penetration; but I hope to give her no more trouble, as I mean to remove myself without delay to my own wretched island."

The large eyes here settled on me for an instant; they were filled with compunction.

"Forgive," said she, putting out her hand. "I have been very malicious, and you so good-humoured. Let us be friends."

This was really magnanimous; so I struck my colours, and wisely forebore all Petruchian ideas. It is surprising what excellent friends we became. Later on, a guitar was brought out, and little ballads of a fervid tendency were chanted sweetly enough, and excited boundless enthusiasm among the audience.

It was late that night before I found myself in my room. Some way I did not feel sleepy; and the moon was shining so gloriously, that, instead of turning into bed, I threw the shutters wide open, and walked out upon the balcony, with a kind of veranda overhead. There I sat and cogitated and admired, and cogitated again,—not a little, I must confess, upon the Mère Angélique and her strange ways. Just to my right was the Yew-Tree Cave, as I had christened it, with a great black cloud hovering over the entrance. A very mysterious ill-looking region it seemed. "He was right," I said, "in calling this Ghoul Palace; most certainly the ghouls live down there." What particularly struck me, being something of a painter, were the strange and fanciful shapes the shadows had fallen into. For instance, hard by the mouth of the cave I made out the shape of a horse, with the high Spanish saddle and accoutrements all complete. I speculated long upon the horse, and tried hard to shape a rider for him out of the neighbouring shadow. At times, too, the breeze would stir the branches behind, and give the appearance of the shadow's moving its hind-leg. How singular, how curious, is nature in her vagaries!

Singular indeed! If what followed was to be accepted as one of her eccentricities; for at that moment a loud neighing seemed to come from the shadow. I was startled. It was plain there was a genuine *bonâ-fide* horse there. I was welcome to that fact. What to do next was now the question. It would be easy to rush blindly to the yard, and pull frantically at the alarm-bell. But a simpler and more judicious course would be to go to Dangeau's room, and bring him to view the mysterious quadruped. I was turning away on this errand, when I thought I heard the sounds of footsteps on the gravel below. The next instant I was looking cautiously over the balcony, and was much confounded at seeing a tall man in a cloak stealing across the lawn; no doubt making for the shadowy steed. "The plot is thickening," I thought to myself, looking after him through the trellis-work of the veranda; but there was more yet to come. For the caballero turned round suddenly, as if he had been called back, then hastily retraced his steps. (Intense excitement in the veranda.) Just as he reached the trees, I saw another figure glide out and join him; a woman's. Some Pessita or Nina, no doubt, belonging to the house, meeting her swain by moonlight alone. No mystery, after all! *Tenez, mon ami*, the caballero is moving, and both have come a little forward out of the shadow. The next moment Nina's (or Pessita's) face was turned up full to the moon.

I was utterly confounded; it was incredible! I would look again. It was no mistake. I knew those eyes and that white forehead too well. Hark! speaking, too: "Tomorrow night!" There, she is taking leave of the noble caballero. O, false, fleeting, perjured Mère Angélique!

Here was a discovery! This was the cold haughty creature that so brought me to book the night before; this was the proud Castilian dame who took so much to heart the impending fate of an old tree. Pessita, Nina, forsooth! honest respectable girls that never indulged in such pranks; though when their mistress does so, why not they? A man in a cloak! It was as good as a play. I was so

amused at the idea, that I flung my cigar into the grate, and threw myself with desperate violence upon the bed. I dreamt all night long of men with cloaks, who distressed me exceedingly; particularly a series of large men, who came one after the other, and sat on me for varying periods. I must confess that, on waking next morning, I felt very much mortified; for I fancied I had made a little way, especially after the reconciliation of the night before. But the man with the cloak had cured me of such delusions. I felt in a savage vein, and only wanted to feed fat my rage and vexation. Should I tax her with it openly; bring on a grand scena,—furious brother, tableau!—and leave the house in a storm? No; I would fright her guilty soul with strange allusion and mysterious hints. I would keep her on the rack; that was better. So I finished dressing in all haste, and went down to breakfast with a very grim countenance indeed.

Dangeau was waiting for me, with tidings that the Mère—mademoiselle, I mean—Angélique was too unwell to come down.

"My dear friend," said he, taking up the tea-pot, "when the excellent Père Methusalem reached that fine old age of his, believe me, he knew as little about the ways of women as you or I do. It is an awful riddle whereof no man hath the *mot*."

So present vengeance was snatched from me. But I could wait; it would come later. There was to have been *chasse au sanglier* to-day; but the rain streaming down in torrents, put that wholly out of the question. So the men with the queer horns round them went to their homes; and Dangeau and I, by the aid of pistol-shooting, lunching, lounging about, and such dreary devices, managed to prolong existence until dinner-time.

I felt a little nervous when I found myself in presence of the frail being so addicted to moonlight and men with cloaks. She was full of spirits, and welcomed me with great good-humour, which civility I acknowledged with an executioner's smile. We sat down to dinner; and after a proper interval, when the soup had been removed, I thought it time to fire the train.

"A miserable day, truly," I said; "and yet last night the moon was shining most poetically—towards one o'clock, that is."

"Why," said Dangeau, "you won't persuade us you were up at that hour."

"Pardon me, I was; and what is more, sat in the balcony for hours enjoying the romantic prospect. Shall I help mademoiselle?"

Mademoiselle was in great disorder, and had turned very pale. But she had her pride to help her; and when I next stole a glance, she was looking at me with scorn and defiance. It was impossible to break her spirit, yet I would try again. Certainly, I would try again.

"By the way, Dangeau, that reminds me. Have you any person that goes round of nights, any watcher?"

"Not I," said he. "Why do you ask?"

"Because,"—here I looked steadily at her,—"because it seemed to me that people were going about last night. I certainly heard voices."

She was paler now, but still sat unsubdued. I only felt more remorseless.

"You astonish me!" said Dangeau, who now struck me as being a little discomposed himself.

"If I had had only common curiosity," I went on, "I need only have looked over the balcony to have seen their faces. In fact,"—here I looked steadily at Mademoiselle Angélique,—"I thought I recognised one of the voices."

She was conquered at last, and dropped her eyes upon the table. Dangeau abruptly changed the conversation, and the rest of the meal was as dreary as could well be imagined. To say the truth, this constant warfare must have been wearying to all parties; in spite of all good intentions, I was only making myself disagreeable. The best thing, in short, was to depart on the first available excuse.

And yet I would have found it pleasant—perhaps too pleasant—if the Mère Angélique had been only a little tractable. But, then, last night; and the tryst for to-night. No; I had done with her for ever.

A cloud fell upon us for the rest of that evening, and the conversation grew spasmodic and disjointed, like the dropping fire of musketry. The "situation" was growing painful; and I must confess it was a relief when mademoiselle got up to retire for the night. Dangeau went out to fetch her candle, when she turned hastily to me, as if she had waited for the opportunity.

"Don't judge me harshly," she said in a haughty manner, as though issuing a command. "I may not speak to-night, but to-morrow I shall explain every thing."

I thought of all I had heard below the balcony, and I suppose an incredulous smile was upon my lips.

"Well, you disbelieve me," she said. "It is little matter. To-morrow you shall hear me. Good night."

It was about twelve o'clock when I shut myself in for the night; and my first thought was to throw open the window, and take up my post in the veranda. There was no moon out that night, but a heavy drizzling rain falling. "He will not come to-night," I said aloud, "that man with the cloak. But she will be waiting. Yes, he will come. The precious meeting will be. How lucky it was I found her out! I might have been taken in by her tricks and minauderies. And yet what eyes! what an appealing look she gave with them! I must have a heart of stone. I was cruel; certainly very cruel. But the man with the cloak!"

Soon after this soliloquy, I think I must have fallen asleep in my chair; for I recollect finding myself of a sudden, and the lamp burning very dimly indeed. On looking at my watch, I found it was close upon two. I pushed away my chair in disgust. I was always doing something absurd and extravagant.

I started up; for at that moment I heard a shot close by, in the direction of the dark avenue. Then came another and another. What could it all mean? I was out on the balcony in an instant, but could hear nothing more. Yes; I could hear something now—a dull hollow sound, coming nearer and nearer, as of horses tramping,—all, too, in the direction of Ghoul Avenue. Perhaps the ghouls were abroad to-night. It was drawing nearer. And suddenly from out the black mysterious cloud at the entrance came riding forth furiously a long train of horsemen, each leading a mule, and making straight for the hall-door. Two o'clock in the morning—shots—and a band of wild fellows at the door: was I dreaming? What would come next? Going out upon the gallery, I heard voices and strange confusion below, and ran down with all haste to the hall.

It was filled with people. All the servants and retainers of the house were there, together with strange-looking men in picturesque jackets and Spanish hats, all talking at the same time, and dragging in huge bales just unstrapped from the mules. And there, in this wild scene of confusion, directing, inspiring, and encouraging,—the guiding spirit of the whole,—was to be seen the Mère Angélique.

I knew what it all meant now, what was the significance of the mules, the packages, and the dark-looking men.

I gathered from voices near me that the gens-d'armes would be there in a moment, having only gone back for reinforcements. They had the worst of it in the Yew-tree Avenue. But she, the Mère Angélique, to be in such a place, mixed up with so desperate an enterprise!

I found myself beside her. She seemed filled with excitement.

"Ah!" said she, with a curious laugh, "you have come down at a strange moment. Well, perhaps it is for the best. You shall see what the brave contrabandistas can do. I know what you suspected last night; but you were wrong."

She stopped. There was a sound of horses tramping outside; a sign the enemy was at hand. Dangeau came running down stairs with a musket in his hand. He started on seeing me.

"Forgive me," said he, "for having brought you into this. But it is too late now for excuses; you had better go to your room."

"And Mademoiselle Angélique?"

"I can protect my sister," he said coldly. "Go while there is time."

As he spoke there came a loud knocking at the door, and voices were heard demanding admittance. The besiegers were at hand. I looked round for the Mère Angélique. She was standing on the stairs, with her black hair falling about her shoulders, looking like a heroine of old.

"Now, dear friends," said she, bringing them all round her with a wave of her snowy arm, "now is the hour. Fight like brave men as you are."

And with a shout they all flew past her upstairs to take post at windows and loopholes, or any spot that commanded the enemy. She was following them slowly, when she suddenly turned, and saw me looking after her with wonder and admiration.

"We are friends now," she said, with a bright smile I often thought of afterwards, "though very late."

I caught the hand that was extended to me. "I have many things," I said, "to beg forgiveness for; but let me prove my sorrow by this day doing battle for you."

Once more the knocking was repeated, together with, "Au nom du roi, ouvrez!"

"Quick," said I, "give me a sword!"

"What," she said, "fight with them? impossible! You would be fatally compromised."

"No matter, I shall protect you."

"Look out," said Dangeau, "they will force the door."

All in the hall rushed in that direction; and, catching the enthusiasm, I was hurrying after the rest, when suddenly I was seized from behind by strong arms, and was borne away in spite of all resistance. I just caught a glimpse of the white figure on the stairs waving an adieu to me; and that was the last I ever saw of the Mère Angélique.

Then was I led away violently towards the back of the house by long subterranean ways, as it seemed to me, and at last a trap-door was raised, and we found ourselves in a kind of cottage, which was hidden in a small wood. So had the Mère Angélique providently taken thought for my safety. The chateau was still in full view; they were defending it right gallantly. I walked on, sorrowfully enough, to the next village, some four miles off, where I found horses, and lost no time in placing myself beyond the reach of the constitutional authorities of *la belle France*.

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Passing that way long after, I found the Château des Loups abandoned, and falling to ruin; and heard from the neighbours that Dangeau was dead, and his sister La Mère Angélique a nun in a convent at Seville. P. F.

NEW BOOKS.

Valisneria; a Midsummer-Day's Dream, by Mrs. Pfeiffer, is a charming fairy-tale, set in the framework of a human story, of which it both points the moral and is the chief ornament. Kate Mordaunt, the autobiographer, is the only child of wealthy parents. Her girlhood falls in those days when a young lady's first acquaintance with romance is through an introduction to *Sir Charles Grandison* or *Pamela*; and she attends her first ball with her head dressed in the style euphoniously entitled "a crop," and her feet in high-heeled and blue satin shoes. At her first ball, our heroine falls in love, and is fallen in love with at night by the very man for whom she had been designed,—a rare good fortune. Of course they are married without any difficulty, and retire to an Italian chateau, where they render themselves up entirely to the sweets of their new existence, till, as a natural consequence, the appetite sickens, and might soon die, but for the appearance of a cousin Mary, who,

wedded the same day with Kate, after a long and troublous attachment, comes to visit them with her husband. The anguish of the young wife, who sees the absorbing devotion of her six-months' bridegroom begin to fade, and her self-abasement as she recognises that her own wings no longer sustain her at the same height of passion, is brought to a crisis by the contrast of her cousin, in whom love but opens a deeper sympathy with the outside world, and is doubly precious as the sweetener of many cares. The excitement of Kate's overwrought feeling induces a trance of fever, in which she is admitted to the mysteries of Flower Land; where the fate of two spirits, who, allowing the one absorbing love to blind them to all natural duties, share in consequence a common grave, gives her a lesson,—which, on her awakening, she in turn teaches her husband,—that, in order the better to love one another, they must learn to love all mankind. Alas, why is it only in story-books that the lessons of life are learnt so easily? In this tale of Mrs. Pfeiffer's there are not a few pleasant touches, while the magic dream is graceful, piquant, and fairy-like. We confess to feel a stronger interest in the loves of Valis and Neria, his womanly little spirit-bride, than in those of their human prototypes.

Parables from Nature, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty, bear on the title-page their own recommendation; the book being announced as entering on its third edition. It has also undergone a German translation; no small honour, when we consider how much more we are given to borrow from our German neighbours the fanciful allegories which adorn rather than disguise the solid meaning beneath, than to be ourselves the creditors. These Parables, wherein the insect and floral world play the principal *dramatis personæ*, are gracefully written, and enclose many an admirable meaning. *Worlds not Realised* is by the same author, and contains within its little red cover more wisdom than many a folio volume. The fireside-talk of Lord D— with his children may be sometimes rather above the heads of the little ones,—no bad thing, by the way,—and many taller folk even will have no need to stoop in listening.

In *Curiosities of History*, by John Timbs, we recognise the faces of some once-familiar but forgotten facts, and have the pleasure of an introduction to many new ones. The widely-diffused popularity of Mr. Timbs' previous work, *Things not Generally Known*, will insure a welcome for this, his latest.

The Frithjof Saga, by Esalas Tegner, translated into English, in the original metres, by C. W. Heckethorn, of Basle. We opened with pleasure the volume thus somewhat pompously headed, but our anticipations were not a little clouded even by the preface. Therein the translator, with the self-eulogistic humility characteristic of prefaces generally, informs us, that though, in order to reproduce the smooth and polished verse of his author, he had frequently been obliged to have recourse to a somewhat free translation, he yet was of opinion that the spirit should not be sacrificed to words, and that an easy-flowing line, though not an exact counterpart of the words, or even, to a certain extent, of the meaning of the original, was preferable to a forced and rugged verse, which had nothing to recommend it but its being literal. A free translation truly! For the sake of the good bishop, already well known at English firesides through the translations of Longfellow, let us hope that the following quotations, culled at hazard from scores similar, are specimens of those lines in which Mr. Heckethorn has preferred "a smooth and flowing verse" to the words and meaning of the original. The hero, returning to his native land after a short absence, finds his home in ashes and his love forcibly carried off, the announcement of which melancholy tidings is prefaced by his aged foster-father in the following terms:

"My son," says Hilding, "too soon thou'lt hear
The story, at which thy heart won't cheer."

The consequences of which story being as Hilding had fore-

told, Frithjof determines to forsake his country, and bids it farewell in the following pathetic lines:

"O, pole, thou centre
And brow of earth,
No more I enter
My land of birth!
O, nurse of lions,
With pride I tell
One of thy scions
I'm! Now, farewell!"

A touching instance of the satisfaction with which a good old man reviews the deeds of his life when about to leave it, will be seen in the verse in which King Ring recalls his career with well-merited satisfaction in the following words:

"Often carousing,
Friends entertaining,
Peace I did cherish, of blessings so full;
Spirit arousing,
Called to campaigning,
Sonorous shield, I broke many a skull."

We should, in conclusion, say that the translator in his preface gives the following testimony, from high authority, to the purity of his English: "It would indeed be necessary to be informed that you are a foreigner, for your verses appear to have all the freedom and raciness of the most native idiom."

Sir Francis Palgrave's *History of Normandy and of England*, of which we have now two volumes, has been republished. Here we find chivalry and piracy, old monarchy and ever-new barbarism, in fellowship or in collision, as the case might be; Charles the Bald and Rollo the Invincible; civilisation retiring before the conquering squatter, the robber-colonist, who wrested from Charles the Simple the possession of Neustria, afterwards known as Normandy, and then claimed to hold it by Divine right. Here, in fact, we have the middle ages revived. We next see them in decay, as the Carolingian line gradually expires; while the Norman dukes grow in power and daring, until the establishment of Hugh Capet, and subsequently the landing in England of William the Conqueror. The history of Normandy is itself interesting, and full of extraordinary mutations. Lost to France for about three centuries, it was for awhile recovered to that kingdom by Philip Augustus from our own King John in 1204. In the fifteenth century, we find it again an English province, and so remaining for thirty years, when Henry VI. was obliged to yield what Henry V. had subdued. Notwithstanding, by a fiction, the province was still claimed by our country,—a fiction repeated in mock-solenity at all coronations of our monarchs down to that of George III. The Norman ruler illustrated the final struggle between Christianity and Paganism. William Longsword, the great Rollo's son, was the victim of this great spiritual encounter. Christian himself, he married a pagan princess, and otherwise betrayed much inconsistency and incoherence of character. His personal interests and pleasures appear to have been his only guides of conduct—the only criteria for his conscience and his judgment. A career like this found its end in assassination. William's son Richard reigned in his stead. He lived to acquire glory by repulsing a German invasion, and enforcing the King of France to guarantee his dominion. He was present in a prominent manner at the assembly of the Estates at Senlis, when Hugh Capet was selected and proclaimed king, in which revolution Richard had taken great interest.

Passing from this valuable contribution to our national history, we have next to record a similar worthy enterprise in the republication of Lord Bacon's works, which have been collected and edited by James Spedding, M.A., Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A., and Douglas Denon Heath, barrister-at-law. This promises, indeed, to be the most complete and beautiful edition ever issued of the works of our great inductive philosopher. The arrangement observed is altogether novel, and will present his writings in three divisions. First, the works in philosophy and general history; second, professional works on legal subjects; and third, occasional works, con-

sisting of letters, speeches, charges, tracts, state-papers, and other miscellaneous productions. The philosophical portion will consist of three volumes, of which the first, including the *Novum Organon* and the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, has already appeared.

A highly valuable biographical work also has just seen the light. We allude to Sir W. Napier's *Life and Opinions of General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B.* This work is divided into "epochs" and "periods," an arrangement which has great chronological advantages. The biographer, in depicting the childhood of our hero, tells us that, "At ten years of age, having caught a fish when angling, he was surprised by the descent of a half-tamed eagle of great size and fierceness, which, floating down from a tree, settled upon his shoulders, covering him with its huge dark wings, and took the fish out of his hands. Far from being frightened, he pursued his sport, and on catching another fish, held it up, inviting the eagle to try again, at the same time menacing the formidable bird with the spear-end of the rod." Among much interesting matter, we meet with some fine details of the battle of Corunna, as witnessed by Sir Charles himself, and recorded at the time. They speak trumpet-tongued of the personal valour of Sir John Moore. Here, too, Napier himself was severely wounded, and made prisoner by the French. We find him afterwards associated with Lord Byron in the Greek war of independence; then in England, with the perils of Chartism to encounter; and then in India, where for the present we leave him fully employed.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

"WELLS OF FIRE AND RAIN-STORMS AT DISCRETION."

Such is the title under which a French writer in a public journal takes a novel view of the physical possibilities of this globe we inhabit.

Regarding volcanoes as the natural escape-valves for "the high-pressure gasometer" existing beneath the crust of the earth, and constantly kept full by the decomposition of water in the great retort of the under-cortex, he gravely proposes to bore artesian fire-wells, i. e. to tap the gas for fuel and illuminating purposes; and thus dispense with volcanoes as safety-valves, and with coal, coke, wood, turf, and every other kind of fuel.

"It is only necessary to pierce very deeply through the cuirass of the globe to reach, not the fire, but the subterranean gas; for the Chinese have reached it at the depth of 1033 mètres. We should be glad to see the water fail in the brick-wells of Passy as the brine failed in the wells of Outing-Kiao; for it was in deepening the bore to regain it that they found the gas, which has proved so valuable for the purpose of evaporating the water found in the bed of the rock-salt, gathered from more than two thousand holes in the space of ten leagues by four."

The writer goes on to deprecate the indignation of the coal-owners at the utter depreciation of their property; but sets up in compensation the enormous advantages accruing to the city of Paris, by the present made to it of a gratuitous source of light and heat in perpetuity; which, if the public press would only do its duty, would be accomplished by "voluntary contributions of a million of francs as capital outlay in this crusade against the empire of the gnomes and salamanders."

Moreover, it is just possible that the municipality of Paris may sell this gas at the rate of one centième the cubic mètre; in which case there will be a revenue of 800f. per minute, or 158,420,000f. per annum.

This is not all. The gas-fuel being so cheap, whenever the city of Paris shall feel the need of a rain-storm, the gas

will be allowed to escape into the air for a few minutes, and then be set on fire, by the means of an electrical kite, when resting over the city. "A beautiful rain, regulated to perfection by the gas-meter, would refresh the city, sprinkle the marsh-gardens and the promenades, while permitting the despatch of water-bearing vehicles to make mud in the streets of Algiers."

And then the writer bursts into a gush of patriotic enthusiasm on the noble national pride wherewith Paris city would present an artificial storm to stranger-princes coming to convince themselves that France had attained the power of giving rain and sunshine in physical as well as moral order.

Nothing apparently impossible in this. Manchester, they say, is very rainy by virtue of its large consumption of fuel; and a rain-storm is a common result of an earthquake. It is very likely that, had Vesuvius or Etna been located at Snowdon, various means of turning the heat to account would have been discovered, just as the Icelanders utilised the Geysers of Hecla in their monasteries. But why this should be peculiar to Paris we are at a loss to understand; and whether, if a rival bore were made at London, and thus turned off the Paris supply, it would be a *casus belli*, as between old mill-owners and new water-companies? Would it be turned to account in war-making? Would the French generals, in case of a future war, take advantage of a peculiar state of the winds to utterly drown Ireland with added moisture; or would the philosophers prevail, and turn the currents over the sands of the great African desert, to clothe them in verdure? Will it be practicable to set to work in Greenland with a sufficient number of jets to thaw the North Pole, and open the North-West Passage? Or would it not be better, instead of boring at Paris in the first instance, to lay on a main from Vesuvius and another from Etna direct to Toulon, for the supply of the arsenal, and then carry a branch to Paris? If the "crust" should be thinner at London than at Paris, it is clear that it might draw off the Paris supply, and lower the pressure, unless the gasometer be continuous all over the globe. We shall wait with impatience for the commencement of the *Puits d'Enfer* as the means of converting the Puits de Grenelle into a steam-boiler.

The only difficulty seems to be the bore. That accomplished, the French philosopher may say of earthquakes, *Nous avons changé tout cela.*



LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

VII.

"In a few months" had been Lord Erlistoun's date of return, indefinite as most of his dates were. During November, December, January, February, March, I brought his letters to Pleasant Row, at the usual uncertain intervals, and with the usual variable post-marks; then they paused.

It was again spring. I think there is a time of life—before we learn to recognise and acquiesce in the mysterious law of mutation in ourselves as in the external world—when the return of spring is intensely painful. Walking with her by the railings of budding suburban gardens, catching at street-corners bits of soft white and blue spring skies, I could trace in Jean's profile an expression that went to my heart.

Not a word she said; but often a knock at the door would make her start and tremble; and I noticed that she never went out or came in without leaving the careful message, "I shall be back at such and such an hour;" or the question, studiedly careless, "Has any body been?"

No! There never was any body; and she used to walk up-stairs slowly, wearily; then, after a few minutes, come out



"I AM HELPING MAMMA." BY S. ANDERSON.
[Society of British Artists.]

of her own room, with her bonnet off and her hair smooth, pale and quiet; that day and its chances were over.

I broke through my customary rule, and used to come up to Pleasant Row almost every evening. One day I got a holiday, and invited myself to dinner with them, laden with a nosegay, and "many happy returns of her birthday" to my cousin Jean.

The tears started involuntarily as she said, "Thank you, Mark; *you* remembered it." Alas, no one else.

I had formed my plan a little to lighten the heaviness of this day; I laid before her two green tickets inscribed with "Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall." It did one good to see the brightening of her eyes.

"To-night! and it is the 'Lobgesang' and 'Requiem.' O, Mark!"

"You'll go, then, madam? In an omnibus, with your bonnet on, and sit all in the crowd among the people; with an individual who doesn't understand music?"

"Cousin Mark!" She laughed, which was all I wanted.

So, cheerily out into the spring evening, then shutting the omnibus-door upon the sunset, and jolting into the gas-lit London streets, we went together, my cousin Jean and I. Her hand on my arm, her voice talking at my side, her bright look turned back every minute as I put her in front of me, and tried to keep her safe amid the waiting crowd; thankful to my heart that for ever such a little while I could have her to myself, and make her happy,—that this night, at least this hour, should be marked with a white stone.

I suppose nowhere in the world are music-meetings like those at Exeter Hall, counting musicians by hundreds and audience by thousands. Nowhere, probably, can a true music-lover feel keener pleasure than to be among that sea of heads, looking up the sloping hill of music-stands, gradually appropriated, till on the sweet discords of universal tuning

booms out the solid majestic C of the great organ. Then the murmurous human waves calm down; the feast begins.

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." Every body knows it,—its noble opening symphony, which musicians love; and the chorus, "*All that hath life and breath, sing to the Lord!*" Jean turned to me, her eyes beaming. The great music-flood came pouring out, rolling and rolling round us; with a happy sigh, she plunged into it, and was swallowed up and lost.

And to me, better than music it was to watch her absorbed listening face, as the soft notes of "*I waited for the Lord*" dropped like oil into her troubled heart, till after "*Watchman, will the night soon pass?*" burst the chorus, "*The night is departing, departing;*" then it brimmed over. Large tears gathered and fell, washing away the hard lines of pain, and leaving her dear face as peaceful as a child's. I knew it would do her good; and though the features quivered, and tears were dropping still, I saw that her spirit as well as her voice was joining in the line which makes the beginning and end of this "Lobgesang," "*All that hath life and breath, sing to the Lord!*"

I let the healing dew fall, and would not talk to her. In the interval I stood up, vaguely noticing the people round us: intelligent expressive countenances, as one mostly sees in an audience at Exeter Hall; then across the division to the ten-and-sixpenny "reserved" folk, who probably did not enjoy it near so much as we. It amused me to glance along row after row of those bright-coloured opera-cloaks and bare decked heads, and then think of the bent head beside me—the one among all those thousands, every hair of which, poor gray hairs and all, was more precious than gold to—
one other.

I think, I am sure, for that moment,—in its silence fuller than whole months of my usual life,—I had quite forgotten

Lord Erlistoun. It was a shock almost like seeing a ghost rise from the dead,—or, better simile, like the quiet Elysian-dwelling dead being suddenly confronted by an apparition of flesh and blood,—when out of these rows I saw a young man's tall head rise.

The height, the carriage, the impetuous toss back of the hair—I could not be deceived, it was Lord Erlistoun.

Lord Erlistoun here in England? going to concerts, sitting gaily among his own friends: his mother and two other ladies were with him. And what of Jean Dowglas?

I sat down doggedly, without a word or sign, placing myself so that when she turned to me she must turn from him. I need not; for she never stirred, only said, with a soft comfortable sigh,

"O, Mark, this has been such a happy birthday!"

That decided me. Come what would, this day, perhaps the last, should be hers—and mine.

So I sat by her, careful and close, and heard in a sort of dream Mozart's Mass for the Dead: the crash of the "Dies iræ," the "Rex tremendæ," the "Agnus Dei," with its heavenly close, like the shutting of the peaceful gates of the grave upon all human pain,—"*Domine nobis requiem.*"

Then the evening was over.

Very quietly, close arm-in-arm, Jean and I went out with the press. Just one minute, and I should have had her safe out in the street; but it was not to be.

There is a spot at the foot of the staircase, just where the two streams of audience mix. Here, direct face to face, we met Lord Erlistoun.

Smiling and talking, with that air of absorbed attention which it was his habit to bestow on any woman, as if she were to him for the time being the only woman in the world, with his handsome head stooping over, and his careful chivalric arm protecting the lady in his charge,—undoubtedly Lord Erlistoun.

He might have passed us by unperceived, but this lady's eyes were quicker. "Miss Dowglas, my dear Miss Dowglas!" cried the happy voice of Lady Emily Gage.

So, a pause and a greeting. It lasted only a moment; for there was a call of "Lady Erlistoun's carriage;" and they two were pressed onwards in the crowd, Jean and I being left together. She hung heavily on my arm. I said, "Shall we go home?"

"Yes."

We had scarcely got clear out into the Strand when some one touched me.

"Mr. Browne, where is she?"

Jean leant slightly forward; he sprang to her side and caught her hand.

"I must go home with you; where is your carriage?"

He had forgotten, doubtless, our changed fortunes. "It will be pleasanter walking. You must allow me." Taking firm possession of Jean's passive arm, he hurried her on, as if hardly knowing what he said or did.

"My mother is gone home with them. We are staying there; we have not been in England more than a day or two. This meeting is so strange, I can hardly believe it. Jean, O Jean!" with a sudden alarmed glance; for hitherto she had not uttered one word.

I called a vehicle; Lord Erlistoun almost lifted her into it. He sat opposite, holding both her hands, and gazing at her, till slowly the colour came back into her face. She took her hands gently away, saying, in a tremulous voice,

"You are welcome home."

We reached Pleasant Row. The narrow door and dark staircase, the little parlour with tea laid out, and the kettle singing on the fire, seemed considerably to surprise Lord Erlistoun. When my mother came forward in her widow's cap and altered look, he was more than surprised—moved.

"My dear Mrs. Browne, my dear Mrs. Browne," he kept saying, greeting her with a friendly sympathy that was even affectionate, and by its unexpectedness startled the dear old lady into a few natural tears.

"You find us sadly changed indeed, Lord Erlistoun."

"No, no, no," he repeated several times, replacing her in her arm-chair, and taking his seat by her with an air of earnest friendliness.

And Jean Dowglas? She stood looking on, forgotten for the moment; yet her pale face was all radiant. When at last Lord Erlistoun turned round in search of her she had gone. Several minutes, and various though brief explanations passed, before we heard her hand on the door.

Lord Erlistoun rose, took that hand and kissed it openly. "Jean, I have been hearing from Mrs. Browne a great deal which you never told me. In all those long good letters of yours, you never once told me."

Half-reproachfully he spoke; and again, with a sort of tender deference, kissed her passive hand.

Then, her manner being equally passive though composed, Jean took her place, and began to pour out tea.

Lord Erlistoun was certainly altered. Younger-looking if possible, as a man in his settled prime is often younger than an unsettled *blond* boy. His impetuosity was lessened, and there was about him a new atmosphere of repose, which in itself is strength. He talked as much as, or more than he used to do, chiefly of his travels; mentioning incidentally, in reply to a question of mine, that they had travelled home with the Bishop and Lady Emily, whom they met in Switzerland; but his conversation was on the whole general rather than personal, and interspersed with fits of gravity and silence.

Thus we all sat till very late; Lord Erlistoun and Jean side by side, like lovers. Yet I noticed not one lover-like whisper, not one glance of discontent at the presence of my mother and me. He was evidently satisfied with things as they were; content to have her sitting by him, himself unengrossed and unengrossing; testifying none of those exquisite sweet selfishnesses, that passionate personality of right, which mark the line, often so fine as to be all but imperceptible, between mere affection, however trusting and true, and love, absolute lordly love, that, giving all, requires all, and will have it, or nothing.

Did Jean see this; or seeing, feel it? Did she understand as a man would, that to any true lover it would have been torment to have to sit looking at her sweet face, two other faces looking on; that after this long parting, to part from her again, though but for twelve hours, with that quiet good-night, that easy lifting of her cool fingers to cool lips, would have been intolerable, impossible?

Where was all his passion gone to? *His* passion? Pshaw! A petty flame,

"That doth, in short, like paper set on fire,
Burn—and expire."

What had he known, this boy "in love," of the real passion, strong as silent, capable of any endurance, daunted by no opposition; like the fire in the heart of a mountain, out of its very fervency growing pure; patient under loss, yet content with no medium between total loss and total gain; exacting, perhaps, yet supplying all that it exacts,—the love that swallows up all other petty loves, and rises sole and complete, unalienated and unalienable, the love that a man ought to have for his wife?

Again, for the hundredth time, I was unjust to Lord Erlistoun. Once more, as I paced the solitary street, till the moon set behind the terrace opposite, and Jean's long-lin-gering candle went out in the attic-story of Pleasant Row, I judged hastily, uncharitably, as we always must when measuring other people by our own line and rule. I forgot—alas that we less seldom forget!—how Providence never makes any two trees to grow after one pattern, or any two leaves of the same tree exactly alike.

This was Friday, or rather Saturday, for I did not reach home till dawn. On Sunday morning, I rose and walked ten miles out into the country to a little church I knew, not appearing at Pleasant Row till evening.

Jean was out. They had called for her in the carriage,—

Lady Erlistoun and Lady Emily Gage; the latter was to return with her after dinner.

"Does Lady Emily know? I think she ought," I said to my mother, after a long pause.

"About Jean's engagement? Most likely. But I take no notice; Jean is so very particular."

"He was here yesterday?"

"O yes, and Lady Erlistoun likewise. They treat her with great respect, you see. Poor Jean, how I shall miss her when she is married—"

"Hush! I hear carriage-wheels."

They entered altogether,—Jean, Lady Emily, and Lord Erlistoun. The latter, of course, was invited by my mother to remain.

Lady Emily looked surprised, but said nothing; except afterwards, with a pretty childish wilfulness, observing, that "if he stayed, he was not to interrupt the thousand and one things she had to say to her dear Miss Dowglas."

No; it was plain the happy innocent creature did not know; Jean had not told her. I thought, was it right or wrong of Jean?

She gave them—Lord Erlistoun and Lady Emily—the guests' places at either corner of the old-fashioned sofa, and herself sat opposite, at the tea-table. The smile always ready to answer Lady Emily's, though exceedingly soft, was very grave, as if she were a great deal older than either of these.

A strange evening. I often now look back and wonder at it; at the mysterious combinations of fate that arise, not only among evil but good people, placing them in positions where right seems hardly distinguishable from wrong; where every step is thick with netted temptations, every word, even of kindness or affection, like the whipping of another with a rod of thorns.

Lord Erlistoun comported himself blamelessly. If by Lady Emily's artless admission it came out that they had been incessantly together, dreaming over art and poetry in Italian cities, learning great lessons and forming noble plans of life under the shadow of the Alps,—it also came out that this bond had hitherto never passed the limits of simple "friendship." Likewise that its foundation had evidently been in a certain other friend, whom, without naming, he said she resembled, but whom she in her humility never thought of identifying with that dear friend of her own, who used to talk to her "just like Lord Erlistoun."

"The noblest woman he ever knew," he said you were," whispered she with her arm round Jean's waist. "I might have guessed it could be none other than my own Jean Dowglas."

Jean kissed her. They were standing at the window, where, far over chimneys and roof-tops, spread the bright soft sky.

"What a lovely evening! Lord Erlistoun was saying on Friday morning, at Richmond, that he never remembered so beautiful a spring."

No? Not that at Lythwaite Hall? He had forgotten it. He was gazing, with an uneasy air, at the two faces, strongly contrasted, and yet bearing a shadowy likeness each to each, the woman's and the girl's.

Steadily, with the manner of one not startled into any very sudden conclusion, but to whom prevision has been already preparation, Jean looked down into those happy eyes.

"My child, at your age, and Lord Erlistoun's, every thing is, and ought to be, beautiful spring."

He heard, as she must have meant him to hear. Shortly afterwards, I noticed that he took occasion to sit by her side, and talk desultorily but pointedly to Miss Dowglas, and her alone. Jean—listened.

People think that they can be generous hypocrites, and hide their feelings marvellous well; but they cannot. All vain tenderness, conscience, pride of honour, fear of giving pain, cannot swaddle up a truth. Through some interstice of glance or action it will appear, naked and cold, yet a tangible living truth.

Thus, though he sat by her side, paid her every observance, though in every tone of his voice was unfeigned regard, even tenderness, as if conscious of some involuntary wrong, still, to one who knew what love is and is not, it became clear as daylight that Lord Erlistoun's present feeling for Jean Dowglas was no more that of two years since, than the wax simulacra he was now eloquently describing to her, set in church-niches and dressed up with flowers, compared with the warm breathing womanhood, adored yet beloved, of the saint that once had been.

His reverence, his esteem, remained; but his love had died. Of natural decay? or perhaps, at his age and with his temperament, of an equally natural change—substitution? If so, that fact had been carefully and honourably concealed. He was neither coxcomb nor brute; he was a gentleman. His attentions all that evening, without being marked, remained sole and undivided, and the object of them was undoubtedly Jean Dowglas.

Once or twice I saw Lady Emily glance at them both with a ffitting troubled suspicion, then smile her happy smile. No; it was not possible.

This young man, in the full glory of his youth, toned down by a maturer wisdom, learnt—no matter how or from whom; his career just opening before him—a career worthy of a true English nobleman; in his hands the triple power of rank, wealth, and education, and the will worthily to use all three. And Jean Dowglas, a woman past her prime,—youthful pleasures having ceased to be her pleasures,—having been beaten to and fro in the world, till even in her brightest moods her very enjoyment was grave, and you could trace at times a certain weariness of aspect, which betokened that the haven she sought was less happiness than rest.

No! Love might exist; or that lingering regard which assumed its name; but unity, that oneness of sympathy in life and life's aims, which alone makes marriage sacred or desirable, between these two was no longer possible.

Lady Emily departed; Lord Erlistoun put her in the carriage; then, instead of returning, asked me if I would walk with him for half-an-hour.

We strolled up the road together; at first in silence, then, as with a tacit right, he asked me various questions concerning our family and Jean. Finally, in a mainly serious way, he thanked me for my fulfilment of my "charge," and hoped I should ever remain his "good cousin."

Returning, we found Jean sitting by the newly-lit lamp, a book open before her: she had been reading to my mother the Evening Psalms. She looked up as we entered.

"Did you think I was gone?" said Lord Erlistoun.

"No; O no."

He sat down by her, and began to enter more fully into his plans about attempting the sole vocation which is readily open to young men in his position—politics. All his remarks were clear and good, evidently the result of much thought and a deep sense of responsibility for all the blessings of his lot.

"They are many," Jean said gently.

"Do you think so?" He sighed. "Yes, you are right. Surely you did not imagine I thought otherwise?"

"I should not be likely to imagine any thing unworthy of you."

"Thanks, thanks." He then asked if she approved of his plan of life? "I used to call you my conscience, you know. Are you satisfied?"

"I am satisfied."

Something in her manner struck him. He gave a quick glance at her; but under the shadow of the long thin hand, the mouth which spoke looked not less sweet than ordinary.

Still Lord Erlistoun seemed not quite at ease. He began to move about the parlour, taking up one or two things that ornamented the chimney-piece—small relics saved out of the wreck, which Jean had bought in at the sale.

"I think I remember this vase. It used to stand on the side-table at—"

"O, do not!" At the sharp pain of Jean's voice, he turned—took her hand.

"Did you think that I had forgotten Lythwaite?"

"No, no; you will not, you could not. If you wished ever so, you could not forget."

"I hope," he began; but Jean had recollected herself now.

"It hurts me to talk of Lythwaite. We will not do so any more."

"As you please."

And I saw that either she had removed her hand, or it had slipped from his. He did not attempt to take it again. They sat talking, side by side, as friend with friend, until the time that his carriage arrived.

Lingering about, still restless, he began turning over the books on Jean's little bookshelf.

"Ah! did I give you this? How fond I was of it once! Here is my mark too;" and he ran through the lines to himself, warming over them as he went. They were the very same he had repeated with such fervid passion the night before he left England. With the same intonation, yet different, he repeated them now, up to the same close:

"I knew it was the vision veiled from me
So many years; that it was—"

"Emily."

Again, for the second time, Jean had supplied the word, in a low steady voice, as conveying the simple statement of a fact; no more. Lord Erlistoun started violently, crimsoned up to his very brow, shut the book, and pushed it away, saying hurriedly:

"I must take to the blue-books now; I have done with poetry. Good night, all; good night, Jean."

INTERPRETATION OF EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

By NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF WRITING,"
"THE ILLUMINATED BOOKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES," ETC.

SOME have fancifully supposed that the first rude efforts in the art of writing were in the form of attempts to express the sounds of language in a manner analogous to that in which those of music are expressed, by a series of arbitrary signs. But it is now well understood, that the first steps in all systems of writing consisted, not in the representation of the *names* of ideas or things, but of a symbolism, or portraiture, of the ideas or things themselves.

Among the monumental records of the art of writing in its early stage of progress, those of Egypt are perhaps the most interesting, as being, through the medium of the Hebrew, the Phœnician, the Greek, and the Roman systems, the remote parent of our own. The term "hieroglyphic," in reference to the ancient writing of the Egyptians, was first applied by the Greeks, after their conquest of Egypt under Alexander the Great. It means literally, a thing carved or sculptured by a priest, from *hieros*, a priest, and *glypho*, to cut or carve.

This system of writing, invented by the priests of Egypt, or received by them from Æthiopia, was in use, in the highest state to which it ever attained, full seventeen centuries before the Christian era, as proved by existing monuments; and there is every reason to believe that it was known, though perhaps in a ruder form, as early as four thousand years before that epoch, full ten centuries earlier than the earliest recorded existence of a somewhat analogous system in China. As it is now found, the full hieroglyphic character consists of three principal classes of signs: the purely iconographic, or portrait-characters, which are simply pictures of the objects expressed; the symbolic, or those which have a figurative meaning; and the phonographic, or sound-expressing, signs, which were necessarily the last to be introduced, though in succeeding systems they have superseded all the others.

The first, or portrait, signs are such as



Altar.



Star.



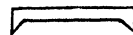
Entrance to Temple.



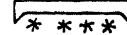
Moon.

The Greeks termed this class of characters *MIMESIS*, as being a method of expressing an idea or thing by simple imitation.

Symbolical signs, were such as the palm-tree, where it was used to denote a *year*, because it was said to put forth one fresh branch each season; or an ostrich-feather, which was used to express *justice*, on account of the perfect equality of all the filaments, which is its peculiar characteristic. In a similarly symbolical manner, the *heavens* were represented



The Heavens.

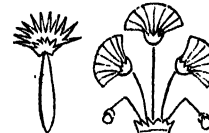


Night.

by a *canopy*; and night, by the same canopy accompanied by stars. A kind of water-lily, generally considered the



Upper Egypt.



Lower Egypt.

lotus, represented upper Egypt; while the papyrus, growing in the marshes nearer the mouth of the Nile, represented the lower country.

Signs of this description, when of complicated outline, were sometimes abbreviated; thus, two arms, one with a shield and the other with a lance, represented a combat, as expressing both attack and defence. Colours were expressed by similar means; a hawk or onion represented *white*, or *whiteness*; and in conjunction with a crucible, *silver*. States of being, and qualities, were represented by following out the same system. Thus a calf in the act of running, combined with the sign of water, which consists in a representation of waves, mean together *thirst*; as a bee and honey-jar togo-



Thirst.



Sweetness.

ther mean *sweetness*. Such characters were generally accompanied by what is termed a determinative sign in the form of a half-circle, as in that of *sweetness*, to denote that the figures are to be taken in their symbolic, and not their positive sense. Even purely abstract ideas, such as the "soul" or "life," are expressed with equal clearness by acknowledged signs of great ingenuity. For instance, the *heart*, which was formerly considered to be the seat both of the soul and of the principle of life, was in this feeling used to represent them. There are many other details connected with hieroglyphic characters of this description which space will not permit us to describe in this place.

The third and latest class of characters in the hieroglyphic system is that consisting of signs representing *sounds* instead of *things*. We may easily imagine that this important addition, which became the immediate parent of a purely alphabetic system, arose out of the necessity of recording foreign names, which no native thing or image was able to express. Let us suppose a foreign name to be, for instance, *Achiro*, which would immediately suggest to the hieroglyphic scribe the use of the plant *Achi* for the representation of the first half of the name; and the sign of the sun, the name of which was *Ro*, or *Re*, for the remainder. The figure of a man placed close to those characters would be used as a determinative sign to show that those figures expressed the name of a man; or a globe to denote that of a country.

Thus we have the first rude step towards the notation of sound. Thenceforward the image of the plant Achi would represent, under certain circumstances, the sound of its name instead of itself, while the figure of the sun would represent the sound *ro*. A still farther modification, beyond which the Egyptians never advanced, reduced such signs to the representation of their initial sound only: thus the image of the plant Achi became A, and the figure of the sun R. But even after thus fluttering over the achievement of a pure phonetic, or sound-expressing, alphabet, the Egyptians never realised it; and their phonetic characters remained to the last encumbered with all the pictorial and symbolical paraphernalia of the entire hieroglyphic system.

As I have divided the hieroglyphic characters into three classes, so the method of their execution may likewise be described in three divisions. First, the full monumental hieroglyphics, in which each character is sculptured in all its completeness in the solid granite, and then richly coloured; or in less important positions, remaining without the last-named enrichment. Secondly, the linear hieroglyphic, as done in mere outline on papyrus, and also its further abbreviation known as the "hieratic"—a style used in sacerdotal affairs. Thirdly, the demotic, or popular style, which is simply a still further abbreviation of the hieratic manner reduced to what may be called a running-hand. This style, though it has the appearance of a series of arbitrary signs, resembling at a glance the writing of some of the modern nations of the East, still contains all the purely pictorial and symbolic elements as completely as the full hieroglyphics; though perhaps with a somewhat larger admixture of purely phonetic characters.

Notwithstanding the existence of several ancient works on the nature of Egyptian hieroglyphics, their meaning was utterly lost after the forced adoption of the Greek alphabet by the Egyptians when under the dominion of Rome; and notwithstanding the efforts of modern investigators, with the aid of the existing ancient works, or fragments of them, treating of the subject, no steps were made towards the interpretation of hieroglyphic writing till the invasion of Egypt by Napoleon led to the English occupation of the country, and the subsequent transport of the Rosetta stone to London. The bi-lingual inscription of that interesting monument,—that is, an Egyptian one, written both in full hieroglyphic and demotic, with a Greek translation beneath,—eventually led Dr. Young to make the first steps towards the recovery of the long-lost art of reading the hieroglyphic records of Egypt. Champollion had the honour of developing those first hints into a secure system, which has formed the basis of all subsequent advances; among which those achieved by our countryman, the indefatigable Samuel Bird, of the British Museum, are not the least remarkable.

The actual interpretation of two historical names will be all that can be attempted in our remaining space. When it was once ascertained that royal names were always enclosed within a shield, or cartouche, as it has been termed, and that in the later monuments they were always written in phonetic characters, they became the chief objects of attention; and it was thus that those of Berenice and Cleopatra were the first deciphered.

The sign expressing the title *ran* (royal) is a shield, which was doubtless the original cause of the names of princes being written within such a form. It was also soon discovered that the names of females were accompanied by the sign of an egg as well as the half-circle denoting a pro-



per name; so that the shield, the half-circle, and the egg at once gave the information that the combination of signs to which they were attached expressed the name of a queen or princess; and it only remained to decipher the phonetic characters in which it was written.

The name "Berenice" is to be read thus: the cartouche, with the egg and semicircle, denotes the name "queen." Within it, the upper character (1) is B, being found to re-

present that sound in many other cases. The *e* is omitted, as the vowels were in many Oriental systems subsequent



Berenice.



Cleopatra.

to that of Egypt. The next character (2) is the figure of a mouth, the name of which, in the Egyptian language, began with an *r* sound, and it thus became one of the permanent representatives of that intonation. The third character (3), omitting the second *e* like the first, represents water, the name of which had the initial sound of N. The fourth character is formed by two feathers, one of which would represent A, while in its double form, as in the present instance, the broader sound of the diphthong AI is expressed. The fifth character represents the sound of K, as the name was written in Greek. We have thus the name, supplying the three omitted *e*'s, BeReNAIKE, as pronounced by the Greeks.

In a similar manner, the name of "Cleopatra" may be read in its Greek form, as "Kleopatras." The upper character (1) is another means of representing the sound of K; that is to say, it represents another object, the name of which began with the K sound. These duplicate characters are termed homophones, as invariably expressing identical sounds. There are sometimes as many as ten different characters used in the same inscription to express the same sound or syllable; a method which was deemed a kind of luxury in the richest class of writing, just as a modern printer would vary an important title-page with different kinds of type. But to return to the name of Kleopatra. The first character is K. The second figure immediately below is that of a lion, the name of which being *Labo*, the initial sound furnishes L.

The *e*, as in Berenice, is omitted. The third sign represents the sound of O, and the fourth P; both being well-established characters in the accepted list of Egyptian phonetics. The fifth sign is the figure of an eagle, *Ahom* (the homophone of the feather), which furnishes the initial sound A. The sixth is a hand, in the Egyptian language, *tot*, the initial sound of which gives us the T; the mouth (7) gives us R, and the repeated eagle the final A. We have thus the complete word, which, with the cartouche or shield, and the determinative signs, the egg and half-circle, give us the name and title "Queen Kleopatra." Egyptian inscriptions are to be read from right to left, like the Hebrew and the early Greek; and when written in columns, the right-hand column is to be read first, beginning at the top.



CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES,—In a former letter I took the liberty of giving you a few practical hints for the preservation of your youthful attractions; I would now proceed to another portion of my subject, and give you the benefit of my experience as to the best means of making those attractions available. First of all, I must tell you that I suppose, as a matter of course, you desire to please; nay, I am quite sure you do—as who does not?—especially among the young

and handsome. And yet how varied are the *plans* adopted; and how signally unsuccessful they are frequently proved to be! Then the question arises, Why is it so? Why, it seems to me a very easy riddle to solve. Just this; because *they are plans*. Nothing in the world is so lovely, and (I regret to say it) so rare, as *simplicity*.

Simplicity in thought and deed; in word and in action, in dress and in bearing,—how graceful, how lovely, how fascinating it is! Because it is *real*, and not *artificial*; the *true thing*, and not the *seeming thing*; the true golden article, and not the trumpery gaud.

Suppose, instead of sermonising, we take a glance at a few home-scenes. Of course we have a convenient little fairy, who, with a touch of her magic wand, can introduce us into the penetralia without once betraying our presence. We are not confined to any particular sphere or class, so we may glance at several, though we generally prefer to limit our range within the compass of those known as the middle classes. Well now, our fairy, with a whisk of her wand, has drawn up the curtain, and we see a neat, pleasant-looking, little room opening into a pretty flower-garden, in which are seated several young ladies; their ages ranging from seventeen to three-and-twenty. They are sisters, and one of them is very lovely; her beauty is of that languid drooping kind which one generally associates with Eastern beauties reclining in kiosks, and amusing themselves with plucking the leaves off a rose, admiring their charms as reflected in a mirror, toying with a fan, or imbibing coffee.

Our lazy English beauty is turning over the leaves of a novel; we cannot call it reading. Her sisters, equally unoccupied, are by no means equally good-looking. They are all dressed in perfect good taste; for this is an art in which they are truly accomplished. There is no tight-lacing, no redundancy of ornament; it is graceful and elegant; only we as censors would greatly prefer a more simple and inexpensive toilette at so early an hour in the day. It is not a style of dress adapted for any active employment; but what do we say, *active employment*? Why, this vulgar idea evidently does not occur to them. Ah, perhaps they are very rich, and have many servants. Then, indeed, it may not be necessary.

The fairy gently lifts the veil a little higher. What! only two household-drudges to do the washing and every thing? Why it is almost one person's work to attend to Miss Emily's bell, and get up her lace-sleeves. And the poor mother sighs, and laments the fine education which has made her daughters worse than useless to her. She knows that they are ashamed of her, and her homely ways and homely virtues. Ah, dear mother, if your daughters had received a truly *fine* education, it would have taught them different things. This is the mere vulgar tinsel of education; it has failed to refine the heart, the mind, or the manners: for these manners we as censors totally repudiate. And the father,—the honest rugged father, who has toiled for this,—what does he say?

"How I wish my girls would come down at a regular hour and breakfast with me; there's no getting them down until between ten and eleven! How I wish they would be obliging and kind to me; they are very polite to strangers! And O, how I wish they would take a fancy and help their mother in the house, or attend to the garden! I'm sure they'd be the better for it, and so would the flowers." It is all in vain, dear sir. We are very sorry for you; but you should have enforced all this when they were younger.

But look, our busy fairy has changed the picture; we have ascended a step in the social scale. We see a very handsome and stately old lady, seated in a handsome and stately room, among a bevy of handsome and more or less stately daughters; an old benevolent-looking gentleman is reading a portion of Scripture and conducting the morning service; while quite at the further end of the room, ranged near the door, are several servants of various ages and both sexes. Stay, is not this a lovely picture? What can be

more charming than a beautiful family-group assembled to worship the Creator and Giver of Good? Every thing, too, is in such order: the simple attire of the pretty young ladies, the bright morning-sun streaming in over the elegantly arranged breakfast-table, bringing in a perfume from the rose-embowered casements; the very spaniel on the rug, with his sleepy eyes and silky ears, makes the picture more perfect. What does it lack? Every thing. There seems—I may be wrong—but there seems to be no heart-worship. The servants feel it: the ladies are turned from *them*; they hardly seem to be worshipping the same God; their manner is repellant, while their attitude and words are humble. But perhaps we judge too harshly. Let us see. It is evidently a well-regulated household; every thing is strictly *convened*. These young ladies have received most elaborate educations, one and all: this is very charming; they are highly accomplished; and reading, drawing, music, &c. fill up their morning-hours. After lunch they go out, and only after lunch. This is a rule, no irregularity. This is well, as far as it goes. Now what is to be done? Why, the stately old lady, accompanied by one of her daughters, goes to see old Betty C— and Mary D—, and exchange their tracts. Why, surely this is very right. Very right indeed; only old Betty C— and Mary D— evidently regard these visits as of necessity; there is still that terrible manner which takes away from the grace and loveliness of the act; and old Betty has seen the supercilious sneer passing over Miss Gertrude's face as she was detailing her sufferings from the rheumatism, and so poor old Betty was fain to stop short for very lack of sympathy. And just now a carriage full of ladies stops near the door, and Miss Gertrude's face is wreathed with bright smiles. Betty can hardly believe that it is the same; and gay words and ringing laughter make quite a pleasant sight and sound. But the carriage goes on, and Miss Gertrude is more sullen than ever; and so they go forth on their rounds. They make a haughty recognition to Mrs. F—, who, though perfectly lady-like and well-bred, is still only the wife of a merchant, and keeps neither livery-servants nor carriage. They stop, shake hands, and have quite a long chat with the Misses M—, who are their rival leaders of *ton*; and as soon as they are out of hearing ridicule their rosy faces and buoyant manners.

Well, we have no desire ourselves to be censorious: we wish this well-regulated and elegant household had more of *truth* than of *seeming*; and so we follow our fairy to another scene.

On a low couch, in an elegant drawing-room, is seated an old old lady; her face is pale and furrowed with age; but there is an unspeakable beauty in the calm radiance which seems to have found a resting-place in every feature. Some might say, "How beautiful she must have been when young!" Others, more wisely, would say, "How beautiful is her age!" It is early morning,—you know we love to see our friends early,—and our dear old friend is sitting before an open casement busily plying her knitting-needles. Occasionally she looks up to watch the light toil of her granddaughters, who, in simple morning costume, are tending their flowers. But look, one is bounding across the lawn to show dear grandmamma a beautiful fuchsia; for she knows grandmamma takes an interest in all their enjoyments, and especially loves flowers. We will just linger one moment to describe Annie; for she is every thing we would wish young ladies to be. She is, in fact, the very impersonation of elegant simplicity. No artificial graces, no affectation of superiority; gentle, loving, earnest, and true, and so cheerful withal. How thoughtful to minister to the comforts of her aged grandmother; how affectionately cheerful to her parents; how kind to her brothers and sisters! Annie is, in short, the light and brightness of her elegant home; ay more, were Annie still higher placed in the social scale, or were she in a far humbler sphere, I feel sure she would still be the centre, the life-spring, and the ornament thereof; for Annie's nature is *real*,—she is actuated by noble holy mo-

tives. You may believe in Annie, for she is true; and her truth is derived from a source wherein she herself can never be deceived.

Well, now it is past midday, and she is dressed. How graceful is her simple costume; it seems like a type of her own fair character! She is always quietly occupied, and there is a cheerful usefulness in all she does. See her on a Sabbath afternoon, gently teaching a few poor little ones to read and say their childish hymns; see her visiting the poor, and hear how they bless her! Yet not for this she does it; O no, her religion is not for show; unless, indeed, you say it is quietly shown in all the bright tenor of her lovely life. She does not eschew society, neither does she find her whole happiness and excitement therein. In a few short words, Annie is what thousands might be, what I trust many are—of a sweet and loving nature, trying to do good to all around her, *free from guile*;—what noble Florence Nightingale could not fail to have been, even if the crisis of the Crimean war had never made known to the wondering world her many many loving single-minded virtues.

M. H. D.

A NOSEGAY FOR DINNER.

It is very difficult to associate the idea of usefulness with flowers; and to boil a bouquet would seem the very height of absurdity. In our practical way, we do, as a nation, pretty well understand how to combine the beautiful and the useful; but we have not yet attained to the art of effecting a marriage between the terrace and the cabbage-garden, or of producing, in a way that shall gratify a refined taste, the simplest necessities of our life. Lady Violet looks lovely in her lace and feathers; but what a close, stifling, musty hole were they manufactured in! how the poor fingers that produced them tremble with weakness, fatigue, and the absence in them of a little healthy blood! Lady Violet doats on her garden; she has a thousand pretty pets, whose welfare the head-gardener must keep uppermost in his mind; but she takes no pride in potatoes,—does not know a cabbage except as a botanical curiosity, and we may be sure she *never* would listen to a proposal for making salads of dahlias. But it can be done, and thereby hangs an idea, namely, the union of the flower and kitchen garden, which heretofore have only glanced defiantly at each other over the fence or through the lattice that separates them; the flower-garden always standing on its pride, and frowning down the useful cabbages that are compelled to keep their plebeian countenances out of sight from the drawing-room windows.

It is quite true that, however neat the kitchen-garden may be kept, it is not highly attractive to eyes polite, and to a certain extent it must occupy the rear of the field, where the baggage and provisions are wont to be; but it would be something new, and might interest many who take a pleasure in gardening, to select such things for culture as would serve for ornament while growing, and for food when out.

Now this may be easily done; and where an amateur has a limited plot, and is struggling with himself, or maybe disputing with his wife whether it shall be wholly kitchen-ground or wholly flower-garden,—it being too small for both,—it will not be difficult for him to make such a selection of plants as will secure him many pretty ornaments, and every one of them acceptable vegetables for the table.

In the first place, we have many varieties of handsome gourds: the huge mammoth, the citrouille, the turban, the common vegetable marrow, and the common pumpkin. They are all noble ornaments, fit for the covering of a trellis, a bank, a wall, or to grow on poles as ornaments to the borders. A row of edible gourds on short stakes has a fine appearance. People grow the rock-gourd for ornament only because it is useless, but disdain the edible varieties, which in many cases are more showy, simply because they suggest ideas of that

much-abused dish, pumpkin-pie. Whoever wishes to commence such a scheme as we propose, may dash boldly into the gourd tribe, and secure a show of magnificent foliage and bloom, and many a delicate dish besides. They are half-hardy, and hence should be sown in pots indoors in March, and transplanted to the open ground in May. A hotbed or Waltonian case will afford means for raising any moderate number, and they will be found of great service in many ways. Every body knows that a vegetable marrow is a fine thing with roast beef; but every body does not know that *all* the edible gourds are as good, when boiled green, as the vegetable marrow. The common pumpkin affords a splendid dish when cooked in the same way; and the young green tops of every one of the edible varieties make the most delicious dish of greens that can be eaten, far surpassing in delicacy the marrow itself, and when cooked are of such a lovely green as to give a grace to the most sumptuous of tables.

Then, again, what a noble thing is the common scarlet-runner bean! Where, in the whole list of trailing plants, is there one that surpasses it in beauty? It is the poor man's vine; and were its pods poisonous, instead of being one of the finest vegetables in cultivation, it would be the rich man's pet, and have pretty bowers made for it in conservatories and windows. Another pretty thing among the climbers is the love-apple, which is frequently grown as a border-ornament; and as it rises in estimation as a curiosity, it goes down in an equal ratio as an excellent esculent. All the sorts are good, but the pear-shaped red are the prettiest and the best. Raised in heat at the end of March, and planted out in a warm aspect and a rich soil at the end of May, it will be found worthy of a well-kept flower-garden; and as its fruits come in abundance, they may be pickled green, or boiled as a table-vegetable; or, when ripe, converted into that very first-class relish, tomato-sauce—a rare addition to a well-browned cutlet.

Then there is another very noted and highly-prized trailer—the *Tropæolum*, or nasturtium. These are splendid things to cover a sloping bank or a trellis; they flower abundantly, and produce one of the best of domestic pickles. Those who prize this old favourite should no longer be content with the common orange-coloured kinds, which have loose flowers and straggling stems. The lovely dark *Tropæolum atrosanguineum* is as fine a thing as ever graced a trellis in a duke's garden; its habit is neat and robust, its blossoms beautifully formed and superbly coloured—some of them of so deep a tinge as to be nearly black; and among its "sports" occur many that are curiously marked. The seeds of this are just as good for pickling as those of the common kinds which we see in cottagers' gardens, the cultivation just as simple, and the effect charming. Its near relative, the *Tropæolum tuberosum*, which is a favourite window-flower, sold in thousands at Covent Garden, and elsewhere, is still more strictly edible; a fact which will no doubt be new to many who have hitherto looked upon it merely as a floral pet. The tubers of this variety may almost be said to serve as a substitute for the potato, except that it is more delicately flavoured than a potato, when boiled in a similar way; and they are produced abundantly, when the plant is grown in a light soil, and treated in every way the same as dahlias. Half-a-bushel of tubers of large size and fine flavour have been raised from five-and-twenty bulbs; so that, as an esculent, this pretty thing would pay for its culture, for every single bulb will cut up into half-a-dozen eyes; and they ripen long before the autumn frosts can do them harm.

Now that we have got amongst the plants that are every where recognised as ornamental, let me ask if you grow that old English favourite, Love-lies-bleeding. It is a pretty darling, easily cultivated, thrives every where, and is a first-rate vegetable for the table. The globe amaranth is another of the family equally useful; so is the cockscomb, a high-class florist's flower; and every one of these may be used in precisely the same way as spinach. A new ama-

ranth has lately been introduced to this country, and at many of the large establishments is regularly forced for my lord's table. It is the white-stemmed amaranth, *Amaranthus albus*, a native of India, and requires to be cultivated under glass with a moderate amount of heat. The necessary conditions are, a rich light soil, an ample supply of water, a moist atmosphere, and an average heat of 90° in the day-time, and from 70° to 75° at night. A common melon or cucumber bed and frame, made sufficiently high inside for the plants to attain eighteen inches in height, would be the most suitable place to grow them in. Much sunshine is not necessary; and with the proper heat they may be grown at any season of the year. It comes to perfection in five weeks from the time of sowing, and is therefore one of the quickest-growing esculents we have. It is used in two ways: in one the plants are pulled up and cut off just above the roots, the leaves are plucked and dressed like spinach, and in that way its flavour and wholesomeness are unquestionable; another mode is to trim the stems and side-branches, cut them into suitable lengths, and boil and serve in the same way as asparagus, when they form an elegant and inviting dish—succulent, tender, and in every sense "cut and come again." If simply cut over, the plants will push again, and afford a second crop.

Ladies are particularly fond of egg-plants; thousands of them are sold every summer by the florists; and very neat and curious things they look in the windows, with their waxen fruit, imitating the produce of the poultry-yard. Here is another first-class esculent, which our lady-readers may first admire and then boil in salt-and-water, and they will acknowledge themselves indebted to us for a useful hint. But instead of buying one or two at sixpence each, why should not the lover of a garden grow a few dozen to adorn a stage, a greenhouse-shelf, or to scatter about the window-sills in summer, for both ornament and use? As fast as the fruits arrive near maturity, they should be removed, and the plants will produce more, so that the beauty of the plants need not be sacrificed; for it is the rule every where throughout the vegetable kingdom, that the heaviest crop is obtained by a successive removal of the fruit just before it ripens. To grow them is easy enough. Raise the seedlings in a gentle heat in March or April, and pot them off, when large enough, in such soil as would be used for ordinary greenhouse-plants, and thereafter treat them as you would a fuchsia,—plenty of light, moderate moisture, and full exposure to the air, after the 1st of June. The variety known as *Solanum Melongena esculentum* is the best; it is prickly on the stem, the leaves, and the calyx.

The capsicum, is another of the same class of favourites,—indeed, we usually meet with potted egg-plants and capsicums together; but there is no reason why every lady who takes a pride in family-pickles should not have abundance of pickled capsicums and chili-vinegar without having to pay a high price for the fruits; for they may be grown just in the same way as the egg-plants, and are every where as much admired for the curious and gay appearance of their scarlet pods. All the sorts are good, and may be put out in the garden, either in open borders or in pots, after the first week in June; but the annual capsicum is the most useful for making chili-vinegar; and the French sort, known as the *Tomatum capsicum*, is the best to use green as a salad.

In old times stone crop was a favourite pot-herb; but it is too brisk in flavour for the present generation. The tree-primrose was another of the old esculents, and is adaptable to the modern palate, whether cropped above for a salad, or



OXALIS DEPPEI.

the roots boiled as a vegetable. Another, and the very choicest of salad-plants, is the *Oxalis Deppei*, a plant at present known only to those who grow choice greenhouse bulbs. It is an exceedingly pretty thing, well adapted for the open border, if planted out in a rich sandy loam in the middle of April, and well watered during dry weather. Its foliage is of that delicate character common to the oxalis tribe, and its flowers are of a cheerful pink, the calyx marked with yellow stripes. It is to be found in every bulb-catalogue as a high-class greenhouse or border bulb; and those who like it for its beauty will like it all the more when they have once tasted its green leaves in a salad, or its roots boiled and eaten with butter and eggs, or treated in the same way as asparagus. The leaves may also be used for putting into soup, like the common kinds of sorrel; they may be eaten with bread and butter, or boiled as we boil spinach, and in every case are delicate, refreshing, cooling, and antiscorbutic.

We began with remarks on dahlias and cabbages, and we shall close with a hint to dahlia-growers, that the petals

of the dahlia-blossoms are among the very best additions to a salad. The flavour is delicious, the wholesomeness not to be denied; and as a last garnish at the top of a dish of crisp green vegetables, what can be more beautiful than the petals of dahlias of two or three distinct colours,—red, white, and blue; enjoyment, elegance, and health combined!

In the matter of cabbage, it is not every where known that many of the most charming bouquets that glitter at the opera, or that lend a grace to the breakfast-table and boudoir-window, owe their finish to the very humble Brassicæ which Hodge gives to his pigs, and which pretty Lady Violet doats upon as a rare piece of vegetable colouring for winter use. Among the many varieties of cabbage, the common Scotch kale is given to strange freaks, and amongst its sports is a coloured variety known as variegated kale, brought to great perfection by the Messrs. Clarke, of 25 Bishopsgate Street. From a patch of a hundred seedlings of this variegated kind an artist might select at least five-and-twenty that would be worth a study; some of them come of a snow-white, the leaves crimped and curled like triple parsley, and edged with emerald green; and the texture of these white ones is similar to parchment. Others produce heads of the deepest purple, veined with black and carmine-red, and others, again, are of an intensely bright rose; and these rose-coloured leaves are in great request during winter by those who make up bouquets. They are used to surround the flowers; and with yellow and white blossoms within, the outside edging of closely-puckered rose-coloured cabbage-leaves has a very charming effect. Mr. Melville has effected great improvements in these coloured kales, and it is becoming fashionable to adorn the walks in wildernesses and shrubberies with selected specimens of them; their bright colours and elegant forms being very acceptable in winter, when so few gay tints are to be seen. They are grown in the same way as other varieties of kale, and are as hardy and as useful for the kitchen. This is a subject that might be extended vastly, perhaps to the formation of a complete list of ornamental edibles of various heights, and habits, and colours, sufficient of themselves to furnish any moderate garden-scene; but as our limits are already exhausted, we must beg the reader to accept the foregoing in the way of a suggestion rather than a performance completed, and leave it to the cultivator to turn to what use he will the several favourites that have been mentioned.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. IX.

PAINTED BY F. SMALLFIELD.

THE DIVINING PEEL.

THE DIVINING PEEL.

By F. SMALLFIELD.

IN our review of the exhibition at the National Institution, we commended this excellent little picture. The rustic legend has it, that a fallen apple-paring will form, if fortune be favourable, the initial-letters of your sweetheart's name. Upon this small hint Mr. Smallfield has produced "The Divining Peel."

Apple-parings appear odd love-mediums, if we may use a phrase of the spirit-rappers; but upon consideration, we can recal several examples of their use in this way; we particularise one,—the Grecian legend of Acontius and Cydippe. Acontius was a youthful hunter of Cea, desperately in love with the matchless virgin Cydippe. Vain had been his prayers and pleadings to obtain her grace, till Love, that master of all subtlety, instructed him to write these words upon the rind of an apple:

"By Artemis, I will marry Acon!"

Armed with this hand-grenade, if we may so call it, he took his station in the temple of that goddess, and awaited the presence of Cydippe at a great festival. The reader should here be informed that a vow pronounced in this temple by the name of the presiding deity was absolutely indissoluble. Cydippe came, and the deft Acontius cast into the bosom of her robe the inscribed apple; thence taking it and reading the words, Cydippe became irrevocably bound to the ingenious lover whose subtlety made her delude herself.

L. J.

OUR LETTICE.

By ASHTON KER.

I SAID to Lettice, our sister Lettice,

While drooped and twinkled her lashes brown,

"Your man's a poor man, a cold and dour man,

There's many a better about our town."

She laughed securely: "He loves me purely;

A true heart's safer than smile or frown;

And nothing harms me when his heart warms me,

Let the world go up or the world go down."

"He comes of strangers; strangers are rangers,

Aye trusting nothing that's out of sight:

New folk may blame ye, or e'en defame ye,

A gown o'er-handled looks seldom white."

She raised serenely her eyelids queenly:

"My innocence is my whitest gown;

No ill tongue grieves me, while he believes me,

Whether the world goes up or down."

"Your man's a frail man,—was ne'er a hale man,

And sickness knocketh at many a door;

And death comes making bold hearts cower breaking:"

Our Lettice quivered, but once—no more.

"If Death should enter, smite to the centre

Our small home-palace, all crumbling down,

He will not blight us, nor disunite us:

Life bears Love's cross, death brings Love's crown."

AN ALGERIAN MARRIAGE.

By BESSIE R. PARKES.

ONE morning came a servant from Algiers to the suburb where I was residing, bearing the following printed missive (in French), my own name and the dates being alone filled up in writing:

"Je prie, Mademoiselle —, de me faire l'honneur de venir passer la soirée chez moi, le douze février 1857, pour assister à la célébration du mariage de ma fille, Mademoiselle la Princesse Nessissa Moustapha Pacha, qui aura lieu le douze février, à 9 heures du soir.

Recevez, mademoiselle, mes salutations bien distinguées."

Here followed an intricate scrawl, which I was informed stood for Moustapha. The above was dated 1 Rue de la Gazelle.

It seems that Moustapha, one of the chief Moors in Algiers, lost, at the French conquest, much of his property, which had been gradually restored to him. Being on this account anxious to keep on good terms with the Europeans, he had taken the resolution of inviting a large number of Algerine ladies to the marriage of his daughter, and in this invitation the English residing here for the winter were for the most part included. The young lady was said to be nineteen years of age, the bridegroom to be a wealthy proprietor of Blidah, and the affair to be on a scale of the highest Moorish magnificence.

At nine o'clock we started, and having ascended by the road which winds outside the walls to the top of the town, entered at the gate of the Casbah, and thence prepared to plunge into the tortuous labyrinth of narrow streets composing old Algiers.

Several Arabs were lounging about the neighbourhood, one of whom led us to the Rue de la Gazelle, in front of a large house, whose barred windows, half-modified according to French fashion, were brilliantly illuminated. Here we entered, and having shown our notes of invitation to two soldiers, who were appointed to watch that none but those invited gained admission, we ascended a flight of steep narrow stairs to the court. At the head of the court stood three Moorish gentlemen, one of whom was singularly handsome, and attired in a splendid manner. Round his head was wound a white shawl; he wore white stockings and white gloves, which gave a Parisian finish to his Oriental costume. He received the foreign ladies one after another with the politest of bows, and so ushered us into the court, in which was passing an extraordinary scene.

The top, usually open to the sky, was roofed over with flags, so that the whole formed a large square hall, on the floor of which sat half-a-dozen women playing with might and main upon tambours, and chanting in what seemed to me a very lugubrious manner. The combined noise was deafening, and swelled by the murmuring voices of more women than I ever saw assembled together in my life before. Every French lady in Algiers must have been there. They were crowded like bees about the cloisters of the court, both upper and lower, and thronged the small staircase in the corner to such a degree that it was nearly impossible to pass. As they one and all wore the very stiffest of crinoline petticoats, of course the confusion was greatly increased thereby. The rooms opening into the court were full of Moresques. In one on the ground-floor sat the bride, under a sort of tent, of which the curtains were down. I was told that her nearest female relatives were with her. Round the walls of the room sat a number of very aged women, some of whom, oppressed by the heat and the noise, had already gone to sleep, while others blinked lazily at the gazers with the peculiar indifference of aspect which none but an Oriental can assume.

In a room on the upper floor sat, or rather squatted, a large party of the bridegroom's female relatives. These ladies, attired in gorgeous coloured stuffs and silks, laden with gold-lace, and having on their heads the most magnificent diamond-tiaras of which feminine heart could conceive, were eating from a round table about a foot in height, on which negresses were placing one dish after another of meat and vegetables. Specimens of *la haute noblesse* though they were, they were all eating with their fingers, coolly turning over the separate pieces till they secured the morsels which pleased them best. Not one of them appeared to me beautiful. The Moorish female face is too coarse in its lines to please a European; and though the men have much nobility of aspect, this gives place in the women to a gentle ignorant expression, which hardly any natural gifts could elevate or spiritualise.

On the opposite side of the house was the nuptial chamber. The bed was richly decorated with gold em-

broidery, and a large party of French and English ladies were seated *à la Turque* upon the floors.

Where was the bridegroom all this while? He was said to be making merry with the male relatives and friends in another house; but about him we could obtain no very precise information. This establishment was entirely consecrated to the ladies.

Being asked if I had not seen the bride, and being assured that she was meant to be looked at, as the children say, I made my way towards her tent, where, the curtain being lifted by a French lady who was speaking to a Moresque, I saw seated in the shadow a pale immobile figure, which might have been made of wax, for any sign of life which it gave. Whether it was heat, or weariness, or a dislike to being married, or crossness at being looked at, it was impossible to say, so fathomless was the silence of expression. There was nothing particular about her dress, she not being as yet fully attired for the ceremony.

The drumming, the chanting, the talking, and the rustling went on without intermission till half-past ten, when the heat became so great that we decided to leave; but the most ample details of what followed were given to me by an English lady. After sitting patiently on the floor, counting cloven, twelve, one, two o'clock, as each hour successively slipped by,—the heat constantly increasing, and no refreshment but a little coffee and sweetmeat,—at half-past two in the morning was heard a redoubled cry upon the lower story, and lo, the happy bridegroom, with a few male friends, walked into the room. He was a young and very handsome Moor, and appeared somewhat nervous, as he well might be, having never seen his fair lady. The laws of Mahomet forbid all courtship; and though the lady sometimes peeps at her future out of a window, he never sees her till the hour of his marriage. All the negotiations are managed by the relatives, and by gossips, who are frequently bribed on both sides to give favourable reports. The male friends who formed his *cortège* having disappeared, the bridegroom seated himself on the divan, and conversed politely with the French guests, turning his eyes nervously every moment towards the door whence his future fate was to appear. Messages came to the effect that the bride was not dressed, and could not possibly be ready yet, &c., on which the unfortunate man took up his polite conversation once more. At last, at half-past three, arose a deafening noise of drums and chanting; it was in honour of the bride, who was coming up-stairs, surrounded by women who walked backwards before her, carrying candles. Almost carried by her companions, she came forward like a statue, closely veiled, and was borne into the room where the bridegroom, surrounded by the guests, awaited her. Her two young brothers were present, but no other creature of the male kind. The ceremony, simple enough, consisted in pouring a little orange-flower water into the hand of each, whence the other drank, as from a cup. The civil ceremony, before the Kadi, had been previously performed with all the necessary formalities. I am told that the bride coquetted, and would not allow her husband to drink from her hand, and that he gallantly possessed himself of the offending member, regarding her with an air of tenderness, which, under the circumstances, must have been sufficiently absurd. Her veil being then raised, he, for the first time, saw the face of his wife, which was spotted and spangled all over with gold-stars in honour of the occasion.

And so ended the wedding of the Princess Nefissa Moustapha Pacha.

Five days after the husband appeared at the governor's ball, and was overwhelmed with congratulations; as for the lady, nobody will ever hear any thing more of her. The Moresque, once married, disappears absolutely. The veiled figures which steal forth to the baths or the cemetery are absolutely without individuality; young or old, pretty or ugly, of high or low class, it is all the same, the veil effaces every distinction. It is held to be in the highest degree indecorous for a man to ask after the health of his neighbour's wife.

Dr. Foley, who is attached to the civil hospital, and who, in conjunction with a colleague, has published a valuable work on Algerine statistics up to 1848, observes, apropos of the extreme difficulty of procuring accurate returns of births, that the slightest detail of the domestic existence of the wife is hidden under a veil. At present, owing to the rigour of the French law of inheritances, the birth of sons is generally registered, that of daughters is constantly omitted; and the statistics of the female Mussulman population remain highly inaccurate.

When the French entered Algiers in 1830, it was stipulated, among the terms of capitulation, that no private house should be entered. Accordingly the invading army filed into the barracks appointed for their reception, leaving the domestic privacy of the town wholly untouched. Unless this had been acceded to, it would have been a war of extermination.

The Moors rarely avail themselves of the religious permission to marry more than one wife; but divorces are facile, and so numerous, that many Moresques now demand to be married under the French civil law, which allows no divorce, and secures a fixed position to the wife and her children. The position of a Moorish wife, divorced by the fantasy of her husband, and thrown upon a society in which a woman has next to no chances of gaining her bread, is truly pitiable. It is curious that the Jews in Algiers have likewise renounced their facility of divorce, and have taken to marrying under the French law.

Very slowly, but surely, is European civilisation progressing among this stationary people. The most obvious sign that strikes a traveller, in looking at the ghostly-veiled figures, which glide about like creatures of another world, is, that while at Blidah and Medeah the all-enshrining veil barely leaves an aperture by which *one* eye can avail to pick its owner's way over the rough roads of the interior, at Algiers, under the favour of contact with the ideas of a more enlightened people, a narrow slit under the forehead actually allows to the female pedestrian the inestimable advantage of both organs of vision.

THE BOURSE.

"The Purse" is literally the name of the handsome edifice which serves as the Stock Exchange of Paris. A building of the Corinthian order of architecture, as simple in its plan (a parallelogram) as elegant in its proportions, and isolated in a square that bears its name, is the national theatre where-in dramas of unrivalled interest, and farces of tragi-comic power, are acted daily, Sundays and fête-days excepted. As soon as the clock strikes one, the curtain rises on a multitudinous *dramatis personæ*, who are actors, audience, supernumeraries, directors, claqueurs, critics, either all in one, or respectively by turns. The Bourse is perhaps, at this moment, the most vital element of Parisian life. It is here that the heart of the Gallic capital throbs most energetically; and the reason is plain. Expensive habits strike deeper root from day to day amongst the upper ranks of French town-society; incomes that sufficed twenty years ago suffice no longer. The Luxury of the Age is as fair a topic now for poetical censors as it was two thousand years ago for the classical authors, from whose tirades grammar-schoolboys derive the inspiration of their weekly thems; and that able censors are not wanting, is proved by Messieurs Ponsard and Alexandre Dumas, Fils. See, for instance, *L'Honneur et l'Argent* and *La Bourse* of the former, and the *Question d'Argent* of the latter writer.

The men of the day, who float with the current, and think they must do as others do, are thus driven to search after the means both of increasing their revenues and of receiving them punctually when the sun rises on quarter-day. The public funds, the shares of railways, or of Crédits, Foncier and Mobilier, pay their interest when the clock strikes the hour that it is due, and never ask for delay nor for a lower-

ing of their rent, like backward farmers or mortgagees. Consequently the Bourse has put landed property out of fashion. Shares bought for five hundred francs each may suddenly run up to two thousand; but no estate, purchased at a fair price per acre, is likely thus to quadruple its value by any galvanic influence of prosperous times. Therefore mortgages are a drug; and the notary and the estate-agent have to abdicate their rank in the moneyed world to the stock-broker as to a superior potentate. Wealth is the one thing honoured in modern France; and every one rushes where wealth may be made the fastest. It matters not that there also fortunes may be dissipated as speedily as at the gaming-table; no heed is paid to the numerous unhappy wretches who grasp at great riches, only to fill their arms with destitution and ruin. The Bourse continues equally attractive to the prodigal spendthrift, to the respectable substantial family-man, to the ambitious aspirant, and to the sordid miser. The foregoing sentence is not a rhetorical flourish written for antithetical effect, but is really true. Mammon is the god before whom the Parisians of the present day fall down and worship. The Legislative Chambers may be shut, the churches interdicted, the theatres closed; no matter. If the Bourse be open, all the rest will count as nothing.

The Bourse absorbs the thoughts of thousands and thousands of men and women born with reasoning faculties, to the exclusion of other subjects of interest. It supplies never-failing allusions in every-day talk. A lady appears dressed with unusual splendour; of course the remark is made, that her husband must have succeeded in some lucky stroke at the Bourse. Young dandies are observed to be taciturn and grave; their thoughts are supposed to be occupied by the sorrows, not of love, but of speculation, whose course does not always run smooth. And the excuse is admitted as valid and good. Witticisms endless spring out of Boursean tendencies. Thus great bankers, like Monsieur Mirès, become proprietors of daily papers, in order to convert them into financial organs. Hence it has been suggested, that a good motto for the drop-scene of a drama inveighing against Bourse transactions would be, *Castigat ridendo, not mores, but Mirès*.

"What has become of Tournesou?" was asked by an inquiring friend. "I have not seen him in the Bourse today. Has he bolted?"

"He will not be here. He has lost—"

"On the Crédit Mobilier?"

"No;—his mother."

"Ah! In that case I need not be uneasy. We shall see him to-morrow."

Not long since, at an evening-party, every body was talking about Bourse affairs. The lady of the house on-treated them to change the subject, so the conversation modulated out of money into politics. An eloquent description was being given of the terrible cannonade of June 1848. In the midst of it (the description) an ex-captain of the National Guard sighed deeply, and sorrowfully said—

"Ah, if at that time I had but had the courage!"

The revolutionary orator continued his narrative of the battle of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

"O," repeated the retired hero, "if I had but had the courage then!"

"Well, tell us what you would have done, if you had had the courage. I suppose you would have charged the mob at the head of your company."

"No," replied the gallant officer; "that's not what I mean. If I had but had the courage, I should have bought up the Cinq at fifty-two francs, and I should now be twice or thrice a millionaire."

What is most extraordinary in Paris is, that little and low people mix themselves up with Bourse transactions quite as much as great and middle-class people. The *hausse* and the *baissse*, the rise and the fall, are to them what the excitements of the betting-shops are to the lowest order of London gamblers. French stock-jobbing is

of no rank. The waters of Pactolus are boldly fished by mighty adventurers, whose nets are strong enough to catch a whale; but the banks of the golden stream are likewise haunted by wretched anglers, whose tackle is no better than a willow-rod and a bent pin. Almost every Parisian passage witnesses every night some vulgar sanhedrim of financial nightmen, of rag-pickers of stray shares, of brokers of all sorts of monetary marine stores. Very lately there lived in Paris, in the Quartier Popincourt, a little man who was better known as Le Petit Vieillard than by his real name. He was forty-six years of age; but his grisly hair, his lean figure, his sordid dress, and his stooping shoulders, made him look much older than he really was. He occupied a small chamber in the topmost story of a house in the Rue Menilmontant, and appeared to be in a condition nearly approaching to want. He was constantly complaining to his neighbours, and expressing his fear of dying by starvation; for he said he had nothing to live on but a scanty income which a former friend of his family allowed him. Nevertheless, it was remarked that he took great interest in the fluctuations of the funds, and of the different shares quoted at the Bourse. Every evening he used to take his station close to a news-vender's stall, imploring either a chance purchaser or the newsman himself to favour him with a sight of the financial bulletin. One evening, the Petit Vieillard came home at seven o'clock, in a state of such agitation that the porter remarked it.

"What is the matter with you to-night, monsieur?" he asked.

"O," replied the other, "it is frightful! The public distress is on the increase. To-day there is a fall of fifty centimes (fivepence English)! What is to come of me in my old age, I should like to know?"

He mounted the staircase muttering and cursing. Next day he did not make his appearance as usual; and the porter, alarmed, knocked at his door. No answer. The commissaire of police was sent for; the apartment was forced open; the little old man had committed suicide by suffocation with charcoal-fumes. Great was the surprise of every one when on opening a drawer in an old commode, in expectation of finding the papers of the deceased, it turned out full of gold and silver coin. A minute search of the room was then made; and the result was the discovery of forty thousand francs, partly in specie, but principally in shares, vouchers, bills, and other negotiable papers.

It is evident that moralists, satirists, and even statesmen, may declaim in vain against a passion so ardent and wide-spread as that of Bourse speculation. They will be listened to as congregations listen to popular preachers: the preacher is followed, and so are the sins he denounces. To pretend to reform or correct frequenters of the Bourse, is an imitation of Xerxes' whipping the sea. You may stir up a little froth and foam with the tips of your rods; but the immense deep sea ebbs and flows as if nothing had happened. The Bourse is neither a corporate body, nor a national vice, nor a fashionable folly, whose abuses you can correct; it is a grand integral part of the social cosmos, like the atmosphere or the ocean which envelop our globe. It bears on its buoyant bosom the French world and its fortunes; into it all the affluent streams of riches discharge their contents, which are emptied therein, deposited at the bottom, or volatilised into vapour. If we only substitute gold for iron in the tale, the Bourse is the loadstone-mountain of the *Arabian Nights*. Whether the frailest skiff or the mightiest merchantman comes within the sphere of its attraction, every tiny nail or trifling napoleon, every heavy anchor or solid estate, flies away straight to the magic mass, leaving the unhappy Sinbad to float as best he may on his raft of boards, or the wreck of his fortune.

It is no more than just and candid to allow that the Bourse derives its attractive power quite as much from the spirit of the times as from the selfish propensities inherent in all mankind. We live, not in an imaginative, but in a business-like age. We have isthmuses to cut through, new-

discovered countries to clear and plant, antipodes to join together by a bond of steam, and continents to animate by a nervous and circulating system composed of railways and electric telegraphs. For all these enterprises capital is required; but as the petty capitals of individuals would be unavailing, aggregate capital must be recruited throughout the land to form by combination a resistless agent. The Bourse stimulates the innate avarice of the human heart; it draws from its secret hole the hidden hoard; it makes men gaze at their possible profits through a wondrous multiplying-glass, called Credit; and the Bourse is thus the parent and guardian of many a project of great public utility which could never have been accomplished without its support.

The Institution which we now call Bourse arose from the necessity of putting a restraint on the wild stock-jobbing which continued to exist after the fall of Law and his system. The government declared null and void all transactions that should be made without the intervention of persons commissioned by authority. A certain supervision was thus maintained over the excesses into which commercial gambling might rush. Such was the origin of the Parisian Bourse, and of the corporation of *Agents de Change*, or stockbrokers. The present edifice of the Bourse is a child of the first Revolution. Business having been transacted for a time in the church of the Petits-Pères, it was resolved, after the restoration of public worship, to instal the Bourse in a monumental building worthy of a great city; and capitalists and merchants were provisionally accommodated in the old scene-room of the Opera. The state possessed, in the heart of Paris, an immense extent of land, which had been occupied up to 1790 by the convent of the Filles de Saint-Thomas d'Aquin. A portion of this ground was granted to the city of Paris, on condition of building at their own expense a magnificent palace. The work was begun in virtue of an imperial decree, dated March 16th, 1808, and was not completed till 1827, although the inauguration took place on the 3d of November 1826. Its leading features are an external colonnade,—exceedingly lofty, but of so little depth as to afford no shelter against either sun or rain,—and a vast central hall, lighted from above, in which a want of air is always felt, and which at certain times of the year is gloomy and damp. Forgetting these defects, it is a magnificent temple, which the ancient Greeks might have worthily dedicated to Mercury,—their god of commerce and of theft.

Till the close of the past year, admission to this cathedral of speculation was gratuitous; but the throng was so enormous, and often so inconvenient, that it was determined to check it by demanding a franc from every visitor who should not compound for his admission by a monthly or an annual subscription. What the numbers must have been when there was no pecuniary impediment to their ingress may be guessed from the fact, that, after the impost, the various persons who came to take part in the operations of the great money-market amounted to upwards of 11,000 daily. Such an innovation could not be allowed to pass without its paying the tax of a joke.

"Why do they make you give a franc before they let you enter the Bourse?" asks a juvenile speculator of an older practitioner.

"Because they know that when they let you out of the Bourse you will not have a franc left to pay with."

You deliver, therefore, your twopenny toll, and you enter the vast area, which is paved with gold and with utter destitution and misery. You look around you, and exclaim, "What a fine palace is this!"—just the remark the sprat uttered when he turned up his eyes towards the roof of the whale's mouth. You may sow your money on that soil, and you may reap deceptions. A more pictorial, as well as a safer point of view, is the upper gallery, which runs round the grand hall. Thence you behold a noisy mixture of melodrama and pantomime, in the midst of which it would seem impossible to add up a milk-score, or to bargain for a dozen herrings. And yet millions may change hands in a minute or two, and a shoal of small fortunes may have deserted

their former owners, to assemble in the maw of some keen shark of the Bourse.

The central hall serves as the exchange both of merchandise and the public funds. It is open from one to five o'clock; but the sale of public effects is closed at three. At the further end of the grand hall an enclosure, called the Parquet, separated from the body of the building by a breast-high palisade, is reserved for the *agents de change*. In the centre of the Parquet is another circular enclosure, called the Corbeille, or basket, on which the *agents de change* lean in a ring, offering to each other the stock they have to sell. Every time that a sale *au comptant* alters the exchange, the price is audibly announced by a crier. At the end of every day's transactions the *agents de change* meet, to state, by their syndic, the course of stock and exchange. The *courtiers de commerce* assemble in like manner to fix the price-current of divers merchandise.

The *agents de change*, meeting in their Parquet, are principally occupied with transactions in the public funds, whether French or foreign, in railway shares, and in those of the bank, the *Crédit Mobilier*, and so on. They receive a commission of a quarter per cent. Their number is limited to sixty; but, in defiance of the law, they have almost all of them three or four associates, or partners, who are vulgarly called thirds or quarters of *agents de change*,—as we call a tailor the ninth part of a man. The price of their places (which are purchasable, like commissions in the English army) varies from six hundred thousand to a million francs, besides other heavy charges in the shape of caution-money, license, sureties, and similar imposts. Notwithstanding which, they handle such enormous sums, and their chances of profit are multiplied to such an extent, that they commonly make a clear income of a hundred thousand francs, and sometimes double that sum. In spite of their title, the Parisian *agents de change* have given up the negotiation of foreign bills of exchange, as well as the practical business of money-changing. The latter service is performed by shopkeeping *changeurs*, of whom there are thirty-five, designated by name and address in the *Annuaire de Commerce*.

The intermediaries recognised by the law for the commercial operations transacted at the Bourse are styled *courtiers*. There are courtiers of merchandise, courtiers of assurances, maritime courtiers for the freight of vessels, and *courtiers gourmets*, or epicurean courtiers, for wines. The first, who amount to sixty in number, have the sole right of conducting the purchase and sale of every species of merchandise at the Bourse, by auction or otherwise, and of officially announcing the price-current. But their office, which costs from sixty to eighty thousand francs, would bring in only a moderate income, if they stuck to their part as go-betweens in serious transactions; but the majority of these gentlemen disdainfully abandon to the *courtier marrons* all articles which are not subject to stock-jobbing, confining themselves to articles of speculation, such as *cau-de-vie*, soaps, and oils, since they reap from them a larger profit; in consequence of the perpetual recurrence of fictitious operations. The courtiers of assurance against loss at sea, of whom there are but eight, make larger and more legitimate profits; their place is therefore worth the sum of from a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, or from four to five thousand pounds sterling. The courtiers who confine themselves to the negotiation of *valeurs industrielles* usually charge an eighth per cent on the amount of the transactions effected, when the price of the *valeur* reaches five hundred francs. For inferior *valeurs* the charge is generally fifty centimes per *titre*; but business may be transacted for half-commission when it is important and continuous. All business done at the Bourse is generally settled after Bourse, that is, from three to five o'clock of the same day, or the next day before Bourse, from nine o'clock till noon.

The Parquet, the stage of the grand theatre of the Bourse, has also its side-scenes, or *coulisses*; whence the name of *coulissiers* given to the various speculators who

hang about the offskirts of the Parquet. A certain number of these are persons who manage to interfere in stock-jobbing transactions without being regularly commissioned to do so. They are designated *marrons*, or "chestnuts,"—the word also meaning "runaway slaves;" why, is not clear; the etymology is obscure. The *agents marrons* and the *courtiers marrons* owe their position entirely to their own intelligence, to their activity, and to the confidence of their clients, and also to the want which the public experiences of agents for the negotiation of property which is despised by those great personages the *agents de change*.

It will have been already perceived that the Bourse has expressions of its own, to which no French dictionary will give the clue. They are technical terms, whose meaning cannot be given in a short definition, but demand each a brief treatise to explain them. To buy *à découvert*, to buy *à prime*; to vary the same act by performing it *au comptant*, *à terme et ferme*, *à terme et à prime*; *lever sa prime*, *abandonner sa prime*, and other phrases for which there is no English equivalent, would require more space for their clear interpretation than can be allowed for the whole of this article; and they demand almost as much study for their thorough comprehension as is sufficient for passing a decent mathematical examination.

It is a characteristic detail of etiquette that the *agents de change*, within their Parquet, remain uncovered. They are at home, as it were, and are doing the honours of their mansion to the public. The courtiers, scattered over the area of the hall, are also uncovered; they make a point of observing the same politeness as the *agents de change*, and likewise, perhaps, of showing that they belong to the establishment. Another curious fact is, that till lately the Salic law was in force at the Bourse; ladies were excluded during business-hours, not only from the floor of the building, but even from the gallery of the first story, from which they were turned out by a former President of the Tribunal of Commerce. It required a no less powerful influence than that of the Revolution of February to effect the readmission of females to the gallery, which they boldly stormed as soon as the opportunity occurred, and have maintained firm possession of ever since.

E. S. DIXON.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

Nor long since the *Times* devoted an article to the fortunes of a certain ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has risen to power from comparative obscurity. His position, like the well-known shield in the fable, was painted by the writer with a white obverse and a black reverse. On one side of the mental scutcheon were depicted the honours of him who achieves greatness by intellectual prowess. On the other side, we had the bar sinister, supposed by some to be appropriate to the man whose titles have been seized rather than inherited. On the one side we found a stigma; on the other a eulogy. Here the inscription ran, "Hero of Romance!" there, "Political Adventurer!"

These two epithets are quoted from the leading journal, which leaves its readers to judge as to the fitter appellation. The question is raised, moreover, not as to an individual (and we beg distinctly to state that we are not so arguing it), but as to a class. It is a question, not as to the moral bias which may either exalt or degrade mental endowments, but, as stated by the *Times*, the point at issue is simply the claim of intellectual power to respect.

We suppose that what the *Times*-leader assumes must be granted, that the man who wins for himself a position to which he was not born is still regarded by many as a mere "Adventurer or Intruder." Now we think it high

time that those who are the objects of such a belief should be more earnest than they have yet been for their own dignity, and that those who are the holders of such a belief should be left more utterly than they have yet been to the helplessness of their own dotage.

It is surely almost a truism to say, that no claim to social esteem can be so valid as that which resides in the personality of the claimant. The man who makes his way by force of character and mental power, holds his charter to respect under the very signature of Nature herself. She dubs him knight on the field of life because he has taken its strongholds by individual valour, and not with birth or fortune for allies. The influence he wields is of the noblest kind, because it rules the reason and the sympathy—"the immortal part"—of his fellows. Other kinds of influence are gained by accident; this springs from law. Other forms of honour may be conferred upon a man; this has its source within him. Other distinctions may cease at the will of the bestower; this is inalienable. Other titles may be inherited and transmitted; this admits not of succession. The man lives—there is a new power in the world; he dies—there is a void. Monstrous, then, is the logic which would pervert the plainest instincts of right, and distort the very credentials of honour into a reproach.

It has been ever true that the Mental Worker,—the poet, philosopher, theoretical politician, or man of science,—becomes ultimately the ruler of his kind; but in past ages the proofs of this fact were not direct and obvious, and disbelief in the fact itself was therefore excusable. It needed a keener insight than could fairly be demanded from average observers to perceive how the reasonings of a Bacon, the conceptions of moral truth embodied or uttered by a SHAKESPEARE, or the discoveries of a NEWTON,—the very life of popular thought, emotion, and knowledge,—gradually produced public opinion,—that opinion which dictates policies, collects or disbands armies, or regulates the social economy of empires. The connection in this respect between cause and effect, though real, was not self-evident; and men might be pardoned if they forgot the bard, the sage, or the discoverer in the minister or the general. The actor was on the scene, the dramatic mind of the world was behind it; and it was neither wonderful nor altogether censurable if the brilliant performer, whether in armour or ermine, bore away general homage to the exclusion of creative genius. In our days, however, no such grounds for misapprehension exist. With us the Thinker is directly the Actor. Not only do individual writers address the entire people, but the press, in the sense of journalism, wields an influence before undreamt of. Without disparagement to any other estate, it can scarcely be doubted that the dominant influence now resides with the Fourth Estate. It is the press which at once produces and reflects opinion; the press which, as a lever, moves the force that moves Cabinets; the press, embodying the national thought, that says, "Let there be war," and floating arsenals through the deep; the press that bears across an ocean the claim of desert or the cry of wrong,—that becomes a People's Almoner to its famishing defenders,—that bestows honours where a government has withheld them, or degrades them into toys if unworthily conferred,—that supplies the test for social worth and the spur to social progress,—that, like the heart of popular thought, pours its vital flood into every vein of the system, and receives back for its own life the healthful force which it has dispensed.

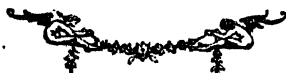
Nor, looked at in its final results, is the power of journalism less beneficent than extensive. Its sole agencies are those of fact and comment. It can prosper only by the assent of mankind. If it represents various, and sometimes partial, phases of truth, there is all the surer guarantee that every particular fact bearing upon the point at issue will be disclosed, and that no reasoning will prevail in the end except that which can enlist facts for its support. Yet this influence of journalism, so vast and so healthy, is but the obvious sign of the power which inheres in that great

literary class of which journalism forms but one section. In the entire body we would include intellectual labourers of every kind—the orator, who speaks his thought, as well as the poet, the novelist, or the essayist, who writes it.

The epithet "Adventurer," as applied to any member of the literary body, is simply the expression by privileged dullness of its hatred to intellectual superiority. It is the silly protest of ignorance against enlightenment—of material against spiritual forces—of fleeting shows against abiding truths—of the accidents of man against the Providence that has vested his chief dignity in his essence,—a delusion in barbarous times, a prejudice in more advanced ones, an absurdity and an impertinence in our own.

We dare not hope that society will ever be altogether delivered from the stupid and the vulgar. There will always, we suppose, be some minds incapable of estimating any honour except that which parades itself to the eye, or any wealth except that which rings upon a counter, or can be assigned by a deed. The verdict of such persons can little affect any question of real worth or greatness. Still, mental diseases, like material ones, are often contagious, and the virus engendered in what we may call the dark alleys of opinion must to some extent infect the air of its freer and nobler regions. It is a still more serious matter that the government of an enlightened empire should neglect the chief agents of its civilisation. We are indifferent enough to the establishment of orders of merit and the dispensing of red ribbons; but we think the period is fully come when literature, the noblest of secular professions, should have the external organisation of one, and when every literary man, exercising his calling uprightly, should feel that it is duly recognised and honoured by the Legislature. The details of such an organisation as we suggest it would be premature to enter upon; but we may say, that the foundation of an Inn of Literature, analogous to the Inns of Law, and requiring for membership simply the proofs of past literary labours, would probably be no difficult achievement.

Happily, however, the respect due to the mental producer (and we speak not here of the most illustrious examples of the class, but of those who in any degree minister to truth or refinement) is not ultimately dependent upon what governments can give or deny. Facts have a propensity to assert themselves; and in an age when the triumphs of mental power are so striking, the thinker cannot long be defrauded of his right social status. Only let him be true to himself, let him feel and declare that literature is his sole and sufficient title to respect,—a title that cannot be enhanced by his merely nominal connection with any other profession, that of the bar, for example,—and the great fact on which he relies will not fail him. The obscurity from which he may have emerged will become the measure of his own power to rise; the very title "Adventurer" will but denote his capacity to penetrate beyond the bounds of his original fortunes; every taunt will recoil upon those who utter it,—those whose chief and undeserved honour it is to share the same soil with men whom they have the folly to reproach, but not the ability to emulate.



LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

VIII.

LIFE, like love, has its passive as well as active phase; its season of white winter, when all external vitality ceases; and the utmost exercise of reason and faith is necessary to convince us that any vitality exists at all. We walk on, darkly and difficultly, as far as each day will carry us, no farther.

Thus, for many days, I know not how many, did I go to and fro between my lodgings and Mincing Lane, pleading press of business to excuse my absence, if excuse were needed, at Pleasant Row. In all there happening I was as powerless as if I abode at the North Pole. It was better to keep away.

But as firmly as I believe in the life of nature sleeping under the snow, so I believe, and did then, in the everlasting vitality of truth, of right, and what is in one sense lessor than, yet in its purest form identical with, both these—love. Yes, I believe in love. Despite its many counterfeits and alloys,—some so like it that for a time they may even pass current for it,—with all its defilements and defacements, too pitiable to be unpardonable, I doubt not that at the core of every honest man's and woman's heart lies that true coin, which, its value found, is a life's riches, and if never found, is yet a life's possession; being still pure gold, and stamped with the image and superscription of the Great King.

I had learnt much in these few years. I, Mark Browne, was no longer the Mark Browne whose rough-built castle in Spain crumbled down at a word or two lightly uttered under those chestnut-trees. It fell, as being baseless, it perhaps deserved to fall,—the sole architectural effort of a too-late developed youth; we men build differently. It seemed now as if I had never been thoroughly a man till the responsibility of those two dear women fell on me, making me conscious at once of my weakness and my strength.

Ay, my strength: *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit*, as runs the little Latin I ever had opportunity to learn. A man who has truth in himself must be very dim-sighted not to detect the true from the false in others, and he who can trust himself is not afraid to trust fate,—that is, Providence,—for all things.

My poor Jean! My sorely tossed, tempted, long-tried Jean, with neither father, brother, nor friend; not a heart, that she knew of, to lean against for council or rest! Sometimes I thought I would go to her; and then—No. My old doctrine, that silence may be lawful, hypocrisy never, took from me the possibility of being Jean's counsellor. Besides, all she did must be out of her own unbiased rectitude; all she had to suffer must necessarily be suffered alone.

O no, Jean, not alone! If people could tell, afterwards, the burdens they have borne for others, secretly and unasked; the days of sickening apprehension; the nights of sleepless care, when, rationally or irrationally, the mind recurs with a womanish dread to all possible and probable evils, and racks and strains itself, beating against the bounds of time, distance, or necessity, when it would give worlds only to arise and go!

At last, one evening, I snatched up my hat and went.

A carriage was driving from the door of Pleasant Row, I turned up the next street. There it passed me again, and I saw, leaning back in a thoughtfulness that was absolute melancholy, the sweet face of Lady Emily Gage. My cynical mood vanished in an abstract sort of pity for four persons who shall be nameless, but whose names, no doubt, ministering angels knew.

Lord Erlistoun I found sitting with my mother. Both started, and "thought it was Jean."

"Is Jean out alone, and in this pouring rain?"

"I can't help it, Mark; she will go. But I forget; you do not know she has taken fresh pupils, and works as hard as if all her life she intended to be a poor singing-mistress."

Lord Erlistoun sprang up, and went to the window. There he stood, till the knock at the door announced Jean.

Dripping, muddled, with a music-book under her arm; pale, with the harassed look that all teachers gradually get to wear,—she stood before this young man, by nature and education so keenly sensitive to external things. Perhaps she felt the something, the intangible something, which all his courteous kindness could not hide; she flushed up, and, with a word or two about "never taking cold," went to her room.



ANXIOUS SUSPENSE. BY P. R. MORRIS.
[Society of British Artists.]

Contrasts are good, but not such contrasts as these. Yet different from them, and more momentous, were other things that throughout the evening incessantly arose, making Jean start like one who, trying to walk steadily, is always treading here on a thorn and there a sharp stone,—those little things which involuntarily, unconsciously, are the betrayal of love's decay.

She took her work, Lord Erlistoun sitting by her idle. She asked him mechanically, where he had been all the week; and he answered, in a sort of apology, giving a long list of engagements "impossible to avoid."

"I did not mean that; I know you must be very much occupied. You were at the drawing-room on Thursday?"

"Yes, it was necessary; returning from abroad, and expecting soon to go back, on the diplomatic business I told you of."

Jean bent her head. "Lady Emily was there. I saw her dressed. She looked very beautiful, did she not?"

"I believe so."

Here my mother broke in with Lady Emily's message, and how, finding Lord Erlistoun here and Jean absent, she would not stay. "She was rather cross—if so sweet a creature could be cross. I fancy her gay life does not suit her;

she looks neither so well nor so happy as she did six months ago."

Lord Erlistoun's was a tell-tale countenance at best; it told cruel tales now, and Jean saw it. Hers expressed less of doubt or pain than infinite compassion; but when he looked up, he started as if he could not bear her eyes.

"What are you so busy about? You are always busy."

"I am correcting counter-point exercises of my pupils."

"Those pupils!" he repeated with irritation. "Mr. Browne, cannot you, whose influence here seems at least equal to my own, represent how unnecessary, how exceedingly unsuitable it is for Miss Dowglas to continue taking pupils?"

"She never had any until now, with the exception of Lady Emily Gage."

He was silent.

Jean said gently, "My pupils do me no harm, but good. To work is necessary to me. I have worked all my life; I believe it always will be so."

"What do you mean?"

"I will tell you another day."

"Jean—Miss Dowglas—I trust that you—"

"Hush, pray; I said another day."

Lord Erlistoun somewhat haughtily assented. For the rest of the evening he talked chiefly to my mother and me; scarcely to Jean at all. But just before leaving, he drew her a little aside.

"I have never, in the short time since my return, been able to have speech with you alone. May I call to-morrow; and in the mean time will you please me by accepting this?"

He placed on the third finger of her left hand a ring blazing with diamonds. Before she could speak, he was gone.

During the short time I remained after him, Jean sat where he had left her, the ring still flashing on her hand, which was now beginning to lose its shapely roundness, and grow thin and worn-looking, like an old woman's hand.

Next day, a carriage and pair astonished Mincing Lane; and in the dim office, which, at this time of the afternoon, I usually had all to myself, entered Lord Erlistoun. He was evidently in much agitation.

"Pardon me, I will not detain you two minutes; but I wished, before waiting upon your cousin, to ask you if you had in any way counselled or influenced this letter?"

My surprise was enough to testify my total ignorance.

"I thought so; I always knew you for a man of honour. You would suggest nothing that could compromise mine. Read this, and judge between us."

The idea of a third party judging between two lovers! I hesitated.

"I beg you to read it; you being in some sense her guardian, I claim this as my right."

A brief letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

With this I return your ring. Some day I may take from you some other remembrance, as from a friend to a friend; but—no ring.

What I have for some time wished to say, I now think it better to write; namely, to ask you to remove from your mind any feeling of being engaged to me. The reasons which made me always resist any formal engagement on your part have proved just and right. You were always free; you remain free. I knew you better than you knew yourself, and I do not cast upon you the shadow of blame.

I believe that once you loved me dearly; that, in some degree, you will always love me; but not with the full and perfect love that you owe to your wife, or that alone I could consent to receive from my husband. Therefore I am determined to remain, as I shall be always,

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

JEAN DOWGLAS."

"Well, Mr. Browne?"

My heart beat horribly; yet I could not but answer him. "I am sure my cousin means what is here written, and that in the end it will be better thus for both."

"And by what right—But I forget, I requested your opinion. Now it is given, will you further favour me by accompanying me to Pleasant Row?"

The young man's state of mind was so obvious, that, as Jean's nearest and only friend, I resolved to go. We scarcely exchanged a word till we were in her presence.

Lord Erlistoun advanced haughtily. "Miss Dowglas, I intrude in consequence of a letter received;" but at sight of her he broke down. "Jean, what is your meaning? What have I done to offend you?"

"Nothing."

"Then explain yourself. I must have an explanation."

At his violence, Jean turned as white as marble; but once more, with the feeling higher than any thing that women call "proper pride," which had made her from the very commencement of his passion consider him and his good first, she controlled herself.

"Before I answer, answer me one word truly; I know you would never either say or act a falsehood. Do you love me as you did three years ago?"

He did not reply; he dared not.

"Then, whatever men's code of honour may be, in the sight of God it would be utter dishonour in you to marry me."

My mother left the room; I would have followed, but Lord Erlistoun called me back. "Stay. My honour, which this lady calls into question, requires that at this painful crisis I should have witnesses."

He then addressed Jean. "I am to understand that you consider my hand unworthy of your acceptance?"

"I did not say unworthy; but you know," steadily regarding him,—"you know well there does not now exist between you and me the only thing which makes marriage right or holy."

"What is that, if I may ask you to name it?"

"Love. Understand me, I never doubted your honour. I know you would marry me, be to me most faithful, tender, and kind; but that is not all; I must have love. No half-heart, charitably, generously given. My husband's whole heart, or none."

"Is it the old complaint of my 'faithless temperament'?" said Lord Erlistoun bitterly. "Because you were not my 'first love,' as the phrase is?"

"No, I am not so foolish. Most men's last love is safer than their first,—yours will be; but it *must* be the last. I had best tell you the whole truth." Jean spoke quickly and excitedly, as if out of long pent-up endurance. "You used to call me an angel; but I am a mere woman,—a very faulty woman too. I know what jealousy is; hard to bear in friendship, worse in love; but in marriage I could not bear it. It would madden me; it would make me wicked. Therefore, even for my own sake, I dare not marry you."

"Dare not?"

"Do not be angry; I blame you not; but let us not shut our eyes on the truth. Love can change, and does. Better in a lover, where it is still remediable and excusable, than in a husband, whom even to forgive would be in some measure to despise."

"You despise me? O, Jean!"

At the anguish of his tone her composure melted away in a moment.

"No, no! you could not help it; it was I that ought to have known: I was a woman, you were only a boy; it was natural—it was almost right you should change." She knelt down by the table where he leant, his hands before his face. "I did not mean to hurt you so. Nugent, Nugent!"

"You despise me," he repeated, "and you have reason, for I despise myself. No, Jean, I cannot tell you a falsehood; I do not love you—in that way."

Perhaps the truth, hitherto verbally unconfirmed, had not till then come upon her in its total irrevocableness, for Jean slightly shivered. Lord Erlistoun went on passionately:

"I know not how it came about; I do not know myself at all; but it is so. For months I have been a coward and a hypocrite; every day has been a torment to me. To escape, I was going to make myself a hypocrite for life. Jean, don't despise me—pity me."

"I do."

"Will you help me?"

"I will."

She separated, and took fast hold of one of his clenched hands,—a lover's hand no longer; then looking round, with a faint movement of eye and lip, she dismissed me from the room.

Once the bell rang to send away Lord Erlistoun's carriage; and once afterwards Jean came to the door, and called my mother.

"I want a piece of bread and a glass of wine."

When we came in, Jean was standing by him while he ate and drank this last sacrament of parting. He needed it; for he was ghastly pale, and his hands shook like a person in ague. What he had told her must have cost him much; but evidently every thing was told.

Jean spoke. "Aunt, and cousin Mark, Lord Erlistoun wishes to bid you good-by. He is going abroad again immediately. When he returns, I have told him he will find us all his faithful friends," with unmistakable emphasis on the word. No further explanation.

He staid a little longer, resting his head back on the sofa, while Jean sat watching him. O, what a look it was! Scarcely of love, but of inexpressible tenderness, like a mother's over a suffering child. Passion burns out; personal attachment dies out; the desire of individual appropriation altogether vanishes away; but I believe this tenderness over any thing once loved to be wholly indestructible. Shame upon any man or woman who would wish otherwise! for to kill it, would be to kill the belief in love itself, to doubt which is the very death of the soul.

Lord Erlistoun rose. Jean said she would walk with him a little way, and he sat down again without opposition. He seemed totally guided by her. Only once, as if some irritating thought would not be controlled, I heard him whisper,

"It is useless; I cannot consent. You must not tell her."

"I must; it is only right. Nothing is so fatal in love as concealment. I must tell her every thing."

"Jean!"

"You are not afraid of me? Of me, Nugent?"

At that, the only reproach she had ever made, he yielded utterly. "Only write to me. This suspense will be intolerable until you do."

"I will write—once."

"Not again?"

"Not again."

He looked up; just a little he saw—if a man ever could see into a woman's heart.

"One word. Say you are not unhappy?"

Jean paused a moment, then replied: "I believe it is not the will of God that any one of his creatures should have the power of making another permanently unhappy."

"And you forgive me?"

Jean stooped over him as he sat, and kissed him on the forehead; the first kiss she ever gave him, and the last.

They went out of the house together, walking slowly arm-in-arm along the quiet streets, where lamps were being lit in snug parlours, children fetched in from play to bed, and hard-working husbands waited for, late coming home.

There is here a burying-ground, surrounded with houses now, but then only shut in by a railing, through which one could catch both sight and scent of the flowers which grew luxuriantly over and about, bordering the graves. At the corner of this railing, I saw Jean Dowglas and Lord Erlistoun pause, stand a minute as if with clasped hands, then their ways parted. He went on towards town; she walked slowly back without turning.

No; on the pathway which with her here ended, we return no more!

One heart at least bled for thee, Jean,—my Jean.

At safe distance, I followed her to Pleasant Row; but she passed the door. Thence, up streets and down streets, with a pace sometimes rapid, sometimes heavy and slow, along the familiar places that had been, as I once called them, her "Holy Land," keeping out of her sight, but never losing sight of her, I followed my cousin, Jean Dowglas.

At last she went back to the corner of the cemetery, the spot where Lord Erlistoun had left her. There for many minutes she stood, leaning on the railing, looking across over the graves.

I let her stand. Better that she should bury her dead out of her sight. Who is there among us that has not at some time done likewise? Who is there that in all this busy world does not own some graves?

At length I crossed over, and touched her on the arm.

"Jean."

"O, Mark, take me home, take me home!"

I took her home.

A PATTERN OF PARTNERSHIP.

A NEW edition has been lately published of a delightful and at the same time a wonderful work. There are books,—and this is one,—which puzzle the reader to guess how they came into the world; they are so full of novel matter, gleaned from no one knows where, in such an accumulated mass, that they cannot have been written on ordinary paper with ordinary pen and ink. Human fingers would be incompetent to execute the task of so committing them to writing, not to mention composition, arrangement, and correction. The volumes must have grown from a stem like gourds, or have arrived unexpectedly by night by the Parcels Delivery Company, as valentines and babies do; or their authors must have found them lying in a bundle by the roadside at dusk, or in an old family-chest in a dark cobwebby closet. We can conceive the *printing* of the most ponderous treatises, because printing is the work of a multitude of hands; but we have a difficulty in imagining their being transcribed by the sole agency of four fingers and a thumb. Hence probably arises the popular notion, that successful authorship is an easy achievement; that all that is wanted is the talent, the gift, the genius; that with that a young man, not troubling himself with study or mental labour, has only to sit down before his open writing-case to dash off a thing which shall establish his fame, while picking his teeth and humming the last new ballad in the interval between breakfast and luncheon time. "It is like finding so much money in the street," observed a lady, in allusion to gentlemen who butter their bread by periodical essay-writing. But the late reissue, in a much cheaper form, of our good old friend Kirby and Spence's *Introduction to Entomology* tends to dispel the pleasing delusion, that great literary performances can be completed without diligent care and industry. I use the epithet "diligent" in its original sense of "loving;" a man must love his work to do it well.

This seventh edition contains an Appendix relative to the origin and progress of the work, which was the labour of the leisure-hours of six years. It is well worth the consideration of aspirants in letters. The authors, in following the plan which they had chalked out for themselves, had to wade through piles of volumes, often to glean scarcely more than a single fact; they had to undertake numerous anatomical and technological investigations; they had to keep up a long correspondence, almost as bulky as the entire work; and their profit, if by great chance there should be any, could not be expected to repay even the cost of the books required for reference during their undertaking. A rather up-hill prospect that!

As the joint writers resided at a distance,—Mr. Kirby at Barham in Suffolk, and Mr. Spence at Drypool, near Hull,—they could only continue their progress by the interchange of letters, which have fortunately been preserved. Those from Spence to Kirby amount to between four and five hundred; those from Kirby to Spence are nearly as many. About half of the two series of letters refer almost wholly and entirely to entomology and "our book;" but a great part of the remainder, exchanged during Spence's eight years' travels and residence on the Continent, and after his return to England, are more occupied with accounts of tours and of domestic matters. The entomological letters, in those days of dear postage, were mostly written on sheets of large folio paper, so closely, that each would equal a printed sheet of sixteen pages of ordinary type. These they called their "first-rates," or sometimes "seventy-fours," the few on ordinary paper being "frigates;" but there is one from Mr. Kirby, which he calls the "Royal Harry," written on a sheet nearly the size of the *Times* supplement, and closely filled on three pages, which he begins and concludes thus: "My dear Friend,—This doubtless will be the greatest rarity in the epistolary way that you ever received. I hope it will long be kept among your *keipijia*, and be shown, not as a black, but as a black-and-white swan, which, since the discovery

of the former in N. S. W., must be held to be the true *rara avis*. . . . And now, having manned this *Royal Harry* with as large a complement of men as I could muster, I shall launch her. I question whether one of equal tonnage before crossed the Humber." With the love of order which Mr. Kirby's study of natural history had so deeply implanted in him, all Spence's letters were folded across the sheet, so as to be of the same breadth, of about two inches, and have an index on the back of each referring to the various subjects (often from fifteen to twenty) of the letter, which he marked in it by large figures in brackets, so as readily to catch the eye; and they were then docketed with red tape into a packet for each year.

The mere letter-writing connected with their work was enough to employ a couple of private secretaries; and that, be it remembered, with great uncertainty of success, as far as a favourable reception by the public was concerned, and with a great prospect of pecuniary loss. The friendship between the collaborators was commenced by, and founded on, their mutual power of painstaking in behalf of each other. With each, diligence was the test of worth. Mr. Spence made the first step towards acquaintance by sending, through the hands of a common friend, a box of insects, rare and now, with a long clear business-letter respecting them, to Kirby. Kirby replied in the same style, with commentaries on every head (amounting to eighteen) of this introductory epistle, besides explanatory sentences and friendly expressions. And so the correspondents went on, fearless of hard work. One of Spence's letters, accompanying two hundred and fourteen insects, with remarks on them, and filling sixteen ordinary folio pages, received an answer occupying almost as many. These letters, being purely scientific, have no interest for the general reader, and not much for the entomologist now, seeing that the points so earnestly discussed, as to identity of species and so on, have been mostly long since settled. Still, the reader will bear in mind the trouble it must have cost at the time to decide uncertain questions and ascertain the tendency of dubious facts. The persons who now walk at their ease in the commodious streets of an American city, ought not to forget the obligations they are under to the energetic heroes who felled the forest and made firm the swamp. But similar efforts must be made for advancing science as well as for extending the material comforts of civilised life. All honour, therefore, to the pioneers of knowledge, to the backwoodsmen of intelligence, to the colonists on wastes of ignorance, to the mariners who steer boldly across oceans of doubt.

Long letters led to long visits. Spence soon spent ten delightful days at Barham, five or six of which were devoted to a minute examination together of Kirby's Coleoptera, species by species. Then there were entomological excursions to find new insects, which yielded various results, like other hunts, till the time came to separate. But both were ever on the watch for insect prey. One curious insect, *Oxytelus tricornis*, was at last captured one morning upon Mrs. Kirby's chemisette, "as the ladies denominate their neck-handkerchief," as she was walking before breakfast in Dr. Sutton's garden, in the Lower Close, Norwich. In vain Kirby laid traps of white linen for it afterwards; he could not meet with a second, although he placed the same attraction (Mrs. Kirby) in the same place.

At last an idea, which both had entertained simultaneously, found utterance on the part of Kirby; namely, that a general English work on British Entomology was wanted, and that he and Spence might very well do it in partnership. Spence had had the very same scheme for some time glancing across his mind. He had nothing more at heart than to be able to contribute to the advancement of his favourite science in this country; and while believing an English description of their insects (for Latin had hitherto been the fashionable language) the only mode of effecting this, the thought had struck him, "Could not my friend Kirby and I manage such a work?" But he dismissed the

idea as a pleasing fancy. However, as Kirby answered, their thoughts jumped; the project was destined to be realised.

The reader will note, that to herald the way for a "British Entomology," they deemed it necessary to write a popular "Introduction to Entomology." Popular literature, venturing to touch scientific subjects, was then an innovation; it was a novelty, an encroachment on the vested rights of learned men, the boldness of which we have a difficulty in appreciating in these days. It next became a matter of grave consideration to decide what form of popular composition was most expedient to select in order to produce a book which might be read with pleasure and instruction, even by those who have no intention of studying the technicals of the science. Mr. Spence suggested to throw the work into letters; a form which admits of much latitude in amusing digressions, and infinitely preferable to any dry chapter-and-verse bare enumeration of the parts of insects. Every body reads with avidity anecdotes of the uses, injurious properties, and habits of insects; only admit readers through such a vestibule, and you will win numbers to the science who would have been deterred at the very threshold of mere technical discussions. Having fixed on the epistolary form, the first letter would be devoted to refuting objections on the score of the trifling nature of the science; pointing out the advantages which man already derives from the insect world; the probability of his greatly augmenting them; the vast power of insects to injure him; the necessity, in warding off this evil, of ascertaining them scientifically; the pleasures to be derived from the study, and so on. Then, the mode of collecting insects and preserving them would fill three or four letters. Lastly, the terminology would have to be entered upon; first giving a general idea of the system, and then teaching the terms, by supposing the imaginary correspondent addressed to have before him some very common coleopterous species, the parts of which might be still further illustrated by a few good outline-figures. To the end of the volume would be added a closely-printed dictionary of terms, which would be useful for reference. A goodly plan. To carry it out, Spence transferred himself to Barham in the summer of 1809. For several weeks they were hard at work laying the foundations of "our book." Before parting, they had drawn out a general sketch of the whole, founded on the examination of Kirby's insects, and discussions, often very long, as to the propriety of various terms.

They had no leisure-time for excursions then, though at least one half-holiday prevented Jack from becoming a dull boy. Mr. (now Sir) W. J. Hooker was staying at Barham, and longed to gather with his own hands, from its native habitat, the rare *Targonia hypophylla*, first discovered by Mr. Kirby near Nayland, some miles distant. It was agreed that the three should walk thither, entomologising by the way, and after dinner proceed to the hedge-bank where the scarce plant grew. Entering the yard of the head inn at Nayland on foot, with dusty shoes, and with their insect-nets for their only luggage, they met with but a cool reception. On desiring to be shown into the best dining-room, and ordering a good dinner and wine, the temperature of the hostel rose to a more genial warmth. As it came on to rain after dinner, and as the bank where the *Targonia* grew was a mile or two out of the direct road, they ordered a post-chaise, merely saying they wanted to drive a short way on a road which Mr. Kirby indicated to the postillion. When they arrived at the gate of the field where the bank was, the rain had become very heavy. Calling to the postillion to stop and open the door, they scampered out of the chaise laughing in unison. Hastily telling him to wait there, they climbed over the gate without further explanation. Not to be longer in the rain than necessary, they all set off running as fast as they could along the field-side of the hedge to the bank they were looking for. Amazement covered the postillion's face. What possible motive could make three of his master's guests clamber pell-mell over a gate into a field

that led nowhere, in the midst of a heavy shower of rain, and run away, leaving the bill unpaid, as if old Scratch was at their heels?

"By jingo!" says the "boy" to himself, "they shan't come that dodge; I'm as 'cute as they are."

So, instead of waiting at the gate as directed, he mounted his horses with red-hot speed, and pushed on full gallop along the road on the other side of the hedge, to circumvent the nefarious conspiracy to bilk Boniface both of the dinners and the chaise-hire. The herbalists proceeded to gather specimens of their plant as well as their uncontrollable mirth would allow them; for wherever they stopped to pick up weeds, they perceived their Argus watching their motions through the hedge, halting when they stood still, and going on when they advanced a few steps. When he saw them run back, and not before, he obeyed their orders to return to the gate, where they got into the chaise, roaring with laughter louder than ever at the reasons he gave for not having waited where he had been told, and at the triumphant satisfaction with which he conducted to the inn the three Jeremy Diddlers whom he had so cleverly captured.

The *Introduction to Entomology* grew, little by little, as the bird builds its nest; not, however, without serious interruptions. Thus, to Mr. Kirby's great discomfort, the business of settling the affairs of a man who had deeply involved himself in debt unavoidably fell upon him, as only one little inroad on his time; but his surviving fellow-labourer records, that though his natural dispositions were, as he himself states, more contemplative than active, yet no man ever less suffered his inclinations in this respect to encroach on or set aside his social duties. During the long course of their correspondence, there is scarcely a letter without a reference to some executorship he had to carry out for a deceased relative or friend, to some secretaryship he had to fill for a charitable or other benevolent institution, or to some active services, like those referred to in the above letter, in arranging the affairs of persons often but distantly connected with him; but all these duties, however contrary to his natural inclinations, he scrupulously fulfilled, in addition to those of his sacred office, before giving up any portion of his time to his scientific pursuits.

And still the "Introduction" spreads its roots unseen, to send up a goodly stem by and by. He lays out work for his partner, and does his own. "I have been for some days hard at work," he writes, "upon our book. If you approve it, I will fill up the outline I have drawn up for the three first letters, the Introductory, Noxæ, and Beneficia. Then you may take the three next, Storgé, Food, and Habitations; then to my lot, again, might fall, Societies, Defence, and Noises; next, to you, Phosphorescence, Recapitulation, and Defence of Systematic Entomology; and likewise, if you please, on the States of Insects, in return for my having done the General Exterior Anatomy." And so on, share and share alike. And then, to carry out practically the dictum, that two heads are better than one, he adds: "The plan that strikes me as the best, with respect to the parts that each undertakes, is this: when you or I have finished a letter, or perhaps better, the whole of our parts, I to send mine to you, and you yours to me, that each may make his observations, and give his sanction to what the other has written, and add any particulars omitted by the other that may have occurred to him."

It is surprising with what little parade of apparatus his extensive and valuable acquisitions,—the materials, in short, with which the "Introduction" was built up,—were made. If going to any distance, he would put into his pocket a forceps-net and small water-net, with which to catch bees, flies, and aquatic insects; but in general Mr. Spence does not remember to have seen him use a net of any other description. His numerous captures of rare and new Coleoptera were mostly made by carefully searching for them in their haunts, from which,—if trees, shrubs, or long grass,—he would beat them with his walking-stick into a newspaper; and, collected in this way, he would bring home in

a few small vials in his waistcoat-pockets, and in a moderate-sized collecting-box, after an afternoon's excursion, a booty often much richer than his companions had secured with their more elaborate apparatus.

At length, the first edition of the first volume of the work, commenced in 1809, appeared in the spring of '15; Vol. II. was published in '17; and the concluding Vols., III. and IV., came out in '26. Numerous subsequent editions and translations have proved that, in this case, good speed at the end was better than haste at the beginning. The most recent edition, the seventh, which will not be the last, is a worthy monument erected by the surviving writer, Spence, to the memory of his departed friend. It is a welcome boon to the public, as placing the book within the reach of all desirous of becoming acquainted with the Natural History of Insects; and it is a lesson that the road to the honours of literature must be opened, every traveller for himself, by long-continued toil, patient thought, and unwearied perseverance.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

THE BURDEN IS LIGHT ON THE SHOULDERS OF ANOTHER.—A Russian proverb, for which we find this Servian parallel: "One does not feel three hundred blows on another's back;" and this Spanish: "It is nothing; they're thrashing my husband, that's all,"—*No es nada, sino que matan a mi marido*. Rochefoucauld says, "We all have fortitude enough to endure the woes of others." "Another's care hangs by a hair" (Span.),—*Curvado ageno de pelo cuelga*. "Another's ill is but a dream" (French),—*Mal d'autrui n'est que songe*.

W. K. KELLY.



"MOVING HOUSE."

"DIREFUL phrase!—by what possible aberration of reason can any lips utter it in the same breath with *Home*, nay even treat the reeling chaos of the one as something appertaining to, and to be classified under, the serene snugness of the other?"

Simply, dear outraged reader, on a principle developed about twenty-two centuries and a half ago by an obnoxious Greek reformer on the morning of his execution,—the principle "that all things are thus produced, contraries from contraries," waking from sleeping, life from death, and even home from house-moving. Every one arrived at years of discretion knows what a "flitting" is, either personally or relatively, and that the cosmical completeness of even the most ancestral dwelling may be traced back sooner or later to this same parental chaos. For generations back it may have maintained its dignified self-possession, laying the outer world under tribute for trophies of civilisation and luxury; but never in its turn compelled to a humiliating disgorgement of its contents before the public gaze. Like the sea-anemone, who has been so much before the world of late, this venerable home may for ever be drawing in with sweeping arms new goods and chattels that chance to float within reach, and may never, like that same hapless individual, be turned inside out for the gratification of students of the natural history of their neighbours. But even in these exceptional cases you have only to look back to the time when the Norman emigrant "trussed up his fardels," and conveyed them to the domicile which his Saxon predecessor had just received notice to quit,—and behold here you have the two

inseparable phases of house-moving at once! the wane-phase, or that of the man who goes out; the crescent-phase, or that of the man who comes in. And so, looking backwards through all family and national history, do the dwellings of man arrange themselves in an unbroken chain; so they loop into one another, link after link, till you reach the first house moving, when Adam and Eve departed from their bower in Paradise.

To move house is evidently a part of the primeval curse, and an evil from which humanity cannot hope to free itself entirely; yet let me ask pardon for the paradox, while in the words of a venerable contemporary I address to those about to move the startling advice—"Don't."

Unless your house has manifestly overgrown your purse, or your real requirements (not your purse merely) have outgrown your house—"Don't."

Unless your house is damp, or draughty, or smoky, or ill-drained (in either of which cases you were a goose to move into it)—"Don't."

Unless all your relations and friends fly to some distant neighbourhood (even under that wild supposition the wisdom of moving were questionable)—"Don't."

Before you change schools for your boys, or governesses for your girls, before you change servants, before you change churches, before, above all (for these presents), you change houses, remember the Danish prince's familiar soliloquy, and bethink you whether it were not wiser to "bear those ills you have, than fly to others that you know not of."

But if the evil is inevitable, bear it, and make the best of it; not by passive endurance, but by active forethought and arrangement. Perhaps a few hints from one grown gray in this same sorrowful flitting-work, and by no means "unworn in that service," may not be unacceptable to the victims of the approaching quarter-day.

Such admirable vans for conveying furniture, and such admirable plans for packing and unpacking it, or not packing it at all, have been discovered of late years, that nothing need be said on these branches of the subject, unless it be to remark on the dexterity and forbearance exhibited by the carriers' men. When these men are taxing their muscles to the utmost, and know perfectly what they have to carry, and the places they have to carry it through, what more aggravating than for the dust-besprinkled straw-wreathed owners of the said furniture to stand screaming, warning, and suggesting in doorways, passages, and stair-cases, literally in the way at every turn. In all such cases,—that is, in all cases whatever involving governmental direction,—it is a golden rule to explain beforehand, briefly and distinctly, what is to be done, and how it is to be done, and during the time of action leave the matter implicitly to the responsibility of the person intrusted with it. Interference destroys personal relish in work; it breaks the fine threads of thoughtful purpose which are necessary to the efficient performance of even the smallest actions, and so defeats its own object. Remember that, regarded as a mere machine, man is very inferior in strength and precision to a steam-automaton; it is only the free action of the living soul within which enables him to use his muscles harmoniously and discreetly: think of this in managing your children and servants, and think of it, too, in directing those who move your furniture.

"But are there any means by which the hopeless confusion of the most irreconcilable classes of household goods, hitherto considered inevitable in moving house, can be avoided,—any means by which things can be got into their places sooner, at a less cost than the innumerable breakages and the weeks of weariness and discomfort which we are all too familiar with?" Well, I was just coming to these practical questions. In the first place, for some weeks, or even months, before you leave your present abode take advantage of every wet day and leisure-hour to look over old lumber, from furniture and linen down to letters, and dispose of every thing which it is not worth while to keep, to your poor neighbours, who will be pretty sure to turn the

most unpromising "old junk" to some use or other. Even letters torn up by tiny hands into still tinier morsels will make tolerable pillows for hard-lying heads. Decide deliberately (having previously measured the rooms and the furniture) in which room of the new house each article of furniture from the old shall be placed; and let a parchment ticket be tied to it, with the destination plainly printed thereon. Measure all the windows, and arrange your plans about hangings and blinds; order in the new breadths, if such should be required. The week before the week of moving engage an upholstress, if you are not competent to carpet-fitting yourself (but this art, of course, like every other is far easier to an educated than an uneducated person), and having made previously an exact plan of the principal rooms in the new house, take up the carpets one after another, beginning with the rooms least used, and set your seamstress and servants to altering them for their new destination. Take down also any window-hangings that require alteration; and let this be done, too, remembering that it will be no hardship to be without hangings, or to have an ill-fitting carpet, for a few days in your old warm house, while it might be a serious evil in the new half-aired one; to say nothing of a more imaginative view of the subject, viz. that the sense of entire *unsettlement* is an unavoidable evil while still lingering in the house which is so soon to cease to be yours, while the mind grasps longingly at the idea of *settlement* and order in the new home. It is almost needless to remind the prudent wife and mother that a week before moving, if the house has been some time uninhabited, a charwoman, strong and active, should be sent in, not only to "scour it down," but, still more important, to keep fires burning in every room *after* the scouring. And let her also, before the fatal day of flitting comes, make inquiries about the tradespeople in the neighbourhood, and decide to whom she will give her custom, thus avoiding the serious evil of perpetual card-deliverings and requests for it, and saving the servants all trouble but that of civilly declining the services which are not wanted. Now comes the day before *the* day; and let it be arranged that on that morning the carpets, altered as aforesaid, and roller-blinds—for the principal rooms at least—shall be conveyed by cab, carrier, or railway, as may be most convenient, to the new house, and be there received by a carpenter, who shall nail them down or screw them up, each in its appropriate position.

The next day the vans arrive; and as each piece of furniture is taken out, it is dusted at once, and carried to its appointed place, where, the carpet being already nailed down, it is lodged finally, not to be disturbed again. The wonderful ease and rapidity with which a house is made habitable and orderly by this simple inversion of the ordinary plan can only be believed by those who have tried it, and contrasted its harmonious comfort with the well-remembered new rooms, in which every article of furniture was knocked about just where it was least wanted, and the poor defenceless things were huddled together in the middle of the room, and then driven back to the sides and ends, like a drove of elephants being instructed in quadrilles, to make way for the tardy laying-down of the carpets. Prudent housewives may be conscious of a delicate reluctance on the point of carriers' muddy boots traversing carpeted floors; but wisps of straw at such a time are plentiful, carpet-slippers are cheap, and if the journeys from road to parlour are too frequent to allow of rubbing or changing each time, dusting-sheets or scraps of oil-cloth can be laid down as paths to the places where heavy furniture must be carried, and the rest can be conveyed by clean-footed carpenters and maids, where there are no men-servants.

As to china, glass, and even kitchen-ware, let whatever will be wanted for the first day's use be packed by itself, and let the rest be left in peace in their cases and hampers till the storm of solid furniture is subdued. Then, when pantries and china-closet and dining-room cupboards are all clean and ready, let the main body of breakables advance from their ambush, and take up their appointed positions.

To give directions about each thing, how and in what order it should be done, were endless work, and quite an important piece of officiousness besides. "Forethought" is the magician whose wand is alone potent to arrange all in the best way, with the aid of Cheerfulness and Forbearance, in case our admirable arrangements are thwarted by untoward circumstances, as will most probably be the case in some degree.

Besides, I protest strongly, once and for all, against that Procrustean notion that there is only one right way of doing a thing. The right way for me might be quite the wrong way for you, and involve you in as much weariness as it saves me. I may have an insatiable appetite for planning; may find an indescribable gusto in taking accurate maps, half-an-inch to a foot, of every room and every carpet, with cabalistic signs in red ink, indicating to my vivid imagination the way the pattern goes, and the position of the seams. The delicious excitement of this pursuit may so engross my whole being, that I become absent at meal-times, leading my husband to infer mournfully that my affections are wandering, or that some sublime literary scheme has rendered me hopelessly mazy; I may be wholly unable to sleep at night, owing to the haunting phantoms of the book-cases, which, with a relentless obstinacy, wholly refuse to fit themselves into the recesses to which they are destined; I may suddenly wake up in church to a guilty consciousness that I have been absorbed in an alluring scheme for converting a straw-mattress, doubled, and a spare mill-puff bed, into an elegant divan for the drawing-room;—these things, and the wide fancy-universe, of which they are insignificant atoms, may keep my mind waltzing for weeks together in a state of exquisite delirious excitement, which the reflection that the house we are going into is distinctly mean and inconvenient, compared with the one we leave, is utterly powerless to subdue. But am I therefore to condemn you, my dear Mrs. Bustle, because all this you decidedly reject as unwholesome and fussy to the last degree? Am I to find fault because you prefer a real, stirring, loud, contradictory, business-like consultation with a voluble, thread-necklaced, steel-thimble upholstress over every carpet—as it arrives after the furniture—to be stretched out in all its unaccommodating formlessness on the unaccustomed floors, among legs of tables and chairs, and rolled up, in a wave that never breaks, against the rack of the unyielding side-board or cheslonier? No, by no means! All I would hint is, that, to some extent, the plans I humbly recommend might be advantageously carried out by all victims to the calamity which heads this article; and that by so doing they would all the sooner be repossessed of the blessing which heads the section,—the blessing of a "Home."

LONGEVITY OF CAGE-BIRDS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The proverb, that "Use is second nature," may hold good in some cases, but certainly not in all. Accordingly, we find that the lives of our little feathered prisoners who are domesticated within the walls of cities are much shorter by comparison than those of their brethren who have the benefits of a purer atmosphere. This cannot be a matter for wonder.

It is not unusual to hear loud lamentations when a favourite pet is removed by death. Sometimes he dies quite suddenly; at other times his death is consequent upon attacks of asthma, wheezing, sore eyes, inflammation in the bowels, and a whole chain of nameless calamities. Most of these have their origin in the thoughtlessness of the persons to whom they belong; and many are the letters addressed to me for "advice." They generally come too late!

It must be remembered that the lungs of birds are very delicate, and that to keep them suspended in heated rooms, whose atmosphere is vitiated, exposes them to almost cer-

tain danger. They require pure air even more than we do. Sudden draughts, too, are equally dangerous; and to these our little friends are for ever exposed, by being placed immediately in the centre of open windows, whilst living in a cage accessible to the wind from every point. There is scarcely a street in London where this evil practice may not be daily seen.

The curious situations chosen out of doors, too, are worthy of note. We observe them in balconies, in areas, in verandas, on a naked wall, or on the side-heading of an open window. Thus placed, and with no protection from the sun, wind, smoke, and dust, they speedily become ailing; soon they lose their voice, then their trim figure and general sprightliness. All sorts of reasons are assigned for this; but the right one is rarely guessed at. The fact is, people who love innocent birds, and would keep them healthy, should learn to consider them in the light of young children. They require equal care and attention; also light, air, warmth, and exercise. This last might easily be contrived by giving them an occasional flight in a spare room, first placing a bird-bath on the table, and one of the many green salads in which they so much delight.

Some time since, a curious inquiry was instituted as to the effect of certain smells, gases, and effluvia, on the *physique* of animals, and of birds in particular. Professor Owen was present on the occasion alluded to. Amongst others who gave their evidence on the subject, was an intelligent workman, who was also a bird-fancier. He said he lived in Bear Yard, near Clare Market, and was constantly exposed to the combined effluvia from a slaughter-house and tripe-factory.

On being asked if this at all affected his birds, he emphatically said "Yes;" and he dwelt much on the losses he had sustained by the stench arising from the fat boiled down from the tripe-offal, adding, "You may hang the cage out of the garret-window in any house round Bear Yard, and if it be a fresh bird, it will be dead in a week."

The man had previously lived in the same neighbourhood, in a room near the Portugal Street burial-ground. That place, he said, was equally fatal to his birds. He had afterwards removed to a more healthy spot, and his birds lived longer. In town, however, ordinary birds did not usually live more than eighteen months. In cages in the country they would live nine years or more. When he particularly wished to preserve a pet-bird, he sent it down into the country now and then for a change of air.

This man's evidence quite confirms my own observations, and shows how needful it is to study the effects of natural causes. If we would have our birds well and happy, we must guard them from danger, and studiously provide for their comfort. Their lives will then be extended, and their usual ailments prevented.

An intimate acquaintance with many families residing in different parts of the country enables me to speak oracularly as to the longevity of birds which have the privilege of fresh air. Linnets, goldfinches, canaries, bullfinches, and others, thrive famously from year to year. Their plumage is always trim, their song ever cheerful, and their happiness perfect. As for their age, some of them are in their teens, and hearty withal.

To show how successfully tender birds may be reared in the country, I would particularly direct attention to a pair of very tame spotted flycatchers (*Muscicapa pisola*), which a young lady of my acquaintance has had *four whole years*. These birds seldom live long in a cage. Being insectivorous and very delicate, they require minute attention, pure air, and a great variety of food. Their young mistress, however, has succeeded admirably with them; and it is difficult to say whether their affection for her or her affection for them is the greater.

They have light, air, warmth, and exercise. Their cage is their mansion, the drawing-room their palace. Treat your birds thus, and whether in town or country, they will do well.

WILLIAM KIDD.

EFFECTS OF COLOURS ON OUR MINDS AND DISPOSITIONS.

"WOMEN and mackerel are best caught with red," says the proverb; and some men would be ready to subscribe to its truth. More than one sensible fellow in his black coat at a ball has been made to feel extinguished by the scarlet coats of our officers, ay, even when they have "only been militia officers," as I heard a young lady pathetically remark during the late war. Possibly Government originally selected that colour, not only to strike terror into the breasts of the adversary, but also to vanquish the hearts of our fair countrywomen, and so mean it as a cheap and easy, as well as perfectly legitimate, mode of rewarding valour. But why should a fish and a woman—the one proverbially cold-blooded, the other known to be a warm-blooded animal—be similarly attracted by this colour? Turkeys and bulls are irritated by it, and in some cases horses. I once possessed a very fine thorough-bred horse which was quite unmanageable at the sight of it, and several of his stock exhibited the like peculiarity. Naturalists have remarked the same of the buffalo and rhinoceros. It is now an undoubted fact, that certain colours affect the health in a marked degree, and in some cases excite pleasure and pain to a curious amount. An eminent professor* has named this excessive susceptibility to the effects of colour *Chroëphobia*; and we are indebted to him for many intelligent observations on the subject. To return to scarlet, it is obviously the emblem of excitement, unrest, and anger. In going round the wards of the insane, it has a very exalting, though apparently not an unpleasant, effect on the patients. Those people afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance, and the celebrated dancers of the middle ages, were uniformly irritated by its appearance. The Persians painted their idols red. The Polynesians think highly of it, and regard red feathers as emblems of their deities; and were accustomed to obtain the long tail-feathers of the man-of-war bird, and keep them in their hollow wooden idols. Vermilion, too, was considered the most gorgeous adornment in the ancient cities. On the other hand, the Egyptians held it in abomination, as being the colour symbolic of Typhon, who was to them the cause of all evil; and at certain periods they insulted red-haired people on this account. Some idea of a similar kind would appear in the colour chosen by St. John, in his mention of the woman sitting on the scarlet beast. A quaint old writer (Esquirol) affirms that those who dye scarlet become choleric, and indigo dyers are melancholy. White is the emblem of purity and gladness. It is the colour of the flag of truce, and of bridal garments; it is understood in general to represent cleanliness and all sorts of innocence. We wash out our churches with it, our fever-wards, and our poor-houses. It is proved that among a large number of people working in a room coloured yellow or gray, indigestion and other diseases were prevalent; whereas in the whitewashed rooms the case was the reverse. When both were whitened alike, the health of those before affected improved in a marked manner. On this principle, our paupers ought to be more



WHITE-STEMMED AMARANTH.—SEE PAGE 96.

cheerful than they are; and undoubtedly a man in solitary confinement should have his cell whitewashed. Again, listen to the Turkish proverb: "Death is the black camel which kneels at every man's gate." How differently we conceive of black! It is generally held in awe and dislike, the symbol of woe and death: the black flag denotes pestilence; the black cap announces hanging; the black hearse and plumes and crape are all associated in our minds with grief and sorrow. Insane patients are almost invariably unpleasantly affected by it. It is said those bitten by the Tarantula are unable to endure it. A youth who had been operated on for blindness, and a Chimpanzee exhibited at Exeter Hall, testified a similar abhorrence for it, of course in their different fashions; so that it appears equally disagreeable to a man and a monkey. In hydrophobia vivid colours excite gasps and convulsions; while in tarantism, blue and red are agreeable to the eye. In general blue and green, when of tender bright hue, are invariably welcome colours. We all look with pleasure on the stainless blue of the sky, speckled over with fleecy white clouds, which seem "shepherd home" to the West; while the earth is clothed

with green and the trees are tipped with it, and the black soil is first enamelled therewith in spring, and then summer gradually clothes it with glorious colours of every variety. In certain mountainous caverns, where salts of copper and potass predominate, the crystal stalactites are often exceedingly rich and beautiful. *Lapis lazuli*, *ultramarine*, and sulphates and nitrates of copper exhibit, perhaps, the most beautiful blues and greens in the world. It has been remarked, that spectral illusions are almost always clothed either in red or blue; and the difference in this respect is quite sufficient to the skilful physician to indicate a particular stage of the disease. Feuchtersleben says, "That colours have a decided though individually modified psychological effect. In general the positive colours, red, yellow, &c., excite the mind; the negative, blue, &c., calm it. The warm and cold colouring of painters, experiments with coloured glasses, &c., confirm this fact." In a mystical book, of the year 1724, these effects are thus expressed: "Red is seeking and desiring; yellow, finding and recognising; white, possessing and enjoying; green, hoping and expecting; blue, observing and thinking; black, oblivion and privation."

For the power of the sombre colours as exhibited in the stormy sea, we cannot do better than conclude our observations with Mr. Ruskin's magnificent description of a sea-wave.

"If one could but introduce the image of a true sea-wave, one massive fathom's height and rood's breadth of brine, passing by but once, dividing, Red-Sea-like, on right hand and left, setting close before our eyes for once in inevitable truth what a sea-wave really is: its green mountainous giddiness of wrath; its overwhelming crest, heavy as iron, fitful as flame, clashing against the sky in long cloven edge; its furrowed flanks all ghastly clear, deep in transparent death, but all laced across with lurid nets of spume, and tearing open into meshed interstices their churned veil of silver fury, showing still the calm abyss below, that has no fury and no voice, but as a grave always open, which the green sighing mounds do but hide for an instant as they pass!"

* Professor Laycock.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. VI.

PAINTED BY KRUSEMANN.

THE MONK'S VISIT.

THE MONK'S VISIT.

By KRUSEMANN.

THE engraving with which we present our readers this week is from a picture by the German artist Krusemann, and was originally published, as a fine lithograph, by the Cologne Kunstverein (Art-Union) in 1847, for distribution amongst its subscribers, precisely in the same manner as the English Art-Union issue their annual copper-plate engravings. The subject is the visit of a member of a monastery in the neighbourhood of some Rhenish farm; his object being to maintain the religious communion, and afford that personal counsel, which the Roman Church so strongly inculcates upon its followers. These visits are performed at regular periods to every household in the district appertaining to each monastery, as much for the purpose we have stated as in order that the itinerant brothers may collect the alms of the charitable for the benefit of the poor, and also that of the house to which he belongs. For this purpose he carries the basket. The success of his mission, and its welcome from the communicants, may be augured by the expressions of the women, who have met him at the entrance of their dwelling, which promise that he will not proceed further without a substantial acknowledgment of the benefit to be derived from ghostly counsel, as well as assistance in judgment of worldly affairs, which it is part of his province, or custom, to afford.

The picture itself is a not unworthy specimen of the quietist school of German art, which in England is most fitly represented by the works of the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Charles Eastlake. Effort and powerful emotional expression are avoided in both, and the story explains itself by a placidity of look in the actors, always appropriate to the subject chosen, which is universally such as finds numerous admirers amongst those who prefer to look upon art rather as a contemplative illustration of life than as a direct and powerful teacher.

L. L.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TACITUS AND AGRICOLA.

Tacitus. Your daughter, my own beloved Julia, would have accompanied me hither, O Agricola, had I not reminded her that the bravest hearts are the least capable of uttering the sorrowful word "Farewell."

Agricola. Universal word! uttered in the same tone, although in other syllables, by every nation. Word of the lover, of the widow, of the widower, and sometimes of the commander in the very hour of victory. May it never be sighed by our Julia on either of the two she loves best!

Tacitus. I unite with you in this wish, my friend and father; but rather so than by the survivor over her urn.

Agricola. Away with idle thoughts, with forebodings, with reminiscences! I am standing on the verge of a wide and waste field; and must prepare to subdue and cultivate it. Most generals have attendants and followers: I have none beside a few domestics. In passing through Gaul, I shall collect the troops requisite for the expedition. The ships will have arrived before me, with sufficient stores for victualling them during many months, until fresh supplies from the coast of Belgium shall have landed. Wherever there is a scanty supply, there is a weak, because a discontented, army. Therefore even the least provident commanders have insisted that the naval forces be entirely under their control, and the commissaries be approved and appointed by them. The necessity of plunder is thus avoided, which alienates from us those we must conciliate before we govern.

Tacitus. Conciliation saves in great measure the expenditure of force. Every plunderer raises a hundred enemies; and what he seizes may in half-an-hour do a damage which

half-a-century is inadequate to repair. Barbarians soon forget an act of kindness: an injury sinks deep into the breast through woad and wolf-skin.

Agricola. The act of kindness then must be repeated, and the injury avoided.

Tacitus. This is true philosophy, which, to be consistent, must be founded on humanity.

Agricola. Since it is urgent I should leave the city by sunrise, I am rejoiced that much of the evening is left to me, and that I may continue to hear the expression of those sentiments which first engaged me and my daughter to cherish you so affectionately. Continue the remarks you were making on the Britons.

Tacitus. Forgive me, if in continuation I should appear less indulgent. The Celtic and Cimbric races, cognate in origin, and similar in character, are never to be trusted in peace, until you exhibit and demonstrate to them practically its manifest advantages. O Agricola, can any nation, should any nation, tolerate an invader? It may be for their ultimate good, certainly it is not for their immediate. The Britons seem to be more restless in a state of inactivity than in a state of war. Impatient of agriculture, ignorant and disdainful of commerce, at present they appear to be irreclaimable from perfidy and ferocity.

Agricola. Have not all nations been once in the same condition? the polished Persian, the scientific Egyptian; the forefathers of Pericles, of Sophocles, of Homer; the founders of Athens, of Corinth, of Miletus? Happy am I who am destined to conquer where I can destroy no cities, depopulate no habitations of industry, sink no transports of commerce; but, on the contrary, to show that, if Mars was our progenitor, the wolf has left in us no infection.

Tacitus. Immediately after the death of the Gracchi and the Scipios our people began to degenerate, and to become at once more effeminate and more sanguinary. The great Julius himself, no model of morality, was the only true reformer; for the Catos had in their character nothing of gentleness, of generosity, or even of humanity; and Brutus was little better than a copy-book for schoolboys, to throw aside when they had done with ciphering. We have seen better men in times no better.

Agricola. We have also seen men able to make the times better, and who did. Vespasian and Titus have raised the Roman name higher than ever it stood before, in the contemplation of the dispassionate and judicious.

Tacitus. Its fall is imminent; and I tremble at calculating the rapidity. They who live in the most disgraceful and disastrous times, are less aware of the vices and enormities around them, than they who were alive just before, and who continue to live through them. The effect of pestilential marshes is less perceived in traversing the road than it is in stopping and reposing. Under the worst of the Neros the citizens were contented, because the constitution of their minds grew adapted by degrees to their condition. After the death of Marius, the Romans lost utterly and irrevocably the Roman character. One high intelligence, claimant of descent from the daughter of Jupiter, could not, perhaps would not, restore it, even when the legions, the people, the senate, and the priesthood, had united in placing him among the stars.

Agricola. We belong not to the College of Augurs; let us on this subject hold our peace. Difficulties will arise before me on my landing, which I have prepared to obviate. Much iron may be bought with little gold. Generals must not always be philosophers. War is not to be put an end to at the present hour; it has been my business to direct its course. Coalition of the princes against me would be troublesome, would be dangerous; and I thought it more expedient that their arms should be turned against one another. I believe I shall find them in this position; but am ready for the contrary.

Tacitus. Indulge them in their love of war, even after you have deemed it politic to conciliate them; you may then, by special favor, bring them, one party or both, under your

eagles. Different from the Germans, they are no less mercenary than insolent. The first of their Roman invaders was not tempted to destroy their capital, which capital was necessary for his intercourse with the Belgian traders. These alone could supply his army with grain and oxen, and moreover with horses, of which the native breeds are small and scanty. Those which were harnessed to their chariots were Belgian.

Agricola. How seductive is novelty, even to the warrior! The bow and arrow were formidable weapons in the hands of such strong men as the Britons, who, if any thing could have taught them the least of military science, would have attempted to draw their enemy into the woods and marshes. There is little of solid ground for the evolution of cars with scythes attached to them; and neither their Druids nor their wizards have any such incantations as would bring down our legions to the places they might designate. Our business is to attract them around our fortresses, where, instead of starving us, they would themselves be starved; for all barbarians are improvident and wasteful. Our strongholds would at all times be replete with the necessities of subsistence. Any defect of precaution on the part of my commissaries will be punished by death, under the scourge of those they would have famished. Aware of the evil, and negligent in removing it, great would be my guilt; to be unaware of it, in my station, would be no less. Instead of triumph, or ovation, or any other species of military honor or civil dignity, the licitor should unbind the fasces and bring out the central axe for me.

Tacitus. Exemplarily just! gloriously impartial! no milder punishment should be inflicted on such defaulters in the commissariat. The intercourse of these agents with the traders is lucrative on each side, and promotes good-will in a large body of the population. It is easy to subjugate by the yoke of trade, a yoke well padded, and rendering the animal not only patient under it, but ready to travel any length of road leading to plenteous provender and warm stabling.

Agricola. Cornelius, if you run on in this flowery way, you will write no compacter or conciser a history than Cicero would have done, had he carried his design into execution.*

Tacitus. Contented should I be to have taught the extreme fringe of his flowing robe. A writer of equal wisdom and of higher genius executed the task thirty years later, to which our greatest orator and soundest philosopher was less fitted. Enough is remaining for me; too much indeed, if any other family so insane as the Neros should in any time be elected by the Pretorian bands to govern the Roman people.

Agricola. You are likelier to lose your tranquillity than your judgment. Yield we to necessity, knowing that if we resist, we fall; and that if we fall, we bring down many with us. The soil under us is too friable to support us. Willingly am I removed from Rome, foreseeing many vicissitudes and few improvements. Arbitrary power pleases me, because it leaves to me liberty, which it never does to the wicked or the weak. I shall be able to do good; and woe betide the man who stands between it and me! *Imperator sum.* How few who have said it have spoken truly! The most despicable of men have usually been the most elevated in station.

Tacitus. To humanise a barbarous people is less difficult than to raise a degraded; but neither the virtues nor the lifetime of any one man are sufficient to effect it. When you have only laid the foundation you have attained the summit of human glory.

Agricola. If the gods help me in my labor, I will do it.

Tacitus. It occurs to me at this moment, from these

* Tacitus, usually terse, is sometimes florid. He writes, "Alpium cacumina *sua nitidus*," and "Ne armentis quidem *suis honos aut gloria frontis*," on the cattle of Germany. Neither Cicero nor Livius wrote thus; nor indeed have I ventured to represent Tacitus speaking so youthfully. Few historians excel him in sobriety of style, none in sagacity and impartiality.

your words, that you will encounter opposing gods in the forest you are about to traverse.

Agricola. A conqueror who is resolved to maintain his conquest, must introduce first the laws of his country, then the language, and, by slower and imperceptible degrees, the religion. We Romans took every god we could seize upon in the captured cities; they did us great good. Our people prayed to them, some believing in their divinity, some unbelieving; but the conquered were highly gratified at our worship, and felt themselves in turn essentially the conquerors.

Tacitus. But this rabble of deities was excluded from the camp.

Agricola. Wisely; it would have been only in our way. Yet every troop of our confederates is permitted to enjoy whatever worship gives him hope and confidence. We shall experience some difficulty in subduing or assuaging the ferocious rites of the Druids. It can only, or chiefly, be done by the intercourse of our soldiers with their women. These will be captivated by the serenity of our Jupiter and the smiles of our Venus; in the one they will prefer a beard sleek and glossy from the fumes of frankincense to one begrimed and hardened by the blood of men; in the other, a beauty placed above the evil eye of jealousy, and smiling as they unfold to her the secrets of their hearts. Pertinacity in a religion is usually in proportion to its absurdity; much also is dependent on climate. Hence the gods of Greece and Italy are genial: the harsher stock on which they were engrafted is grown obsolete. Jupiter has long been father of them all; his father Saturn is without one worshipper.

Tacitus. Religions slip easily one into another where the priest does not lay his wand across the road.

Agricola. It appears to me that no commodity is more marketable than the sacerdotal. The priest relaxes his hold on the man to seize the purse. I will make this bargain with him. On his refusal, which is hardly to be apprehended, I drive him into the mountains. Thousands of the natives have imitated our habiliments, and have covered their suns and stars with woven clothing. The priests will reprove in them such proximity to themselves, and repress such a step in advance.

Tacitus. Justly have you remarked the necessity of introducing our Latin tongue, without which we shall be unable to inculcate our laws and recommend our institutions. No nation can long hold command over another unless this primordial impediment be removed.

Agricola. The Britons are reported to be proud and arrogant. The father is reluctant to allow his son the rudiments of Roman education. Some even of the most intelligent are persuaded that their language is more flexible and more sonorous than ours.

Tacitus. To them it naturally must appear so, and perhaps justly. It may even be more ancient; which they are not likely to know or to think about; if they did, their pride would increase. I have heard a few sentences spoken by captives; and certainly there was as much of the sonorous, and no less of the guttural, than in the Etruscan or the Greek. Our language is become less vigorous than it was in the *Heroics* of Ennius, and less copious than in the *Comedies* of Plautus. It was then at its spring-tide; it hath been ebbing ever since: Cicero and Cæsar, our great masters, equal in authority, filtered and refined it.

Agricola. Latinity is a composite, and, like the composite in architecture, is slenderer than in the former orders.

Tacitus. I was proceeding to modify my remark. Let me entreat you to acquit me of invidiousness; let me protest to you that, in my opinion, no Latin writer ever attained the grandeur and majesty of Titus Livius. The Muse of History hath placed him high and separate on her curule chair.

Agricola. Gravely and judiciously uttered! Our language, I trust, will continue to be spoken, in many regions of the earth, during far more centuries than it hath yet existed. We collected our first words from the shepherds

of Latium and from the agricultural Sabines. Perhaps the language of the Briton was spoken by his progenitors as early as the language of Homer by the inhabitants of Hellas. Perhaps the Briton too, at no distant period, may boast of his poet. Since the banishment of Ovid, we Romans have never produced so much of true poetry as would fill a single page; all of it put together is not worth a scazon or a phaleucic of Catullus, an ode of Horace, or a brief elegy of the tender Albius. Can you repeat, or do you regret to have forgotten, any ten verses?

Tacitus. The best are a few epigrams of a Spaniard; two or three of which are facetious and graceful; several more are by no means despicable. Epigram and declamation in vain assume the garb of poetry.

Agricola. Had I leisure, and could indulge in delay, I would willingly hear you discourse more at large on the lighter occupations of your youth. I do not think I shall ever afford you materials for an epic, or even an ode.

Tacitus. Let me trust in Providence that you never will for an elegy. Unwillingly would I write further than to the hundredth page of your Commentaries, which I would much rather transcribe at your dictation than compose.

Agricola. If life is granted me, you, or some other less able, may relate the circumnavigation of Britain. Nor shall a smaller island to the westward be unexplored by me. Carthaginians, with Mauritians and Iberians, have visited both countries; but it was not their policy to improve the manners and institutions of the people. The Tyrians had taught them the ceremony of human sacrifices, and left behind no other memorial than the rude and massive altars which they compelled the inhabitants to erect for this purpose. The Druids came out of Gaul long after them, not long before Cæsar's invasion. Their religion had extended over but a small portion of Gaul. Some of them had acquired the Greek alphabet, but without a particle of literature, from the traders of Massilia, and, like other priests, had employed their acquisitions in the subjugation of their more ignorant fellow-creatures. We must help them to extirpate the mistletoe, by supplying them with golden-sickles. The thirst of blood is nowhere so insatiable as the thirst of gold, which is moreover the cheapest instrument of conquest. I have enough of it for my purpose at the present time. An example of integrity and frugality will draw toward me the better and the wiser. Of all mercenaries, the priest is the most active. The British will probably be at first intractable. Pactolus flows easier over smooth and soft sands; but there are crevices in the hardest rocks for the grains it carries with it to insinuate themselves in. Let us look far beyond them.

Tacitus. Who knows but that you and your mariners may discover the vast unvisited island of the Hesperides, where, if we listen to poets, the heroes of old, after long and glorious strife, oblivious of contention, and beyond the cries of Discord, rest finally from their labors, and partake in the communion of god-like peace? Let us believe as much as we can of what is pleasurable and profitable, and encourage the same in others. Wisely hath discretionary power been confided to your hands over the naval no less than over the military armaments.

Agricola. Vespasian and Titus knew perfectly that no operations are sure of success on other terms. It is a solecism to call that leader a *commander-in-chief* whose power is not extended to the deck of a trireme. Dictatorial power, if not nominally, yet essentially, is necessary at the head of an army. I possess it; and will exert it to the benefit of many, to the detriment of none. The vanquished, their children, and their later descendants, are they who will honor me the most. Such is my ambition.

Tacitus. The best of men (you, O Agricola, are an example of it) have appeared in the worst of times; few indeed of them; else the times had not been the worst. Beginning with Julius, we have seen a greater number of intelligent, vigilant, humane, generous, and beneficent heads of the Republic, than in the same period while consuls held

the supreme power. Anxiously do men look forward at this moment to one who will repair the damages and disorders of the state; one who will not repose his power on the shoulders of drunken soldiers, acting from the excitement of festivities.

Agricola. Mine will run into no danger through a similar cause.

Tacitus. There is one exactly the opposite where lies the danger of this insubordination. Few among them ever inhaled the delicious breezes of Baiæ and Surrentum, few ever loosened their helmets to fill them from the refreshing waters of the Iberus and the Boetis; but many have enjoyed the umbrage of the vine planted by their grandsires above the spreading and sparkling Liger. How can these find comfort in the damp and dreary woods of inhospitable Britain, or under the tents on its tempestuous wolds? Men in all countries are the creators of their gods, created in their own similitude; now what hideous demons, devised by the Gauls, frown and grin and gibber over the Britons! Mockery will burst from the legionary, indignation and vengeance from the barbarian.

Agricola. Each party shall retain its own deities until they insensibly crumble down and drop away. The chief advantage of any temple or place of worship, whether in city or field, is to bring men together in unanimity and amity. They come either for petition or thanksgiving. Is there any one so insolent and audacious, of such stolidity and impiety, as to believe the gods are readier to hear him than to hear his neighbour; to believe that one tone of voice or one idiom of language is more agreeable to their ear than another? When children disagree and quarrel, the parent chastises them: is the god less prudent than the parent? Imagination will never form to itself any kinder or more compassionate than ours; and their decline may hereafter be regretted. The Sabines, and also the inhabitants of the regions along the Apennines, lived virtuously, temperately, and happily under their influence. Will future generations see them more virtuous, more temperate, more happy? Egypt, not long ago, sent us Isis; her priests made much of her and of her chastity. We may expect to be favored, by the same tonsured mystics, with the introduction of holy cat and thrice-holy crocodile.

Tacitus. Let us endeavour to preserve whatever is worth preserving, and leave the rest to be swept away by the scythe of time. Maggots will breed in corruption; so will priests. Pleasanter is it to look away from the encroachment of idleness to the trace of industry. What is under the surface of the earth will change the character of what is upon it, men especially. Minerals are abundant in the western parts of Britain. Tin and copper, both anciently and recently, have been thence extracted. It has even been reported that veins of fossil-carbon have been discovered in various directions to the north. Probably the deficiency of wood for fuel to the west, rather than exhaustion of the mineral, caused the Carthaginians to abandon an enterprise which had been once more lucrative. These minerals, and iron also, which is found in the center of the island, will require the aid of science, and then lead rapidly to civilization. Gold and silver in no country have produced any such effect, but quite the contrary. We are apt to value most what is least essential to us. Indolent slaves are the collectors of gold; slaves more indolent are its wearers. Iron requires a robust arm to render it malleable and apply it to its multiform uses; war was its first, but will not be its last; it will unite when it hath ceased to enchain.

Agricola. We must establish schools for the instruction of artificers. The teachers in these will excite at first no jealousy in the old masters. Dogmas will be extinguished in the air of the mine, and deadened by the hammer. Pride will urge the native laborer to be not behindhand with his overseer; and he will collect the grains of knowledge, until at last he finds out where to employ them advantageously.

Tacitus. Languages are the bonds of nations; religions are less efficient. The Latin is now spoken in almost every

part of Gaul; in Spain it was earlier disseminated by the sagacious and generous Sertorius. Within the period of little more than a century, what wide and vigorous offshoots it made in that country, which hath sent even to Rome teachers of rhetoric and of composition!

Agricola. Never was conqueror so popular or so prudent as Sertorius; never was one so mild in rule and at the same time so severe in discipline; never one so regardless of himself, so anxious for his country. He who could not bear to see her enslaved, would not enslave another, nor betray the confidence she reposed in him. Of all memorable men, Julius Cæsar alone overcame such complicated difficulties; Alexander had fewer in countries more accessible.*

Tacitus. He was too virtuous and too successful to be endured by the senate and the senate's master. I hope his poisoner saw his shadow before his eyes when he sank under the enunch's dagger, a runaway on the sands of Pelusium. Do not expect, O Agricola, to avoid the same invidiousness. May the immortal gods avert a similar fate!

Agricola. At least until I shall have performed a few similar exploits. I may fail in the enterprise I have undertaken; the greater Julius failed before me: but this I promise you, I will enforce discipline and maintain justice. The prince's favour may protect from the censure of senate and people the delinquency of my subordinates in command, if delinquency there should be; and effete old comrades may catch his nod and beck to compass them round and comfort them, protesting that the accused are worthier of dignities than disgrace; yet will I previously have reprimanded them in presence of my army, and, having performed this duty, I will deliver them over to you, my Cornelius, to fix that stigma on them which neither favor nor ages can obliterate.

Tacitus. Let us be generous; let them enjoy their offices and titles; the duration of a banquet; and, intent on our own immortality, let us permit them to pass away and be forgotten.

NEW BOOKS.

SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.†

MR. THORNBURY'S new book appeals to the eye almost as much as does a picture-gallery. The haters of subjective poetry should relish this specially objective minstrelsy; while we, though sufficiently removed from that class, find plenty to interest and attract us in these stirring songs and ballads.

They are stirring; there is movement and fire and vigorous life in many of them. The men start out in strong relief, like some old portraits we wot of. We not only hear about, but look at, these Sir Reginalds and Sir Richards, these barons and troopers, Cavaliers and Jacobites. And Mr. Thornbury revels in description of march and fray, sally and surprise, and such warlike matter. The words themselves trample and hurry, and scuffle and dash, in hearty sympathy with the theme.

The opening-ballad is too long to be quoted entire; but we give the first few verses:

"Carabino slung, stirrup well hung,
Flagon at saddle-bow merrily swung;
Toss up the ale, for our flag, like a sail,
Struggles and swells in the hot July gale.
Colours fling out, and then give them a shout—
We are the gallants to put them to rout.

Flash all your swords, like Tartarian hordes,
And scare the prim ladies of Puritan lords;
Our steel-caps shall blaze through the long summer days,
As we, galloping, sing our mad Cavalier lays.

It is only in our time that such obstacles have been surmounted, and only by the ill-requited conqueror of Seinde.

Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads, Jacobite Ballads, &c. By THOMAS W. THORNBURY. London: Murst and Blackett.

Then banners advance! By the lilies of France,
We are the gallants to lead them a dance.

Ring the bells back, though the sexton look black,
Defiance to knaves who are hot on our track.
'Murder and fire!' shout louder and higher;
Remember Edgehill and the red-dabbled mire,
When our steeds we shall stall in the Parliament hall,
And shake the old nest till the roof-tree shall fall.

Froth it up, girl, till it splash every curl,
October's the liquor for trooper and earl;
Bubble it up, merry gold in the cup,
We never may taste of to-morrow night's sup.
(Those red ribbons glow on thy bosom below
Like apple-tree bloom on a hillock of snow.)

No, by my word, there never shook sword
Better than this in the clutch of a lord;
The blue streaks that run are as bright in the sun
As the veins on the brow of that loveliest one;
No deep light of the sky, when the twilight is nigh,
Glitters more bright than this blade to the eye."

And here is a spirited rendering of

"WIGAN'S RETREAT.

Hurrah! for the trumpeter blowing his best—
Blood on his feather, and blood on his crest;
Here was old Warrener, trusty as steel,
Fitting a crimson spur fast to his heel.

There rode the banner-man—Lord! how his flag
Blow all about with its patch and its rag!
But he shook it, and made the old tawny and blue
Flutter its welcome words, 'Tender and true.'

Robinson's helmet had tokens of work;
Jenkin was powder-scorched, black as a Turk;
There were notches inch-deep in young Bellamy's sword,
He had shed his best blood at the Yellow-stone ford.

Powder-black, bleeding lads, hungry and torn;
Brown faces, wan faces, haggard and worn,
Laughing to think of the ups and the downs,
Riding rough-shod o'er the Puritan clowns.

Steady and slow, with a thought for the dead,
Some with a bandage on arm and on head,
Scarcely awake, till the rap at a flint
Showed them good coin, sirs, sound from the mint.

When the gun spoke, and long barrels looked out
From window and loophole, and gable and spout,
Then they struck spurs, and the trumpeter, Jack,
Blew till his yellow face clouded with black.

Like a swift lightning-flame, through the ripe corn
Ran the loud welcome of anger and scorn;
Up went the sabres—a flashing of light
Spread from the cheering left on to the right

A staggering blinding of shot and of flame,
Struck down the scarfs and the feathers that came,
But when the black thunder-cloud burst with a roar,
Out broke the Wiganers—thirty-two score.

Have you seen the sea leap when a dike has broke in?
Or a swollen Scotch torrent leap down in a linn?
Then you've seen the hot charge that swept Bolsover through,
When Wigan rode first of the 'tender and true.'

Wigan was bloody, and dusty and worn,
His buff torn with pike-head and bramble and thorn,
His scarf all awry, and his feather in twain,
His saddle-cloth purple with blood of the slain.

His collar of point-lace, all mudded and red,
A gash on his forehead, a rag round his head;
Yet still bowing low to the townsmen, who scowl,
And calling for sack at the 'Flagon and Bowl.'

The host by the sleeve, and the maid by the hand,
He praised her—the beauty of Bolsover land;
Then with strong shouting of hurry and force,
Crying with pistol-shot—'Gallants to horse!'

The nature of the subjects of many of these ballads no doubt necessitates a certain amount of allusion to the horrors of those fighting times; but we must complain that our author occasionally dwells too much and too complacently on similar "strong effects." *The horrible* is a dangerous adjunct, and should be used but rarely by the careful artist, or it is apt to degenerate into the simply revolting. Such records as that of "The Dance round the Plague-pit"

appeal, we believe, only to a morbid appetite, and will gratify no wholesome and well-balanced taste.

But, to turn to something pleasanter, here is a breezy and many-coloured "Restoration" scene:

"UP THE THAMES.
(Twenty-ninth of May.)

Up the Thames with flashing oar,
Let the Tower guns flame and roar,
Belching fire from every bore.

All the water ripples red,
Fiery shines the river bed
With the bonfires over head.

See the old bridge, black as jet,
Casting shadows, like a net,
Lights upon the parapet.

Pipe and drum in every boat;
All the Templars sing and float
To the merry bugle-note.

See the fellows' corselets flash;
How the bright oars drip and splash,
As beneath the arch we dash!

Now from every roof and wall,
Shop and garret, yard and stall,
You can hear the cannon call.

Varlet, yeoman, knight, and lord,
Wave their hat and wig and sword;
Every thief forgot his fraud.

Banners waved from London Bridge;
Pennons shook from roof and ridge,
Thick as wings of summer midge.

Ploughing water, dyed with flame;
Fast the royal galley came;
Blushed the river, as with shame.

Then again the cannon spoke;
And the clouds, as with a stroke,
Seemed in fragments to be broke.

Beating the black tide to froth,
Fell a thousand oars in wrath;
Cheers burst forth from south and north.

From the steeples rose a blaze;
Every casement in amaze
Shone with red and sparkling rays.

Bells swung madly through the mist;
Like a frown, the fog was kiss'd
Quite away to amethyst.

From the gardens came the cheers
Of a million cavaliers,
Some could scarcely shout for tears."

Among the miscellaneous pieces we find some graphic bits of description, some pleasant pictures. The "Riding to the Tournament" is gay, glittering, and sounding as the scene itself; and here is a succession of presentments given us in imagined

"SCENES AT A FOUNTAIN.

Here the proud peacock came to spread his fan,
Its emerald lustres and its purple eyes,
The water, then all molten sapphire, caught
The glory of those dyes.

Here the white doves came down to peek and prune,
Like melting snow their mingling shadows fell;
Driven in flapping circles round the elms,
Scared by the clamorous bell.

And here the goldfinch, like a magic bird,
Would perch and sing, unheeded and alone;
Flirting the bright drops from its hazel wings,
Upon the marble-stone.

And here the panting stag-hound, worn and weak,
Hurried, to dip its red and frothy tongue;
Sullen, not caring for the rippling fount,
Or for the bird that sung.

Mopping and mowing, came the jester quaint,
All red and yellow—ran to splash and dip;
A mad song lurking in his wandering eye—
A mad jest on his lip.

Here came the Queen of Hearts, sweet mistress Anne,
'By Hercules, a most excelling fair!'
So lisped Sir Ague; she spake not, but stooped
To re-arrange her hair.

The fat cook, reeking from his fiery don,
Waddled to rinse his salver and his dish;
Marking, with staring eye of foolish awe,
The gold and silver fish.

The falconer, busy with his bells and straps,
Used here to bathe the bruised wing of his hawk;
Smiling to see the bright eye of the bird—
Marking him strut and stalk.

Here old Sir Richard spurred his hot-plashed steed,
Faint with the sourry of a long day's chase;
A cold frown on his sallow leaden eye,
So full of pride of race.

And here the friar would sit and dip his beads,
'Thinking of Jonah and the water-world;
Or moralising, on the fallen leaf, when now
Autumn's gold banner furled.

And here the young lord, rosy through his curls,
Came stealthily to swim his gilded boat;
Clapping his hands to see the silver-jet,
And rainbow-bubbles float.

Here, too, that dreadful night when ruin fell
Upon the house, those red hands washed the knife;
As from the distant gable came a shriek
From the departing life."

But in this volume there are also instances wherein the graphic and the picturesque are blended with something of a higher and more satisfying nature. There is a passionate appreciation of natural beauty evident, which in some cases appears to have needed only a more careful utterance for the expression itself to have equalled the sentiment. We would cite "Winter Moonlight" and "The Fountain Spirit" as examples of this species of "narrow escape." Mr. Thornbury is sometimes faulty in his rhythm, and his epithets, of which he is lavish, are not always felicitously selected; they confuse rather than illustrate his meaning. Many of his verses have all the "dash" of improvisation about them; but they certainly forfeit in finish what they gain in freshness and force. The fruit he offers possesses bloom, vitality, flavour; but it is scarcely ripe. Patience, and let the sun shine on every side of it.

We have so much faith in Mr. Thornbury's possibilities, and, indeed, there is evident in all he writes so much sterling power and excellence, that we do not care to withhold our strictures on what we deem his faults and shortcomings. We should find less fault with a writer we less liked. But from the present one we expect much, and will not be easily satisfied with what he produces.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

PRE-RAPHAELITISM, as a distinct school of art, has no place in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy for 1857. Yet it must not be supposed that the principles of the school have ceased to be operative. What was true in them, and therefore kindred to the general laws of art, has been absorbed into its theory and practice. What was merely capricious has altogether evaporated. This is one agreeable feature of an exhibition the general effect of which is rather to satisfy than to surprise. We see a growing disposition to look at the meaning and forms of life and nature with a fresh eye; and there can be little doubt that this impulse is in a great measure due to Messrs. MILLAIS, HUNT, and their best followers. On the other hand, we seldom find the mere accessories of a picture obtruded as its chief attractions; and the doctrine that the aspects of beauty are

manifold is rarely strained into a license for the eccentric and grotesque.

Some high names are absent on the present occasion—Messrs. EASTLAKE, WARD, WEBSTER, ELMORE, and HOLMAN HUNT; but the several branches of art are nevertheless represented with an approach to completeness. The Historical School is nobly exemplified by the drawings of MACLISE. The career of Harold is the theme, and the whole series (forty-two in number) forms an epic told by illustrations. Dramatic incidents and poetic fancy have their interpreters in MILLAIS and WALLIS. Domestic life, humorous or pathetic, is rendered by MULREADY, COPE, LESLIE, FRITH, REDGRAVE, FAED, SOLOMON, R. CARRICK, MISS E. OSBORN, and others; and, without anticipating by detail our critical report of this department, we may say that it is more widely and strikingly maintained than any other. Subjects of local colour and character have their expositors in GOODALL, STONE, and PHILIP. STANFIELD contributes, besides other subjects, one of his noblest sea-pieces. We have still ecclesiastical interiors by ROBERTS. DANBY gives us a gorgeous sunrise. In two of his specimens of animal life, LANDSEER is at his best. The Portraits and Landscapes include the names familiar in each department; and Classical Art makes its claims visible in the graceful conceptions of FROST and the conspicuous examples of PATTEN.

Still, if we except the series of drawings by MACLISE, there is no work in the present exhibition which stands out as its feature, or as a new revelation of power,—no work, for instance, like the "Huguenot" of MILLAIS, uniting to technical excellence a command over profounder emotions than those to which Art now-a-days appeals. The wide popularity of the "Huguenot" was due, not only to its executive merits, but to the moral sentiment which it embodied. The highest point of art cannot be attained by the delineation of what merely gratifies or touches, unless there be present also that element which purifies and exalts. The self-sacrifice shown in the "Huguenot" fulfilled this condition. It reached the sympathies through the conscience. We cannot but regret that no similar example of a moral ideal has been given to us by Mr. MILLAIS or others. The heroic lies at the base of every great achievement, and the heroic in our time is the victory of man over circumstance without and over self within. This principle, understood and applied, might found for us a true school of Christian Art.

Of all the ties between the living and the dead, the strongest is the thought of beauty. History grows stale; affection settles into memory; the bond of lineage is but a skeleton chain, except the last link or two;—but beauty, once begotten and once incarnate, comes fresh and deathless along the ages, and joins us, as the grasp of living hands might do, with the souls it sprang from. The very forms of its original embodiment, the flesh and bones of its first advent even, are among the most enduring of mortal things. We have not, indeed, the handwriting of Homer or of Æschylus, but, among the ruins of the older world, its temples are still found standing where its strong towers have disappeared; rich capitals and rare tracery remain where we look in vain for abutment or foundation; sculptured marble lasts longer than granite walls, and urns and vases retain their lines of beauty where the lines of conquest and dominion have been obliterated for a thousand years.

Such possibly may be among the first thoughts of multitudes this summer, when, walking down the central hall of the Palace of Art at Manchester, they turn to look behind them. The roof is arched; there is a great arched window at the entrance-end, and over it, following the semicircular line of light, you see, in large plain letters, the first line of the *Ændymion*:

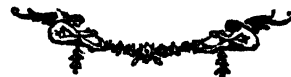
"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

This is the motto which Manchester has chosen. The crowds who visit her great exhibition will pass in beneath it. The window faces the east, with the whole city between it and

the sunrise; and every day this summer the first morning rays which enter the building will have passed over a factory-world to become an arch of light under the words of Keats. Manchester, the great centre of material interests, the fly-wheel of the world's spinning-mill, the place of all others where it matters most, not whether a thing is beautiful, but whether it will sell and pay, has built a temple to the Soul of Beauty, and has filled it, not with specimens of her own skill, or proofs of her own opulence, but with the works of men who spent all their power and passion in giving shape, substance, and colour to their inspired dreams. Art will never fail in England. We have our doubts, and qualms, and logical rebellions; but the love of beauty is at the bottom of our Saxon hearts. "We adore fair women and delight in flowers; we would part with our ears as soon as lose our skylarks; we call facts ugly when they are bad, and one of our fondest words is "loveliness." In the flush and hurry of material success, our faith in art has for a time been shaken; but in the midst of it all, and at the very core of utilitarianism, this palace springs up to prove that Englishmen look upwards as well as forwards, even among their mills, and feel instinctively what it is that is "a joy for ever."

For all the higher purposes of life the Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester is one of the most important events of this century. England is full of the greatest works of human genius, but hitherto they could be approached only at long intervals, one by one. A picture or a statue is seen at our annual exhibitions, attracts a momentary astonishment, is talked of and gloried in for a few weeks or months, and then suddenly disappears. It has been bought for some palatial mansion, and the vast majority of mankind will see no more of it. Let us recal the works we have most admired during any number of years. Where are they now? How can we refresh our memory or re-awaken our enthusiasm? Nobody knows. The productions, at least of modern art, pass before us like a phantasmagoria. They are comets, seen to-day and invisible to-morrow. We live in an artistic thunder-storm, where all the light comes in transitory flashes. There can be no doubt about the mischief, or rather the loss, entailed by this unavoidable state of things; but for this year at least it is repaired at Manchester. These works of art, which we have seen once, and longed vainly to see again, are brought together, like scattered lights in a burning-glass; not in single stars, but in brilliant constellations, and these themselves more numerous than the zodiacal signs. Not either from our own time only, but from century after century, in clusters whose light is fainter by degrees, but not less marvellous. We are among the shining thoughts of many ages. The souls of those who have loved beauty must come down to us with their works,—a noble brotherhood of the prophets and martyrs of art. It is a great sea giving up her dead.

We have no doubt the greater number of those who read the NATIONAL MAGAZINE will, some time this year, pass under the arch of triumph which Manchester has given to Keats, and spend some hours at least in examining the treasure-house of which it is at once the gate and the emblem. Our purpose in succeeding leaders will be to make such suggestions as may increase the interest and value of those visits. The occasion is a great and rare one, and ought not to be thrown away.



POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

MUCH LOVE BETWEEN THE OLD COW AND THE HAYSTACK (Irish),—of that sort which among bipeds is called "cup-board-love." "The dog wags his tail, not for you, but for the bread" (Span.).—*Menea la cola el can, no por te seno por el pan.* W. K. KELLY.



MAY. BY D. TASMORE.

[National Institution of the Fine Arts.]

LORD ERLISTOUN.—A LOVE-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY," "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," ETC.

IX.

I took Jean home.

Saying this, it seems as if I had included all, as if it were the sufficient explanation of our two lives, external and internal, from that day forward. Knowing my cousin as well as I now did, I was fully aware that, even among her own sex, her character was a peculiar one. Their petty daily provender of work or play was not enough to satisfy the hunger of her spirit, active and restless as a man's, yet burdened with those especial wants and weaknesses that we are wont to designate as "women's nature." She might have conquered them all in time, and survived to dwell in that paradise of peace, lit with the reflected glory of the next world, which is possible even here; but in this world there was but one thing that her heart could ever recognise and rest in as *home*.

I loved Jean Dowglas. She was the only woman I ever did love. She came and stood over my life like a star;

clouds arose between me and it; I "wandered in night and foulest darkness," as the man sings in that "Lobgesang"—how its tunes haunt me to this day!—but my star never faded, never fell.

With us, as Jean said it was with her sex, the test of a true attachment—hear it, ye coquettes, ye selfish mean prudes, who think to make us the better lovers by making us the greater fools!—is, when we prize a woman less for her love than for herself; for what she is, and what she does; for that image of bright excellence which every man born of woman ought to see shining before him all his life through, attained or not, like a star in the sky. If it falls, God help him! for its falling is like that of the star Wormwood, which draws a third of heaven after it.

I loved Jean. At first, after this fashion of abstract worship; then nearer, nearer, recognising all her foibles; not blind even to her very faults; yet never losing the reverence, the sense of tender mystery, which all who love should have for one another, else, by a violent or a natural death, the love most assuredly dies. And so it happened that in the time of her trouble I took her "home."

She was perfectly ignorant of this, ignorant as a child; she looked to me for every thing with a tacit pitiful simpli-

city, also like a child. But I was a man, and strong as a man ought to be when Heaven apparently gives his destiny—perhaps more than his—into his own hands.

Young self-presuming simpletons may waver—I never did; cowards and passionate may shrink back, afraid of their fate or themselves—I was afraid of nothing. Fortune's vicissitudes, lapse of years, trouble, suspense, uncertainty,—all these things are as nothing, and less than nothing, to a man who truly loves a woman whom he esteems worth his winning. Either she is not, or he does not deserve to win her unless he can conquer them all.

So much of myself, which here I shall leave, as it is a subject which concerns myself alone.

Lord Eristoun quitted England; not immediately; but he never came again to Pleasant Row. Lady Emily did, more than once; pale and sad-looking, my mother told me, but more tenderly loving than ever to our Jean. Shortly she too disappeared from London, and I heard of her no more. If Jean did, she kept a passive silence, which it would have been cruelty to break.

At Midsummer, we left Pleasant Row—left it to the shriek of the engines and the curl of the gray spectral steam. They will never tell any tales—those two bare walls, roofless, open to the sky.

I found a little cottage, some miles out of London, where I established my mother and Jean. Algernon likewise, that he might have every chance of keeping up health in the work from which he must not shrink. Poor lad! but we all of us have something to endure.

"O, how pleasant!" sighed Jean, beholding the cottage, the fields, and the flowers. "Only my pupils—"

"You must give them up."

"Must?"

"If you please,—at least for the present,—while you honour me by taking charge of my mother and that obstreperous boy." They will give you quite trouble enough."

"O, Mark!" She smiled and consented.

Sunday by Sunday I found her cheeks looking less wan and her step lighter. There is hardly any trouble which cannot be borne easier in the country, among fields and flowers.

About this time I had a sort of calenture myself; a desperate craving that was granted to my coat. I fell ill, and was a month absent from Mincing Lane.

I had seen Jean's care over others, her watchful tenderness, her power of entire devotion, to those who needed her, but I had never experienced it myself till now. Every trivial circumstance of every day and hour of that month still remains vivid in my memory. I may yet bless Heaven for it. I did even then at times; not always.

When I recovered, it was winter; then, rapidly as time seems to gallop when one has fairly left youth behind, it was spring. For nearly a year the trains had been passing and repassing through our old parlour at Pleasant Row.

Not a syllable heard I of Lord Eristoun. He might have been dead—or married, as was indeed more likely. Caught, doubtless, by the next fair face that crossed his way, since, apparently, some retributive fate had swept from him that sweet fond one of Lady Emily Gage. As for Jean, hers, dear heart! was to him no more than dust and ashes now.

So thought I, but I was mistaken. One day I found on my table a packet addressed, "Miss Dowglas."

How dared he even to write her name?

I carried the letter in my pocket all Saturday, half of Sunday, in the village-church, up and down the peaceful fields. Jean's spirits seemed peaceful as they; she was a little more silent than usual, perhaps, but with an inexpressible calm in her and about her. I could not give her the letter.

After tea, when Algernon had gone out and my mother was asleep, she said,

"Mark, I wanted to tell you something. You sent me this *Galignani* on Friday last: did you know what was in it?"

"No."

"See."

I read: "*Married at the British Embassy, Paris, Nugent, Baron Eristoun, to the Lady Emily Gage.*"

I folded up the paper slowly, and returned it; as I did so, it was my hand that shook, not Jean's.

"You see," she said, "all is as was right to be. I knew it would happen so in the end. I am very glad. Only, somehow, if they had told me themselves—"

I gave her Lord Eristoun's letter.

Two letters I saw were enclosed. She read them one after the other without moving from her place, without even turning aside; then took up and unfolded a little packet which accompanied them. It was a ring made of hair, a dark lock and a fair one, set in gold, with their two names engraved inside: "Nugent"—"Emily."

Jean put it on her finger, looked at it, twisted it up and down, till slowly her eyes filled—ran over.

"It was very kind. God bless them! God bless them both!"

This was all.

For another year our life flowed on without change, or prospect of change; at least to three of us—my mother, Jean, and me. The boys were all grown up; Charles even contemplating matrimony, though he had faithfully educated Russell, and launched him as a private tutor before indulging in that luxury. Algernon had been transferred to a situation in Liverpool, where still lingered in good repute our honest name of Browne.

"They tell me, if I were to start as a merchant on my own account, I might make a fortune yet, Jean."

"Should you?" she answered me, with that open smile which showed at once her total ignorance of for whom alone the fortune would be worth making. And so, without referring to the matter again, I turned my ways back to Mincing Lane.

And still, in rain or sunshine, green leaves or snow, I came on Sundays to look after "my household," as I called my mother and Jean.

A quiet household, though dear and home-like. At least as much so as the just law of nature and possibility allows two solitary women, of different ages, opposite in character, and unallied by blood, to make to themselves a home, or rather a habitation. Sometimes I wondered if Jean felt this distinction, if her present life were sufficient for her; or, supposing her Monday-morning thoughts ever followed me from the sunshiny jessamine-porch into the shadows of Mincing Lane, whether she thought my life was sufficient to me?

I was no coward. I did not complain of my lot, nor dash myself to pieces against its stony boundaries. If Heaven had sent them, let them stand; if not, mine was a strong hand still.

Once only I confess to have been beaten by fate or the devil, or possibly both. I was hurrying down Cheapside, anxious to shut up the office, the business of which the firm now left almost entirely in my hands. I wanted to catch the last breath of an autumn afternoon down the river; less for pleasure than for health, which a man, whose sole capital it is, has a right to economise; and mine had somewhat dwindled of late.

There was a "lock" in the street, which detained and annoyed me; I was apt to be irritable at little things now. That pair of prancing grays which stopped the crossing—what right had they and their owners, caracoling lazily along the smooth ways of life, to come and balk us toiling men out of our only possession—our time?

I just glanced at the occupants of the carriage; only two, a lady and gentleman, talking and smiling to one another,—young, handsome, happy-looking. When they had passed I knew them: Lord and Lady Eristoun. They did not see me, and I was glad of it. I am afraid the devil was uppermost for many minutes after then.

So they were in England again! Would they seek us?

would Jean wish it? would she dare to wish it? I could not tell. I racked myself with conjectures; trying to measure a woman's nature by a man's, arriving at what is usually the only safe and wise conclusion, viz. that we know nothing about the sex at all. My sole certainty was in her own words,—that Heaven never allows to one human being the power of making another "permanently unhappy."

How a few quiet words, spoken naturally as we were crossing the Sunday-fields, settled all! I could have smiled.

"Mark, I had yesterday an invitation that I should like to accept. Will you try to take a day's holiday, and go with me to see Lord and Lady Erlistoun?"

"Certainly."

I called for Jean early one forenoon. She was sitting quite ready, in her bonnet and shawl, reading; but she looked up at my entrance,—that bright involuntary look which, caught unexpectedly, is worth untold gold.

The lanes to the station were sunshiny and dewy; Hollingbourne, the chief property of the heiress Lady Emily, was about thirty miles down our line of railway. We walked briskly, rejoicing in the pleasant day. Jean said she believed none but those who rarely had it could fully appreciate the deliciousness of a holiday.

"Then a life of labour is the best. Do you think so, Jean?"

"I do. Far the highest and noblest."

"More so, for instance, than that of Lord Erlistoun?"

I felt almost reproved at her grave and soft reply.

"Lord Erlistoun's is, and will be more so as he grows older, a noble life too. I always felt sure of that. He was like a good ship, gallant and true, but blown about hither and thither for want of an anchor to hold by. He has found it now in his wife's heart."

"Do you think a man's life is never complete without a wife?"

"Some men's are not; he is one. He needs to be happy in order to be good. I used to think the same myself once. Now it seems to me that those characters are nearer perfectness in whom to be good is the first aim; who, living in and for the All-good, can trust Him with their happiness."

I said, looking at her sideways for a moment, "I think so too."

Thus talking, we reached the station; and Jean put her purse into my hand with a wicked little trick of independence she was prone to, however unavailing.

"Well, second-class, of course," she warned me.

"No. I never mean to let you travel second-class again."

Jean laughed, and submitted. When we were in the carriage she leaned back, watching the whirling landscape in silence; but my landscape was her face.

No longer, by the utmost flattery, to be called a *young* face; roundness and colouring gone, the large aquiline features distinctly, not to say harshly marked,—it was noble still, but beautiful no more; unless for that mellowness, like the haze of autumn, which never comes until the summer of life is altogether gone by: a sweetness, a repose, indicating her total reconciliation to youth's passing away, her perpetual looking forward to that which alone gives permanent content in earthly pleasures—the rest which is beyond them, the pleasures which are for evermore.

The train stopped at a small wayside station. A carriage was waiting, and a gentleman.

"Miss Dowglas?"

"Lord Erlistoun!"

They met—not quite without emotion, but only so much as old friends might naturally meet with after long absence. No more; not a particle more.

"Emily is here too. She is longing to see you," and he hurried Jean to the little waiting-room, where Emily fell on her neck and shed a few tears. She seemed more affected than either of them,—this fortunate, happy, loving, and beloved Emily.

That day passed like a dream, in and about Holling-

bourne, which was a spot lovely as dreamland, and with those two, fit owners of it all, who seemed in their position and themselves familiar and yet strange, known and yet unknown, as people are whom one has to do with in dreams.

"We asked no one to meet you," said Lord Erlistoun; "we wanted this first visit to have you all to ourselves; and besides, we do not intend to be swamped in society just yet; we feel as if we never could have enough of solitude."

His natural unconscious "we,"—his evident delight in this same "solitude," at least so much of it as was possible in a house like a palace, and an estate like half a shire,—ay, Jean was right. His last love had been the true one; he had cast anchor, and found rest.

"Yes, she looks well, and happy too," I overheard him say; his eyes, fonder than any lover's eyes, watching his young wife as she flitted about her splendid conservatory, a flower among the flowers; "and I think, Jean, every day she grows more like you."

This was the only time he called her "Jean," or that in speaking to her his voice dropped into any thing of the old tone; the only time that Jean's countenance altered, though for no more than an instant. No angel in heaven could have worn a happier smile than Jean Dowglas now.

They both walked with us to the station; they seemed to be in the habit of walking together a good deal. Our last sight of them was standing on the platform, arm-in-arm; Lord Erlistoun lifting his hat in adieu, with his peculiar stately air, Lady Erlistoun leaning forward to catch one more look, in her fond childish way, of her "dear Miss Dowglas."

Jean closed her eyes, as if to shut in the picture and keep it there. Opening them a few minutes after, she met mine, and smiled.

"Have you liked your holiday?"

"Yes; and you?"

"I have had a happy day. I was very glad to see them."

"Shall you go again often?"

"No, I think not. Their current of life runs so widely different from mine. I do not wish it otherwise. I think, Mark, I am coming to that time of life when one's chief happiness is home."

We happened to be alone in the carriage; the lamp shone dimly on Jean's figure,—leaning back, with her hands crossed: outside was all pitch-black nothingness. There might have been nothing and nobody in the wide world but her and me.

"Jean, something happened to me last week that I should like to consult you about. Shall I now?"

She turned and listened.

I told her how, this Michaelmas, my salary had been doubled. How, then,—speaking to the head of our firm about Algernon's conviction that the good name of "Browne and Son" was still enough to launch "Browne, Brothers," and float them into smooth water, if they had only a handful of capital to start with,—the worthy old fellow, once a creditor of my father's, had offered me, as a loan, the amount of his long-paid debt, saying,

"Use it, or lose it, or give it me back any time these ten years. 'Tis as good as thine own, lad; for nobody would ever have paid me a penny of it, except thy honest father."

Jean's eye sparkled as I ended my tale.

"Would you like me to accept it, and start afresh? You think it would not be too late?"

"Nothing right to do is ever too late. And this seems right, for Algernon's sake. Also," her voice dropping tenderly, "for the sake of your father."

"Yes, he would be happy, if he knew, his memory could help us still,—my dear old father!" And for the moment I thought only of him, and of the pride of once more building up our honest name in my native town, and among my own people.

Jean asked if I had any hesitation in accepting this loan,

for which I might pay interest shortly, and repay the whole in ten years?

"But what if I do not live ten years?"

"Nonsense."

"So you think me immortal, as those seem to be whose life is valueless to themselves and every body else?"

"That is not my cousin Mark, as you well know."

After a while, I asked her if she could not understand my fear of taking this loan, and perhaps failing, and leaving the debt as a legacy to Algernon?

"But is it not for Algernon's sake that you would undertake the risk?"

"Not entirely. Jean," and out came the bitterness of years, "I have never in my life had any thing to live for except duty and honour. At least let me hold these until the end."

Jean sat thinking for some time; then she turned to me.

"Mark, I also feel that the only things worth living for are duty and honour. Will you trust me with yours?"

"What do you mean?"

"You asked my advice; this is it. Accept this good man's money; use it well; repay it if you can. If not, and I live, I will. Otherwise, at my death I will take care that it is paid. Now, shall you be content?"

Probably few men ever feel as I did then. Not for the matter of "generosity," "obligation;" there was that in my heart which counterbalanced both, nay, smiled at the thought of their existing at all between Jean and me; but the goodness, the tenderness, which, whether or not indifferent to my personality, understood and cherished, and was ready to guard to death the true *me*, which I valued above all things else—my conscience and my honour.

"Will you be content?" she said again. "Will you trust me? I would you, and always did."

"Do you trust me, Jean?"

"More than any body in the whole world."

Doubtless she wondered that I replied nothing; that I did not even touch her extended hand; that I lifted her out of the railway-carriage, and walked with her through the solitary star-lit lanes almost without a word; that when we found my mother gone out with Algernon, not to be back for an hour, I sat down stupidly by the parlour-fire, mute—as death, if you will. "Hold the last fast," says the proverb.

When Jean came down-stairs with her bonnet off, in her white collar and braided hair, she made a discovery of a change in the parlour, which, indeed, I had myself forgotten. She looked at once to me, and I attempted no denial.

"Yes, I thought the hired tin-kettle had been strummed enough in its day, and merited superannuation. Do you like your new piano, even though I chose it?"

"How kind you are!"

Not another word. No folly of "obligation." If there had been, if she had not taken it quite naturally, as I would have wished to see her take a mountain of diamonds, were it mine to offer her, I also should probably never have said another word.

She sat down, and played for some time, I sitting over the fire.

"Mark, have you forgotten this? you have not asked for it for a long time."

My tune, which always brought back my cousin Jean in the Lythwaite drawing-room, with the sunshine on her hair. Also, because this "*Lied ohne worte*" seemed to my fancy to tell a whole life's story; a duet in which you can hear distinctly the man's voice and the woman's, separate, together; then wandering apart again in troubled involved phrases; but always in extremity comes back the tune in the bass, sweet and firm; at last the treble air is caught up with it, and both fall into a melody more "comfortable"—to use Jean's word—than any bit of music I know; ending in two notes, several times recurring, which say, as plain as notes can say it, "Come home, come home, come home."

Sometimes, when a vase is brimful, a touch, the shadow of a touch, and over it runs.

"Did you like your tune?"

"Yes; but come and sit by the fire, Jean."

She did so; one on each side the hearth, making two of us. Only two. Supposing it had been "my ain fireside;" I, who never in my life had had a fireside of my own—my very own?

"How pleasant a wood-fire is, Mark! But when you go to Liverpool we shall cease to have one fireside to sit over and talk together."

"We never had, except on Sundays. You forget, I have only had you for my Sunday-blessing."

"Have I been a blessing? I am glad. It is something to be a blessing to somebody. It was more than I deserved."

She shaded her eyes from the fire, which blazed and crackled as if it knew winter was coming, but burnt cheerily, and was not afraid.

Now, or never.

"Jean," I said, "if I go to Liverpool, and can make a fortune there, or at least a competence, will you come home?"

"Your mother and I?"

"My mother, if she chooses; but I meant you. I cannot do without you. I could once, five years ago, because it was necessary and right; but now I cannot. 'Tis not worth making a home—I will not do it—except for you."

"Me? me?"

She looked steadily into my face, and found out all. She dropped her head lower and lower, almost into her lap, and burst into tears.

I said no more; it may be months, years, before I say any more. I would not take my life's ransom unless it were a free gift.

Algernon and I—"Browne, Brothers"—are working our best. We have hardly any holidays, except an occasional evening stroll, with a western breeze blowing in the tide, and the sunset throwing colours beautiful as Paradise along the sandy flats of the Mersey shore.

I write either to my mother or Jean every Sunday. Now and then Jean writes to me; only a line or so, expressing little or nothing; and so it may be for God knows how long, or for ever.

But sometimes I think—

END OF LORD ERLISTOUN.

THE CHATELAIN OF CHÈVREMONT: A STORY OF LIÈGE.

(FOUNDED UPON FACT.)

MANY hundred years ago, in the vast and lofty banquetting-hall of the grim Castle of Chèvremont, there met an assembly, round the loaded tables of the great chief Immon, to partake of his bounty on a very special occasion.

The birth of an heir, long looked forward to with the greatest anxiety, had at length crowned the highest hopes and expectations, not only of the lord of the fortress himself, but of all its rough inhabitants; and little was the joy of the event marred by the untimely death of the lady of Chèvremont, who had survived but a few hours the birth of her son. Though a truly faithful husband, as soon would Immon have dreamed of bewailing a warrior left on the hard-earned field of fight, as of lamenting the loss of a wife on this all-absorbing occasion. One sigh, while it honoured her memory, wafted it into oblivion.

And so the mirth ran high. With greedy eyes and appetites did the guests devour the delicacies, beneath whose unwonted display and rich profusion the tables literally groaned; a rarity indeed within those halls of Chèvremont. Accustomed frequently to long and vexatious sieges, Immon, himself setting the example, had so trained his force,

that, in even ordinary times, they partook of no more than the absolute necessities of life.

Beneath the banners won in a hundred furious fights, from both friend and foe, according as envy taught or policy dictated, sat the bold lieges of the Lord of Chèvremont. Armed from head to foot,—such was their standing law, even during their present peaceful occupation,—there was assembled there as brave a troop as ever joined the standard of rebellion. Brightly, their armour flashed in the golden light of the setting sun, as it streamed through the half-opened casements, while not an eye nor a word bespoke the presence of that enemy which steals away men's senses; for long had all approach to disorder of every kind been banished from those walls; and even now the amount of wine, poured separately by the master's hand for each of his men, was extremely limited, a precaution the less unwillingly complied with on account of the promise of a mighty scheme to be unfolded after supper.

For a full hour had the cup passed round, and the vaulted roof rung with the merry laughter of the gay troop; whilst Immon, seated in the midst of his warriors,—all treated as equals on that holiday,—discoursed of war and deeds of arms, which caused the blood of old and young to boil with the ardour of recollection or of anticipation, and made them burn to draw the swords that now hung idly from their belts, and rush upon some well-matched foe. Then with loud shouts the health of the young lord was drunk; and then in silent homage the memory of the mother, dead, followed by an involuntary pause, as if almost of sadness. Perhaps their rapid thoughts returned for a brief moment to those old days which each of them could couple with a mother and a home,—a mother, alas, too soon forsaken, a home too easily dishonoured.

The chief's loud voice first broke the silence. "To whom, my friends, shall the honour of baptising this young stranger be intrusted, think you?" he asked suddenly; while an ill-suppressed murmur of derisive merriment followed the question, so little were they used to think of holy things, or speak of aught but arms and war. But Immon himself looked grave, and almost threatening.

"Ah, ha! and who shall execute that office?" they repeated; and more than one volunteered himself to celebrate the rite, and the subject had already become one for renewed mirth, when the same commanding voice spoke once again:

"Silence, my friends! I have thought of one for this great purpose," he said, his eyes kindling mean while with fierce delight,—*"I have thought of one whom few of us have ever dared to hope for here, but whom, if his folly (and I doubt it not) lets him but come within the lion's den, we soon shall have among us—the Bishop of Liège!"*

"The bishop!—Notger!" burst from a score of tongues. The chatelain's arch-enemy baptise his heir,—impossible!

Yet it was nevertheless, Immon gravely assured them, true. Notger himself should be honoured with the commission.

"But will he come?"

"I myself will see to that. I part this evening for Liège; and to-morrow noon, or I mistake, shall see the holy man within these walls." And Immon glanced proudly round them as he spoke.

Astonishment was depicted on each face. To all questions Immon vouchsafed no answer; and his plans, though darkly guessed at, were still kept secret in the depths profound of his own bosom.

That same evening a council of a chosen few was held in the Castle of Chèvremont; and at its close these favoured warriors returned with flushed brows and eyes of flashing expectation, telling a tale of treachery and bloodshed yet to come.

At the same time the Chatelain, mounting his best horse, took, unattended, the road towards Liège.

Let us now for a few moments consider the position respectively occupied by those of whom this sketch would

treat. The Lord Bishop of Liège, not only a lofty dignitary of the Church, but a temporal prince also, with a yearly revenue of 100,000*l.* sterling, was acknowledged by all the wealthy province of Liège as its feudal lord; and noble indeed was the court, both spiritual and temporal, which gathered round him. The present incumbent of the see was, at the time of which we speak, the proud Bishop Notger; a man highly ambitious, and an implacable enemy to all who dared oppose his, frequently, too-grasping pretensions, both in the world and in the Church. A soldier originally by profession, he had, in the midst of a career most brilliant, resigned the tent for the cloister, and in due time the cowl for the episcopal mitre; and in each station of life he had always been, either by his own merit or fortune's favours, equally felicitous and successful. Cautious in all his enterprises, he engaged in nothing without having first counted the cost; to which temper of mind may be perhaps attributed much of what might else have been accounted, in vulgar parlance, "luck." Inured from early youth to situations of peril and severity, the idea of personal danger never crossed his mind.

Of the few who dared oppose this mighty prince, the Chatelain of Chèvremont was foremost. Established in the strongest fortress in the province, Immon was seldom content to act on the defensive only against the forces which the offended prelate sent to sit down from time to time before his walls, to compel, if possible, submission; but, as if scrupulously to return the compliment, and, it must be owned, with generally far better success, he would take the opportunity of sallying forth from his stronghold when he was himself unmolested, and not only harass the surrounding country, but even take possession of such of the citizens of Liège itself as might happen to fall into his hands,—wealthy merchants, who were called upon to pay a good round sum for ransom, which, if not speedily forthcoming from anxious friends at home, was hastened by a present of the captive's ears, and gentle hints of the production of sundry other corporeal fragments to refresh their memories or quicken their apprehensions.

It was nearly dark ere Immon had performed the distance that lay between his own castle and the bishop's residence. Arrived at length within a mile of the city, he tied his horse cautiously to a tree in a little wood skirting the road; and opening a small wallet that he carried with him, was in a few moments transformed into a wandering friar, which disguise, as being specially that of the bishop's own order, he doubted not would gain him easy admittance to the episcopal palace, and access to Notger's own immediate presence.

He then, with well-affected sanctity of manner, betook himself once more in the direction of the town, on foot. Entering the great quadrangle of the palace, and assuming the bearing of a timid stranger, he examined one by one the varied carving of the columns which supported, as now, that splendid edifice, until the last pale gleam of twilight had warned all stragglers thence.

He now prayed admission to the bishop, on business, as he said, of much importance; and so earnest were his supplications, that late as the hour in those times was considered, the attendants of Notger were prevailed on to admit him.

The Bishop of Liège had retired to his chamber, and was alone. At a sign from Immon, he directed the usher who had introduced the stranger to withdraw, and then stood waiting as if to know his business. Scarcely had the retiring footstep announced the servant to be out of hearing, than Immon threw off his disguise.

"Perhaps, my lord, you do not know me," he said, observing that the bishop regarded him with curiosity rather than alarm; and he then continued, "Immon, Chatelain of Chèvremont!"

Notger drew back a step, while a momentary imperceptible flush suffused his countenance; but instantly recovering himself, he sat down and waited further parley.

So, unasked, did Immon; and thus they paused some minutes. At length the latter spoke again:

"And now, sir bishop, that you know my name, you shall know my errand too. You have heard, no doubt, an heir is born to Chèvremont; another thorn has sprouted for the tender side of the saintly Bishop of Liège. You know it,—good! You know, besides, that a young scion of so great a house as mine,—though you may curl your lip, my lord,—the scion of so great a house must have a fitting entry to the world. Lord bishop," he continued, rising as he spoke, "I have come to you myself, *unarmed*, alone, to pray you very humbly—come and baptise my child."

So humble was the tone in which these latter words were spoken, that Notger could scarce believe the man before him to be the ferocious brigand that desolated half his province; but when he looked towards him, at the disdainful flashing of his eye, and the rude imperious position in which he stood,—his foot upon the couch on which the bishop sat,—he saw at once he had to deal with one who would brook no evasion, still less accept refusal or excuse. He perceived, too, how Immon had placed himself before the entrance to the chamber, and how that he played carelessly, yet significantly, with his sword's hilt, especially when boasting of having come "*unarmed*." He saw his peril; and, with characteristic rapidity, resolved upon his course of action.

A long silence followed the last words of the soldier, broken at length by Notger, who slowly, and in a low voice, said:

"And what is my security?"

"My word."

A sarcastic smile was the bishop's only recognition of the reply.

"I will come," he said; "and when?"

Immon felt the battle to be won. Few words had passed, but to one of them at least the conflict had been sharp. Drawing himself to his full height, he withdrew his foot from the couch, displacing one of the pillows, which fell upon the ground. On the episcopal device with which it was embroidered he placed once more his foot, and looked at his companion with a glance which ill concealed the triumph of his soul. Something of treachery, too, shot from his eyes, as he replied:

"To-morrow noon, and not an instant after. Noon!"

"I will come," repeated the bishop.

The other drew from his pouch a small gold-piece, and, in a tone which showed his determination to complete as far as possible his humbling errand:

"Your lordship's fee!" he said, as he tossed it to the priest. "We shall expect you, then; we have your grace's saintly word;" and then, without another look, he hurried from the chamber, locking the door as he passed out, and muttering, "Poor fool, how cheap he sells himself!"

That night the bishop also held a council. Knowing that no armed men would be admitted to the fortress, he was forced to be content with ordering that all his attendant priests should bear him company.

The first beam of the rising sun tipped the crimson banners that floated from the highest points of the Castle of Immon, who looked half-doubtfully towards the distant city of Liège.

The treacherous are over themselves distrustful; and Immon began to weigh the chances of so old a bird as Notger falling thus easily into the snare, which, truth to tell, he had prepared for him, and questioned if even his plighted word would on calm and secure reflection be held sacred. If he might judge the bishop by himself, such an event were more than doubtful.

As the day advanced he grew more anxious, and his suspense more fretful. It led him constantly up to his turret's height, whence he could command the highway to the capital, expecting and yet dreading a message of excuse, or even of defiance from his anticipated guest, and suggesting to his excited mind the reception such an envoy should meet with at his hands.

Within, the sound was heard of warriors furbishing their arms and buckling on chain-mail, "to make," as Immon said, "a worthy entertainment for his lordship of Liège."

A dozen times had Immon mounted to the summit of his castle to keep his impatient watch, when, precisely at the appointed time, the distant sounds of low soft chanting rose behind a little knob that hid the winding road. A moment more, and there appeared a priestly procession, with crozier and mitre, and all the insignia of the Church, conducting Bishop Notger in full state, and singing as they came slowly on the hymn that first announced them to their expectant host.

"Now, by my troth, good Notger, you do well," exclaimed the chief, apostrophising the procession, as, to the number of a couple of score or more, it glided over the lowered draw-bridge, which was significantly raised again immediately behind them. He now hastened down to meet the bishop, but was stopped an instant on the steps by one who whispered something in his ear.

"Not till the appointed signal, for your lives," he whispered in reply; "I myself will give it;" and he hurried on.

Notger and his train had already entered the castle-yard, and Immon, with affected courtesy, led him to the hitherto desecrated chapel. Here some burlesque attempts had been made at ecclesiastical adornment; a naked sword, reversed, served for an altar-cross; while the font, long since degraded to a water-trough for horses, was replaced by a great wine-cup, of massive gold, however (what else for the young heir of Chèvremont?), a rich spoil from some late outrage.

The bishop eyed these insults with a quick glance, more of disdain than of surprise, and calmly proceeded with the appointed service of the Church, the priests and acolytes chanting their parts, as in their own cathedral. Notger received the infant from his father's arms, and in a few moments the rite was ended.

"Thanks, sir bishop," cried the chatelain triumphantly, holding out his hands. "Now give me my son."

"Your son no longer, Immon," said the bishop calmly, folding the child to his bosom; "he is the Church's son. To her you have confided him, with her he must abide."

Immon laughed scornfully, yet with evident anxiety and impatience. Plucking the bishop by the sleeve, he said,

"Come, my good lord, and taste the fare my poor castle has provided for this memorable day."

But Notger stood immovable. "Your castle, Immon?" he replied. "No," he continued, as he handed the infant to his attendant priests,—*"no, it is mine!"*

"Yours!" cried the astounded rebel, his blood boiling with surprise and fury. "Indeed!" and he looked fiercely round on his retainers; but, following an order purporting to have issued from their chief, that no weapon should be allowed within that sacred place, they were all unarmed.

At this, with a howl of frenzied rage, he rushed upon the bishop, and with his heavy sword he dealt that holy man a stroke which would have set at rest for ever the question of right in the Castle of Chèvremont, but that it rang only on the armour of proof which now glanced beneath the cope and surplice of the bishop, as he disengaged his weapon from under them.

In those days churchmen were forbidden by the canon law to shed blood; they therefore met the difficulty by arming themselves with a heavy mace, loaded with metal, which, on an emergency, without gashing the flesh of the enemy, performed the work they had to do with wonderful success, when applied to the skull of their victim. It was with such an instrument, or rather with one familiar to the sight of Londoners, as displayed in the formidable grasp of Magog in Guildhall, that Notger now met the furious attack of his treacherous host, and in an instant a huge iron-ball, playing freely, by no inexpert hand, round a stem of steel, whistled about the traitor's head.

Astonished at this unexpected display of resistance, Immon for a moment staggered backward; then sprang with blinded fury upon his ecclesiastical opponent, dealing blow

after blow upon his iron casing and the metal-staff of his mace, each dexterously warded off by the more collected bishop, till an unlucky stroke upon the last snapped Immon's sword asunder near the hilt, and left the chieftain powerless.

Meanwhile the attendant priests, disrobing in an instant, displayed a band of armed men, well matched in all respects with any in the fortress. These, at a word from Notger, steadily advanced upon the terror-stricken menials, who, separated from the men-at-arms, now made frantic and useless efforts to break through the doors, which had been secretly fastened by one in the bishop's service. Driven into a corner of the building, they speedily surrendered at discretion, while the conquerors, easily, and without bloodshed, exacted from these unarmed soldiers terms of abject submission, enforcing the same with some stout cords, with which they bound their prisoners and placed them in security.

Which done, under the command of a lieutenant previously appointed, the priestly victors sallied forth to engage the formidable men-at-arms, who, ignorant of the drama enacted within the building, patiently awaited the prescribed signal, without which they were on no account to move. So remote from this quarter was the chapel, that no alarm had reached them during the conflict. Notger had been left, by his own command, to deal with Immon by himself.

Still keeping up a wonderful exhibition with his weapon, the spiked ball of which, revolving round the rebel's head, held him completely at bay, the bishop, step by step, had forced him out of the chapel by a small door in the north wall, leading, as he knew, from previous instruction, into a stone-paved hall. The wretched man now made vigorous attempts to evade his enemy, who, at the least suspicious movement, brought the ponderous globe nearer and nearer to his head, and could (for this eminent representative of the Church militant appeared a perfect master of his science) by the slightest motion of his hand have dashed his brains out. Such, however, was not his purpose.

And now, for the first time, the mighty warrior knew fear. He seemed fascinated by the conduct of the bishop, who appeared suddenly seized with an irresistible arithmetical desire to ascertain the number of the marble-squares that composed the floor, counting and recounting them with the utmost perseverance, though still holding at bay his frantic enemy.

At length a certain object seemed attained, as he left off enumerating the stones, and pressed still more resolutely upon Immon. Foaming with despair and rage, the latter bounded from side to side, striking with impotent fury at his mortal foe, as he still retained the fragment of his weapon in his hand. Upon the battle-field, Immon had neither shunned danger nor dreaded death, and a warrior's end would have been perhaps accepted as a triumph. But such, he now too well knew, was not reserved for him.

All effort, all frenzied effort, was in vain; for Notger drove him back and back, always towards one special square of marble. A hundred times he strove to fly from that one spot,—black as his own despair,—a hundred times he found himself again approaching it. And now at length his foot touched the stone which was the object of such dread; it rested paralysed upon it for an instant; a hollow sound was heard beneath, as the marble-square rolled back upon a hinge, hitherto cunningly concealed from view. A moment he paused, balancing upon the edge of the abyss thus formed, glaring with the intensest hate on Notger, then, with a shriek of wild despair, he vanished.

The latter stood in breathless silence till the heavy fall beneath told its own tale; then, approaching the chasm, he looked below. There was a surge upon the foul water at the bottom, as it settled over the dead man,—for his heavy armour sank him like a stone,—but there remained no other vestige of the once-dreaded Immon.

"*Pax tecum*," said the Bishop of Liège, as he raised the trap to its original level, and wiped the drops that stood

upon his face. They were the first words that he had uttered since those which hurled defiance at the now vanquished traitor. Then silently he turned and left the place.

Little more remains to tell. His entrance to the court found the episcopal troop victorious, and the garrison easily taken in a moment of so great surprise. The warlike priests had already made quick conveyance of their late antagonists, counselling quiet submission to their fate, and hurling *anathema* on all who did not respond to their advice.

And thus was Chèvremont subdued. The castle, too strong, and too well situate, to be allowed to stand a tempting stronghold for the disaffected, and wholly useless to a character so peaceful as the Bishop of Liège, was speedily demolished, and scarce a fragment now remains to illustrate to the traveller the tale to which he listens, on his way to Chandfontaine.

* * * * *

There was an old monk, in bygone days, who told this legend, the abbot of a monastery in Liège; who, when asked by his many hearers of the child, would smile, and say that he still lived, and add, "*I know he is more happy as he is than ever would have been the Lord of Chèvremont.*"



A HOthouse FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

In the papers on the Warden Case, it was suggested that, if its true principles were recognised, it would be found capable of many extensions, and one of those extensions is now to be described. Given a case for plants; what can be more reasonable than to apply heat to it, and so adapt it to the culture of exotics? There are many ways in which this may be accomplished. An ordinary Warden case, stocked with ferns or flowering-plants, may be heated in a very simple way. Below the soil-trough let there be a flat tin-boiler and a lamp, or a boiler without a lamp, but with a contrivance which will allow the water to be changed daily, and you have at once a safe system of bottom-heat; and this may be still further extended so as to add top-heat, and thus maintain both soil and air at any temperature that may be desired.

There is nothing particularly novel in this, for many have tried it with success; and in the hands of the scientific cultivator, who can apply the established laws of horticulture to window-gardening, a plant-case is no longer a vexatious toy, but a very practical and useful construction. The invention now to be dealt with is to be classed among the working and manufacturing contrivances; for though it may be made as ornamental as you please, and very fairly claim entrance to the drawing-room, yet its uses and functions are of a preparatory kind; it is neither fern-case nor a "rustic adornment," but a plain hothouse, which will perform almost any amount of work in preparing tender things for the window, the garden, the greenhouse, or the conservatory.

There are at least three names to be mentioned in connection with it,—first, Mr. Walton, the inventor; secondly, Mr. Beaton, the improver; and thirdly, Mr. West, the manufacturer, who has brought it to perfection. Mr. Walton made the first experiment of applying heat to a small plant-case, with a view to create a portable indoor forcing-pit. An old box was dressed up, with a tray for sand, a boiler of tin, a lamp, and lights over all, so as to look like a common garden-frame. This was set to work, and answered so well, that it became known as the WALTONIAN CASE; and subsequently many improvements were made for applying the heat

more constantly and efficiently, and now it has the completeness of a very practical invention.

To describe all the little incidents connected with the development of the idea would be to occupy valuable space to very little purpose; and I will therefore at once describe the case, and the mode of working it, premising that I have had one in operation since February last, which was supplied me by the original maker, Mr. West, of Surbiton, Kingston.

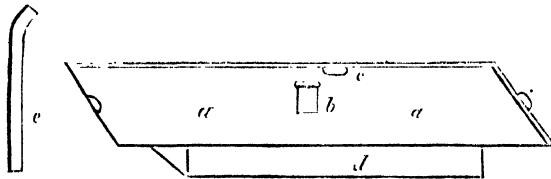
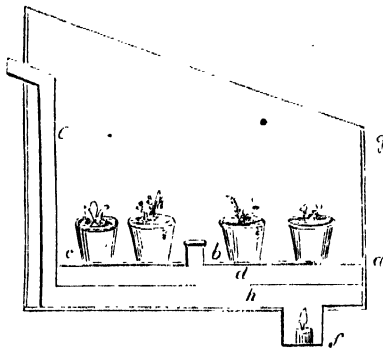
The annexed cut represents the Waltonian case in its complete form when in operation. It is in reality a two-light box, standing on legs, the framework being of wood, with glass at the front and ends, and a pair of glass sashes, or "lights," laid loosely on the top. Beneath the centre, in the front, is a tin lamp burning colza-oil; and this lamp gives heat to the water contained in a zinc-boiler placed underneath the plants, the smoke escaping at the back of the case.

The mode in which the heating apparatus is arranged is very simple. When the top-lights are lifted off, and the pots removed, it is an easy matter to lift out the tray and boiler, represented in the second cut. This tray is of zinc, and measures 34 inches long by 17 inches broad, and hence contains a working space for plant-culture of 568 square inches, or sufficient for 32 four-inch pots, in eight rows of four each. The tray *a a* fits into the bottom of the case, and forms the bed on which the pots are placed, and the medium by which heat is communicated to the plants through a bed of silver-sand, an inch deep, spread evenly over it.

In the centre of the tray is a tube, *b*, through which vapour escapes into the case, the amount of which can be regulated by a cap fitting into it. The tube *b* is also necessary as a means of filling the boiler, *d*, with which it communicates; and this boiler, when placed in the case, falls exactly over the lamp, and receives its flame in an orifice cut in its under side for that purpose, the hot air of the lamp circulating round the boiler below the tray, *a*, and making its exit by the funnel, *e*, which, when at work, fits over the orifice, *c*, in the tray.

To set the case to work, then, we have first to fill the tray with silver-sand, which must be moderately damp; then fill the boiler, which holds two quarts, by means of the tube, *b*; then lower the tray into its place in the case, fit the flue-pipe, *e*, over the hole, *c*; trim and light the lamp, and wait for the result. As a matter of course, a gentle heat is soon perceptible; and if the case is filled with pots stocked with seeds or cuttings, this heat is communicated to them from the bed of damp sand, and a temperature of from 70° to 90° may be commanded at pleasure.

Now what is the use of such a contrivance? It will do every thing that we employ a dung-bed for,—raise seedlings



things; and have raised seedlings of several choice aquatics, besides melons, cucumbers, gourds, celery, tomatoes, asters, Thunbergias, Cobaeas, Delphiniums, and no end of other delicate summer bloomers,—all in the same case, where they have been steaming and growing beside me in my study, and calling for no more attention than one is obliged to give to half-a-dozen flowering-plants in pots when committed to the window.

But it must not be supposed that there is nothing to learn in using a case of this kind. You may burn or boil your plants in no time if you do not use proper precautions.

The sand must always be damp, the cuttings should never flag for want of water, and nothing in the case should be wetted with cold water; it should be as warm as the air inside. The lamp must be trimmed morning and night, and kept constantly burning, for the case being small soon cools if the flame expires; though, as it burns twelve hours at a stretch, it must be very careless work to have that happen. Then air must be admitted according to the state of the plants. As soon as seeds come up, give them more light and air, or they will be drawn and sickly; and they must be gradually brought towards a cool corner of the case preparatory to being removed altogether, for nothing should remain there to grow on. When once started and fairly rooted, prepare them for removal.

Of course a hundred hints might here be given as to the working of a Waltonian case, so as to make the most of it; but as this paper is simply intended to introduce the invention to the readers of the NATIONAL, we must here cry, "Hold, enough!"

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

of every kind of tender plants, whether cucumbers and celery for the kitchen-garden, half-hardy annuals for the borders, greenhouse-seeds for the greenhouse, the conservatory, and the window; and, in the way of cuttings, strike almost any thing to a certainty. Suppose you have half-a-dozen old geraniums, a few fuchsias, calceolarias, mimulus, a pinch or two of seed of half-hardy bedding-plants, you have only to get your pots ready, prepare some light compost with a good admixture of silver-sand, and set cuttings and seeds to work with heat and moisture, and in a few weeks you will be astonished at the quantity of plants you have manufactured. In geraniums every joint will make a plant, whether there is a bud visible or not. You have only to stick them in round the insides of small pots, letting every cutting touch the pot; sprinkle silver-sand over the soil in the pot, keep all moist and at 75°, giving air occasionally; and out of a few old geraniums you may manufacture hundreds of young healthy plants. I have this season struck geraniums, pansies, fuchsias, calceolarias, summer chrysanthemums, petunias, verbenas, and dozens of special odd

LORD PALMERSTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

In forming a portrait gallery, which we trust will ultimately include all the foremost men and women of our time, in every department of intellectual endeavour, we shall not of course exclude eminent statesmen and politicians. But we do not intend to append critical and biographical papers to their portraits. If we did so, one of two things must follow: all individual expression of opinion must be suppressed, and consequently the result possess neither interest nor value; or the editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE must step beyond the boundaries they have chosen, and become identified with special party and political views. We abide, therefore, by our original declarations; and in now presenting the first of our political portraits, reserve for other opportunities such remarks on the social and national questions that may be affected by the noble lord's policy as will fairly come within the scope of this publication.

LITTLE RIDLEY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

It was one quiet morning, at the commencement of what is familiarly called the "long vacation," when Sydenham—lovingly termed the "Doctor"—and your humble servant were breakfasting with our common friend, Duval, a great legal luminary, at his chambers in Pump Court, Temple. The long vacation, as most civilians are aware, is that ungenial season when briefs are no longer sown broad-cast, but are merely dribbled in as a sheriff's-court or sessions case may render necessary; when outstanding fees are carefully gathered by provident clerks, whose shadows become daily more and more attenuated as they noiselessly glide about the inns of court, dreaming of terms, and sighing for the fatness of Hilary and Easter.

The *locus in quo*—to speak professionally—of our matutinal repast was not so much a matter of choice as of compulsion. According to the original draft of our campaign, we should have been seated, not in Pump Court, but on the cold and craggy peaks of the *Grande Mulets*. Various untoward circumstances had, however, conspired to baffle our aspirations. *Imprimis*, Duval had been plucked at his examination, and had sentenced himself in consequence to six months' imprisonment and hard labour. Sydenham, who was grinding at the mill of medical science, with his intellectual eye upon the "college," was suffering like Duval, but from a wound of a more material character. In performing his celebrated necromantic feat of breaking a poker over his arm, he disqualified himself for scaling acclivities by severely bruising his shin. My own little domestic calamity was more touching, and not quite so ridiculous. Having, after an unusually prolonged *valse à deux temps* with a most ethereal partner, been induced to take a moonlit ramble into the conservatory, we had just begun to enjoy the unspeakable charms of seclusion, when I was suddenly seized with a most violent fit of sneezing, which speedily drew public attention to our retreat, and nipped our delightful tête-à-tête ere it had scarcely unfolded its blossoms. Between cold and mortification I had no desire for Continental travel, but remained gloomily in town, toiling hourly at a sonnet on "Influenza," which I purposed sending to Maria, as a memento of that fatal night, and which I had not yet finished satisfactorily, though my sufferings for three weeks had been very acute.

"What has become of little Ridley?" inquired the Doctor, as he curiously dissected a box of sardines.

"Gone to Jersey, I believe," replied Duval, "on a love mission—*re* Laura Blanchflower; a case on which we have already advised."

"He is a special original, if ever there was one," said Dr. Sydenham. "The age of martyrdom is gone by, or little Ben, with his great soul, would long since have

perished at the stake—A small piece—well done—thank you."

"Does he walk in his sleep now?" asked Duval. "He was a perfect *Aminia* when we were at school together. One night, I remember, he upset the washhand-stand; and the water percolating through the floor, acted as an extemporaneous shower-bath for the refreshment of Monsieur Mercredi, our irritable old French master, who slept immediately beneath."

"You should have seen him at Exeter Hall, listening to Mendelssohn's *Athalie*," observed the Doctor. "There he sat, speechless, with his eyes raised to the ceiling, apparently lost in solemn rapture. He told me afterwards that he had a presentiment he should marry a widow—Cayenne, please."

"I can tell you a better story than that," said Duval laughing. "When Ridley supped with our friend P—, one night last summer, he was taken very ill, and P— made him up a bed in the chamber which Oliver Goldsmith once occupied, and where it is stated he wrote one of his best works. Well, Ridley, inspired, I suppose, by the *genius loci*, had a dream—a terrible dream—so he described it. He fancied he was in China, in Pekin, where all is sunshine, pagodas, babies' feet, and satin-slippers. Suddenly a procession came in sight—a most magnificent widow, under a flaming parasol, and attended by her slaves. She glanced at Ridley, and killed him with one shot. Her beauty was magnetic; she drew him along; he strove to turn (remembering Laura), but he felt that where she went he must follow. Poor little Ridley, his heart smiting him for his inconstancy; still he went on, till the widow, killing him more and more by her smiles, conducted the martyr to a sort of tea-gardens, where, in a Chinese summer-house, she sat down, and presenting Ridley with a cup the size of an acorn, sweetly requested him to fill it from a tea-urn in the centre of the garden. Two hundred and forty-seven cups of strong Bohea did that luxurious widow consume, and as many times did little Ridley run backwards and forwards, till, overcome with fascination and fatigue, he at length sank exhausted at her feet. It was then that, to his horror and bewilderment, he discovered that the widow had a glass-eye; and he woke up, shivering all over as if he had got an ague. From that time little Ridley has had a dismal presentiment that he shall marry a most inexorable widow."

When we had done laughing at Ridley's superstitious terrors, Sydenham observed that he thought their eccentric but estimable little friend was engaged to that handsome girl whom he met at Matlock.

"Well, he corresponds with her," said Duval, "and I suspect has now gone on a visit there; but he has never proposed exactly, because he fancies in his extreme conscientiousness that he is not quite rich enough. If any thing should happen to his old Welsh aunt, then, roll drums merrily, march away."

The above conversation took place, as I have mentioned, over the breakfast-table at Duval's chambers, where those universally interesting subjects—matrimony and muffins—were frequently discussed with liberality and philosophic candour. Little Ridley's monomania was utterly inexplicable. A phantom-widow confronted and appalled him wherever he went. Yet he was constitutionally brave, and devotedly attached to Laura, before incidentally referred to, and who, I have been informed and believe, entertained for her ardent but respectful adorer that pure esteem which is the nicely macadamised thoroughfare leading direct to the dwelling-place of Love. Ridley's introduction to his enchantress took place under remarkable circumstances. Laura, a fine, flashing, and high-spirited girl, was driving a pair of young horses in a phaeton, when they took fright, and Laura, though a good whip, with a strong nerve, lost all command over them. Little Ridley, who was out shooting,—it was the First of September,—saw the danger, and throwing away his gun, he sprang into the road, jumped up behind the vehicle, as agile as a squirrel, seized the reins,

and brought the refractory steeds under subjection with astonishing facility and success. How Laura complimented him for this chivalrous act little Ridley's modesty would never permit him to disclose. But Benjamin had evidently made an impression, and had received one also, which neither time, pleasure, nor study could efface. Laura, unfortunately, however, for little Ben's disinterested attachment, was an heiress with twenty thousand pounds, and Ridley was only a special pleader by courtesy, with a reversionary interest in an equivocal silver-lead mine in the euphonious district of Cwm-y-dyllyud, expectant on the decease of an old Welsh aunt, who was just entering in her eighty-fifth year, and of whose family no member had ever died under the age of ninety-nine.

We had just finished the sardines, and were smoking a pensivo cigar, when the small but tenacious brass knocker of Duval's outer chamber-door was violently set in motion by some unknown visitor. Finding that his *petit laquais* neglected to attend the summons, Duval rang his hand-bell, and shouted with angry impatience the kingly name of Rufus; mean time the summons was repeated and made peremptory.

"Confound that boy!" cried Duval, starting up. "I shouldn't wonder if he's in a comatose state again."

So saying, Duval stepped into a narrow apartment like the steward's cabin of a Margate steamer, and which was neatly furnished with a plate-rack and a wine-cooler.

"Now who has been and mesmerised this unhappy minor?" demanded Duval, addressing the Doctor, who was smiling through his spectacles. "You have, Sydenham?"

"Pon my life, I quite forgot it," replied the student of Guy's.

"Why he must have been in this state for nearly twenty minutes," replied the conveyancer. "For goodness-sake mesmerise him, and let him go and open the door."

During these remarks, the unconscious subject of them—a wan and vacant-looking youth, with furzy red hair—sat on the wine-cooler, his right arm outstretched, and finger pointed, like young Norval denouncing the trembling coward who forsook his master.

Sydenham having adopted the usual means practised by electro-biologists for restoring suspended animation, Rufus, after sundry pungent shivers, woke up, and waited for orders.

"There's somebody knocking," said Duval. "See who it is. If it's income-tax, tell him to call again to-morrow."

"Perhaps it's little Ridley," observed the Doctor, as the knocking continued with renewed vivacity. "It sounds very much like Pope's *Iliad*, all iambs—five feet in a line—ratat, ra-tat, ra-tat, ra-tat, ra-tat."

The Doctor was right. It was that noble though small individual. He had just returned from his sea-side trip, and looked remarkably well. A shepherd's plaid was skillfully wrapped round his plump little body, a Glengarry bonnet surmounted his bald head, and a large sandy-coloured "imperial" decorated his benevolent chin.

We were all delighted to see our learned little brother, more especially as his appearance was so premature. Duval's first question was respecting Laura; had he seen her? was she as charming, bright, and sparkling as ever? were all the ante-nuptial arrangements completed? and was Ridley to become in a short time the happiest man alive?

Alas, he had not seen Laura; his arrangements were completed, and he should never see her again.

He told us this with a badly-acted air of indifference, splitting his glove all to pieces, and breathing heavily through his set teeth.

So singular and abrupt a termination of Ridley's love-suit could not but pique our curiosity, and we entreated him—speaking his own language as a special pleader—to furnish us with further and better particulars. At first he demurred; it was an unpleasant subject, and would only give us pain; but this being overruled, he briefly stated his case, heaving one or two interlocutory sighs, and rejoining,

gratis, "You will call me a simpleton, but I can't help that."

From the issue, it appeared that our little special pleader had been pleading to some purpose, having already delivered his declaration to a young widow, with twins, not quite three years old.

It appeared that Laura and her guardian, Colonel Gauntlett, were residing at St. Helier's; and just before the long vacation commenced, Ridley received a curiously crossed and puzzling letter, but beautiful nevertheless, from Laura, pressing him to spend the recess with them at their marine villa in the island of tranquil delights. A brief, with a fee of fifty guineas, could not have yielded Ridley more ecstatic delight than did this letter, which contained a sweet little sea-side sketch, in water-colours, painted by Laura, with a fine feeling for shrimps. It was a misty evening on which Ridley arrived at Southampton, whither, in haste to reach his destination, he had travelled express. At her accustomed hour for starting, the Jersey boat, apprehensive of danger from the density of the fog, could not venture out to sea; and Ridley, who would willingly have embarked in a wherry, had one been then and there available, had no alternative but stopping till the next day at a mercenary family-hotel. Disgusted with the wax-lights, for which he knew that he should be charged exorbitantly, Ridley retired early to his chamber, and would fain have slept, but was prevented by circumstances, and mice, over which he had no control. After flinging his boots without success at the wainscot,—behind which they had laid out their race-course,—Ridley struck a light, and, much to the amazement of the enemy, who, sitting upright on their respective tails, regarded his nightcap with silent reverence, proceeded to entertain himself by reading a popular novel which he had wisely put under his pillow in case of distress. Unhappy man! the more he read the more he doubted the propriety of his own conduct, and long before he reached the nineteenth chapter he discovered with shame and chagrin that he was an imposter. What claim had he upon Laura's regard? he had stopped a pair of ponies, which any postboy could have done, and thought himself munificently rewarded with half-a-sovereign. There was a wide gulf between gratitude and love. The first Laura *might* entertain; the latter impossible. *She*, an heiress and the pride of the country; *he*, a small pleader, with a reversionary interest in the equivocal silver-lead mine of Cwm-y-dyllyud, expectant on the decease of an old Welsh aunt. Was it not cruel of him to take advantage of his position, and press a suit which, however repugnant to her feelings, poor Laura could not gracefully ignore?

It may seem somewhat chimerical, but I have no reason to doubt what Ridley assured us was the fact, that his sudden conversion was brought about by reading the fiction above-mentioned, which, written by a lady (name unknown), so strongly inculcated the duty of self-sacrifice, and presented such a beautiful picture of passion subdued by principle, that Ridley, who had in him a nice sense of moral harmony, was conscience-stricken, and could scarcely believe that Laura's image, set in a guilty frame, had taken possession of his honourable breast.

The result was, that after long and painful deliberation, poor little Ridley abandoned all idea of going to Jersey, and determined to write Laura that he had sprained his ankle, feeling perhaps that a lame apology was better than none. He could not reconcile himself to the thought of withdrawing his declaration, and commencing another process of attachment. His present object was to gain time for pleading; if Laura would only wait a year or two his practice might increase, or something might turn up so as to bridge over the gulf between her fortune and his own, and enable him to set down his cause with every prospect of obtaining a favourable verdict when it came on for hearing.

Fearing, perhaps, that if he remained until the Jersey boat started he might be tempted to forego his meritorious resolution, he settled his bill at the hotel, and started off for the purpose of returning to town as early as possible. On

entering the waiting-room at the railway-station, his attention was arrested by a very young and innocent-looking little widow, who was sitting amongst a heap of boxes, with two little round-faced fair-haired boys, who were so like each other that no one could doubt that they were twins. Ridley, who, as an honest lawyer, regarded every unprotected woman as his client, and sympathised with her accordingly, felt strongly moved at this interesting picture of bereavement and helplessness; and entering into conversation with the young widow, elicited from her by a subtle examination (auspicious presage of his *Nisi prius* fame!) the full particulars of her sad and singular history. It seemed that, at the tender but unreflecting age of fifteen, she eloped from a Swiss *pension* with an artist of great but unrecognised talent, and who six months after their union died of a lingering decline. Owing to her imprudence, all her relations disowned her except one brother, a wild and careless fellow, who had gone to sea, being fit for nothing else, and had now settled down in a log-hut in the State of Texas, and was prospering with his wife and olive-branches around him. The regular remittances, for which she was indebted to the spontaneous kindness of this brother, coupled with her slender earnings from modelling wax-flowers, proved our little widow's sole means of subsistence. By the urgent advice of this good brother, she was going out to Texas with her two little boys, and had just arrived at Southampton, where she had arranged to meet Captain Weatherby, who had received from her brother the amount of her passage-money, and who had kindly promised to take her under his fatherly protection.

Such was the little widow's story, to which our embryo Lord Chief-Justice listened with profound gravity and attention. She had scarcely done speaking, when two travellers entered the waiting-room, one a sea-faring man in a pilot-coat and fur-gloves, the other apparently a courier with a despatch-box and a valise.

"What ship was that which struck on the Needles last night?" demanded the latter of his companion.

"The *Inca*, bound for Halifax, and every soul lost," rejoined the courier; "captain and all. I knew him intimately; poor Weatherby!"

During this brief conversation the little widow had risen, and with an expression of breathless interest advancing to the speakers, as soon as she heard the name of Captain Weatherby she uttered a faint shriek, and fell senseless into Ridley's arms.

Ill-fated Benjamin! What was to be done? Here was a very young and innocent little widow, with two round-faced little blue-eyed boys, and no one in all the wide world to cheer, comfort, and protect them. Is it to be wondered at, even though the age of chivalry is past, that our little pleader was penetrated with compassion? He thought of Laura; and the more he thought of her, the more hopeless and unwarrantable appeared his passion and his advances. • He had a short but stubborn struggle with himself. It was Sympathy contending against Love; a contest where kisses went for blows, and in which the latter fell vanquished by the tears of his gentle adversary.

Not to detail the interlocutory stages, the final issue of this process was, that Ridley made the little widow an offer of his hand; and, marvellous to relate, was accepted without a moment's hesitation.

As Ridley, with a solemn countenance that left no doubt of his sincerity, made this extraordinary statement, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and—else I am very very much mistaken—wept.

"Come, Ridley," cried the Doctor, after a long and painful pause, "confess that you have been romancing,—plumbing, in fact, the depth of our gullibility."

"It's not a feigned issue, eh, Ben?" said Duval, our great legal luminary winking at his learned brother.

Ridley shook his head, and heaved an audible sigh.

"And where is that tricky—I beg pardon," said the Doctor stammering, "that innocent little widow?"

"In a cab at the top of Inner Temple Lane," replied the special pleader.

"And those two round-faced little boys?"

"They are all together," said Ridley, rising to depart. "You must excuse me; I shall see you again."

"Ben!" cried the Doctor, approaching him, and shaking his hand with emphatic cordiality, "you are an honour to our common humanity."

Duval and I echoed the sentiment. We had often read of young and gentle women seeking a union with the maimed and the blind, but we had never before heard or dreamt of one of our own sex exhibiting a similar spirit of self-sacrifice.

"Stop one minute!" cried Duval, who had just taken the morning-paper from Rufus, who, as he handed it over the table, remained transfixed, his arm stretched out in a cataleptic state. "Bother the boy; he's off again. Sydenham, look sharp, and demesmerise him; for it's your doings I've no doubt."

While the Doctor was engaged in the process of demesmerisation Duval glanced over the "shipping intelligence."

"What was the name of the vessel that your little widow was going out in?—the *Inca*?"

"That's her," said Ridley, adjusting his plaid with an air of melancholy resignation to the will of fate.

"Six hundred tons burthen, A 1, copper-bottomed, and so on; warranted twelve years; Captain Weatherby, commander."

"Your description," replied the pleader, "is, I believe, strictly correct."

"Why, then, she is not lost!" exclaimed Duval; "she hasn't left the London Docks yet; those gentlemen at Southampton must have been mistaken in their parcels."

"You don't mean that?" cried Ridley incredulously.

"Read for yourself, my good fellow," said Duval; adding facetiously, "you must amend, or allow judgment to go by default."

Ridley took the paper with trembling eagerness, ran his eyes over the paragraph pointed out to him, then throwing the journal up in the air, he whistled aloud and snapped his fingers in a paroxysm of wild but speechless joy; he then fell back in his chair, and we all thought he had fainted away.

"Now then, Ben," cried the Doctor, slapping him on the shoulder: "Up rouse ye, then, my merry merry men, this is our opening day."

"So it is," returned the little Scotchman, springing forwards; and as our hearts warmed, we all joined hands and danced and sang the "Reel of Tullochgorum."

How little Ridley settled matters with the widow we could never accurately learn; but from his borrowing twenty pounds from Duval, ostensibly to pay his old nurse her half-year's annuity, I suspect that he did not see the little woman on board without bestowing upon her some substantial token of his regard. Owing to the demise of his aunt at the premature age of ninety-seven, which put him into possession of his reversionary interest in the — Mines of Cwm-y-dyllyud, we lost sight of him for some time. Shortly, however, after his return with Laura from their wedding-tour, Ridley received a foreign-post letter. It was from the dear little woman herself, informing him, in sprightly language, of her safe arrival some months before at Texas, and stating, without any nonsensical circumlocution, that she was married to the gallant Captain Weatherby, and was already blessed with two little pledges of affection, both of whom were girls, and almost facsimiles, on a smaller scale, of their little twin half-brothers.

Having carefully and conscientiously made up the above "record," I read it over, as in duty bound, to Ridley's wife. She smiled, and said: "I fear that many will doubt the existence of such a hero as you have drawn, but I can certify," placing her hand on Ridley's miniature, "that it is no imaginary being. Experience is on our side, credulity on theirs. Some have great faith in man's egotism; I, happily, have none."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

It is not many years ago that organic chemists were ridiculed by some, and scorned by others, for their creative aspirations. Day by day organic chemists are now vindicating the justice of those aspirations, and it is hard to predict a rational limit to the realisation of their hopes. The last triumph we have to record in the field of synthetic organic chemistry is, the artificial formation of glycerine; a substance familiar, by name at least, to most persons, since it has been extracted from palm-oil in such enormous quantities by the managers of Price's Candle Company.

The discoverer of the synthetic method of generating glycerine artificially is M. Adolph Wurtz. It would be foreign to the objects of these columns to give a precise chemical description of the theory from which M. Wurtz set out; much less the process by which glycerine is formed. Chemical readers who are desirous of learning these particulars will find them recorded in tome xlv. of the *Comptes Rendus* for April 13th. All which properly belongs to our office is to chronicle the fact. Here, then, is another substance, "glycerine," hitherto considered to be only obtainable from oils and fats, as generated within them by the agency of life, formed by the hands of man. Suppose, one of these days, some lucky chemist shows us how, artificially, to make sugar of the cane, as we can already make sugar of the grape? Who shall aver, seeing what we have seen, that the solution of that problem affirmatively is not on the cards?

Writing of glycerine, we are led to chronicle some beautiful generalisations recently made by M. Berthelot, the result of which is to connect glycerine chemically with sugars; bodies to which its excessive sweetness connected it in popular ideas long ago. Although glycerine is sweeter than the sweetest sugar, yet chemists did not even consider it to be a variety of sugar, because it could not be made to ferment. It seemed to be totally unsusceptible of either the alcoholic or the mucous fermentation. M. Berthelot's recent experiments place in the category of real sugars, not only glycerine, but mannite, dulcine, and sorbine; if the capability of undergoing fermentation be held to be the true characteristic of sugar.

We chronicled in our "Progress of Science" some time ago the achievements which had already been made in the production of gems artificially; and begged our lady-friends to learn humility in presence of their diamonds, whilst these gems were yet valuable. M. A. Gaudin now announces that he has manufactured white sapphires in limpid isolated crystals. He tells us the process, moreover; which being so very simple, we shall announce it thus: An ordinary crucible being lined with a coating of lamp-black, equal parts of alum and sulphate of potash, previously calcined and powdered, are introduced. The crucible being then covered, is exposed to the most violent heat of a smith's forge for a quarter of an hour; afterwards left to get cool, and broken. It is proper to add that M. Gaudin pronounces very dubiously concerning the beauty of his new gems; but he says they are so extremely hard,—much harder than rubies,—that they admit of being advantageously employed in watch-making.

From sapphires to Minié's bullets the transition is sudden; but we shall make it nevertheless, in the way of announcing a new contribution to the surgery of gunshot wounds recently made by M. Baudens; forming the subject of one of the memoirs read before the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 6th of last month (April). Perhaps we need not do more than advert to the circumstance, that the Crimean war afforded the first opportunity of witnessing the effects on a large scale of the conical bullets, which constitute an essential part of the new rifle-system. The first significant fact is this: when a man has been shot through by a conical bullet, the aperture through which it enters and the aperture through which it departs are almost always coincident, in a straight line with each other; whereas with the old, or

spherical, bullets, this was the exception, and a rare one too. Many a soldier struck down by an old-fashioned musket-ball has been given up for lost prematurely. The surgeon perceiving two apertures, one on either side of some vital part, and apparently joined by a straight line, would take the fact for granted, until, the patient not dying when expected, probing revealed the secret of the ball's semicircular course. A Minié ball is no such roundabout traveller. Direct through and through it goes, changing its form, according to the statements of M. Baudens, in a most extraordinary manner. Sometimes it flattens; sometimes it elongates; and not unfrequently it throws off a spiral shaving of lead whilst pursuing its screw-like course. It is sufficient to mention these peculiarities of the conical bullets to prove their increased fatality over the old form of small-arm missile.

The same epoch which is conspicuous for the ingenuity it has displayed in devising aids of destruction endeavours, by scrutinising the latent causes of infection, to lessen the fatality of disease. Dr. Angus Smith read on the 22d ult. a paper before the Society of Arts, on disinfectants, in the course of which a masterly epitome of the whole subject, in its numerous relations, was set forth. Commencing with the history of the subject, the lecturer showed that many of the deductions we moderns have arrived at, not without much discussion and the parade of scientific proof, as bearing upon the subject of disinfectants, were known and applied by the ancients. Long before the term "marsh miasma" was known, or its nature speculated upon, or its influence on the production of disease imagined, Hercules delivered the Elians from pestilence by draining their marshes. Hippocrates, too, was not a mere physician, in the narrow application of the word; he was a sanitarian, inculcating the hygienic benefits of ventilation and a copious supply of water as strenuously as the most fervent disciple of Sir Benjamin Hall. The drainage of ancient Rome is a miracle of constructive skill; and notwithstanding the facilities of water-supply which pipes of iron and steam-pressure throw in our way, it would be difficult to find a modern city so well supplied with water as was ancient Rome. The word *disinfection* originated in France during the last century; it has usually been accepted as the synonym of deodorisation, in some cases doubtless with impropriety. By a disinfectant the public means a substance which either prevents the occurrence of putrefaction, or decomposes into their final elementary forms the organic odorous emanations from substances undergoing putrefaction. Taking cognisance of this distinction, the bodies to which the appellation "disinfectants" belongs range themselves under two well-marked classes. Creosote, carbolic acid, &c., may be accepted as types of the former; oxygen, chlorine, nitrous fumes, sulphurous acid, &c., as representatives of the latter. The special object of Dr. Angus Smith's lecture was to explain the superior advantages of sulphite of magnesia mixed with a portion of carbolic acid as a disinfectant; especially of manure. Looking at the disinfectants previously used, though many of them, especially chloride of lime and chloride of zinc, are efficient in some respects, they are nevertheless attended with some countervailing disadvantages. Chloride of lime decomposes ammonia, and liberates nitrogen; the latter, not only a noxious gas, but valuable to agriculture as a constituent of ammonia. Chloride of zinc (as, indeed, perhaps all preparations of ordinary or calcigenous metals) is prejudicial to the fertility of manures. The chemist will immediately perceive that sulphite of magnesia, when added to the focus of ammonia-generation, subserves two important ends; it will precipitate some of the ammonia in the condition of insoluble phosphate of ammonia and magnesia, and will form another portion of ammonia in the condition of sulphite; which latter salt, rapidly becoming sulphate under atmospheric agencies, furnishes ammonia to the soil in perhaps the very best condition for applying it. There can be no question as to these effects; the only moot point is their extent. Upon the whole, however, Dr. Smith's appears to be the most rational means of disinfection com-

patible with agricultural and sanitary necessities which has hitherto been devised.

Attention still continues to be drawn, both here and abroad, to the relative value, considered as to nutrition, between the different constituents of wheat. In a previous Number we announced some experiments which have recently been performed in France, with the object of determining this point. Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert have been following up a similar inquiry at home. They remark, "that the higher percentage of nitrogen in bran than in fine flour has frequently led to the recommendation of coarser breads as more nutritious than the finer. Nevertheless popular experience is at direct issue with chemical teaching in this respect. The testimony of navigators (navvies) is apposite to the point. The circumstance need not be indicated that men of this class work hard on no very high rate of remuneration; they may be supposed, therefore, to be desirous of laying out their money, in such an indispensable article as bread, to the best advantage. So far from employing brown bread, they are averse even to seconds. According to their experience of their own necessities, the bread employed cannot be too white. The writers call attention to what we believe to be a fact; one which has been very much lost sight of in theoretical estimations of the value of food, by mere reference to the chemical elements it is found to contain on analysis. They remark, that it is in accordance with all experience in the matter to assume that, not only the chemical composition of a food, but the *state* of its chemical elements must be considered; in other words, its digestibility and aptitude for assimilation. Clearly this must be so, beyond certain limits which bound extreme cases; otherwise the carbonaceous parts of our bodies might be furnished by ingesting the same pabulum which we store away for our fires, *i. e.* coals and wood; and by a parallel argument, the remark may be made to extend to nitrogen as well.

When we last made war upon the Chinese, almost the only trophies which found their way to Europe were the hair-tails of the celestials. The *Photographic Journal* announces an improvement on that kind of spoliation. We are sending out apparatus for taking the pictures of our enemies, and any thing else which may be worthy to be depicted in the flowery land. The apparatus has been intrusted to the care of Mr. E. Morrison, a gentleman attached to Lord Elgin's embassy, and, as we are given to understand, an accomplished photographic manipulator.

Considerable expectations have been excited by the new paper-parchment, upon the preparation of which the Rev. John Barlow delivered a lecture at the Royal Institution on the 3d of last month. When Schönbein discovered the process of manufacturing gun-cotton, the most curious point seemed to be, that a delicate vegetable substance should be able to bear, unscathed, contact with the strong nitric acid used in the process of manufacture. The discovery was soon followed by others; all testifying to the fact, too improbable for belief, were it not demonstrated, that many strong acids act less energetically than the same when diluted. Paper-parchment is made by immersing paper momentarily in strong sulphuric acid diluted with half its bulk of water; then withdrawing the paper, washing it, and finally removing every trace of adherent acid by ammonia. For this curious discovery we are indebted to Mr. W. E. Gaine. The paper thus treated assumes all the appearance, and more than the strength, of parchment. A band of paper an inch in width, which will only support without breaking a weight of seven or eight pounds, has its tenacity so increased by the operation that it will support nearly a hundredweight. The change is attended with contraction of bulk, not corrugation; hence a piece of paper with an engraved impression thus treated becomes so diminished in size that the engraving is softened, and toned down. But what is more strange, a paper photograph may be exposed to the acid ordeal without any apparent injury. The question to be determined is, whether injury may be developed by time. If not, the paper-

parchment operation may be considered a clear gain to the photographer.

The consequences of the late explosion in the Lundhill colliery have awakened attention to the protective powers of Davy's safety-lamp, and to the causes of coal-mine explosions generally. Among other projects for rendering the lamp less dangerous, that of substituting the flame of coal-gas for the flame of oil is strongly recommended. Not only would so much additional light be evolved, that perhaps two sheathings of wire-gauze might be employed instead of one, but, less fuliginous matter being evolved from coal-gas flame than from an oil-wick, the wire-gauze sheath would remain cleaner than now, and would not be subject to the damage which its cleansing by the miners, from time to time, necessitates.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

IT IS EASY TO FIND A STAFF TO BEAT A DOG, OR A STONE TO THROW AT A DOG.—It is easy for the strong to find an excuse for maltreating the weak. "On a little pretext the wolf seizes the sheep" (French).—*A petite acharon le loup prend le mouton*—or the lamb, as the fable shows. "If you want to flog your dog, say he eats iron" (Span.).—*Para azotar el perro, que se come el hierro*; and "If a man wants to thrash his wife, let him ask her for drink in the sunshine" (Span.).—*Quien quiere dar palos á su mugir, pídele al sol á beber*; for then what can be easier for him than to pick a quarrel with her about the motes in the clearest water?

IT IS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.—There is a local version of this proverb—"It is an ill wind that blows no good to Cornwall." On the dangerous coasts of that shire almost any wind brought gain to the wreckers. We have seen it somewhere alleged that the general proverb has grown out of the local one; but this is certainly not the case, for it exists in other languages. The Italian form of it,—*Cattivo è quel vento che a nessuno è prospero*,—is almost identical in form as well as in spirit with the English. The French say, "Misfortune is good for something,"—*A quelque chose malheur est bon*. The Spaniards, "There is no ill but comes for good,"—*No hay mal que por bien no venga*; and, "I broke my leg perhaps for my good,"—*Que breme el pie, quiza por bien*.

W. K. KELLY.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

THE first works of a repentant conscience are not virtue, and the first products of an awakened taste are not beauty; but in either case the time for denunciation is at an end when these signs appear. Its work is done as soon as the sparks fly upwards, and not fire, but fuel, not abuse, but encouragement, is the special want of human nature when a new love for what is holy or for what is beautiful first begins to burn. The modern attributes of English cities illustrate in the most elaborate manner that great, vigorous, and successful enterprise, the Hunt after Ugliness, wherein we have been long engaged. But the hunt is over now; our search is for something very different, and a great deal better; and if we are still found taking bears for antelopes, or kissing a walrus as if it were a mermaid, the fault is no longer of will, but of knowledge only. There is a real and earnest hunger and thirst after beauty and its sweet influences; and what men want at present is a better chance of seeing it, and recognising it when seen.

The Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures answers these requirements precisely. It has one great characteristic feature found nowhere else in any thing like the same de-

gree. The works collected there are not a mixture of good and bad, of beauty and deformity, where the spectator must be the critic also, and where a false taste is as likely to be confirmed as to be corrected. With scarcely an exception, every one of these works has already passed the proof of criticism and time. Nothing is there which has not become famous for some special excellence or other. Picture and marble, glass and cameo, porcelain and steel,—they stand there, not for judgment, but for admiration. The men who worked upon them, and lived in them, are not aspirants after fame; they have aspired, and won it. It is not a hall of debate; it is a temple of many oracles. We are in a world where nothing exists which has not beauty of some kind for its chief attribute, and may pass through it with the happy assurance, that if we admire at all, we admire wisely and well.

No help to the improvement of modern taste could be more timely or more to the purpose; for it is the want of definite standards of excellence, the uncertainty where to go for an opinion, the loud assertions of ignorance, and the quiet modesty of better knowledge, that produce these amusing paroxysms of failure, in which our artistic efforts are being continually wasted. In our large cities, for example, where wealth accumulates rapidly, and a generous and princely expenditure is constantly going on for purposes of public decoration, the amount of real beauty set before our eyes is inconceivably small when compared with the cost and ardour of the attempt. The people of Manchester will, we have no doubt, be among the first to acknowledge this. Their unrivalled Exhibition will fill them with ideas of beauty and principles of harmonious thought, whose first effect will be a revelation of mistakes in the great efforts made by their own zeal for the improvement of their own city. They have built a noble infirmary, fine in parts, but faulty as a whole, because there is no harmony between the proportions of the building and of its cupola. The new front to their Exchange is bold and striking; but the effect of its great windows has been destroyed by forgetting that long perpendicular lines cut sharply off by a segment of a circle are necessarily ugly. The great pride of Manchester is in its warehouses. There are nearly two thousand of them, and those recently erected are of enormous size and considerable pretensions. The newest and largest of all has been built by the present mayor, and exhibits the growing tendency of the time in its most magnificent phase. This vast and remarkable building has cost as much as many palaces; its decoration in many parts displays an excellent taste, and there are certain points from which the view of it is extremely fine; but as a whole the purpose fails. The windows of the third tier in the main front are far larger and heavier than those below them; and with this mistake in its design, the harmony of the structure is irretrievably gone.

We point out these examples, not for censure, but for illustration. Our other cities are in no respect behindhand as to their architectural errors, and Manchester has at least the credit of providing in her Palace of Art the best remedy for an imperfect taste and the absence of an ideal beauty.

The building in which the Art-Treasures of Great Britain are now exhibited has been erected among green fields, just outside of Manchester, west of the city, and about two miles from the Exchange. The site is a very good one for the purpose. The high ground to the northeast would have furnished a much more picturesque situation, for the building stands now on a flat plain, almost in a hollow; but besides the additional labour to man and beast in going up hill, the prevailing winds, which blow the city smoke away from the present site, would have carried it over the higher one; and a great part of Manchester is an infernal furnace, with demoniacal vapours in its atmosphere. Externally, the building is on the whole an ugly one. There has been no attempt to make it ornamental. It is useful and sufficient, not unlike a railway station; and perhaps nothing better could have been done, the questions of time and cost

being taken into consideration. The colouring of the grand front is, however, an unnecessary mistake. The lines and blotches of heavy red would have been better had they been any other colour. They make the three round arches of the roof like three gigantic paddle-boxes. Three long halls, with semicircular roofs, two short transepts, and some additional side-buildings and refreshment rooms, compose the structure. The three halls are built side by side, with numerous openings into one another. Their six walls, together more than half-a-mile in length, are covered with pictures. The central hall is both longer and wider than those on either side, and contains, besides its pictures, the greater part of the statuary, armour, pottery, and miscellaneous works. The walls of the building are of brick and iron, for side-lights were not wanted; but the central part of each of the roofs, from end to end, is made of glass, and the result of this mode of lighting is admirable. The light falls almost always just where it is wanted, and there is perhaps not a picture in the whole collection that cannot be well and easily seen. One very beautiful, and probably unintentional, effect of optical illusion is produced in the great central hall. Its roof is supported by a series of circular iron ribs, made of thin vertical plates, projecting inwards. They are painted white, edged with tea-green and streaked with red. Standing at one end of the hall, and looking along the roof, the light so falls on the more distant ribs as to give them the appearance of complete transparency. The solid iron seems changed into ribs of glass, supporting the real glass above them. The whole effect of the interior is very pleasing. There is nothing gaudy or flippant, nothing like rag or tinsel; quiet colours prevail every where. The silent marbles and monumental altar-pieces suffer no outrage from the place, but seem at home there with all their immortal company.

So far, therefore, the building is a successful one. We have not yet, however, found out the proper use of glass and iron as materials for architecture. Even the Crystal Palace at Sydenham has left most of their highest capabilities altogether undeveloped. The natural forms inherent in a crystalline and brittle substance, such as glass, are points and angles. It is in the pointed and angular form also that glass discloses its wonderful power of dividing the common light of day into the colours of the rainbow. The highest beauty will be found, depend upon it, in the natural form; and it is not difficult to conceive a crystal building, in which the material suggested the architecture, presenting such a spectacle of beauty and splendour as we have seen hitherto only among the evening-clouds. Long crystal shafts, spear-headed and pointing upwards, have been set in fountains and extravagantly praised. They are exactly what a fountain does not want. Will nobody try them on the top of a glass-roof constructed on similar principles?



ON THE RIVER.

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

WHEN last with thee I cleft this curving flood,
It was a day so blest, it sure took rise,
Not from our later suns, but owned the blood
Of orbs benign that set in Paradise.
The sky, like love, whose dream of perfect worth
Clothes the beloved, and what it glorifies
Deems glorious, wrapt the world below in light.
We paused, and cried, "How beautiful is earth!"
I float alone beneath the stars to-night,
Nor see the verdure of the banks or trees,
Nor the lost face that turns no more to these,
And thence to me, making the bright more bright.
My only radiance from on high is given;
I gaze, and sigh, "How beautiful is Heaven!"



MODERN MINSTRELSY. BY C. ROSSETTER

[National Institution of the Fine Arts. See p. 22.]

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

I.—THE HOUSE IN NEVIL'S COURT.

IN one of the courts in the vicinity of Eversley Minster, there lived many years ago an engraver, Nicholas Drew by name. He was a quiet, inoffensive, old man of retired habits, who minded his own business, and was charitable according to his means. He occupied the whole of the second floor of the house, to which he ascended, not by the common stairway, but by a flight of rude wooden steps, which he had himself constructed beneath the centre window of the room where he worked at his craft.

The curious in such matters said that Nicholas Drew's etchings were unique; but the probability is, that they brought him small gain; for though individuals were well inclined to turn over the contents of his folios, they were less disposed to pay the high prices which the old man set upon his works. He lived alone, and seemingly quite contented with his lot; but it was a tantalising mystery to the people of the court how he used the six rooms he rented; and though his appearance was that of meagre, nay, of sordid poverty, the gossip presently concluded that he possessed a fabulous amount of wealth, hidden away in the locked chambers. Close on this rumour followed another, which, a couple of centuries before, would have consigned him speedily to either stake or gibbet; but which now drew on him nothing more terrible than the ill-concealed dislike of his neighbours, and the jeers of little children, who would have

quivered to their shoe-ties if he had but turned and scowled at them.

It must be allowed that Nicholas did not carry a good introduction in his face: it was a stern, grim, unkindly countenance, not unlike the corbel-heads by the gateway of the court. His sharp gray eyes peered anxiously from beneath frowning grizzled brows, a dishevelled beard lay outspread upon his breast, and lank rusty hair curled down upon his collar; he had a restless choleric nostril, a high, full, bald forehead,—the one commendable point of his physiognomy,—a small nervous figure, and a rapid gait. When he went abroad his worn patched clothing was always concealed beneath a dusky tartan-cloak. He generally chose wet days or twilight for his excursions; and under the cloak was his portfolio, with a corner sticking out before and behind. His head was invariably covered with a wide-flapped felt-hat, which served partially the purpose of an umbrella, and hid all but the lower part of his face with its patriarchal appendage. In his right hand was gripped a stout stick, the very sight of which was protection enough against the little mocking urchins in the street, who, with precocious bravado and pitiful cowardice, would fling a stone after him when he was quite out of reach, and almost out of sight. If not pressed for time, poor Nicholas would sometimes watch for the temporary absence of his small enemies, that he might evade their attacks; for, if truth must be told, there was a heart under the old tartan that shrank from this universal hatred, and not seldom a hot salt moisture under the pent-house brow also. Some respectable people, passing the old man in the street, would vouchsafe him a nod, which he eagerly returned; he would have been glad to speak to

them, but the opportunity was not given him; so the poor engraver plodded on his silent and cheerless way, secretly marvelling what kept every body aloof from him, whilst he longed more and more each day of his life for friends and companionship. The fact was, he was clever, poor, and needy—not a desirable acquaintance, in short.

One snowy New Year's Eve Nicholas crept forth in the darkness, with his portfolio under his arm, to pay a visit to a printseller in the Barbican, who had half-promised to buy an etching of the Chapter-House interior, which the engraver had just finished. The wind was very high, and the blinding snow-flakes drove full in the old man's face as he turned his back on the Minster, and went down into Friargate; but less chilled than ordinary,—perhaps because he had escaped his tormentors,—and glowing moreover with a hope of ultimate appreciation, he bore it indifferently, and strode through the crisping snow with quite a light foot and almost a light heart.

It is an impossibility to crush the elasticity out of some natures. Nine men out of every ten would have collapsed utterly and miserably under a tithe of the disappointments that Nicholas Drew had borne cheerfully, supported by a very moderate daily portion of coarse bread and the love of his art.

It did not take the old man quite half-an-hour to reach his destination; but the printseller's shop was already closed. Nicholas knocked at the door for some ten minutes in vain; but at last a surly-voiced lad appeared, and said his master had some guests, and would not be disturbed.

"Then I'll come to-morrow morning," suggested the engraver.

"I don't think you need, for I heard master say he had changed his mind; your pictures are so dear," responded the youth; and with that he shut the door in the old man's face.

"Well, God is good," gasped poor Nicholas, turning off the step after lingering a few seconds; "God is good. I might suspect that He had forgotten Nevil's Court; but I know He has not; His time has not come yet, that's all. I wonder when it will?"

A woman came up, and begged of him; he tried to evade her, but she followed him closely.

"Master, for the love of Heaven—for the love of the mother that bore you—" Her voice was hoarse and feeble; he soon outwalked her; but the echo of her words, "for the love of the mother that bore you," pursued him like a wailing prayer. He turned back, and found her standing on the Barbican bridge, gazing down into the blackness.

"Come away; what are you thinking about?" he asked harshly; for his voice was toned to match his grim face.

"I can't tell; drowning, maybe. It is an easy death, they say," was the whispered response.

"Nothing of the sort; it is dreadful. When any thing tells you that, shut your ears; it is damnation to hearken."

"Nay, master, but that is hard; as well die at once as die by inches. Who condemns me to live, and gives me no means?"

"You must wait till your hour comes; it is, maybe, deferred that you may repent. You are not to lift the latch of life yourself, and steal away from your sorrows like a thief."

"I am not a thief, master."

"No; you only thought of becoming a murderess."

"It is easy to talk, master; but it is not easy to pine day after day, and to slink about ashamed and ragged in the streets at night; it is not easy to see people eye one suspiciously, and get out of one's way as if they were afraid to file their clothes with touching mine in passing;—that's not easy, master."

"Why, the very children spit at me! Little things that can hardly go alone raise a shrill cry as soon as I come in sight. Don't think you have got all the rough bits of life to yourself." They had come to the corner of the marketplace, walking as they talked. "Don't go down Barbican

again to-night, 'for the love of the mother who bore you.'" He put a shilling into her hand—the last he had, and pattered away homewards, hearing her earnest "God bless you, master!" echoed in the swirl of every gust that came cutting through the thick snow against his cheek as he scurried along. All the bells in the city were alive, clanging and clattering in every direction. Nicholas fancied the noise made the night warmer; but the fact was, that his keen edge of disappointment about the etching was blunted by that little exercise of human charity, and the blessing he had earned; his heart was warmer within.

The exhilarated feeling did not go down until he came within scent of a provision-shop. Poor old fellow! it is sad that genius, if it has not wherewith to eat, must hunger like coarser clay. Nicholas had indulged a mundane vision of supper in going to the printer's, which was now out of his reach completely: it is even possible that his eyes were not quite clear as the savoury gust waft against his nostrils, and reminded him of his failure in the Barbican; but he clutched his portfolio very tight, and crossed the street, trying to forget the gnawing emptiness under the tartan in a dream of future well-deserved reputation, some day to be his.

The wind and the snow and the bells together had got up a famous whirl in the Minster Yard, and came tearing down College Lane in a perfectly reckless way as Nicholas turned into it. It was all he could do to hold fast the cloak and folio, the stick and hat, as he crept under the projecting houses up to Nevil's Court; and there, having gained the partial shelter of the gateway, he paused to ascertain that he really had not lost any of his adjuncts, and to shake the snow from his garments before climbing his staircase. He had reared the portfolio in a niche, long since despoiled of its tenant, and was quietly taking off his cloak, when a sound close at his heels made him jump aside almost as if he were bitten. Could one of his little persecutors have lain in wait for him in such weather?—O, the depths of juvenile malice!—yet it seemed scarcely possible. However, in his alarm Nicholas darted across the court, and feeling his way up the steps, unlocked his window-door, and entered the room in all haste to escape from the shrill taunt and laugh which he so dreaded. "It is too bad," said he aloud, dropping his hat and cloak on the floor—"it is too bad: I don't know what it means. I never hurt any body in all my life that I know of. Poor old Nicholas! you're a sad, miserable, despised old pauper. No, you're not either; you're not sad, you're not miserable by any means, and don't say so, for it is not true; you know it is not, and it is wrong in you to mention it." He always talked to himself as to a second person; if he had not done so, his tongue would have stiffened with disuse.

Breaking up the block of coal which he had left smouldering in the grate, the room was filled suddenly with a dancing radiance; Nicholas chafed his withered hands in the glow, and as the snow on his beard began to melt in the heat, he shook the white flakes off, and said more cheerily: "Well, this is pleasant; I wonder if that poor soul in the Barbican has got to warm herself at a fire. What business have you to complain with such a shelter to come to, eh, Nicholas Drew? Now let us look at our work." He strode across to shut the door, which he had left ajar, and then with a groan remembered that he had left the portfolio in the niche.

"What is to be done; has that little mongrel gone to bed yet?" He advanced his head outside to listen, and hearing nothing but the heavy sweep of the laden wind, he cautiously descended and reached the gateway, grasped the case, and was returning, when a child's sobs startled him again.

"Why don't you go home to your mammie, little one?" he asked, with what gentleness he could, stooping over a dark bundle crouched against the wall. He got no answer but a kind of hysteric cry, and the figure shrank away from him further into the shadow. "You must not stop here all

night; you may get frozen to death. Tell me where you live, and I'll carry you home." He meant it; here was one of his foes in trouble, and his anger was quite gone. To this offer was returned a series of shrieking sobs very pitiful to hear; but the child would not suffer itself to be removed.

"What must I do?" said Nicholas, almost as much distressed as the stray child at his feet. After a moment's consideration, he determined to knock at the door of a woman who was a shade less uncivil to him than the rest in the court, and to ask her advice. There was so much noise of talking within, and such a clangour of bells without, that it was some minutes before he could make himself heard. At length the door was opened, churlishly enough, by the woman of the place, who, directly she saw Nicholas, said: "Are you wanting a light again, Master Drew? other folk can keep their fires in, if they have to leave them for an hour or two."

"It is not a light I want; but here is some poor body's child lying under the gateway crying. Come and see if you know whose it is."

"Bless me! a bairn out at this time, and on such a night: it is lost maybe." And snatching a candle from the table, round which sat a party of extremely merry guests, she scudded across the court, unmindful of the snow falling on her best cap. The little creature lifted up her face at the sound of a woman's voice. "Heart alive, why it is the forrin' wood-carver's bairn!" cried Mrs. Parkes. "Job, come out here. What's come of Louis Duclos, that Adie's left here?" The husband appeared at the summons, looking rather hazy and incapable, and desiring to know what it was all about; to which his spouse contemptuously bade him go back to his chimney-corner for a blind owl that could not see an inch beyond his nose; an order which he obeyed with commendable alacrity.

"You've a good fire in your room, I see, Master Drew; with your leave I'll carry Adie up there. Come, my bonnie bairn, come to me; I'll take care of you," said Mrs. Parkes in a coaxing motherly way, which had due influence over the child; who now, sobbing violently, allowed herself to be lifted from the ground and taken to the engraver's room. Nicholas had dropped the portfolio in his excitement, and it was not likely he should recollect to pick it up now. He followed Mrs. Parkes with the extinguished candle, and plunging into the room after her, stirred up the blaze again till every knob of the carved mantel and every panel twinkled in the glow.

"Here's a New Year's gift for you, Master Drew! I doubt some mischance has befallen the bairn's father, for Louis is not the man to let her be straying about alone of nights," said Mrs. Parkes, rubbing the child's benumbed limbs with rough yet kindly hands.

"If any thing has happened, I will keep the little lass myself," replied Nicholas.

"Hush now! she is quietened a bit; she'll speak enow. Adie, bairn, where's father? don't you know?"

The small eerie-looking creature turned a pair of great dark wistful eyes on her face, and said, with a shrill gasping cry, "O, he's dead! he's dead!" and fell weeping again as passionately as before.

It was useless to question the child any further then, for she was utterly incapable of answering; and after vainly endeavouring to elicit something further, Mrs. Parkes gave her some bread steeped in milk, which she ate with avidity, and then laid her to sleep on a rude settee, where she presently sank into an exhausted torpor.

"I wonder whether what Adie says can be true?" observed Mrs. Parkes reflectively. "She is not like other bairns, you see; she has strange flights and fancies for one so young; yet she can't have fancied that. You stop by her, Master Drew, while I go and ask them below if they know where Louis has been working yesterday and to-day. He was at the Minster last week; I saw him go out this noon, and at tea-time Adie went off to meet him, as she

always does; then our folks came in, and we hadn't opened the door after till you knocked. His place is all dark: see."

They were standing in the doorway; the wood-carver's room was on the ground-floor, in an angle of the court opposite. Mrs. Parkes now cautiously descended the steps; while Nicholas turned back into the room, wishing that the noisy bells would cease for once. He came and looked at the sleeping child very earnestly, making a silent vow to keep her and cherish her as his own, if what she had said should prove correct. It was a pretty mobile face on which he gazed, delicate in feature and dusk in complexion, as if the mellow warmth of a southern sun glowed through the tender skin. She was not like an English child at all; the ripe hue of her lips, the high arch of her brows, and the black gloss of her damp loose hair, were all more or less indicative of foreign blood.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, or rather more, Mrs. Parkes returned, accompanied by an elderly man, whom Nicholas recognised as a foreigner, and the frequent companion of Louis Duclos. "The bairn was right; he is dead; mashed a-pieces almost," whispered the woman, looking with pitying awe at the little orphan.

"How was it?" asked the engraver, working his fingers nervously, and moving nearer to the settee on which Adie lay, as if to protect her.

"He was working at a house in the Barbican, and fell off a scaffolding; they took him to the hospital with the bairn following; but before they could get him there he died, poor fellow! When Adie heard them say so, she took off like mad: you may think them that was with him would be so hurried they'd scarce heed her, expecting she would come to some of us where he lived. She meant to get in home all to herself, I fancy, and couldn't, for she'd lost the key. Mr. St. Barbe found it as he came to see after her, lying a few steps down College Lane, under the houses where the snow hadn't drifted: she must have dropped it. You'll take it, Master Drew."

Nicholas took the key, and begged Mrs. Parkes and St. Barbe to be seated. The Frenchman politely and gravely complied; but the good woman excused herself, saying that Job was growing cross at her staying away so long; and as he was not in a state to hear reason, she must go, but would come early in the morning to attend to Adie's wants.

The two men being left alone together with the unconscious child, exchanged first a few mutually puzzling compliments, and then sat silent; for St. Barbe had little English, and Nicholas no French. At last the engraver, with exquisite simplicity, thought he should simplify their difficulty by speaking his own tongue almost unintelligibly—as the Frenchman spoke it, indeed. He began: "Sarc, I wish keep Adie." St. Barbe nodded two or three times emphatically. "I be father to her, friend, every ting," added Nicholas, raising his voice, extending his arms, and embracing the air. "What say you, sare?"

"Bien, good, ver well!" responded St. Barbe, with a long series of gesticulatory movements expressive of satisfaction.

The affair being thus arranged to meet the views of both, the silence was resumed. Nicholas fidgeted about on his chair, feeling that on this night at least he ought to offer hospitality, to drink success to the new year, and a peaceful departure to the old. But what had he, poor fellow, in the corner-cupboard that was his larder but part of a brown loaf and a pitcher of water?—not gala-fare certainly. All at once, while considering how he should supply his lack of good cheer, the Minster bells stopped, and the clock struck midnight. The two men shook hands immediately, and wished each other many good wishes; the Frenchman diffused himself into a long compliment relating to Nicholas's evangelic charity and title to prompt canonisation, which would have rejoiced the old engraver's heart if he could have understood it. He then said he must return to his wife and children, who waited him with a little gather-

ing of friends; but before departing, he looked at Adie for a minute, touched her little hand with his gray moustache, murmured over her a few words, which Nicholas thought sounded like a benediction, and finally bowed himself backwards out of the room, almost losing his balance at the top of the steps by feeling for a handrail that did not exist. Nicholas shut the door after him, and replenished the sinking fire; he then drew near to Adie, and exulted over his New Year's gift, forgetting for the moment how he had come by it.

"What a wee birdie it is; what a tender wee nestling!" said he softly. He could scarcely forbear snatching her up and pressing her to his beating heart there and then; he would have done it but for fear of waking her. He said a great many things besides, very affectionate and very touching, from that stern disappointed heart of his, before he could leave her to sleep unwatched; and when drowsiness at last overcame him, it was with the greatest reluctance he crept to his bed. More than once before the frosty January dawn broke on the window-panes he came rustling to the settee in his tartan-cloak, like a comic ghost with a beard, driven about by anxiety of mind. At each visit he lingered a few minutes, and then scudded back with wonderful agility, lest she should awake, and, seeing him, should be frightened.

Poor old Nicholas Drew's heart was singing a new song the whole of that live-long night, though he went supperless to bed.

II.—THE NEW CARE AND NEW PLEASURE.

With daylight came Mrs. Parkes, carrying Nicholas's portfolio, all drenched with melted snow.

"There, Master Drew, thank me for that," cried she, throwing it down on the table; "the bairns were just going to rive it open when I stopped 'em. Maybe the things inside will be no worse."

"O dear, O dear, they are all spoiled; what a pity!" groaned the old man. He looked at the case dismally for a few minutes; then brightened suddenly as he turned to the fire, by which sat Adie in a huge leather-chair, with her tiny feet on a block of wood, and a basin of milk in her lap.

"Well I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Parkes in great bewilderment, "you are good friends already, I see!"

"Yes, we are," responded Nicholas cheerfully. "I don't know how it came about, I'm sure; do you, Adie?"

"I never called names after you, or threw stones," said the child timidly.

"Bless its bonnie face, that it didn't!" gasped Mrs. Parkes, melting. "You are a good bairn, Adie; you'll never be rude to Master Drew, will you?"

"Father said it was cruel, and I must not. O father, come back, do come back!" She would have flung herself to the ground in a wild paroxysm of crying, had not the woman caught her, and, gently rocking her in her arms, succeeded in soothing her again.

"There, there, hush, my bairn, be quiet!" said she; and then added: "Now, Master Drew, I'll stay with Adie, if you'll go and see Mr. St. Barbe about the funeral. Let it be decent, though maybe poor Louis has left nothing. And buy a bit of black stuff to make her a frock; I'll sew it."

Nicholas went to the great press, and took thence a little bag; this was a pretence, for he remembered ruefully that it contained only a few copper coins: he was quite puzzled how to meet this sudden demand on his scant resources. He staid pottering so long, that Mrs. Parkes, who shared the popular faith in his hidden wealth, began to think hardly of him, and to say to herself that he was but a grudging churl after all. She soon hit on an expedient for hastening him, and at the same time rebuking him for his supposed covetousness.

"Master Drew," said she significantly, "I'd advise you to sell them black pictures of yours for as many shillings as you've asked pounds; then folks will buy them, for they're

real beautiful, and you'll have something to give this bairn more than you seem to have got now."

Nicholas grasped at the suggestion eagerly; the value of his works would be the same whatever he took for them. "They'll be too common if I sell them cheap to the printers; but I'll carry a set, the whole cathedral set, to Canon Paget," cried he; "and I'll take whatever he'll give."

"Just as you like, master; only recollect this growing bairn can't live as you've done; and if you keep her at all, you must keep her well. As for your pictures being common if they cost little, the commoner a good thing is the better, I should say. I'd as lief, and liefer, please a hundred poor men's eyes as one rich man's; maybe you don't think in that way."

This view of the matter had never presented itself to the engraver; he thought it worth considering, and wondered how it had missed him before. Coveting fame, he had lost the way to it by toiling exclusively for one order of minds. Are not the suffrages of the multitude as worthy, — appreciation by the many who *feel* as worthy as appreciation by the few who *judge*?

The snow still continued to fall; it was drifted up into great white billows against the buttresses at the north side of the Minster, and lay thick on every ledge and arch and moulding, bringing out the hoary darkness of the stone in strong relief. Nicholas had no eyes for it on this morning, as he tramped through the yet untrodden covering of the gardens, in his tartan and round hat. It was still too early for the children to be about, or it is greatly to be feared that his odd fluttering garments would have been made the mark of many a well-aimed snowball. He reached the canon's house unmolested, therefore, and gave a faint pull at the bell. After the lapse of a few minutes a florid butler looked out of a side-window, and seeing who stood there, asked sharply what Nicholas wanted; and being told that he wished to speak to Canon Paget, replied that that gentleman was out of town, and would not return for a week. This was a totally unlooked-for disappointment; for some minutes after the red face had disappeared from the window Nicholas remained standing under the portico, considering with himself what he should do next. "I'll go down into the Barbican," he said at length, slowly descending the steps. "Yes, I will; Marsh has wanted these etchings a long while; he won't give much, but then I must have something. What does it matter to me whether they hang in his parlour or lie shut up in Canon Paget's folio? Nicholas Drew, you have been a fastidious, proud, old fool. This little nestling that has fallen on your door-stone must teach you to mend your ways; it is high time you did, I'm sure."

Exhorting himself inwardly, the old man turned down College Lane into Friargate; and, avoiding the temptation to run in and see that Adie had not evaporated, or changed into any thing of a less satisfactory nature, he went direct to the shop in the Barbican which he had visited the night before. Marsh was there, scolding his apprentice, and in a state of post-vinous excitement. He burst into a coarse laugh as poor Drew appeared, and came forward to the counter.

"Are you so sharp set as this, Master Nicholas?" cried he. "Bless you, man, I can't give your price for the plate, and I won't. Who is to buy it if I do, eh?"

"I have not come about that now; I have brought a set of the Minster etchings,—there are fifteen," replied the engraver calmly. "You have coveted them often, Marsh, when I was not disposed to sell; what will you give me for them now?"

"What I've offered ten times before—half-a-crown a piece," replied the printseller.

"Make it two guineas," said Nicholas.

Marsh smiled with a rather surprised air; and well he might, for the engraver's previous demand was five guineas.

"We won't split for a matter of a few shillings; the thing's done," he answered; and then counted the money out on the counter at once, lest Nicholas should repent of

his hasty bargain. Unrolling the etchings, he continued to eye them for some minutes with a genuine appreciation of their merits, and then said with unction: "I'll say this for you, Nicholas Drew, these etchings will fetch money when you and I are underground; there is not such a hand as yours in Europe at a Gothic building. It isn't only the form and shape and richness you catch, or the light and shadow either; but it is the very spirit of the place, and your own genius you put into your pictures. You might have been the original designer of the old Minster; the love of it seems bred into your bones."

"It is, it is. Hav'n't I lived in the shadow of it from a lad?" cried Nicholas, warmed by Marsh's words into betraying his enthusiasm.

"Ay, that's it. Habit will tell. Come in, and have a glass this cold morning," suggested the printseller.

Nicholas excused himself, and started homewards. When halfway there, he remembered what he had been bade to do; and turning into a shop, he purchased some black stuff and a little hood for Adie; then, with the parcel under his arm, stopped at St. Barbe's.

The Frenchman was a clockmaker, living near the Minster-gates. Being busy when Nicholas entered, he had not time to talk; but he gave him, to understand in few words that he would not be interfered with in any arrangements that he might wish to make for either father or child. St. Barbe washed his hands of it entirely; good Master Drew was a man of evangelic kindness; he would leave all to him—all. He was a poor man himself, and could not be charged with any but his own household; he had hard work to support them often, and more to the same effect.

This was conclusive.

"I shall not trouble him again; the child is mine," said Nicholas audibly as he tramped away to the hospital, to make final arrangements for the funeral of the poor wood-carver. He had not done so much business for years as he did that morning; all Friargate was astonished to see the tartan in action so early, and marvelled greatly what could have excited him to such unusual exertions.

When he reached Nevil's Court, the children were all out making a snow-man; at the sight of them the old engraver felt quite a cold thrill run through his veins. He had forgotten them in his excitement, until he came suddenly on the rosy shouting troop.

"Here's old Nick; let's pelt him; let's pelt him!" screamed an audacious urchin at the top of his voice. Half-a-score shrill youthful pipes took up the cry, "Old Nick, old Nick; pelt him; pelt him!" when, lo, with a burst, out came Job Parkes armed with a horsewhip! He charged in amongst the youthful fry, overturning some, and administering a salutary lash to others, until he had changed their tune into a most dolorous minor. Job had received his orders from his wife, and had been lying in wait to execute them ever since poor Drew went out. That was the last time he had to shrink from the mocking youngsters; they did not soon forget their lesson.

III.—THE FLOWER OF NEVIL'S COURT.

By the time that spring came round again, Nicholas Drew and Adie were quite settled and at home together. The child had the run of all the six rooms, and one especially was given up to her. Here she had flowers which bloomed splendidly in the wide sunny window, and a pair of most musical linnets in a cage. She was a stirring vivacious child, subject to wild fits of laughter and rarer moments of gloom, which gave Nicholas, who loved her as the very apple of his eye, a strange uneasiness at times. She was wayward and wilful also, but very affectionate; not slow to offend, but prompt to seek forgiveness. She had no application, and no striking or prominent talent. It was long before Nicholas could coax her into learning to read, although she was nearly eight years-old; she was, in fact, a little, indolent, freakish, loving thing, whose tears would gush at a sharp word, and whose smiles were the

essence of heart-sunshine; it took so little to make her happy, that it grieved the old man to see her otherwise, and the restraining hand he kept upon her will was very light.

Though living in Nevil's Court, amongst poor artisans and the like, Nicholas Drew was not of their class; he had been born in that house before it was let off in apartments, when his father—a more flourishing individual than himself—had rented the whole of it. Few people, if any, remembered this, though they felt that he was not one of them; that his genius, his education, and a certain innate refinement springing from a pure and gentle heart, made a wide gulf between them, which not even the miserable old tartan or his visible privations could by any means bridge over.

Circumstances began to improve with him now for very natural reasons; he sold his etchings at a moderate price, and also condescended to give lessons in drawing at several schools in Eversley, which he had formerly refused to do; but he still adhered faithfully to the ancient cloak and the felt-hat, while he delighted to see Adie dressed like a spring-flower. It was quite a picture to watch them sitting side by side in a stall at the Minster; she with such a soft pomegranate blush on her face, and he as faded, gray, and antique in shape as the queer effigies niched above them. They also often walked in the streets together, and Adie's beauty was a far greater protection to him from gibe and sneer than ever his own scowl had been.

As she grew up, her disposition became quieter and more pliant, and she submitted to be sent to one of those schools which Nicholas attended. Here much was done towards disciplining her impetuous character, though her natural abhorrence of rules sometimes came out very strongly. She appeared ignorant in comparison with other girls, but she was not really so; for the good old engraver had taught her much biblical history from his stores of engravings, and imbued her with some desultory knowledge by relating to her pleasing or terrible narratives from general history. Her strongest instincts were in her affections; she did not judge, she *felt*; the reflective element seemed to have been omitted from her composition altogether. She never readily attached herself to her schoolfellows, and cared for nobody's companionship so much as Nicholas's. Him she regarded with an enthusiastic, devoted, childish reliance; he was at once the best, the wisest, the dearest, and the most picturesque of old men; she took pride in the tartan and the beard which others ridiculed, and identified herself so completely in all his ways and oddities, that it was not safe to allude to them before her.

"He is not like other people!" she echoed one day after a weak girl who had laughed at him,—"not like other people! No; how should he be like them? Could he simper as men do who have nothing in their heads but wind? He has a great heart; he has a full brain. He could have built the Minster, I tell you. He ought to have lived long ago, and then he would have been a master of that grand society of Francs Maçons we read about to-day. He is a great good man, and every body else is—Bah! why do you vex me? If you want to laugh, laugh at some one I don't love." Adie had a dangerous light in her southern eyes, when she was angry, that intimated very excitable passions, and even the possibility of a quick blow following the hasty word. It was wise to refrain from irritating her; her school-companions acknowledged it with a dim confused fear and admiration for the fervour and earnestness of a temper so unlike their Saxon calm. Her gratitude, that was almost a passion; her imagination, so vivid and so picturesque; her warm sunny loveliness, attracted others even while they remained as a bar of separation between them. She, as well as Nicholas, was not like other people; but there was that about her which made little spites and jealousies impossible; she was beloved by every body who knew her, and Mrs. Parkes, to whom she was warmly attached by the memory of past kindness, called her alternately "poor Adie" and "the Flower of Nevil's Court."

MABEL.

SHIMMERING through the heavy curtains, broken lines of sun-
set gold
Fade within a stately boudoir, in a castle proud and old.
Dimly glow, on roof and window, blazons the Crusader bore;
Dimly gleam the gilded mirrors, dimly shines the inlaid
floor.
Mixed with sombre antique splendours, richest trophies deck
the bower
Of our modern art luxurious—picture, statue, book, and
flower.
Bending o'er an open letter, till her brow her tresses veil,
And the heaving of her bosom, sits a lady, still and pale.
Rapt from every outward seeming is her fixed and dreamy
glance,
And her silent passion holds her rigid, breathless, in its
trance.
As the deer, surprised, the hunter fronts amid the woodland
gloom,
She adown her spirit's vista gazes, face to face with Doom.
Lady, peerless Lady Mabel!—thou around whose youthful
head
Nature's gifts and Fortune's favours have their glittering
halo shed,—
When the bridal-bells were ringing, and thy stern relentless
sire
Gave thee, in thy budding girlhood, passive to his dreaded ire,
To a titled hoary Baseness,—motherless and helpless child,
Weeping midst the gauds they counted should thy girlish
heart have wiled,—
Did he think the blossom folded from the drear December-
day
Might not, to its desolation, open to a warmer ray?
Did no angel-voices, pleading for thy whiteness, meet his
ear?
Did no lightning-prescience smite him with a sense of danger
near?
Still she gazes on the letter; still, while thickly beats her
heart,
On the fatal message ponders:—"Fare thee well, to-night
we part!
Far from thee, from joy, from blessing, loveliest, most be-
loved! I go;
The full measure of my anguish may'st thou never, never,
know.
Lifted to the glorious presence of thy radiant womanhood,
Could I see the gulf that, hungering, yawned beneath me
where I stood?
Dazzled, blinded by the brightness of that charmed world of
bliss,
I have fallen from realms celestial to the hopeless blank
abyss.
Mad my words, my woe! yet think not that my frenzy
would unsphere
Thy complete and queenly beauty my lone student-lot to
cheer.
Dream of earth and hope of heaven take thy form—and only
thine;
But enthroned above my sorrow, as a saint above a shrine.
Yet, hadst thou been poor and lowly, nurtured in some
kindly shade,
Never bloomed so fair an Eden as for thee my love had
made;
For I would have wooed thee, dearest, with such sweet
resistless might
As had drawn the farthest planet from its steadfast path of
light;
And my soul, through thy inspiring, to such nobleness had
grown,
To such height of worth and goodness as had raised it to
thine own.

Fare thee well, once more—for ever!—bitter words, but
fondest prayer!
Solitude and exile call me—to the silence of despair."

What the new emotion, waking like a giant from its sleep,
To thy marble brow, O Mabel, makes the sudden crimson
leap,
While through all thine inmost being thrills a yearning
without name,
And the sharp electric pulses throb tumultuous through thy
frame?

Rising, eyes through tears uplifting, in her ruth she mur-
murs low,
Clasping her white hands imploring, "Shall I leave him to
his woe?

I, who from his lofty spirit nobler faith and hope have learned?
I, whose love, in sadness hoarded, to no other ever turned?
Shall a vow enforced, and hated at the moment it was said,
Bind the shrinking heart, that loathes it, to a contract false
and dead?
No, thou Heaven of Truth above me, truth and love my
steps shall guide;
For I love him, and his wand'ring will I share what'er
betide."

Tremblingly, the Lady Mabel, through the mists that dim
her sight,
Writes, "Beyond the gates I'll meet thee, and we shall not
part to-night."
And she seals and sends the missive to the Student in his
grief,
And the twilight slowly darkens, hours so long and yet so
brief.

* * * * *
In the solemn fragrant temple of the starry summer-night,
With a silent kiss, the lovers earnest troth unspoken plight.
Through the fragrance, through the starlight, forth they
fare o'er moor and lea,
Pressing still their rapid journey, hasting onward to the sea.

* * * * *
Brightly for the Lady Mabel glows the balmy southern sky;
Bright with Love's unclouded summer all her peaceful years
go by;
Valley, lake, and shining mountain, in serene protecting
bond,
Rounding her glad home's oasis from the desert-world be-
yond.

* * * * *
But the years glide on for ever; and amid their silent train,
Nearer yet, and ever nearer, comes a shape of fear and pain.
Flushed his cheek with fading roses, on his couch the loved
one lies;
And an ever-deepening shadow broods o'er Mabel's tearless
eyes,
And an icy hand is closing round her heart with deadly
grasp,
As her life's sole treasure passes from her clinging powerless
clasp.
Yet her words speak strength and comfort, and her beaming
sunny smile,
Though she knows the sand is ebbing, and the hour draws
near the while.

* * * * *
Soft and cool, the breath of even fans the pallid dying brow
Tenderly on Mabel's bosom for the last time pillowed now;
And the sun sinks slowly, slowly, with a loving lingering
ray,
Blessing the dim eyes that never may behold another day.
"Day is done"—the words come faintly—"and the gathering
shadows meet;
Not for me I mourn,—thus dying, dearest, even death is
sweet."

Fainter grow his words, and fainter: "Sunshine art thou still to me;
But I mourn that I must leave thee, and the lonely night for thee!"

And the failing wavering accents die away, as through the trees

Dies the low receding music of the wailing sunset-breeze.
Mabel presses back the stupor weighing upon heart and brain,
Closer twines her soft arms round him, whispers fondly through her pain,

"Courage, love! the sun is hidden but to rise in newer light;
Dearest, I am going with thee, and we shall not part to-night."
And a last faint smile plays, fleeting, dreamlike, o'er his lips, and fades,

As a passing gleam that brightens some lone tarn through twilight shades.

And her heart is chilled within her, stricken from its watchful care,

And its loving currents freezing in that hour of still despair,
As a fountain, slow congealing while the whirling tempests blow,

Stiffens when the hush of winter settles o'er the wastes of snow.

Calm and quiet lie the lovers, while the stars above them range,

Folded in that last embracing, safe from Sorrow and from Change.

* * * * *

Now, beneath a grassy hillock, sleep they softly side by side;
Hearts that Love so true united, pitying Death would not divide.

ANNA BLACKWELL.



FIRESIDE ELOCUTION.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—I am one of the thousands who have derived benefit from the early-closing movement. I am no longer the slave of fashion or the martyr to trade, but the humble and willing servant of both. It has been said by the opponents of the movement, that we young men would waste the precious leisure afforded us in scenes of riot and dissipation, and entail upon ourselves and children all the consequences of familiarity with vice, if once freed from the glare of the shop gaslights, and the excessive fatigue of mind and body consequent on the performance of our duties. To those who have so often urged the *folly* of the movement, and to those who have aided it by tongue and pen, and moral and pecuniary sympathy, I here beg permission to relate how the young men of our house spend most of their evenings.

We have a book-club and a literary institution of our own; we have meetings for conversation, from which intoxicating drinks are totally excluded; we prepare and read essays, and at the close of each make free comment upon them. Occasionally we have a dramatic performance, works of the highest merit being chosen for representation; and we have besides a museum of antiquities, curiosities, and natural-history objects, formed of donations from members and their friends. But the recreation in which I take especial pleasure is the weekly elocution-meeting, when we simply read aloud selected passages from the most renowned English poets. Confined indoors as we are the greater part of our time, and out-door exercise being scarcely beneficial at night, we find that our health is greatly improved by the exercise our lungs obtain in this exercise; and it has occurred to me that, as many families find the long winter-

evenings tedious, that such a recreation would be found agreeable at the fireside of every family where the love of literature is in any way indulged. What is read out is more distinctly remembered than that which is read in silence. I have noticed, too, that where three or four persons take a book each, there will generally be one or two others who would rather talk; hence unanimity of feeling is not always promoted by the silent enjoyment of books. Besides, when friends are together, it is not always well for them to resolve themselves into a meeting of mutes. Let a book be chosen, and let one of the party undertake to read out a poem or a story. I know that I never enjoy any thing more than the reading of *Tam o' Shanter* by one of our members, who comes from 'yond Tweed; and I have myself contributed to the pleasant passing of an evening by reading Körner's magnificent "Sword Song," and Southey's comical poem of "Lodore." The practice strengthens the vocal powers, improves our knowledge of accent and emphasis, and gives one a new insight into the mode adopted by the literary artist to convey impressions and emotions through the medium of language. I can conceive no more pleasurable or beneficial enjoyment for any family-circle, when assembled round the fire, than the reading aloud, by one of their number, of some favourite author, on whom and the reader's style they can afterwards make comments, with a view to mutual good understanding and improvement.

P. P.

BRITISH INSECTS AND THEIR METAMORPHOSES.

III.—THE VAPOURER MOTHS (*Orgyia antiqua* and *Orgyia gonostigma*).

By HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "INSECT CHANGES," "BRITISH BUTTERFLIES, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS," ETC.

THE early season of the year is always one of rapidly increasing attraction to the entomologist. Every day the increasing light and warmth of the sun bring into existence, or rather into a new form of existence, many curious creatures, passed by unseen by those who are not schooled observers of nature, but full of interest to the careful student. One morning a young naturalist brought me what he deemed a most anomalous creature, the appearance of which completely defied all his attempts to assign it to any class with which he was acquainted. The body appeared somewhat in the form of that of a beetle; but instead of being clothed in a shell of black armour, like the more ordinary species, or in one of glistening metallic hue, like the rose-beetle, it was entirely unprotected, except by a soft coating of close silky hairs. The eyes were not (when only superficially observed) unlike those of a common fly; and above, or rather between them, protruded two slender horns, as thin as a fine thread. It had six legs, and crawled briskly along, with a gait, as my young friend observed, something between that of a beetle and a spider. The joints, or segments, of the somewhat lengthened abdomen were just visible beneath the smooth gray fur which formed its covering, and at each shoulder was a small excrescence, which had somewhat the appearance of a foundation to which an artificial wing might have been easily attached.

I knew the little creature at once. It was an old acquaintance; one of the early problems of my studies as a naturalist, which had made entomology a world of wonders to me. "It is a moth," I said, in answer to the question put to me. "A moth!" exclaimed my young friend,— "a moth without wings?" "Yes, it is *Nyssia hispidaria*." But even my scientific name did not satisfy the inquirer, till I informed him that in several genera of moths the females were apterous, or wingless, while the males, gay rovers, enjoyed the usual luxury of wings. Even this was not entirely satisfactory, till I adduced the analogous case of the glow-worm; the female of which is apterous, like that of the moth in question, the light serving to indicate to the male the whereabouts of his destined bride.

Among the most interesting examples of moths apterous in the female sex, that of the Vapourer, *Orgyia antiqua*, and its allied species, *Orgyia gonostigma* (the subjects of our illustration), are perhaps the most interesting.

In the larva state, the common Vapourer, *O. antiqua*, is a remarkably curious and handsome caterpillar (No. 2 in the cut). He is of a rich dark-brown; varied with gray and orange tones, and spotted with red. On his back are four thick tufts, of pale straw-colour, which look like upright tassels of floss-silk cut square at the top; and at the head and sides are open brush-like bunches of delicate hairs, each tipped with a slight knob, or club. The male caterpillars are said to be darker in colour than the females, but do not differ in other respects, either in that or the chrysalis state; but on emerging from that metamorphosis-protecting shell, the contrast of the male and female insect becomes very remarkable. The male is furnished with handsome wings of a rich brown colour, varied with dark striations, and one remarkably brilliant spot of white at the posterior corner of the front wings. The female, on the other hand, is of a dull ashy-gray, and almost entirely wingless, the rudiments of wings being scarcely visible (as shown in the engraving at No. 3). The appearance there presented corresponds pretty nearly with that described by my young friend in another apterous female moth, though of quite a distinct genus. It is said that the females of this species have the power of emitting an odour by which the males are made aware of their presence, just as the light serves to attract the male glow-worm. The peculiar hovering, or "vapouring" flight, of the male moth of this species is said to be caused by his constant search for indications of the presence of his wingless mate, and it has also given to the genus its popular name.

The other and rarer species, *O. gonostigma* (No. 4), is much handsomer, being variegated with touches of orange and gray, as well as white; and the caterpillar (No. 5) is also more richly tinted. The female of *O. gonostigma* is much larger and deeper coloured than that of the more common species.

The caterpillars of both kinds are found early in the spring, and the perfect insects appear in the autumn, invariably taking their gay fluttering flight in the broad daylight, instead of the night, which is the promenade time of most of the moth family.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

DEAR MRS. HOME.—Many persons who keep hens for their profit or amusement complain that they do not obtain a sufficiency of eggs to repay the disbursements made for grain and other nutriment upon which they feed them. Some attribute this to the inferior breed of the fowls; but herein they deceive themselves; for if they are taken proper care of, there are none so unprolific as not to pay their own



food. Even connoisseurs in poultry, for the most part, ignore that the hen belongs to the omnivorous genus, and consequently, in order to become prolific, requires, among its other aliments, a certain quantity of animal food. When fowls are left at liberty to scrape up their own sustenance in the field, or around the farm, they devour quantities of insects, worms, and other animals; and when these are found in abundance, eat very little grain, and even pass it untouched to regale themselves on the more congenial

nourishment which Nature provides for them. Now if they are incarcerated in a prison where it is impossible for them to satisfy their natural taste for animal flesh, it is in vain to furnish them with abundance of grain; they become sickly and unprolific, and consequently the profit expected from them is diminished. In order to remedy this, a small portion of the remains of beef or fresh pork should occasionally be given them, and the difference in the supply of eggs would soon be obvious. I write this from conviction, having resided some years in Holland, where the practice is universally resorted to; and the immense quantities of eggs constantly exported to England from that country will in a great measure justify my remarks. Wishing your readers who may be induced to act upon my suggestion an abundant success, I am, &c., J. H. S.

THE WATER-SPIDER.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

IN No. 4 of your Paper (dated October 25), a correspondent says, that the Water-Spider is furnished by nature with a skin, or bag, over the abdomen, which is capable of containing air; and that this bag, when filled, presents the appearance of a globule of quicksilver. This I believe to be incorrect. If your correspondent will take the spider out of water, and examine (by means of a lens), he will discover that the body of the insect is covered with a thick pile of fine hairs. On replacing the spider in the water, the air entangled in the hairs will be pressed out, and form the globule of air which gives the appearance of a globule of quicksilver. This does not seem to be in any way connected with the teats on the abdomen of the insect, excepting that they appear more raised and destitute of hair, so that the water presses down upon them. B. S.

THE WINGED-PEA.

A CORRESPONDENT, with whom this plant is a great favourite, tells us it was popular some seventy years ago, then gradually forgotten. We have been indebted to the kindness of this gentleman for a fresh supply of the seed, and have been thus enabled to send a small quantity to every subscriber who applied. No further applications can now be received.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. X.

PAINTED BY E. EAGLES.

THE RETURN OF THE PEASANT.

IL RITORNO DELLA CONTADINA.

(THE RETURN OF THE PEASANT.)

By E. EAGLES.

HAVING already criticised this picture in our review of the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, it remains but to point out to the reader the extremely valuable qualities it possesses: firstly, the grand bronzed healthiness of the features, and their firm and resolute expression of self-dependence,—a character which the men in Italy seem to have parted with to the women; secondly, the self-confident and firmly-planted attitude with which the woman carries herself through the water, despite the double call upon her interest and attention.

Our remarks had been directed against the Romanesque, lurid, and unnatural colour of the picture; and our praise most freely given to the vigorous and forcible qualities which it exhibits: these are precisely such as should be as patent in an engraving as in the original. In addition to those first-named merits in expression and attitude, let us add that the drawing, being without pretension to deep science or extreme delicacy, has withal a powerful sweep, which might be advantageously cultivated by many painters of high reputation. The composition of the picture has exactly the character of robust vigour which would be expected from a designer who evinced so much power in other branches of art.

Our last word must be in earnest and sincere warning to Mr. Eagles of the manifest importance of cultivating a truer feeling for colour and light and shade, matters which he appears to ignore. But the whole tendency of the English school now turning upon truth of representation and brilliancy of colour, it will hardly be possible for a painter, whatever his talent may be, to succeed, unless he at least evinces his respect for such points in art, the nobility and value of which no one can for a moment contemn. This young artist's neglect of colour is the more lamentable, as it really appears to be wilful; there being in many parts of the picture phrases of this quality which are of much beauty, that seem to have crept out in spite of him as it were.

L. L.

UP THE ULLUA.*

I.—A SHARK STORY.

Is the month of June 1838, I was on board the barque *Calcutta*, at anchor off the Ullua. My gig was manned and alongside, and I and my friend Tom Carey were going up the river to look after our stevedore, who had been sent up some days before to select a raft of mahogany. The sea-breeze had set in strongly, and the afternoon was cool and refreshing. Don't misunderstand me; don't think it was really cool,—it was only comparatively so. The sea-breeze had but modified the sultry atmosphere of the morning; the thermometer stood at 82° in the shade.

We did not put on our dress-coats or black pants, although we were going to visit a gentleman of no small importance in those parts—the captain of the mahogany-cutters. But having duly encased ourselves in a suit of clean white duck, and taking our pea-coats to protect us from the chill of the evening, we stepped into our little four-oared cutter, and started for the river. My little boat had always been the admiration of the whole fleet; she was very sharp in the bow, light and buoyant as a cork, and was without doubt a regular clipper.

As we neared the bar I could see the surf breaking on it

* The Rio Ullua is a small river running into the Bay of Honduras, about twenty miles east of the port of Amoa, between Cape Cameron and the Golfo Dulce. It is navigable only by boats, and is used principally to float down mahogany to the fleet of ships which take in their cargo at its mouth. Its course is very rapid, and its banks extremely picturesque. There is a bar at its mouth, on which at times the surf breaks so heavily that boats cannot pass without great danger.

in a remarkably unpleasant fashion. I had heard of the dangerous nature of the entrance, but had not paid much heed to it; I thought it was only a tale to frighten youngsters and old women; but when I saw the immense breakers follow one after the other, dash on the bar, and then roll boiling and hissing right into the mouth of the river, I confess I altered my opinion, and looked on them with something like perplexity; however, with such a boat as we had under us, I did not fear.

We had not got far from the ship when the man at the stroke-oar called my attention to several boats which had put off from the ships in the fleet.

"Something amiss," said Tom Carey. "Look out ahead, coxswain, and see if you can make out what it is."

"Can't see any thing, sir; can you?"

"No," I replied; "yet I can't see any thing astern; it must be ahead. Give way, my men; perhaps it's a boat caped in the surf."

"Ay, ay, sir, you're right," broke in the coxswain. "See there, in the way of them two cocoa-nut trees; watch the next rollers, and you'll see the poor fellows holding on to the boat."

I did see them; and knowing that the coast swarmed with sharks, I saw at once that their only chance of safety, in case they escaped drowning, and got outside the surf, was for us to reach them as soon as they got clear of it. I therefore urged my men to put out their strength; they responded nobly to my call, and we soon began to fly over the seas. A race like this—time against life or death—is a most exciting thing; and as we bounded over the waves a multitude of thoughts flitted through my brain. It is perfectly astounding at what a rate the mind will travel under such circumstances. Had our boat been endowed with the same faculty, the result might have been different; but as it was, she seemed to know she was on an errand of mercy, for I never saw her skim so lightly over the seas. She was a paragon of a boat, was that same gig of the *Calcutta*. Stout arms and brave hearts propelled her with a velocity I had never before witnessed; yet we were some distance from the bar when we saw the boat come out bottom upwards, and two of the men clinging to her.

"One, two, three—that makes five, sir," said the coxswain, as three more cleared the surf and struck out for us.

"Thank God, they're all safe thus far," said I. "It's the *Resolution's* boat; I saw the captain and four hands go in this morning. Give way, my men; a bottle of grog each when we get on board."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the young fellow who pulled the stroke-oar, "never fear of that; but hang all grog in such a case as this."

I felt the rebuke; I felt I ought to have known sailors better.

"One, two, three, four,—I can only see four," said Carey; "one poor fellow's gone. What's that? A shark! God help 'em."

The water foamed from our bows; Carey and I clutched the thwarts of the boat; still we flew onward.

"Another shark," said Carey. "D'ye see him coming down to windward?"

"One, two, three,—only three; another poor fellow gone. Give way, my bonnies, rally again, all together; that's your sort."

We were now drawing close to the boat; one man only remained in the water; he struck out wildly, and then lifting up his hands imploringly, sank, and his faint cry for help was drowned in the surging of the waters.

"Way enough; in bow; back water," said the coxswain.

Carey, who had divested himself of his jacket and shoes, now dived after him; he rose, supporting the drowning man; we hauled them on board; just then a huge shark dashed past us.

"Thank God, you're safe," said I, squeezing my friend's hand. The two men who were taken off the boat had sustained no damage but a good ducking. We learned from

them that the first man who went down was the captain; and as he was striking out strongly only a few seconds before he sank, in all probability he was seized by a shark, for neither he nor the man ever rose again.

It was a melancholy termination to our first attempt to go up the Ullua, and I felt the matter painfully at the time, as I understood that both of the poor fellows had wives, and the captain a large family, to lament their loss. Of course, after such an occurrence, it was out of the question to proceed on our intended voyage, and we therefore made our way back to the ship.

I cannot avoid relating an incident connected with this sad scene which is strongly characteristic of the superstition of sailors. The boat in which the melancholy accident occurred was strong and well built, worth at least twenty pounds; yet after we had rescued the men from off her there was not a man in the fleet who would touch her, and she was left to drift out to sea. I must say she had a bad character, having capsized at the same place, on a former voyage, and drowned a man.

When we got on board, the appearance of the sky betokened one of those thunder-storms which at this season are common in these latitudes, and we therefore made all snug for the night.

A storm in the tropics is very grand, particularly in the neighbourhood of high mountains: the lurid lightning plays among their tops; the thunder, rumbling and then bursting with a terrific crash against their sides, seems hurled back again with double violence; rain falling in torrents—in sheets; over every thing hangs a black pall, which is occasionally rent asunder by forked lightning.

All this is very beautiful to contemplate under cover, with a pipe and a strong tumbler of grog, but to have been caught up the Ullua without shelter would not have been pleasant. Snugly ensconced in the cuddy of a good ship, I was fascinated; I sat up till the storm abated, smoked three or four pipes, and then retired to my berth to be lulled to sleep by the distant thunder.

II.—A DINNER IN THE BUSH.

The morning broke with a cloudless sky; the air was pure and refreshing. We took a hasty breakfast, and jumped into our boat. The surf on the bar had subsided, and we entered the river without any trouble. I had heard that the scenery was very picturesque, but I was not prepared for any thing so enchanting. For some distance the margin of the stream was fringed with trees and shrubs. Turning a sharp angle of the river, we came upon a small island in the middle of the stream; this, too, was covered with tall cocoa-nut trees and bushes, from which issued a cloud of parrots, macaws, and other birds, with the most gorgeous plumage, that flew round us, uttering most discordant sounds; monkeys, too, chased each other from branch to branch, chattering and looking wondrous wise; and when I pointed my gun at them it was evident they understood the nature of that weapon, as they all scuttled away like mad, except one old fellow, who knowingly dodged behind a large leaf, and, because he could not see me, thought himself perfectly safe.

Passing the island, the scenery became more bold, and of an entirely different character. On the right was a gentle slope, covered with fine grass, while in the distance the high land rose grandly, presenting a succession of thickly-wooded terraces, having the appearance of an immense natural amphitheatre. On the left a thick forest extended far beyond the range of our vision. It is at such a time, with the grand diorama of nature passing before you, and the distant mountains frowning on you, that you feel how far nature exceeds the descriptions even of poets.

I confess I was somewhat carried away by this grandeur, and wondered if in after-ages those vast and fruitful plains would be peopled and cultivated, and speculated on the probability of those vast forests falling before the march of civilisation. In fact, I was nearly lost in the region of

fancy, when a sharp bite from a mosquito brought me up all standing. I crushed the bloodthirsty insect for its impertinence in thus disturbing me; but it was well for me that I was interrupted, otherwise I should have lost a fine bit of sport.

As we wended our way slowly against the strong current, I cast my eye on the bank, and there, among the trunks of fallen trees, I saw something move. I did not stop to see exactly what it was, but raised my gun, and poured its contents in what turned out to be a large alligator. With a desperate bound, the beast dashed into the water and swam towards us. What the creature's intention was I cannot tell; for it is seldom or never that they attack a human being, much more a boat containing half-a-dozen. If such was its intention, Carey put a stop to it by putting a shot in one of its eyes. Master Alligator did not seem to like this much; for, after a plunge and a snort, he sank to the bottom. We were determined to see the end of him, and so we pulled in to the spot where he sank, and there lay the brute dead.

It was with great difficulty I could persuade Carey not to dive in to see if he was really dead, or only shamming it; and we finally settled it by splicing our two boat-hooks together, and giving him two or three admortory pokes. As he paid no heed to these, we concluded he was dead, and left him.

By this time I began to get most voraciously hungry, and dinner, that all-important never-to-be-forgotten business of the day, began to press upon the most tender sensibilities of my nature. As there was no post or electric telegraph in these benighted regions, we could not let our friends know we were coming; and Carey wondered how Peter would satisfy the craving of our stomachs, which was now becoming intense. He prophesied, and his theme was salt-herrings and salt-junk, and all sorts of horrid things; but I knew our stavedore better, and, as the sequel will prove, I was not disappointed.

As we approached the village, two mulattoes scampered off to give notice of our arrival; and shortly afterwards we saw Peter Byrne and the captain coming down to the landing-place to meet us. I could see by Peter's countenance that it was all right for dinner. There was no flurry, no apology. He inquired if we had dined, and when I replied in the negative, he led the way to his log-cabin with an air of satisfaction, which, to my mind, told of good cheer in reserve.

As we had matters of business to settle with the captain, and as Peter said the dinner would not be ready for some time, we started off, leaving the matter in Peter's hands. At the end of an hour we found ourselves in the captain's cabin; the furniture was not very *recherché*, but it was at any rate useful. There was a good-sized table, covered with what might once have been a white tablecloth; it was clean, but I suppose a mangle was not at hand, as the use of that instrument had evidently been dispensed with; still a tablecloth of any description was deemed a luxury in the bush, and we knew by this that due honour was to be done to our visit. The chairs, too, although made of mahogany, as was every thing about the place, were not suited to a London drawing-room; but in the bush they don't stand on the latest fashions; and so the captain's chairs, rough as they were, served us as well as the best.

On entering the hut, our olfactory nerves were assailed by a most savoury odour, and I could see Carey's face light up as the smell was wafted in at the open doorway. We had just seated ourselves, when Peter entered, followed by a black fellow bearing a large dish containing a most delicious stew. I shall never forget with what satisfaction I saw it steaming on the table. Without ceremony we commenced the attack. O, with what gusto did we dive again and again into that dish! We had taken our breakfast at eight, and it was now four. You may therefore imagine we were ready for any thing in the shape of a fresh mess. As we did not know what was to follow, we continued attacking the stew till the dish was empty. Next followed a dish

of small birds. As we had asked no questions about the stew, we asked none about the birds; but as they proved tender and tasty, and as Peter and the captain assisted in clearing the dishes with a vigour second only to our own, I was satisfied it must be Christian food, and washed the whole down with a bumper of sparkling pale ale. Seeing symptoms of something to follow, I protested I had had enough; but Carey was determined to stand by Peter to the last, so we ended the whole by filling up and chocking off, as Carey called it, with a lot of pancakes, light and crisp. And now the black fellow having cleared away the wreck, we lay in our grass-hammocks, like warriors resting on our arms; and taking a glass of strong grog and a pipe of fragrant tobacco, I felt my heart warm towards all my fellow-creatures, and more particularly towards my friend Peter. I felt, in fact, in that blessed state when one does not care to call the king his uncle.

Carey never was of a contented mind, and nothing would satisfy him but a description of the captain's *cuisine*, and a minute account of the various dishes which formed our bill of fare. I cannot help thinking that it would be highly inconvenient to managing housekeepers if all guests were equally inquisitive, and I told Carey so in a very pointed manner; but he only laughed, and returned to the charge. I could see that Peter avoided the subject, but I had no idea of the cause; he hommed and hawed and dodged about, but it was no use; Carey was determined to know, and so out it came.

Shades of Soyer! on what do you think we had dined? Stewed monkey and roasted parrots.

Reader, no doubt you felt disgusted at the idea of such a dinner; nevertheless it is one not to be despised, and very common in the Bay of Honduras. I confess I felt rather queer at first; but the recollection of its delicious flavour, and the gusto with which we had devoured it, soon reconciled me; and many a time has the memory of that savoury stew risen up to tantalise me when I have been dining off salt-junk in the cabin of the *Calcutta*. - T. E. S.

THE CHAINED EAGLE.

BY V., AUTHOR OF "IX. POEMS" AND "PAUL FERROLL."

The chain is strong, thou eagle fleet,
That binds thee in man's lower home;
And rusty is the lock become
That fix'd it on thy captive feet.
Since then thine eye, alas, is dimm'd,
Thy close-press'd fearful wings half-trimm'd;
Thy brief and melancholy cry
Comes harsh upon the list'ner's ear,
Not as when far in upper sky
He heard thee in the fields of air.
Ah me, poor bird! there's many a one
Goes chainless that is not more free;
Whose eye and spirit both are grown
Dim in captivity, like thee.
One knew I,—in his early day
So bright of spirit, wise, and gay;
Thy life could ne'er more joyous be
Than were his days of liberty.
But vainly might his spirit strain;
Fate drew him back to earth again;
And comrades base, and fortunes dim,
Have been captivity to him.
Thine, eagle, is the high-walled court,
Instead of heav'n, to soar and rise;
Thine the chain'd circle, sad and short,
Exchang'd for alpine rocks and skies.
His are the petty hopes and fears
Forced hourly on his weary ears,
In place of thought's unbounded flight,
Which shunn'd no depth, and fear'd no height.

Thou hast thy chain, whose weight is never—
Stir when thou wilt—unfelt of thee;
The comrade who on him for ever
Hangs the mind's burden-weight, has he.
Might he the mental chain unbind,
Fetter the body, free the mind,
And sit alone in captive thrall,
Lord of himself, beyond control,
Free from their shadows, to recal
The glorious visions of his soul!—
Methinks his fate were happy then,
And he might take his rank 'mid men.

But over mind, or frame, or face,
Years cannot pass and leave no trace;
And, noble bird, nor he nor thou
Can blot the time that stamps ye now.
The year-long bonds have slack'd the wing
That would have nerv'd itself in flight,
And vainly would its pinion spring,
Though freed, toward the midday light.
The broken chain would seem to grasp
Thy limb with its remember'd clasp;
And thou, though free upon the hill,
Wouldst be the shackle-bearer still.
The wing its strength must lose or gain,
The soul must better or decay;
And ev'ry year they live in vain
Takes from their inborn power away.
Then, ah, no marvel thou wouldst fain
Burst—though it cost thy life—the chain;
Or sink subdued by long distress,
A pris'ner cold and motionless,
With mournful eye still glancing round,
And talon, blunted on the ground.

He struggles still; for, young as yet,
His freedom he cannot forget.
The longing and the pow'r to soar
Survive, though to be used no more.
Hard is his portion! day by day
To feel his spirit in decay
Moulder like untrimm'd fire away;
And mark himself, his glory pass'd,
Grow cold to joys he leaves behind,
Till equal fate is yours at last,
A broken wing, a powerless mind.

NEW BOOKS.

DELIA BACON ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

IN a former Number we ventured to bestow a few remarks on the curious attempt made by Mr. William Henry Smith to deprive Shakspeare of the credit of being the author of the plays which have generally been attributed to him. That idea, however, did not originate, it would now seem, in the brain of Mr. Smith, but in that of an American lady, who has, we are told by Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of *The Scarlet Letter*, devoted her life to the investigation. Some time ago her theory was divulged in an article that appeared in an American magazine; and from this it is stated that Mr. Smith derived the suggestion for his letter to the Earl of Ellesmere, and the lectures which he has since delivered. We remark also, that Mr. Smith has just produced another work on the subject. And now we have before us a bulky tome, not by this gentleman, but by the American lady alluded to, with a preface by Mr. Hawthorne, in which he states, that the composition of the book is "worthy of its great subject," and that "the ability employed in" it has been "well employed for our intellectual interests;" and notwith-

standing its repulsive theory, whether she should succeed or fail in the proof, Mr. Hawthorne still ventures to affirm that "her failure will be more honourable than most people's triumphs, since it must fling upon the old tombstone at Stratford-on-Avon the noblest tributary wreath that has ever lain there."

This at first sight seems a strange assertion. What it means, however, will become clear enough in the course of our remarks.

The name of the adventurous American lady to whom the chivalrous Mr. Smith has been indebted for an idea is Delia Bacon, and her book is entitled, *The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspeare unfolded*. The book has not been published in America, but bears the imprimatur of the English booksellers Groombridge and Sons, and has already challenged much English criticism. This book is a far different affair from Mr. Smith's letter and lectures; not the vehicle of a few flimsy remarks, but of some very eloquent criticism, and altogether, though written by a woman, the product of a mind thoroughly masculine in its grasp of thought and the energy of its style. In a word, it is a most extraordinary book; and it is on this account, and not on that of its theory, that we draw attention to it.

Miss Bacon treats in this work of the whole of the literature of the sixteenth century, and particularly as it relates to the philosophy of Lord Bacon, which she contends was not inaugurated with the intent of regulating the study of nature and the merely animal world, but that of man. The study of the former was exclusively transitional and preparatory; the express and special aim was the development of human being and the reform of those conditions, political and ethical, which are associated with it. According to her, the Elizabethan writers formed a school, a league, with its secret missions and symbols, and were consciously engaged in a formal conspiracy for the regeneration of man and the removal of those abuses in Church and State which had hindered that desirable consummation. She gives them credit for foreseeing the revolution that was impending, and, in a day of tyranny, of contriving means for accelerating its approach and preparing the minds of the masses for the mighty change. This school started a new system of philosophy, which was formally stated in the Baconian treatises, and further illustrated by the works of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney, and of such poets as Spenser, Ben Jonson, and the author of the Shaksperian plays. The centre of the school was Sir Walter Raleigh himself, who established a general literary agency, and maintained a multitude of clerks to register information derived from all parts of the world.

"He became himself the head of a little Alexandrian establishment. His house was a home for men of learning. He employed men in literary and scientific researches on his own account, whose business it was to report to him their results. He had salaried scholars at his table to impart to him their acquisitions. Antiquities, history, poetry, chemistry, mathematics, scientific research of all kinds, came under his active and persevering patronage."

Raleigh also was a decided patron of plays and players, and was accustomed to entertain private parties at his house with very *recherché* performances of a dramatic kind. He likewise contributed the sum of a thousand pounds to the building of the Globe Theatre, of which Shakspeare was manager, and had a considerable hand; Miss Bacon thinks, in the dramas produced by him, particularly in *Timon*. His works, and those of Bacon and others, are written throughout, so Miss Bacon avers, "in the language of a school."

"Our glorious Willy was," she says, "born in it, and knew no other speech. It was the 'Round Table,' at which Sir Philip Sidney presided, that his lurking meanings, his unspeakable nudacities, first set in a roar. It was there, in the keen encounter of those flashing *oil-combats*, that the weapons of great genius grew so fine. It was there where the young wits and scholars, fresh from their continental tours, full of the gallant Young England of their day,—the Mercutios, the Benedicts, the Brions, the Longuevilles,—came together fresh from the Court of Navarre, and smelling of the lore of their foreign *Academe*, or

hot from the battles of continental freedom; it was there, in those *réunions*, that our poet caught those gracious airs of his,—those delicate thick-flowering refinements,—those fine impalpable points of courtly breeding,—those aristocratic notions that haunt him every where. It was there that he picked up his various knowledge of men and manners, his acquaintance with foreign life, his bits of travelled wit that flash through all. It was there that he heard the clash of arms and the ocean-storm; and it was there that he learned *his old ward*. It was there, in the social collisions of that gay young time, with its bold overflowing humours that would not be shut in, that he first armed himself with those quips and puns and lurking conceits that crowd his earlier style so thickly,—those double and triple and quadruple meanings that stud so closely the lines of his dialogue in the plays that are clearly dated from that era,—the natural artifices of a time like that, when all those new volumes of utterance which the lips were ready to issue were forbidden on pain of death to be *extended*, must needs be crushed together, enfolded within themselves."

Such is Miss Bacon's theory of the origin of the Shaksperian dramas. In fairness, however, we must add the following:

"Of course it would be absurd, or it would involve the most profound ignorance of the history of literature in general, to claim that the principle of this invention had its origin here. It had already been in use, in recent and systematic use, in the intercourse of the scholars of the middle ages; and its origin is coeval with the origin of letters. The freemasonry of learning is old indeed. It runs its mountain-chain of signals through all the ages; and men whom times and kindreds have separated ascend from their week-day toil, and hold their sabbaths and synods on those heights. They whisper, and listen, and smile, and shake the head at one another; they laugh, and weep, and complain together; they sing their songs of victory in one key. That machinery is so fine that the scholar can catch across the ages the smile or the whisper which the contemporary tyranny had no instrument firm enough to suppress, or fine enough to detect."

Undoubtedly, in a high transcendental sense, there has always been a Spiritual Academe, a literary guild, of which all the sons of intellect have been brothers or fellows. And undoubtedly, in the Elizabethan period, as in the present, there was a unity in the spirit of the times of which all have partaken. There was an unmistakable purpose in the literature of the day, and the ends for which it worked were even those which have since become manifest in action and history. In such a high transcendental sense, a school exists now, did always, and ever will. But the mere materialism which would assert a corporate fellowship for the joint conception, execution, and publishing a new philosophy, a new literature, a new poetry, and a new drama, with the sublime purpose of delivering humanity from the mere "instincts" of barbarism into the "reason" of true civilisation, is, we think, a mystical fancy which cannot be thoroughly corroborated in fact. In another work, however, Miss Bacon promises to be ready with the historical evidences that shall connect Lord Bacon with this fanciful guild, and demonstrate *a posteriori* that the Shaksperian dramas were really his work for the most part; and that in them, and particularly in *Lear*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar*, and *Hamlet*, we are to discern the missing books of his *Great Instauration*. In the fourth part of this work, Lord Bacon promises that it should, or rather describes it as if it did, enter upon philosophy itself, furnishing examples of inquiry and investigation, according to our own method, in certain subjects of the noblest kind, but greatly differing from each other, that a specimen may be had of every sort.

"By these examples," he continues, "we mean not illustrations of rules and precepts, but perfect models, which will exemplify the Second Part of this work, and represent, as it were, to the eye the whole progress of the mind, and the continued structure and order of invention in the MORE CHOSEN SUBJECTS, after the same manner as globes and machines facilitate the more abstruse and subtle demonstrations in mathematics."

The design here proposed Miss Bacon sets about proving, by the most elaborate analysis, to have been methodically, scientifically, and philosophically realised in the

Shaksperian dramas. She rigidly applies Lord Verulam's Organum to it as a logical instrument, and drives the machine through the argument and treatment of each separate play. Minute points, hitherto unnoticed, grow under her hand into prodigious importance, and the larger or more obvious ones become literally titanic. And now it is that we begin to understand what Mr. Hawthorne means by speaking of this singular, and, at first sight, repulsive treatise as "the noblest tributary wreath" that was ever devoted to "the old tombstone." To the author of these divine dramas is attributed by this eloquent, enthusiastic, and somewhat too transcendental critic, all that belonged to Lord Bacon,—his learning, science, method of philosophy, and, in addition to all these sublime qualifications, the dramatic faculty, such as we find it displayed in the immortal Shaksperian works. If Shakspeare, and not Bacon, be their author, then is Shakspeare, by the whole firmament that encircles these unparalleled productions, a scholar, philosopher, poet, greater than this acknowledged prince of men—"the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." All the wisdom and brightness of Bacon, without any of his meanness, passes over, by logical necessity, to Shakspeare; and in him we have the highest and most complete example of human genius ever witnessed by the world.

It seems to this transatlantic lady the grossest absurdity that an author with such a purpose, and with such evident consciousness of the value of his works and the nature of fame, should have been so utterly indifferent, as Shakspeare is proved to have been, regarding their preservation. He took no pains to have the better portion of them published; died without seeing them in print, and without making any provision for their being printed; and during his life permitted his name to be placed on the title-pages of far meaner and very crude productions without a syllable of remonstrance, thus showing an utter carelessness as to what was or was not attributed to him. These meaner works, with two exceptions,—*Titus Andronicus* and *Pericles*,—are now excluded from the accepted volume of the Shaksperian dramas, as arbitrarily it appears to many as the others have been admitted. That there is some mystery in this state of circumstances must be conceded.

On the other hand, there are not a few who regard Shakspeare's negligence in all these respects as proofs of the divine unconsciousness of genius, and evidences of his inspiration. Here was a benefactor of his kind who, in his excelling benevolence, bestowed bounty on all and sundry as by spontaneous impulse and usual habit. And it must be conceded that this view of the poet's character is eminently attractive, and calculated to obtain a preference in a high order of minds, and is also not without sound philosophical reasons in its support.

Whichever theory we may adopt, the merit of the Shaksperian drama is not affected thereby; neither is the criticism which we find on it in this book. The first great review which Miss Bacon institutes relates to the philosophy of the tragedy of *Lear*. The Baconian points of view can be conveyed briefly, by being indicated technically, in the terms selected by herself. In it she has proposed to show "The Law of the Special and Respective Duties defined and illustrated in Tables of Presence and Absence." The reader, for the full explanation of these terms, must be referred to the *Great Instauration*, from which they are taken. The main argument may be more clearly apprehended from the titles of the chapters: 1. Philosophy in the Palace; 2. Unaccommodated Man; 3. The King and the Beggar; 4. The use of Eyes; 5. The Statesman's Notebook and the Play. On all these topics Miss Bacon's writing is both magniloquent and profound. She perceives, she tells us,

"A new and extraordinary treatment of the ethical principle in this play throughout,—one which the new, artistic, practical 'stand-point' here taken naturally suggested, but one which could have proceeded only from the inmost heart of the new

philosophy. It is just the kind of treatment which the proposal to introduce the Inductive Method of Inquiry into this department of the human practice inevitably involved. A disposition to go behind the ethical phenomena, to pursue the investigation to its scientific conclusion; a refusal to accept the facts which, to the unscientific observation, appear to be the ultimate ones; a refusal to accept the coarse, vague, spontaneous notions of the dark ages as the solution of these so essential phenomena, is every where betraying and declaring itself. Cordelia's agonised invocation and summons to the unpublished forces of nature, to be aidant and remediate to the good man's distress, is continually echoed by the poet, but with a broader application. It is not to the bodily malady and infirmity only; it is not that kind of madness only with which the poor king is afflicted in the later stages of the play which appears to him to need scientific treatment; it is not for the cure of these alone that he would upon his Prospero book, 'nature's infinite book of secrecy,' as he calls it in Mark Antony—"the true magic," as he calls it elsewhere—the book of the unpublished laws—the scientific book of 'KINDS'—the book of 'the historic laws'—'the book of God's power.'"

Into all the grandeur of the subject thus propounded we cannot enter. This citation must suffice. We must content ourselves also with simply referring to the extended social and political reasonings of the chapters devoted to *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*. They are too high, too deep, too broad, for mere cursory notice, and too voluminous withal for periodical columns. Enough that we direct the attention of the Shaksperian student to what is really profitable in a noticeable book, rather than to the professed theory of it, which the authoress herself acknowledges remains yet to be historically demonstrated.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

On the left of the grand entrance at Manchester, a gallery about four hundred feet in length contains the paintings of the ancient masters. There are upwards of a thousand pictures. They range in date from the age of Cimabue to that of Murillo,—from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century,—and include examples of every master who became famous during that prolific period. Mr. Scharf, to whose share the labour and the credit of their arrangement have fallen, has struck out a plan which is in itself one of the best features of the exhibition. He has hung the works of the southern and northern races on opposite walls. The genius of Italy stands face to face with that of her Germanic rivals. There is a challenge, and a fair field; we think there is a victory also. The Goths are once more at the gates of Rome.

The arrangement has been carried out very completely, so that pictures of about the same date are as nearly as possible opposite to one another throughout the gallery. Some exceptions have of course had to be made. Rubens, for example, facing Titian and Tintoretto; for the development of corresponding qualities in art has not always occurred in parallel lines on both sides of the Alps. Neither of the rival forces lacks any thing in the splendour and prowess of its leaders. The southern wall is held by Giotto, Angelico, Masaccio, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Bartolommeo, Titian, Veronese, Correggio, Domenichino, Guido, and all their peers. Their assailants are Van Eyck, Memling, Matsys, Holbein, Durer, Mabuse, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt; Snyders, Teniers, Wouverman, Cuyt, and the other great uncouth names of the German schools. To art in its present state, it is of the highest consequence that the contrast presented by these two rival lines should be correctly appreciated. There will be many opinions on the subject, and we are afraid the general verdict is likely to be the wrong one.

There are two legends, both favourite ones with the painters, which we shall relate here side by side. They illustrate a great deal of what we have to say.

St. Francis of Assisi, leading in his younger days a life, not vicious, but jovial, beheld one night a vision of armour, with the cross stamped upon each of the weapons of war. Believing himself summoned to battle, he became a soldier, till a second dream told him that his warfare must be with spiritual arms. He took the girdle and the cowl, abandoned the common walks of life, founded his famous order, and lived an ecstatic life of pilgrimage and poverty. Finally, for more perfect separation from the world, he went to a wild mountain in the Apennines, and received there, in the waste solitude, the reward granted to his penances and prayers. A crucified seraph appeared before his visionary eyes, stamped the marks of Christ's sufferings on his own wasted body, and left him entranced and beatified for the short remainder of his days.

St. Christopher, a giant of the land of Canaan, rioting in strength and vigour that seemed to have no bounds, be-thought him wilfully to seek the mightiest prince on the earth, and to serve him only. The fame of a great king, whom all nations feared, attracted him; but the king himself feared the devil, and Christopher left him to seek that Satan who was mightier than he. He found him easily, and served him well, till, behold, Satan trembled at the cross of Christ; and Christopher, astonished and offended, again set forth in search of this mightiest Lord. It was a long search, and an unsuccessful one; for the strong man would neither fast nor pray, and knew not yet how else to seek the Lord. But a hermit, hearing his desire and his history, sent him to a certain wild and rapid river, and bade him use his might in helping the poor travellers who had to cross the stream. The thought pleased Christopher. He made his dwelling by the river, and did good service there, working hard and bravely among the rough elements in the common highway. One night, the voice of a little child cried, "Christopher, carry me over." He put the child upon his shoulder, thinking this the lightest of his labours, and stepped into the stream. The wind rose, the waves broke round him; there was a tempest and darkness, and as he struggled forwards the burden he was carrying grew, from moment to moment, like the weight of mountains and of worlds. The brave strong fellow reached the opposite shore, still bearing the little child, but he was panting and astounded. Using his great strength for what appeared the smallest of the deeds of kindness, he had carried no other than Christ himself, and accomplished the greatest work that could be achieved by man.

Now, in comparing the works of the two great schools of art which Manchester has brought into such striking contrast, there is no doubt whatever that in the conception of grace and beauty in ideal forms the Italian painters are at present quite unequalled. There are no such mazes of lovely and noble lines, such floods of supernatural light, such refined and perfect harmonies of thought and feeling, on the opposite wall. But in solid strength, in sympathy with existing nature and actual life, in those qualities essential to continued and unlimited growth, and partaking, therefore, most truly of inherent immortality, the genius of the North shows as distinct a supremacy, and is to be regarded, we conceive, on that account as the nobler of the two.

Look at the great southern masters as a whole. The beauty of their works is the beauty of ecstatic imagination, conceiving things possible in the abstract, but with no true relation to the material world or the real conditions of human existence. The artist's soul is, as it were, disembodied, and sees ethereal visions, not on the solid and peopled earth, but in an otherwise empty sphere. They are visions of wondrous beauty, but it is the beauty of sentiment rather than of life; it represents the statics of emotion rather than its dynamics; it gives us ideal beings who, having a definite culminating point in their own nature, have attained it, and are so

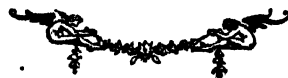
far perfect; not beings with immortality before them and the power of endless progress towards an infinite perfection.

When man puts asunder what God has joined he is pretty sure to be a loser by it. We have not been made for disembodiment; we are made incarnate, and to put the positive realities of material life away from us, is to break a union necessary from the beginning to the best health of our souls.

There is a boundary-line to the excellence of all transcendental work, and it is reached pretty quickly. In looking at a single picture, or an ordinary gallery, this fact is not perceived; but it bursts out suddenly from such a summary of art as is found on Mr. Scharf's southern wall. We feel at once how beautiful and how limited is pure idealism. The abstract forms once arrived at, all is done; what follows can be only repetition. There is no source of perpetual variety and unbounded scope except in the study of true human life,—not in itself only, but in all its relations,—and the constant reference of our inward visions to a fitting place among the facts of the outer world.

Now it is an adherence to, and a natural sympathy with, that human life and that outer world, not as man could imagine them, but as God has made them, that gives its most striking characteristic to northern art. The Italian clothes his ideas in images of his own; the German, in the visible things around him. The one withdraws, like a monk, from the common elements of humanity; the other finds his daily work among them and upon them. The first is a St. Francis in the desert; the second a St. Christopher in the stream. Like St. Francis, the Italian has received the stigmata, and been lifted into a trance of glory; but it is the German giant on whose shoulders, one day or other, the noblest burden is to be borne.

There are four pictures whose striking individuality throws them out from among the rest in the first division of this ancient gallery. They are, the "Last Judgment," by Angelico, the "Riposo" of Bartolommeo, Van Eyck's great altar-piece, and Mabuse's "Adoration of the Kings." They are all masterpieces; they represent the same periods in either school; they illustrate precisely the essential difference between the southern and northern spirit; and in order to prove what we have been saying, we shall examine each of them separately, and the whole four in contrast with one another. Those who feel bewildered and overwhelmed, as thousands will do, on first entering this hall of wonders, can do nothing better than begin with these four great works, and stand before them till they know them by heart. Curiously enough, and characteristically, the two Italians were monks; their rivals, men of ordinary life, with whom painting was a profession. The work of Bartolommeo is perhaps surpassed in excellence by others hanging near it; but its size and the beauty of its colouring make it more noticeable; and if Italian art might in some respects be better represented, it must be remembered that on the other side the Van Eyck unfortunately is only a copy by an unknown hand.



"THE MENDICANT," AND "AUDACITY."

By STRAZZA, OF MILAN.

THESE statues, of which there are casts in the Crystal Palace, are fair specimens of the celebrated artist's attempts to introduce realism in sculpture; a task of no small difficulty, because, doing so, he has not only to contend against the whole weight of tradition and that habit which is said to be stronger than nature, but really to invent a new thing, as it were, taking out of common, and what is foolishly called "vulgar" life, the elementary forms which shall



THE MENDICANT. BY STRAZZA, OF MILAN.

be dignified in themselves or interesting to us. How far success has been the reward of this effort the reader will judge from the engravings before him. The first appears to us perfectly to suggest its subject, even without the title, of course under the obvious and general objection (to which all modern nude sculpture is liable) that the figure loses the expression of extreme poverty from the simple fact of its nudity; the attitude being that of a person habituated to that condition, and one whom we should no more think of commiserating on that account than we should a negro in his own country. The appeal is thus weakened.

The other figure, which is entitled "Audacity," represents an Italian youth—present at some revolutionary siege maybe—preventing the explosion of a shell which has fallen near him; an act which has always been considered as amongst the bravest of brave deeds, and for which one of our own naval officers was promoted while on service in the Baltic. The design suggests the natural shrinking together of a man desirous of exposing as little as possible of his body to the expected danger. More perfectly fulfilling its conditions, this latter we consider the more perfect work.

We shall take another and early occasion to engrave this statue also.

L. L.

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

IV.—THE WILD WHITE ROSE.

ONE bright July morning,—it was Adie's birthday, and she was seventeen years old,—Nicholas Drew was hard at work on a new plate of "St. Servin's Abbey," a ruin near the river, while the young girl was chirping a little French song, when a stranger appeared in the court below, and was heard to ask if Drew, the engraver, lived there. One of the children pointed to the stairs, and the individual ascended and came in. Nicholas took off his spectacles, and pushed a chair over to the visitor, whom he supposed to be one of those curious persons who were in the habit of coming to see his pictures, and of going away without purchasing any. His action was not very courteous, for he begrudged sorely the time taken from his work. The young man quickly undeceived him, however, by stating that he was himself an engraver on wood, and that he wished to learn the art of etching on copper from Nicholas, of whose skill he had heard in London, through a dealer in prints who possessed some of his works. Flattered and gratified that a pupil from so great a distance had been attracted to Eversley by the reputation of his genius, the old man gave him a cordial

welcome, and promised to render him the instruction he required.

They sat conversing together a long time about their art, and Adie, with a bit of work for appearance-sake, drew near to listen. The stranger—Laurence Royston was his name—had taken a seat with his back to the doorway, and though apparently quite intent on all Nicholas said, he still had time to steal many glances at the bright face by the old man's shoulder. At first sight Royston's countenance struck you as handsome; at the second, it pleased less; and at the third, its cold flickering eye and sinister mouth were the most prominent traits. His features were clear but sharp; his forehead high, bony, and pale, with tawny hair—golden, as the sun shone through it where he sat—waving loosely above it. His figure was tall, but slenderly built, and clad in a long olive coat with much embroidery on the seams and flaps. In his left hand, the thin fingers of which opened and contracted with a nervous movement, he held a wild white rose—gathered, perhaps, at the roadside as he came to the town, for he said that his lodging was at Crossley, a village two miles off; his right hand he kept buried in the breast of his waistcoat. But his voice was the most peculiar thing about him,—a false voice it might be called; for though clear and softly modulated as a flute, it did not seem to come direct from the well of his thoughts, but to make many subtle turns by the way, lest it should express too much.

Adie, moved by curiosity, tried more than once to get a fair look at the stranger's face, but she was always baffled by meeting his eye the moment she lifted hers from her needle; being caught in the fact, she blushed, and he involuntarily smiled, at which she blushed the more, and finally got up and changed her seat for one by the further window. Laurence Royston, as if to avoid the hot sunshine, immediately twisted his chair round, by which, without its appearing intentional, he still faced her, and thus checked her scrutiny. Adie seemed not to observe his movement; but he saw by the quivering of her lips and the dancing radiance in her eyes that she was laughing to herself; and secretly annoyed at such mirth where he would rather have made a grave impression, he said to Nicholas, "Your daughter is not used to so much solemn discourse, I think, Master Drew. She looks any thing but well entertained."

The engraver lifted up his shrewd face, and glanced at Adie. "If you are tired of our talk, child, get away to your birds or your flowers," said he gently. "I dare say it is often dull for her up here in Nevil's Court, sir; but she pretends she likes it for my sake."

"I am not dull any where; you ought to know I am not, Grizzie," retorted Adie, coming quickly behind the old man, and standing by him with her hand on his shoulder. "I am as happy as the summer-day is long, and all through you. I was laughing just now at my own thoughts: my thoughts are strange sometimes, so strange; they make me laugh whether I would or no."

"This white rose for the fancy that made you smile by the window five minutes ago," cried Laurence Royston, offering the flower. Adie blushed and hesitated.

"What was it, child?" asked Nicholas; "some mischievous freak either planned or remembered?"

"Neither, Grizzie; it was—No, I cannot tell you what it was." She glanced with some confusion at the stranger, and would have moved away, but Nicholas held her fast by the arm, and demanded what she meant by calling him "Grizzie" so irreverently before visitors. She gave him the gentlest possible pull by the beard, and ran off laughing saucily. The old man shook his head, and made a sort of half-apology for Adie's wildness, and then resumed his discourse about his art, which Laurence Royston found infinitely less interesting than before. He could not help wondering where the girl was gone, and whether she would return before he went away. His eyes turned frequently to the inner door by which she had escaped, and he put off his departure from moment to moment until another hour had

elapsed. He then rose to go in earnest; and while Nicholas and he were exchanging last words, the quick step and lilt-ing voice of Adie made themselves heard. She came in, evidently expecting that the stranger had left; for she cried, "I've found it, Grizzie—found it, after such a rummage!" then stopped short, with a scarlet blush dyeing her face to its very brow. She carried in her two hands a large engraving outspread, at which Nicholas looked up in bewilderment.

"What is it, child? Let me see," said he curiously, while Laurence Royston stood by the door with a peculiar smile on his face, as if he experienced a vindictive pleasure in her confusion. With great and visible reluctance, Adie came forward to the table, and threw the picture upon it, glancing with a timid half-defiance at the stranger as she did so. Nicholas drew the engraving towards him: it was "Satan playing with Man for his Soul."

"Well, what does it mean?" asked the old man, much puzzled.

"Do you not perceive your daughter's drift, Master Drew?" said Royston quietly, so quietly that Adie knew some sentiment was being strongly held in check. "She has a quick eye for a resemblance: she likens me in her mind to that unhappy man."

"Ah, I see it now," responded Nicholas, in a musing tone. "What expression in the face! He is meditating how he shall outwit his adversary and win the game, though it is going hard against him. Satan exults already; he knows the stake, once risked, is his."

They all three examined the picture for several minutes in silence. Its effect on each was different: Nicholas eyed it with critical appreciation of the genius which had infused such depth and mingling of expressions into the artist's work; Royston gazed at it with a look, first of cynical indifference, then of gravity, then of melancholy earnestness.

"It is a lost soul from the first move," said he, in a tone that caused Adie to lift her eyes from the picture to him,— "yes, little girl, a lost soul from the first move," he repeated more gently. "There is no redeeming angel at the man's elbow; only two fiends grinning their triumph in their master's success. I don't see how the adversary is to be foiled; do you?"

The girl pondered a few seconds, and then made answer, with a certain regretful strain in her voice,

"No; good thoughts are all gone out of his mind. Fear and shilly-shally alone possess him; and the fear is greatest."

"Then you think good thoughts may have once lived in him?" asked Royston gravely.

"Yes. No one is unmix'd evil. Satan himself was a pure spirit once; he may have his lingering regrets—who knows?"

"He fell through ambition and pride, which are princely sins. What is this man's temptation?" pointing to the figure in the picture.

"The greed of gain, the meanest and basest of all," answered Adie, resting her finger on the piles of coin represented as heaped up before Satan.

Laurence Royston drew a deep breath, and was silent; Nicholas rolled the picture up, and pushed it from him.

"Take it away, Adie; take it away; we have had enough of it," said he. "It is an uncomfortable picture. What induced you to bring it out? There, carry it off, and put it carefully into the folio again."

The young girl obeyed, and when she returned to the room Royston was gone.

There was at this time living with Nicholas Drew and Adie a middle-aged woman who acted as a servant. She was called Martha, and was of a decent appearance, but moody countenance. Mrs. Parkes held her in especial disfavour, averring that Nicholas had picked her up in the streets: she was indeed the person he had met and relieved in the Barbican on the very night that Adie was taken into his house. It is needless to enter into her antecedents, to

condemn her or to exculpate. Nothing of her history was known except to her master, and could only be guessed by her scrupulous avoidance of the pure young girl with whom she shared the charitable shelter of Nicholas Drew's roof. If possible, she would not meet her; and if compelled to speak, what she had to say was couched in the fewest words. The engraver acquiesced in this reserve: his flower must not be sullied by one evil thought. Martha from her kitchen-window had seen Laurence Royston come and go. She had a singular habit of watching furtively, and garnering things up in her mind; for what purpose it would be hard to say, as she never spoke of them afterwards;—perhaps it was to mark their issues, and to feed her morbid craving for excitement by deducing remote possibilities from small beginnings. The first time she went into the room where her master and Adie were after Royston was gone, she examined the girl's face narrowly, and traced there a certain anxiety which was strange to its expression; what did it portend? While Martha was there, she began to sing again broken snatches of her merry songs, and throwing off the troubled thought, whatever it might be, resumed her natural easy gaiety. Martha thought she had caught the first slight thread of the web, and went away to brood upon it and wind laboriously through its meshes at her after-leisure. She could not see yet whether it would be smooth of all pestered with knots and tangles, as so many are. She liked the girl, and wished her well for her master's sake, otherwise her saucy gaiety and instinctive pride would have jarred harshly with her own unstrung being.

When Laurence Royston descended the outside stairway into the court he dropped the wild rose that he had carried in his hands upon the second step, where it lay unnoticed until after noon. Adie was standing at the window idle, when she saw it; for a minute or so, she looked at it through dreamy listless eyes, then went out and picked it up. Martha observed the trivial action, and added another loop to the web. The poor little flower was soiled and crushed, its stalk broken, its leaves fallen, its scent almost gone.

"He threw it away," said Adie to herself, "and I think it is no better worth either." She whirled it from the window and it fell into the court below. "Now Grizzie would say that was wanton mischief," she went on musingly; "he would not have any thing of God's making treated with disrespect. That is a strange fancy of his, that the flowers feel, that they are susceptible of pleasure and pain. It may be so; they lift up their heads to the sunshine, they drink the dew and grow and bloom and give forth sweet odours,—their incense of prayer, their act of worship and thanksgiving; then they pine and die in unkindly frosts. If Grizzie be right, and I am inclined to think that he is, how that miserable little wild rose must feel its degradation, lying there in the dust to be trampled by any careless foot; this morning at dawn it was in some fresh green hedgerow, with hundreds of others that are blooming there still! I will go and rescue it."

Down she went, tripping noiselessly as a shadow, and taking the sullied flower once more into her hand, but this time with a certain tenderness of gesture, returned with it to the engraver's room. Martha riveted a new knot on her thread. Nicholas was all the while diligently absorbed in his work, and gave no heed to what was passing; besides, Adie was accustomed to utter her thoughts aloud without expecting any reply. She now came near him, and leant over his shoulder to watch him, as she often did; but finding that he was too deeply occupied to notice her, she sauntered to her chamber where were her birds and plants. She spent some time chirping to the linnets, putting up her ripe red lips for them to peck at, and teasing them with the wild rose, which she struck gently against the bars of their cage. Wearying of such idleness at last, she breathed a little tired sigh, and looked at the broken flower. "What am I to do with you now I have taken you out of the dust?" she said, as if she was speaking to a living thing. "You are too ugly to wear, too faded to put in a glass of water, for you will

never revive again; lie there till you become unsightly as a weed, and then Martha will throw you away perhaps." She laid it down by her looking-glass on the table before the window for that time; but at night, finding it still in the same place, she put it within a drawer amongst her few other treasures, where it stayed and was forgotten.

V.—THE OAK-CLOSET.

In that large room where Nicholas Drew always worked there was a closet, lighted by a very small window that looked, not into Nevill's Court, but into an old-fashioned luxuriant garden which lay behind the ancient bishop's palace. This closet was shut in by two elaborately-carved doors of black oak, further ornamented by tarnished brass knobs. Adie had never seen more of the interior of this closet than that it contained a rude table and chair, and a cabinet of great antiquity; the window was darkened with a veil of smoke and dust as impervious to sunshine as the thickest curtain, and a general air of gloomy mystery pervaded the whole aspect of it. Nicholas rarely entered it; and when he did so, he remained shut up there for hours, and always came out saddened and depressed, as if he had been keeping a solemn vigil, or airing painful remembrances, or perhaps experiencing some renewed agony of remorse. Adie regarded it as a haunted place, and had no curiosity to spy into its secrets; not so Martha. She had a burning desire to know what was hidden behind those closed doors; for she did not give heed to the popular idea that Nicholas Drew was a miser, and kept his money in an iron-chest. She believed rather that he laid his treasure up where it would accumulate at compound interest until his day of doom; and in that, doubtless, Martha was right. On the evening of the day of Laurence Royston's first visit, her master was shut up in the closet a couple of hours, while Adie, alone in the room, had much ado to keep herself out of mischief. Martha went in and out several times on various pretences; but Adie, who was sitting by the doorway, and watching the children at play in the court below, paid no attention to her black gliding figure.

At last, towards sunset, the old man came out from his retreat, and would have resumed his work, but the girl asked him to take a walk with her. He acceded readily, and they went together to the river-side. This was a favourite resort for the towns-folk after the day's business was over; for they soon escaped from the dust and heat of the city into rural shades and sweet-smelling meadows. There were consequently many people abroad, enjoying the cool of the evening and the pleasant sounds of country-places. Marsh, the printseller in the Barbican, with his hat set very far back upon his head, met them, and turned to have a chat with Nicholas. It was not possible that Adie should be insensible to the many eyes that looked and looked again at the lovely face under her broad coquettish straw-hat; it was a familiar face to most people who took their pleasure at this time of day, but custom stole nothing from its beauty. Marsh himself, though generally chary of his words, always had some pretty compliment at her service, which, it is to be feared, the maiden did not appreciate at the same value it would have had if issued from younger lips, or concocted beneath a less scant and hoary pate; for she only favoured him with short replies, and pouted scornfully when he called her Rosebud, May-dew, and the like. They also encountered St. Darbe, still obtrusively polite, but looking a solitary, old, well-to-do man; for death had disencumbered him of his wife and family. He always told Nicholas Drew now that he envied him the possession of Adie. "But who," he would add,—"who could foresee that of all his children not one would be left to him?" The Frenchman spoke, and passed on, but looked back often at the tall lithe figure quietly pacing along with Nicholas: he had been over-prudent certainly, or she might have been his companion instead, he thought. It was a calm, almost breathless, evening, but now the sun was gone the air was cool; a few red bars crossed the west, supported by broad masses of purple cloud;

the low meadows by the river-side had just been mown, and the fresh hay gave out its pleasant healthy scent. Many persons, young men especially, were resting on the ground where it lay, some smoking, some talking, others enjoying the luxury of perfect idleness. Amongst the last, Adie was the first to descry Laurence Royston. He sat apart from the rest, with a great shaggy water-dog coiled up on the grass beside him. The animal had been in the river, and had run past Adie some time since, bestowing on her dress a plentiful sprinkling in his transit. Laurence Royston had seen this; and as Adie, with Nicholas Drew and the print-seller, approached, he rose and offered an apology for his companion's misconduct. The next most natural thing to do was to join their party, and, walking beside Adie, to talk to her of the beauty of the evening, and the still loveliness of the twilight prospect,—at least he appeared to think so, for this was what he did.

"When the moon rises it is more beautiful still," remarked Adie, looking towards the city, that is, towards the Minster.

"I do not like moonlight, it is so chilling, so pale; I have an antipathy to moonlight," said Royston quickly. Adie seemed surprised.

"You are going to ask me whence rises my antipathy. Well, I cannot tell you," added he; "it is one of those indescribable feelings which afflict some people to the utter bewilderment of every body else. They reiterate their why, why, when, if they would only take the trouble to look at home, they would remember, most probably, that they have themselves some dislike or loathing equally unreasonable."

Adie smiled, and a half-blush suffused her cheek, though it was becoming almost too dusk to see it; for she recollected some very strong but groundless enmities of her own.

"Have you balanced the account in your mind, and freed me from your first sentence of bad taste or foolishness?" asked Royston quietly.

Instead of replying, Adie started a little to one side, then walked on rapidly in advance. Laurence Royston paused to see what had caused this movement, and observed a great toad crawling heavily under the hedge. He came quickly up to her again, when she turned, and said:

"Those cold-blooded creeping things make me thrill; I cannot bear them."

"Yet they are harmless; and the moonlight makes me thrill too. I always exclude it from my rooms. If it shines upon my face when I am sleeping, I have bad dreams. My adversary, in the picture you wot of, tempts me with some splendid prize to do evil deeds; or I am falling, falling, always falling over a precipice; or on water churned into white foam with fury, and only a plank between me and death; or I am destroying what I most love, and cursing myself as I do it."

The two, who had outwalked Nicholas and the print-dealer, were now summoned to return; and they all four sauntered slowly in company towards the city. Long before they reached it the moon was up, and the water rippled all white in its cold light, while the clouds and the ruins of St. Servin's Abbey, and the Minster towers beyond, high up in the clear atmosphere, looked larger and ghostlier in its shimmering radiance. The young stranger had been silent for some minutes, when Adie asked archly if the Tempter were discoursing with him then.

"No; I was holding a parley with my better angel," was the reply. "He has not forsaken me quite; he is glad to find me in such good company."

Adie spoke no more after that until they stopped by the Minster-gates to say good night to Marsh, who parted from them there. She then asked if he should go back to his lodging at Crossley by the fields. No, he answered, he had decided to remain in the town, and had found other rooms more convenient for his business than those so far off. Nicholas, overhearing this, invited him to return and sup with them, as, being a stranger, he could not yet have many

friends. Royston acceded; and they crossed the Minster yard as the great clock struck ten. The court was extremely hushed when they entered it, for all the early work-people were quiet in their rooms. Coming from the dark College Lane, it seemed quite light, almost as if snow lay on the flags and steps. They stopped a few minutes to notice the fine effect of the quaintly-ornamented house in the moonshine, and then mounted the stairway one by one. Martha admitted them in her taciturn, down-looking, yet observant way. She had been on the watch for her master's return some time, and hearing Royston's voice down in the court, had hastened to open the door, while she knitted a few more loops of the web. An oil-lamp burnt on the table in the centre of the room, but it scarcely threw out light enough to fill its dusky corners; for it was a spacious apartment, and had many little niches and recesses. Through the uncurtained windows the slanting moonbeams streamed down on the ledges and floor, but faded as they came within the circle of the lamp. The further side of the room, where the oak-closet was, and the disused door which opened upon the common staircase of the house, lay all in shadow, except when one of the metal knobs on the panels twinkled like an inquisitive eye in the gloom. In taking his seat, Royston faced this part of the room; and some inconsequential remark of his led Nicholas to say there was no egress by that way, for he had bolted the door up so many years ago that rust must long since have riveted it fast.

"There is a long passage just outside, which the people say is haunted," observed Adie, smiling. "It is haunted by footsteps; nothing is to be seen."

"I should imagine not," replied Royston, with a curious laugh. "But pray what sort of footsteps are they,—light and tripping, or with the orthodox tramp, tramp? I confess that it has always puzzled me why a ghost should have such solidity of step, when it is but an airy nothing. Describe this hapless soul's march; I should like to hear it, never having been so favoured."

"It is very slow and solemn, as of a person walking while he meditates, quite regular and never pausing. It only comes occasionally, in the dead of winter-nights; at no other time. Mrs. Parkes has heard it, but I never have; Grizzie has too."

"Yes; I have heard strange sounds in this old house," added Nicholas gravely; for his mind was deeply tintured with superstition, and he did not like to hear these mysterious matters lightly spoken of. "I believe that was the real reason why I closed up the door, though I tried to persuade myself at the time it was because of the children's noise and rudeness."

"And what is the second door, the double one? does that also open on the corridor?" asked Royston.

"O, no; that is the closet where Grizzie keeps his treasures!" cried Adie, laughing; "even I have never been in there. It is the ghost's quarters perhaps. Grizzie, what is the legend of the footsteps; do you know?"

The old engraver appeared somewhat annoyed at her abruptness.

"In that closet there is nothing that you or any one else would style treasures," said he; "but the footsteps appear to issue from it. The story goes that two brothers lived here formerly, who had united in the commission of a murder—the murder of a priest. The elder, to save himself, when the chase was hot after them, denounced his brother as the sole culprit, and betrayed where he might be taken, namely, in that oak-closet; where, after the commission of the crime, he had hidden himself with his remorse. He himself paced the corridor, waiting for the people who were coming to seize his brother. The younger suffered death, and the elder walks there still, and will walk, probably, so long as Nevil's Court remains."

Laurence Royston smiled at the old man's credulity. "I have small faith in such legends myself," said he; "but they assort well with the gloom and antiquity of these middle-age abodes. Indeed, they would scarcely be complete

without their ghost. I should like to see the inside of that oak-closet."

Adie expected to hear Nicholas refuse; but instead, he bade Royston bring the lamp, and he should be gratified. The doors being unlocked and thrown open, they all three stood within. The atmosphere was heated and airless; dust lay every where thickly, except on the old table and chair where the engraver had probably sat during the time he was shut up there in the evening. Spiders' webs festooned even the frames of these, and were woven in every available nook.

A mark as of fingers over the lock of the ancient cabinet attracted Royston's notice. "This is a fine piece of old workmanship; I never saw any thing of the kind richer or more elaborate," he observed. "Does the interior correspond in beauty with the outside?"

"Yes; the drawers are inlaid with ivory," replied Nicholas; but he made no further movement to gratify his guest's curiosity.

"It is a remarkable looking cabinet," said Royston, lingering before it still.

"You are right; it belonged to those miserable brothers, and contained proofs of their guilt when the one was taken. The footsteps start from it, and go down the corridor and back again."

"O, Grizzie, and do you keep your treasures in this wicked old cabinet?" asked Adie, half alarmed yet half laughing. "You will find them changed into withered leaves and gray dust some day."

"They are no better than dust now," replied Nicholas. "Come out, you have seen enough."

Royston was standing at the window, from which he had contrived to rub a little of the accumulated dirt. He saw that it looked upon a garden, and asked whose it was, and if Adie ever walked there.

"No; it belongs to the people who live in the old palace," said she, passing from the closet into the room.

Nicholas had to stand two or three minutes before his guest followed her, and then the door was reclosed and locked. As he was returning the key to his pocket, Royston asked to look at it. It was a very curious, heavy, rude implement, eaten with rust in round spots, as if blood had fallen upon it.

"It is strong enough to keep out a legion of ghosts," said he, weighing it in his hand. "They do not make keys like this now-a-days; it seems as if it had been formed to lock in deadly secrets on which hung men's lives. I can imagine many a plot having been hatched behind those ancient doors, while this key was tightly held in nervous fingers; but it tells no tales."

As he spoke the Minster clock struck eleven, and Martha entered to bolt the door for the night. Seeing Royston still there, she would have retired, but her master bade her stop. "You must go now," he added, addressing the young man.

"We keep early hours in the court. Go gently." Royston descended the creaking steps, and paused at the last to repeat his "Good night," which Adie echoed pleasantly as she stood at the doorway with Nicholas.

"Beware the fiend!" cried she, as he walked towards the gateway. "Say your prayers as you cross the Minster gardens; it is broad moonlight still." He turned round, laughing, and promised to obey; then disappeared under the shadow of the arch.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

THE FAIRER THE HOSTESS, THE POULER THE RECKONING. "A handsome hostess is a bad thing for the purse" (French), — *Belle hôteesse c'est un mal pour la bourse*; for this among other reasons, that "If the hostess is fair, the wine too is fair" (German), — *Ist die Wirthin schön, ist auch die wein schön*.
W. K. KELLY.



CANARIES AND THE BREEDING-SEASON.

The time has now arrived when a few practical instructions for Bird-breeding may be received with favour; indeed, we have been reminded of a given promise to resume the subject, in our former paper on the Canary.

If your birds be not already "paired," no time should now be lost in bringing them together. Select handsome *jonque* male-birds; and let the hens be of a pale yellow, or mealy colour. Both birds should be at least a year old; strong, healthy, and vigorous. Place them, first, in separate cages near each other; gradually diminish the distance, and in two or three days they will be "mated."

The next step will be to procure a breeding-cage. These are to be had of any dealer in birds. As regards the size, the larger the better. You cannot give your birds too much space, nor admit too much air. All must, however, depend on the height of the room in which they are to be kept; for the cage is to be suspended at least six feet from the floor.

See that the cage be provided with nest-boxes, water-glasses, tin pans, &c. &c., all complete; and having procured two nest-bags, scald them thoroughly to destroy the indwelling vermin. When quite dry, hang them (externally) on the front wires of the cage.

The birds may now be turned into their new habitation; and they will perfectly comprehend the nature of the provision that has been made for them and their future offspring. Hang them in a quiet corner; repress all prying curiosity; and you will very soon be rewarded by seeing her little ladyship commence "sitting."

Never attempt to peep into the nest, either while it is in the course of construction, or when there are eggs in it. Nature hates any interference of this kind. Only be patient, and wait thirteen days; you will then have a new part to play.

On the morning of the thirteenth day after sitting, you must have ready some scalded rape-seed, a piece of stale French roll dipped in cold water, and afterwards well squeezed, and some yolk of a fresh egg, boiled hard. This should be well mixed, and formed into a moderately-soft paste. Supply it in a small saucer. It should be made fresh twice daily. If allowed to be in the slightest degree sour, it would kill all the nestlings.

Sometimes the mother feeds the young; but more generally this tender task is undertaken by the papa, who considers it a pleasing duty.

Should any eggs remain unhatched after the hen has sat fourteen days, they may be at once removed. No doubt they are unfruitful.

Be very careful to supply the inmates of the cage, during incubation, with ripe chickweed, groundsel, &c; also with plenty of small pebbly gravel, mixed with old (bruised) mortar. Clean water, too, should be given twice daily, and occasionally bread and egg.

Sometimes the parents will neglect their children, and refuse to feed them. In such cases you must interfere; removing them in the nest, and feeding them by hand. This is easily managed by the aid of a short pointed stick, at the end of which place some of the food, and drop it into the birds' open mouths. This should be done every hour, assuming that the nestlings are about a week old when they are removed. Administer water, by letting it drip from the end of your little finger.

To encourage them to feed themselves, present the end of the stick to them with the food on it. They will prove

very apt scholars, and quickly "learn the way to their mouths."

Never remove any young birds from their parents (when they are fed by them) until they are five weeks old; and take special care not to change their food too soon. Continue to feed with egg and bread, in addition to seed, till they are two months old.

Cage them off separately at this age, and let their dwelling be light and cheerful. They will soon "record" their song, and amply repay you for all your past trouble. Give them each a bath daily, also a flight in a spare room if practicable.

By putting up birds of different colours, some very pretty varieties may be obtained. The colour in no way interferes with the song.

WILLIAM KIDD.

EASY PLEASURES.

THE cause of Duty *versus* Pleasure has been continually before the world ever since it was a world, and Adam the first defendant; the pleasure of duty is warmly insisted on, and, to the credit of our human nature, cordially allowed; but is the duty of pleasure allotted its honourable place among its fellow-duties, and sufficiently recognised by the community? The community we speak of does not, of course, include that portion who, walking arm-in-arm with Pleasure, meet Duty in their path, regard him with fashionable shortsightedness through a mental eyeglass, and won't see him, though beneath their very eyes; but the world of work, the world of anxiety, misfortune, and poverty, who, though bitterly alive to this neglect of their daily companion, themselves strain their weary eyes after a distant shadow, and give Pleasure the cut direct, even while he brushes their very skirts in passing.

Somehow we hard-working people are a little ashamed of such an acquaintance; he looks so bright and well dressed, that we feel ourselves to be shabby; we think he belongs to another class, and that we have no right to claim his acquaintance. But really we do him wrong; he is the simplest fellow, and is never so thoroughly himself as when, discarding all ceremony, he strolls with us through the fields, runs races with the children, or, in the unrestrained luxury of shirt-sleeves, rolls them, shouting with laughter, among the huycocks.

Your man of business regards him with still greater distrust. In his eyes he is a fine gentleman, a dandy, a silly fellow, not to be tolerated a moment by a man of sense. Nevertheless, Man of sense (for of course by that epithet you would indicate yourself), give Pleasure a trial, extend to him a cordial invitation to drop in after office-hours. He is an inexpensive guest; he wants no display, no costly wines,—indeed, they don't at all agree with him; and you will be surprised, after enjoying a chat together, to find how much keener are your perceptions, how much clearer and more expansive your views, and even how much stronger is the sense of which you are so justly proud.

Others, again,—mostly those depressed by care and anxiety,—are nervously shy of Pleasure. They knew him, perhaps, once, but it is so long ago. He has forgotten them; and for themselves, they cannot bear strangers. So they slip on one side, and hide till he has passed. Yet it may happen sometimes that he perceives them; he stretches out his hand,—they cannot avoid him, or withhold their own,—till, filled with the strength imparted by his cordial grasp, warmed by the reflected glow of old times the sight of him has recalled, they return with a step lighter than they ever thought again to tread with, and re-enter the dreary home, bringing something of the light from his honest eyes to brighten its dark and dingy walls.

Truly he is a good fellow, this Pleasure, and deserves a better character than we accord him. Let us consider, then, a little in detail, how to gather what lies so often unnoticed under our very hands—easy pleasures, the hedge-flowers that embellish the dusty roadside of our every-day life.

Pleasures, to be easy, must in many cases be attained quickly, in many more they must be attained cheaply.

You, tired hard-working clerk, who, during the bright spring or sultry summer evening, bitterly complain, in your close parlour, that there is no pleasure, no summer for you,—you who, having partaken without appetite of the meal that awaited your coming, now prepare to sit leaning your tired head on your shaking hand, and gaze through the open window on the dull dusty street, what are you going to do with your evening, the only fragment of the day that is your own? Be honest and fair-dealing with yourself. You work all day in the office of your employer, you study his interest, you would not rob him of a farthing, you would not waste a fraction of his substance were it ten times as great. Very good. You are a painstaking, honest, invaluable clerk; you know it, and are proud of it. But you put on your hat, and go home a totally changed character. There you find a man whose best treasure has been given into your keeping, and for which you are accountable. This man you defraud without remorse in every way. You waste unscrupulously the golden opportunities that would have repaid him with interest; you rob him of his birth-right; you would starve his craving instincts that cry aloud for food. Here you have no conscience. But you cannot kill them; their voice is loud in your heart at this moment. Rouse yourself, then. You say you are weary in mind and body; but this torpor is not rest. Call your wife and your children; it is but six o'clock, and the evenings are now light till nine. Those railway-screams and puffing engines that your throbbing head has made you so often anathematise,—you don't know them; they are calling you, they are among your best friends. You are just in time to catch the train. For your tickets you pay threepence each, while the two little ones count as one. (Mamma, though gratified in her capacity as housekeeper, is yet somewhat indignant that the dear children, who are all to her, should be each carelessly stigmatised as "only a half.") A whistle, a rush through the dark tunnel, which affords an excuse to the timid little wife to steal a hand in yours, and on emerging you see already the green fields,—London-like fields, to be sure, with skeleton-houses rising gauntly upon them, but with glimpses of something better beyond.

The train stops; this is Kilburn station. Here you descend; and plunging manfully down a narrow and unprepossessing alley, in less than ten minutes your back is to the chimney-pots, you are in a winding country-lane, the hedges on either side with their spring-green still bright. Here is a large white gate ajar. Go through. We are afraid it is trespassing; but they shouldn't have left the gate open; besides, the little people are in already, and half-way down the broad slope with the great beech-tree in the middle. You are off after them; you can't resist it; and at the bottom there is such a fine hollow, with a talkative little stream, and all the spring wild flowers dipping down into it. What a handful you get, and are just arranging them with the broad green leaves round, when down, without warning, comes a pelting shower! A shelter under this hedge will hold you all, and you can safely watch the "big rain" and hear it pattering upon the leaves overhead—one of the most beautiful sounds in nature. It is over, however, almost as quickly as it came, and the great black cloud serves but to make the finer sunset. How that thrush is singing after the rain; how the grass, the leaves, the flowers, seem to take it up; and how your heart involuntarily joins in the thanksgiving chorus!

But it is now growing twilight, and the last train will pass shortly. Here is the station again. Five minutes brought you; five minutes takes you home. You have expended one-and-sixpence; and what have you got in return? Answer for yourself.

When the days are at the longest, your journeys may extend. The same shrieking but beneficent friend will whirl you in a quarter of an hour to Willesden, with its sweet English lanes; or transport you to Kew, with the

gleaming Thames, and its gardens, where you can sit under the shade of a towering palm, and fancy yourself an ancient patriarch surrounded by your family,—not unthankful, however, that your "sons and your daughters" are not quite so unlimited as to number. Think that the payment of ninepence will not only transport you to a palm-tree, but bring you back in half-an-hour safely to — Terrace.

And you, poor tired teacher, who this hot day are fain to treat yourself to an omnibus-ride, don't stop it at the corner of this dark street; go with it to the end of its journey; it will only cost you twopence more. But these exercises—they must be corrected, these lessons prepared for to-morrow: they are your duties; you must not neglect them for mere pleasure. Neglect them, however, by all means, at least just now. Go on to Hampstead; pass quickly through the fascinations of the crowd of donkey-boys and the hospitable offers of tea at ninepence per head. Do you see that group of cedars on the hill? Make your way to that. Inhale the fresh wind that sweeps over miles of open country; then descend, and the smell of the hay will lead you to the fields, where the cows are now being milked: they belong to that old farmhouse close by, where you may get a glass of the new milk. Go on yet a little farther, and you are now quite alone. You throw yourself on the ground, and almost bury your face in the long grass, every blade of which is a separate delight, and speaks to you with the voice of a friend. Your tears are dropping into it, but they are not unhappy tears.

You make your way back through the yellow bushes of fragrant broom, and find your carriage awaiting you. Honest, lumbering, old omnibus, you never see it pass now without a benison, and a half-conscious feeling that it should, unconscious vehicle, be going every day up to Hampstead Heath.

No! don't open those books to-night; get up, if needs must, at five o'clock to-morrow morning; but go to bed to-night with the fields and the gorse-bushes before your eyes.

Here are but a few examples. In every direction may be found an outlet for easy pleasures; not in London only, but with even greater facilities from nearly every large mercantile and manufacturing town: Bristol, dirty and unlovely, but with overflowing beauty on every side; Liverpool, anxious, scrambling, wealth-devouring town, yet within reach of a wide expanse of sea, before which a man's heart cannot but recognise its own narrowness. Does Glasgow, making smoke and money in almost equal quantities, see only that Clyde on which it stands, muddy and darkened by its own proximity? has it no thought of the winding river farther down, Dumbarton, and the Vale of Leven? Consider that, even so far as regards this world, "Man does not live by bread alone;" and while conscientiously fulfilling all other duties, do not make it of small moment to enjoy what is also a duty to yourself and a tribute to their Bestower.

HOW TO BEGIN BEE-KEEPING.

In the whole range of rustic amusements and occupations, there is not one more delightful or more profitable than bee-keeping. The simple rustic, who "canna read," but who can "shepherd bees right wael," the statesman, the philosopher, the poet, may all meet at the bee-stall and find a common bond of unity,—one seeking profit, another amusement, another wisdom, yet all agreeing in a strong love for the objects of their common care. You cannot keep bees without loving them; they win upon you by their faculty of companionship; and if you make them an object of study, you have a subject that you cannot exhaust, even if you pursue it from childhood till you grow gray, and it is one that seems perpetually new, fresh, and additionally attractive; it is a joy indeed to keep bees, and learn to understand them.

At this season of the year, many folks who have never kept bees have yearnings to begin. They read and hear of many wonderful things, and they get tired of asking if such

things are true. One season's actual experience and observation would convince them that naturalists are not a set of Munchausens; that, in fact, there are more wonders to be seen in bee-keeping than can be told either by mouth or pen; every genuine observer of nature could relate truths that would never obtain general credence.

This month of May, then, is just the time to begin bee-keeping; for a good swarm well lived is better for a beginner than any old stock, because he can set to work in any way he chooses, with any kind of hive, and with any series of experiments. To begin, then, you must in good time arrange for as many swarms as you desire; and if your mind is made up as to the kind of hives you will use, those hives ought to be sent to the apiarian who will supply the swarms, with instructions to hive swarms into them; and transmit those swarms to their destination the same night, if possible. Many beginners commit the error of purchasing an old stock, and then by fumigating transfer the bees to a hive of their own choosing; and the affair generally ends in disappointment. Let no beginner be in haste to fumigate bees, or to meddle with them in any way. If they come to you in an old hive, set it on the stand, and let the bees alone. Work the hive according to its construction, and in time you will have a swarm from it that you can hive as you please, and then go on in your own way.

Now there are several matters to be thought of by those who intend to begin bee-keeping. The swarms are to be ordered, hives are to be chosen, and a bee-house must be built; and all should be ready, the smell of paint should be gone, the site chosen, and all preliminaries settled before the last week in May; for from that time to the end of June all the good swarms will be taken; and when once bees are set to work, they must not be shifted or disturbed in the least until the season of mid-winter.

The object of a bee-house is merely to shelter the hives from wind, rain, and excessive heat. Hence a simple roof and proper shelves for the hives are all that is needed, and the less filagree and ornamental work there is about it, the less will it be infested with spiders. In constructing a bee-house, measurements are very important, for improved hives are made of certain exact sizes as to breadth and height; and the bee-house should afford sufficient room for working many kinds of hives, the number of such to be of course dependent on the will of the apiarian. For every separate hive there should be allowed at least eighteen or twenty inches; so that a house to contain six hives in a row from right to left should measure inside from nine to ten feet, and from the hive-board to the roof there should be a clear space of two feet six at least. With these measurements, there may be either one or two rows of hives; if two rows, then there must be a space of two feet and a half between the roof and the upper hive-board, and the same again between that and the lower hive-board; but one row of hives is preferable. The aspect for a bee-house should be south or south-east.

As to the hives themselves, a novice would be perplexed almost out of his wits in attempting to make a choice from the many kinds that are in use. It should be understood, therefore, by every beginner, that however much bee-hives may differ as to shape, size, and general conformation, certain principles are common to nearly all, and every particular kind of hive is adapted to some particular mode of managing or studying the honey-bee. On the old plan of suffocating the bees in order to get their store, there was no great variety in the forms of the hives; but on the modern plan, of preserving the insects' life, the forms differ very much indeed, and the differences arise out of the various modes pursued in the preservation of the bees. You have to deprive them of part of their store without killing a single bee, and manage them in such a way as to prevent swarming; and to this end, hives are adapted to work (1) by storeyfying, (2) by nading, (3) by extension collaterally. In other words, improved hives are enlarged during the summer season by the addition to them of other hives,



DESIGN FOR A BEE-HOUSE.

caps, or boxes, and these are added at the top, at the bottom, and at the sides; some hives admitting of enlargement by all three processes.

The storeyfyng system is that best adapted for a beginner; and any of Taylor's bar-hives, Payne's straw cottage-hives, Milton's supering hives, or the celebrated Stewarton bee-boxes, will do well to begin with. There are two which especially recommend themselves to beginners, viz. Milton's Revolving-top hives and Neighbour's improved Cottage-hives; they are both simple, easily managed, very ornamental, inexpensive, and afford as good facilities for study as they do for gathering a fair share of the delicious harvest. We will briefly describe both of them.

The first figure represents the Revolving-top hive, with bell-glasses at work. This hive is made with a double crown-board, one portion of which revolves upon the other. In both boards holes are cut so as to admit the bees to the bell-glasses, or to a cap; and by simply turning the top board a little the holes are closed or opened as may be desired, so that in setting the caps to work, or removing them when full of honey, the operator incurs no danger,

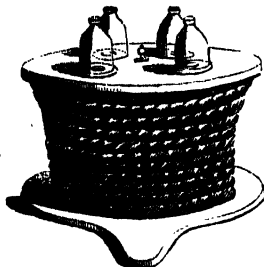


fig. 1.

and need not come into actual contact with the bees. This is an ingenious and practical hive, one of the many invented by Mr. Milton, of Great Marylebone Street, who may justly be spoken of as a successor to Wildman. The Cottage-hive (fig. 2) is a very pretty affair, just the thing for a lady bee-keeper, who would like a yearly donation of pure honey, without risk, and who would also like, without fearing the fate of Fatima, to peer into the mysteries of the secret chamber. The hive itself is formed of straw, with windows for observation. When it has been stocked with a swarm, it must be left alone for a few weeks; and as soon as it is nearly filled with comb, one or two bell-glasses should be set to work. A timid person may easily accomplish this. Take off the hive-cover and fit the bell-glass in its place, and then withdraw the zinc-slide to open communication, and put the cover over the glass to preserve darkness and warmth. The bees will ascend, and commence filling the

glass with comb; and when they are fairly at work, if the season is propitious, place another and another, until each hole is opened and covered with a super. As soon as a glass is filled and the combs sealed up—to be ascertained by observation—proceed to take it away. In the middle of a fine day slowly pass the slide, and cut off communication. After a few minutes, when the bees are alarmed at their imprisonment in the glass, gently tilt it up with a wedge, and the majority will at once escape and enter the hive, leaving you in possession of a glass filled with the best of their store. If a few bees cling to the combs, brush them out with a feather, and at once carry away the treasure; if it is left any time in the neighbourhood of the hive, the bees commence to empty it of its contents.

In working other hives, similar plans are to be adopted. When the bees are fairly at work, extend the sphere of their operations by

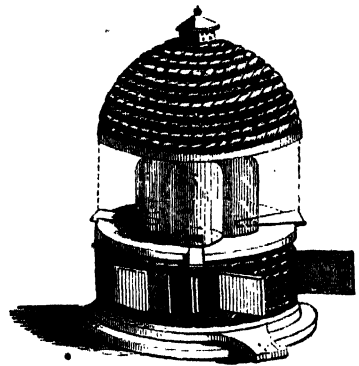


fig. 2.

the addition of proper receptacles above, below, or at the sides, according to the particular construction of the hives adopted. What they deposit in these added compartments is the property of the bee-keeper, and what they store up in the stock-hive is to be their own, to sustain them through the winter. That is the depriving as opposed to the suffocating system of bee-keeping. On the first plan, the honey is obtained in its purest form at the height of the honey-season, and it is taken as wanted without the sacrifice of a single innocent life; on the other, it is obtained at the end of the season, when its first delicacy of flavour has departed, when it is mixed with pollen and brood and other impurities, and of necessity tainted with the smell and taste of the brimstone, which makes a barbarous slaughter of the unoffending children of industry, who would gladly have given as much, and better, honey, if kept in hives adapted to preserve them.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XI.

PAINTED BY H. S. MARKS.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

CHRISTOPHER SLY.

By H. S. MARKS.

"Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot of smallest ale."

TAKING OF THE SHREW, Induction.

WHEN the last of the Slys got so egregiously drunk that, falling asleep in the road before Dame Hacket's house at Wincot, he became, as it were, a prey to that unnamed lord whose whim rendered the drunken tinker immortal, it must have been with some such face as this that, on awakening, he heard himself styled "lord,"—with some such action as Mr. Marks's picture shows must his hands have questioned his corporeal self about its actual existence,—with some such stare must his bleared eyes have inquired if the unwonted splendours around were absolutely real, and not the staggering phantasies of a drunken dream. The metamorphosis was indeed amazing. "Old Sly's son of Burton Heath," whose leathery conscience was pricked through and through by the bitter conviction that he was in debt "fourteenpence for sheer ale," who had been threatened with the thirdborough, and last recollected himself lying sodden and mired in the highroad, now woke to be waited on with bated breath, endowed with a fair wife, and a choice of gorgeous raiment offered,—offered to him who had had no more doublets than backs, stockings than legs, and who could prove by demonstration that he had more feet than shoes! He, whose love-imaginings soared no higher than to Cicely Hacket, "the woman's maid of the house," saw enter, as out of some new land, that beautiful lady (would the painter had presented her) for a wife. Well might he ask, "Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?" and at last, so flatteringly delicious was the change, conclude that he "was not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly;" then, thirstily calling for smallest ale, with "Lord be thanked for my good amends," settle himself to hear the play with that desire for peace and quietness which the subtle dramatist puts into his mouth.

Even in boyhood, our own private opinion of this same Christophero Sly had decided that he was less fool than knave; in fact, that he knew himself deluded,—was a willing victim making the best of his snug berth. Rogue as he doubtless was, we would have pleased ourselves by paying that fourteenpence in order to converse with him. Alas, had he but lived in those days, modern philanthropy might have done something for him: was he not improvable? Notice how, in the short time of that scene i., his speech refined, swearing then only "by St. Anne," an oath which Chaucer and Shakspeare tell us was used by ladies only,—a minikin asseveration too small for larger mouths.

Yes, indeed, justice has been withheld from thee, O Christopher! Were you not willing to learn your manners? did you not promise rewards? was not that last speech of yours almost philosophical? It does not please us to hear you called a rascal. If that fourteenpence was scored against thee, could Dame Hacket swear she had put nothing into the ale? Were there no misreckonings, no limed or salted sack, O hostess of Wincot? Indeed, although thou shouldst have tinkered no pots of ours, son of Sly, you might at least have taken the pledge, we think, and somehow got your condition ameliorated.

The picture is now at the National Institution, and has been referred to in this Magazine at p. 22. L. L.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE EIGHTY-NINTH.

THIS seems an exhibition remarkable rather for what it lacks than what it has. Celebrated names are weakly re-

presented or totally wanting in the catalogue: the President contributes nothing; among the Academicians, C. Landseer, Lee, Webster, E. M. Ward, and A. Elmore are not represented. Holman Hunt exhibits no pictures; how is this? He is not disgusted surely with the reception of the "Scapegoat," before which the dandies simpered that it was a "peculiaw pictaw" (peculiar indeed, my well-dressed friends, and of a peculiar subject, could you but see into it). Why are Messrs. Noel Paton, Windus, and Arthur Hughes absent? They have not been misapprehended. We hoped to have seen a great work from Mr. Maddox Brown, and something to confirm Mr. Martineau's budding reputation. Mr. Herbert, R.A., presents us with a landscape; Mr. Anthony with two, (for him) but indifferent; and Mr. Armitage's single work is hung out of sight, as is a little work by F. Smallfield, a landscape by A. W. Hunt, and another by Inchbold.

No. 78, "King William visits Peter the Great when working at Deptford Dockyard," by D. Maclise, R.A., appears at first sight a brilliant wilderness of bright colour and crude forms; but more attentive regard brings out one of the finest pictures the artist has produced, full of incident, expression, and character, and so well designed that one wonders how he could mar his work by such countless executive peculiarities. We ask ourselves in vain, What is his object in this? Does he aim at ideal beauty? Clearly, no. Nature, then? No again, that cannot be; for the flesh-tints are unreal, the light and shade non-existent, the drawing even seems to us scarcely to bear examination and reasoning out; much of the colour, however bright, is hard and opaque; and, worse than all, some of the expressions are forced, and the figures disproportioned to each other. Despite such faults, examination will develop the infinite variety of incident, some admirable phrases of abstract colour, and noble principles of design, which elevate it into the highest consideration. This fullness of incident and energy of design would be at once patent to the eye, if Mr. Maclise did not systematically ignore the most ordinary truths of light and shade, and other aerial effects. As it is, the whole picture comes hard and flat in a bright confusion: the man in the centre wielding the adze appears dubious whether he shall cut off the leg of Peter or the head of his fellow-workman before him; King William looks fairly propped up against the carpenters' bench, although there are, between him and it, two men sawing a log, which last, by some unaccountable means, has got under the bench. We turn with more unmixed satisfaction to the magnificent series of forty-two outline-drawings by this artist, illustrative of the "Story of the Conquest," 1159, which appear to have been the progressive result of many years' labour, and exhibit an extraordinary improvement in their advance, from the earlier to the later drawings of the series. It would require an essay to describe all these; therefore we shall confine ourselves to bare mention of the most remarkable. No. 5, "Harold and the Saxons as Prisoners," is divided into three sections by the columns of the dungeon; the group in the third of these is noticeable for its variety of design. That of William's family in No. 6, "Imprisonment of Harold announced to the Duke," is singularly striking. No. 10, "William making Harold a Knight," is an example of the danger of excess in carrying out so large a series of designs; for here the artist has fallen into sheer Germanism: no one less than Cornelius could have designed that centre group. No. 15, "Coronation of Harold," is grand and whole. No. 16, "Harold's Marriage," is most excellent. No. 19, "Tostig's Flight," the defeated prince in his galley, is a thoroughly grand and perfect design. In No. 30, "Retreat of Edwin and Morcar," the group of disconsolate earls is admirable. No. 37, "Normans before the Battle of Hastings," appears to us the least satisfactory of the whole series. "The Death of Harold," No. 41, is the most perfect design of the subject we have seen; but some of the figures are distorted and incorrectly drawn. No. 42, "Discovering the Body of Harold," which completes the series most worthily, is a grand com-

position, very impressive and effective. In such a series as this we of course accept the artist's conventional drawing (such things as large eyes, &c.), and there being no erroneous light and shade to offend us,—we may, with these allowances, indeed assert this series to be worthy of the labour of some years of a great man's life, and consider them incomparably the noblest of his works.

No. 138, "The Young Brother," W. Mulready, R.A., one of the most charming of his works, represents a girl carrying a child on her shoulders, whose beautiful infantile face is towards us, looking up at the hand of a youth who is playfully teasing him.* The exquisite flesh, with purple half-tints, of the girl's shoulders, with the admirable drawing throughout, render this picture perfectly delightful. A direct contrast, in point of colour, is No. 107, by W. Dyce, R.A., "Titian preparing his First Essay in Colour:" the great painter, in earliest youth, contemplating a statue of the Virgin, and near his feet a basket of flowers, with the juices (?) of which he is said to have painted a Madonna. There are points of colour in the boy's dress which are very rich and beautiful; but we are surprised to find the scene is an English meadow on a bleak April morning, instead of a sunny Italian pasture, and Titian himself, whose face is expressive, resembling a delicate English boy, with dead-purple complexion; the general result in colour is of course chilly and dull. We contrast these pictures, because in the one the artist has taken an English subject, in which the colour errs, if at all, in excess; while the other, dealing with an Italian subject, gives us English characteristics, and exaggerates them on the reverse side. The truest and most thoroughly English pictures here are three by Mr. Hook, A.R.A., who has outdone himself this year: No. 160, "A Signal on the Horizon" calls a pilot from his look-out station, near a cottage built against a cliff, whence he is sighting the signal from a homeward-bound ship; his hardy clear-eyed son waits but the order to join him in their boat and proceed to her. Far below the tide breaks sharply on the shingle, and on the deep green sea there is a fresh breeze which might be fancied lifting one's own hair. No. 278, "A Widow's Son going to Sea" has just parted from her, and stoops to cast loose the mooring-chain of a boat in which to leave; his face is from her, but we see signs of manly grief upon it. The artist has made a point by the introduction of a child swimming a toy-boat in the green waters of the creek, whose deep colour reflects the shore. No. 541, "The Ship-boy's Letter" has come to his home far inland, where the sun lies in broad light on meadows and trees. A sturdy labourer listens to his wife reading the missive, with out-looking eyes, as if the simple detail brought before him, instead of those green fields, broad rolling waters, and in place of the wind-shaken trees, the balancing rig of a ship. His face, her face,—indeed all the faces, all the actions, all the colour, in each of these pictures,—are perfect and delightful. In colour they are masterly studies, for the artist has evinced his knowledge of the great secret in that quality—intense variety and a system of counterbalances; the green trees are of intensely various greens, as in nature, and chromatic echoes occur throughout. One feels personally indebted to Mr. Hook for these pictures, they are so wholesome, fresh, and new.

Of a different scene, but perhaps in equally perfect feeling, is Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's (A.R.A.) "Orsino and Viola," *Twelfth Night*, No. 87. The lady has declared her love in veiled words, and the unsuspecting duke questions her; she stands in an attitude of ineffable modesty against a garden-chair, in which he is seated; on her pure pale face is a clear reflection, which lights up for us its exquisite expression and delicate pallor. Here, as in the play, we care little for the duke, except for her sake; yet the artist has hardly done him the justice he might; nevertheless this is by far the finest picture he has produced, and never was there a more excellent illustration to Shakspeare's most perfect work. Mr. Frith, R.A., has only two small pictures, "Kato Nickleby at Madame Mantellini's," and "A London Flower-Girl." He

is reserving himself, we believe, for another exhibition; when we hope to see some worthy rival of his great picture of last year. Mr. Egg's (A.R.A.) picture, No. 331, "Scene from *Esmond*:" he returns after the battle of Wynndel, and is decorated by the hand of "Trix, who, in her grand artificial way, is kneeling before him; the sarcastic and grinning dowager looks on amusedly, while behind is his "dear mistress" in the agony of jealousy. Esmond himself, drawn up stiffly, is precisely the man we thought him to be. The colour in this work is a little hot and heavy, but not unpardonably so; indeed, far greater faults would be redeemed by the solid and valuable qualities of the picture, which is the first illustration we remember to have met with of Mr. Thackeray's famous historical novel. It may be, that expecting so much from Mr. Leslie, we are disappointed with No. 213, "Sir Roger de Coverley in Church." The modern master of pictorial humour is scarcely equal to himself in this; it really has the fault of chalky colour in excess, and contains nothing strikingly new in character. The staring half-dozing baby held by a girl at the side is as natural as Leslie only can paint. Mrs. E. M. Ward's little picture, No. 122, "God save the Queen" (a music-lesson), although rather coarse in colour, has much character in it. The same may be said of No. 27, by Miss Solomon, excepting that the latter deals with far higher character. No. 299, "Nameless and Friendless" (a young lady selling drawings at a fashionable printseller's), promises much from the artist, Miss Osborne.

C. W. Cope, R.A., contributes "Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers," No. 503, which, to us, has a displeasing conventionality of design, a chalkiness of colour, and general gray texture about it, that, despite some fine expressive heads, renders it not very satisfactory as a whole. His "Breakfast-time," No. 173, pleases us far more, both in colour and force: it shows a mother giving a lump of sugar to a child, whose expression is capital. We have seldom seen a picture by the artist we liked better than this. No. 562, A. Solomon's single picture, "Waiting for the Verdict," is an admirable subject admirably painted. We most heartily congratulate Mr. Solomon upon rising from the ranks of *genre* painters. This picture, in spite of the painful nature of its subject, is so manly and unaffected, evinces throughout such deep feeling, that we cannot but especially invite the reader's attention to it. "In Time of War," No. 532, J. Archer, although in colour strangely black and cold, is in design and expression most admirably true. We shall look with interest for the future productions of this young Scotch artist. Mr. F. Goodall, A.R.A., surpasses himself in No. 364, having introduced considerable vigour into the design of the dancers in "The Wedding-Dance, Brittany." The colour therein, although vastly improved, cannot be said to be natural. Mr. F. Stone, A.R.A., in No. 355, "Bon jour, Messieurs!" has risen to real humour and character. A French *paysanne*, with the wickedest of eyes, who is riding in a cart with others, salutes the spectators in the words above. This picture is bright and light, and the faces, although somewhat out of drawing, are admirably expressive. Mr. Rankley, in No. 127, an old subject of a dame-school, shows great improvement in execution, solidity, and colour; yet we must regret not to see more novelty of character in the work. Neither of Mr. Wallis's pictures, though exhibiting his usual excellent choice of subject, are quite worthy of the painter of "Chatterton," both being black and heavy. No. 501, "Montaigne in his Library dictates to Mademoiselle de Gournay," has great character and expression in the heads, force of light and shade, and powerful tone; this last is, however, overdone. The same occurs in No. 458, "A Sculptor's Workshop, Stratford-on-Avon, 1617" carving the bust of Shakspeare: the bust itself, which is placed between the figures, casts no reflections upon them, as so large a mass of white could not fail to do. The effect of the picture is ruined by this. A little girl in the doorway is full of character. No. 568, "Infancy," J. Sant, a child just awakened, lying in bed, is very worthy of him, and more naturalistic than usual.

No. 39, "A Syrian Scheik," by J. Lewis, has more apparent finish than real thoughtful care about it. Men in that climate get a swarthy purpleness of tint very different from the embrowned floridity of this worthy, who is so remarkably clean in skin and dress that he might have been painted from an English gentleman. No. 225, "A Prison-window, Sevilla," and No. 448, "Charity, Sevilla," by J. Phillip, are evidently most faithful renderings of Spanish character; the latter, where a *padre* passes heedless of a beggar's appeal, is full of force and rich sombre colour. We rejoice to see more than usual *motives* in these pictures, which are indeed worthy of the painter's high talents. Mr. Poole's (A.R.A.) single picture, No. 391, "A Field Conventicle," exhibits the artist's brilliant, vigorous, but eccentric colour, and that power of design wherein none surpass him, but which he seldom seems to care to work out. Mr. Armitage's picture (most unsuitably placed), No. 1021, "Souvenir of Scutari," representing a number of Turkish women, with his ordinary broad and powerful design, appears very deficient in colour. No. 1004, by E. Eagles, is very far inferior to his work in the Exhibition of British Artists. Mr. M. Halliday's picture, "The Sale of a Heart," No. 663, a capital modern subject, shows great improvement in effect and executive power over "The Measuring for the Wedding-ring," of last year. It contains some good solid painting, and much character; its deficiencies are a want of *real* scientific colour and beauty of feature; the design, too, appears to have been hardly thought over enough, or why do we have the back of a man's coat amongst the most prominent objects? A similar want of *real* colour is observable in Mr. Barwell's "Adopting a Child," No. 614; an excellent subject, well told, forcible, and expressive. The child's reluctance to part from its mother is doubtless lightened by the unsavoury appearance of its future patrons. We look for much from Mr. Barwell.

Mr. J. Clark's picture at the British Institution deservedly attracted considerable attention ("The dead Rabbit"); his work here, No. 616, "The sick Child," is even more worthy of it, showing great improvement in execution, superior finish, at least equal character, and a power of rendering expression which few artists ever surpass. The scene is a labourer's cottage; he nurses the ailing little one, while the mother is coaxing it to take some food; the little thing's face, with its expression of tearful languid nausea, remind one of Wilkie. The picture partakes of that artist's fault—dullness of colour. We do not mean to insinuate the slightest charge of plagiarism by saying this, but merely point out an only defect. No. 309, W. Nicol, "Cottage Interior—Women ironing," is another picture of similar qualities, which well merits observation. No. 133, J. D. Luard, "A Welcome Arrival," of a chest from England in a hut before Sebastopol, shows that the receiver has opened his treasures, and amongst them finds a miniature-case, which, after a hasty glance, he conceals; two other officers are standing by with well-bred inattention. This picture has most valuable qualities—solid execution, truth of detail, with all the interest arising therefrom, and great judgment in rendering expression. We like to look upon such a work as this; it is so manly, frank, and English. No. 138, "Thoughts of the Future," R. Carrick, a young mother looking at her child asleep, exhibits a peculiar truth of light and shade, exquisitely firm textures (how rare this quality!), and a broad sobriety of colour, which single the artist out of the crowd here as a painter of great promise. No. 996, "Waiting for the Stage-coach—Seventeenth Century," is so true to its period that the artist has wrought in the manner of that age very successfully. It represents a Puritan lady with her son in a tavern, wherein is a kind of Roger Wildrake, whose boisterous civilities are not very welcome to his companions. This is one of those executive singularities which, like the colour in Mr. Eagles' picture in Suffolk Street, arise from time to time to astonish us with the wilful eccentricity of the artist. Gerard Dow might have painted this, as Giulio Romano, could he have drawn so well, that by Mr. Eagles.

L. L.

DESTINY UNCERTAIN.

GRACEFULLY shy is yon gazelle.

And are those eyes, so clear, so mild,
Only to shine upon a wild,
Or be reflected in a shallow well?
Ah, who can tell?

If she grows tamer, who shall pat
Her neck? who wreath the flowers around?
Who give the name? who fence the ground?
Pondering these things, a grave old dervish sat
And sigh'd, "Ah, who can tell?"

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE MOTHER.

UNNATURAL mother,
Who've hastened to smother
Whatever is fairest and fondest in child;
In Hell's bitter water
You've plunged your own daughter,
Nor have wept when she wept nor have smiled when she smiled.

When sorrows assail you
Who then will bewail you?
The true and the tender for ever is gone.
Unnatural mother!
Ah, never another
Will love you or mourn you as she would have done.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

FRA ANGELICO DA FIESOLE was born in the year 1387, and became a Dominican monk. He was one of those beings who seem to pass through human nature without entirely belonging to it; an ethereal and beautiful soul, pure as his own dreams of angels, and with no passion but that of worship for the loveliest and brightest things. He painted only from the love of beauty and the impulse of piety. He received no money or other recompense for his immortal works. He began every picture with prayer; he painted his Madonnas on his knees. He believed his hand to be guided by inspiration, and altered nothing that he had done. His famous picture of the "Last Judgment," hanging near the western end of the south wall at Manchester, has suffered a good deal by time; it is, indeed, between four and five hundred years old, but though somewhat faded in colour, all the beauty of the design remains unimpaired. The grace of the forms is altogether wonderful. One hardly sees any where an attitude of surpassing beauty of which the prototype or the suggestion is not to be found here in its highest form of delicate refinement.

In the upper part of the picture, Christ sits enthroned, pronouncing the final words, "Come, ye blessed"—"Depart, ye cursed." The artist, with characteristic tenderness, has turned His face towards the damned, and given it an expression of divine sorrow rather than anger. Below, on one side, the angels are welcoming the just; on the other, the infernal fires break through the floor; savage claws are stretched up through them from the hidden gulf, and demons drive the wicked to their doom. The great charm of the picture is, as might be expected, on the angelic side. There is no end to the beauty of these forms. The Madonna sitting above, with her raised hands and pale-lilac robe; the angel in lilac and gold, on the same side, standing upon a cloud; the

saint kneeling in the foreground, again in lilac, which is clearly the painter's favourite colour; the angel with the crimson robe, and that marvellous saint in yellow, whom he leads by the hand, and who stretches her own hand with such infinite grace and sweetness towards another of her companions; the modest, happy, girlish figure in red, behind her; and, in the crowd below, the greetings of newly-risen friends;—all these are matchless and indescribable.

In the corner, on the other side, is a representation of Dante's Hell, with Satan sitting near the bottom, a huge black monster, munching Judas Iscariot; by the heels, however, instead of the head. The wicked are tortured by devils very like apes, who set about their work in a most business-like manner, pull their victims by the hair with relentless vigour, and pour molten metal down their throats with decided gusto.

Now the spirit of Italian art is felt through the whole of this fine picture. It is not, and is not designed to be, in any respect, a credible representation of a possible event. The event as represented has been separated from all external relations. It could happen only in an imaginary world. The scene has no locality and no accessories; the forms and faces of the blessed are pure and lovely, but they are those of abstract essences, not of men and women rising from the grave. There is no thought in them, no passion, and little character. They have a beauty, perfect of its kind, but one sees they have always had it and will never have any other. The wicked, on the other side, are not less ideal shapes. They typify forms of anguish: they bite their hands; they fasten on each other's lips; they tear their hair and their flesh; but the despair or agony of a real human soul is not seen among them.

On the opposite wall hangs the altar-piece of Hubert and John Van Eyck. It is a copy only, and it represents but a part of the original; but it is sufficiently excellent to satisfy the unprofessional. The original picture was painted for the church of St. John at Ghent. It was very large, and was one of those altar-pieces, painted in many compartments, whose wings fold over the centre, and have pictures on both sides. The great work itself has been divided and dispersed. The lowest part of it was destroyed. This copy, which comprises all the central compartments, was long in the chapel of the Town Hall at Ghent, and was carried away by the French, at the end of the last century. The two brothers Van Eyck were contemporaries of Fra Angelico. The subject of their grand picture is the "Atonement," illustrated by the worship of the Lamb, spoken of in the book of Revelation. There are two rows of panels. The upper row has seven. Of these, the centre panel represents the Trinity in the person of the Father, who sits, crowned with the triple crown, and furnished with every emblem of regal power. Next to Him, on either side, are the Madonna and John the Baptist; beyond them, two choirs of angels, and on the outer panels, the figures of Adam and Eve. In the row below, the Lamb is worshipped by saints and angels among the bowers of Paradise.

The Madonna of Van Eyck is a great and remarkable creation. She sits in glory. Unlike the Madonnas of other painters, she has a book in her hand, and she is reading. Her attitude is inexpressibly beautiful. It combines the dignity of a queen with the grace of a woman and the simplicity of a little child. Her face is noble, thoughtful, lovable, and pure; a rich warm woman's face, in which human nature is glorified but not a jot of it destroyed. Compare her with Fiesole's dream. She is not, indeed she could hardly be, more beautiful in external form; but the one embodies an idea, and the other a life; one is exactly fitted for the scene she appears in, and for nothing else, the other may live and move wherever there are life and motion. Van Eyck has gloried in his Madonna, as well he might. He has clothed her in a magnificent robe of the deepest blue, and put perhaps the most splendid and appropriate crown that was ever painted on her long fair hair. Her forehead and eyes express what was suggested by her occupation. She

is the Queen of Heaven, but she is not therefore destined to live for ever in a single thought, and be the type of a single sentiment. She reads with interest and self-absorption, even while the new covenant is being proclaimed; and the act itself, while it fills her with lifelike reality, adds very much to the impression of royal state and serene beatitude intended to be conveyed.

The figure of John the Baptist is on the other side. It is grave and noble. He also has a book in his hand, but he is not reading. His mission has been to bear witness, and he retains his character. God speaks. The book is forgotten. He raises his prophet's hand, and appears to repeat to the multitude below the words that issue from the throne. The choral angels on one side, those with musical instruments on the other, and St. Cecilia at the organ, with her rapt face and gorgeous robe, are wonderfully true and living. The naked forms of Adam and Eve contrast strongly with the rest. Eve, who has an apple in her hand, is positively ugly. Adam looks half-starved. He might be forgiven now for eating apples, or any thing that happened to come in his way. But they stand there as the representatives of human sin, and the painter has been right in taking away their beauty. The moral is made the more perfect by the fact that Eve in feature is not unlike the divine Madonna. It is only the expression of guilt and shame that has changed her beauty to deformity.

On the panels underneath, the Lamb, shedding His blood into a cup of gold, is the central figure. Its treatment illustrates very curiously the painter's love of reality, carried, in this case, doubtless to excess. The lamb itself cannot, under any treatment, be more than a symbol; and an Italian master would have made it so. Not so Van Eyck. He has drawn a stout, spirited, but not particularly spiritual, animal. A manly thought, but too mundane for the subject. How noble, however, are the four groups of worshippers, approaching from the four corners of the picture, through those beautiful groves, with the towers of the happy city, the bright horizon, and the blue line of hills, behind them! See how those censers swing from the hands of the angels; observe the character and life of all the faces, from poets to monks, from the delicacy of an Italian Christ to the strength of a Gothic soldier! Here is a head like Shakespeare's, behind one of the foremost figures; here the profile of an apostle, kneeling in front. Of these four groups, three are composed of men, the fourth only of women; an unfair proportion, one might think. There is a poetic instinct, however, in the artist's arrangement even here. Manly virtue presents itself to his mind in different and separable forms; that of woman as an indivisible glory. He has led his female saints down one of the richest avenues, and the palms they carry in their hands, unlike those borne by the other sex, are luminous and ethereal.

The side panels of this division are full of the same fine human nature, the horsemen on the left especially. Two of them are traditionally known as portraits of the painters themselves. On the right, St. Christopher leads the way in his well-known red mantle. He is a favourite with the German school. Their instinct draws them to him; and the fact is a significant one. There are several representations of him on this northern wall; one, small but capital, by Albert Durer; another, very noble, on the right-hand leaf of Memling's Triptych.

Leaving this great altar-piece, which, indeed, we have not half described, we cross over to the beautiful "Riposo" of Fra Bartolommeo. He was born a hundred years after Hubert Van Eyck; was the student of Leonardo da Vinci, and the friend of Raphael; a pious monk, and, like Fiesole, of the Dominican order. The Virgin sits under a pomegranate-tree, with a palm behind; the infant Christ on her knee is giving the cross to the infant John. Joseph sits close by, under the palm-leaves, looking gravely at the children. In the distance, behind, the Holy Family are seen pursuing their journey; one of the quaint attempts so often made by the old painters to represent two consecutive events

in a single composition. There is a curious example of this on the opposite wall, in Van Eyck's picture of "Moses and the Burning Bush." Fra Bartolommeo's picture is a rich and lovely piece of idealism. His Virgin—sweet, tender, and passionless—is made expressly to rest by the wayside; and for no other purpose: the wayside itself came into existence solely for her to rest in; it is no spot on earth; she sits neither on grass nor sand. The palm and the pomegranate have their roots in mellow tints; fit soil for purely ethereal trees. It is the same with all the figures, and with the whole composition. The beauty is very great, the effect unquestionable; but they belong not to things, but to abstractions.

Nearly opposite hangs Mabuse's "Adoration of the Kings." The contrast is so immense, one could almost laugh at it. Mabuse has not confined himself, as Fra Bartolommeo has done, to the drawing of merely human forms. The most striking objects in his picture are the three wonderful angels making obeisance in the air, and flights of supernatural beings come flocking downwards towards the fine ruin, in the midst of which he places his Madonna. Yet the whole is perfectly lifelike, and mechanically possible. It represents no abstraction. The artist saw the vision as it might exist on this very earth. The rest is in the same spirit. His Virgin's face is grave and fine; she holds her child with the pride of a living mother. A fold in the hem of her robe shows that she wears serviceable shoes and under-clothes. What a face is given to the kneeling king; what solicitude it expresses, and how well it contrasts with the half-Ethiopian features of his stolid royal brother! The details are all those of ordinary life: a little dog enjoys himself in front with a bone he has found; another, less fortunate, sits gloomy and carnivorous in the corner; there is a donkey behind, eating the weeds at the foot of the ruined wall; and flowers, such as bear seed after their kind, spring up from the broken pavement. At first sight, the picture is nothing like so beautiful as Bartolommeo's, but you may look at it for an hour with continually increasing pleasure; while the Italian tells all at once, and hides nothing behind. The one makes this actual world interesting; the other forgets it, and takes you out of it. Perhaps this is the sum of all the difference between northern and southern art.



ECCENTRICITIES OF LONDON LIFE.

By STEPHEN HUNT.

THE BUSKER.

THE individual commonly known by this *sobriquet* is an itinerant reciter, vocalist, conjurer, buffoon, or other species of stage-exhibitor, whose subsistence depends upon the precarious patronage he receives from the visitors at fairs, races, tea-gardens, taverns, and public-houses. His avocation is strictly peripatetic; and hence he takes his title from the short boot, or "buskin," which has been a common article of stage-apparel—one of the most indispensable of an actor's properties—ever since the earliest days of the drama.

Possibly he is a young provincial actor out of an engagement, destitute alike of money and friends; or he may be an outcast from a home where his follies and vices have rendered him unbearable. Incapable of application to any business pursuit (if he has ever been taught any), impatient of restraint, and unhappily gifted with some peculiar talent fitting him for the stage, or adapted for a still more vagrant mode of life, he plunges into a career that will most likely exclude the possibility of his ever gaining a social position of the least pretensions to respectability, unless, indeed, after years of suffering, he is found to be endowed with extraordinary abilities.

The London busker,—most frequently a reciter or vo-

calist,—commonly secludes himself in his miserable lodging during the day, beguiling the time either by studying new songs and recitations, or reviving his recollection of old ones. About eight or nine o'clock in the evening he prepares to leave home, first by cleaning his boots; an operation which, if wanting proper implements, he manages to achieve with an old nail-brush. Then he puts on a clean collar, made, most likely, of paper, and ingeniously pricked round with a pin to imitate the work of a needle. If very particular as to his appearance, he adds to this a clean shirt-front, or, with a bit of chalk or whitening, imparts to the dirty one a candle-light semblance of purity. Having completed his toilet by applying a few drops of ink to the darns in his coat, and also to the little bits of white stocking that peep pertinaciously through the cracks in his boots, he sallies forth to collect the pence on which he depends, not only for his supper that night, but for subsistence during the morrow. His first object is to discover where he can make his bow to good audiences; and for this purpose he goes about prying in at the parlour-windows of taverns and public-houses, or, if foiled by the closeness of the blinds, stopping to listen for the sound of voices. The reading of a newspaper aloud drives him away at once, but hearty laughter affords him most gratifying encouragement. Assuming the confident air of a customer, he passes the landlord at the bar, glances at the company as he enters the coffee-room, and either sits quietly down and calls for a glass of ale (if he happens to have a few pence in his pocket); or, taking advantage of the observation his entrance has attracted, immediately addresses the company, hat in hand, with, "Gentlemen, would you like to hear a song or recitation this evening?" Most probably there is no answer. "Gentlemen," continues the busker, with a smile of confidence, "silence, it is said, gives consent, therefore I will make an attempt to amuse you;" and lest any body *should* speak, he commences a song or recitation directly; then another; and then, availing himself of one of the little circular trays on the table, he goes round the room collecting his pence, thanks his audience, bows, and exits; unless, indeed, some very good-natured person should patronise him by calling for a particular song, when, with the chance of fresh company dropping in, he will probably give an hour's entertainment very profitably. This, however, is one of the most agreeable scenes during his nocturnal wanderings, in the course of which he is always liable to be insulted and expelled by the landlord, or thwarted in the success of his appeal to the guests by the stern and imperative "no" of some one among them whose temper has perhaps become unusually acidulated by a touch of indigestion.

Some of these unfortunate beings are not only very pleasing singers, but gifted with a skill in music that enables them to accompany themselves very creditably, even on such an imperfect instrument as the accordion; while, for a solo, they will astonish you with the overture to *Tekeli* or *Lodoiska*, either on a pigmy trumpet or penny whistle. During the winter season, when the evenings are long, they will pick up as much as fifteen shillings a-week in London, having discovered, by experimental visits, the houses where they are certain to find indulgent landlords and liberal audiences. During the summer they frequent fairs, races, ship-launches, and other large assemblies, suburban and provincial. In the palmy days of Smithfield and Greenwich fairs, the busker invariably reaped an abundant harvest at those scenes of revelry.

Though generally realising a bare subsistence, and leading a career of obscurity, there have been some of the fraternity who, possessing peculiar talent, have attained short-lived celebrity and comparative affluence, both, however, proving equally ephemeral. Gouffe, the monkey-imitator, whose name always drew crowded audiences at the London minor, and major provincial, theatres, was indebted for his introduction on the stage to the proprietor of an establishment on the Surrey-side of the water, who happened to witness his feats of agility in climbing about the walls and

running round the mouldings of a spacious apartment at a tavern in the Blackfriars Road. On trial, he was found to acquit himself still better, not only on the stage, but in the circle of boxes and gallery, where his monkey-mimicry was further tested by presents of nuts, apples, and oranges, which he demolished in a style of the most perfect baboonery. Thus, instead of the few shillings per week he had been in the habit of picking up as a busker, he soon found himself in the regular receipt of as many pounds, to say nothing of the very handsome sums occasionally realised by benefits.

Sharpe, the ventriloquist, also commenced his career as a busker, and was so successful that he collected as much as fifteen shillings per night, and was obliged to have a trustworthy person with him to carry his halfpence. Subsequently he received a munificent salary at the Cider Cellars, and other places of public entertainment; and, during the summer, could always command a lucrative engagement at any provincial theatre. He was the son of a farmer, and when quite a child evinced a remarkable talent for imitating the cacklings, crowings, bleatings, barkings, neighings, bravings, and other peculiar utterances of the animals in his father's farm-yard. Long practice rendered him perfect in the entire range of ventriloquial mimicry. A *début* at any one of the principal theatres or assembly-rooms in London would doubtless have raised him at once to a high rank in public patronage, and might speedily have afforded a comfortable independence; but a very different fate attended him. Owing either to the injurious effect produced physically by the perpetual practice of ventriloquism, or as the natural consequence of late hours, constant excitement, and excessive conviviality, his mind became affected, and he died in Bedlam, a raving maniac, leaving his wife and family in the most abject destitution. It has been said by those who were intimate with him in the zenith of his prosperity, that the tricks he played on board steam-boats, at places of public resort, and among strangers generally, by the cry of an infant, the yelping of a dog, a facetious remark from the most staid-looking person in company, or some other imposition of harmless fun, were sufficiently numerous, varied, and amusing to have formed a volume quite as attractive as the popular work of *Valentine Vox*.

One of Sharpe's very intimate friends, and possessing, perhaps, more genuine talent in another line, was Newman, a fellow of infinite jest, whose bursts of facetiousness and displays of mimicry, in addition to his talent as a comic singer, were always wont to "set the tables in a roar." He was the son of a tradesman in the vicinity of Covent Garden; a man so well known, and of such unexceptionable reputation, that his name stands most honourably enrolled in the parochial records of Saint—No matter what, inasmuch as they would not be found to contain the name of "Newman," which was merely an assumption of the son, to prevent his family from knowing his degraded position.

He was one of those rollicking spirits who delude themselves with the idea that the world is all sunshine, the exuberance of their vivacity not allowing them to think seriously about any thing. Sights that would bring tears into the eyes of others throw them into convulsions of laughter; and the experience in their own persons of what people commonly regard as misery, is, to their conceptions, nothing more than a pleasing dilemma or amusing catastrophe. They pass their lives in laughter, and die with a jest on their lips.

In catching and portraying personal peculiarities, Newman was, in his humble sphere, without a rival. His imitations, of the London actors especially, were perfect. The voice of each was no sooner heard than it was greeted with a laugh of recognition, while the step, gesture, and peculiarities of attitude rendered the impersonation complete in all but the expression of the countenance. Of Liston, however, he managed to give a complete portrait, by puffing out his cheeks, and giving to his nose a slight curve upwards, with a piece of thread so fine as to be imperceptible at a distance.

Seated at a table, and leaning forward in one of Liston's assumptions of mystification, with a candle on each side of him, there was a vivid resemblance, quite equal to and far more striking than any thing which could have been produced by the pencil of an artist. For this, and his imitations of the rest of the London actors,—Kean, Young, Elliston, Kemble, Jones, Harley, Terry, Meadows, and others, who then composed the galaxy of dramatic talent,—he was well known to the frequenters of Offley's, the Cider Cellars, Coal Hole, and other houses of nocturnal resort among the "fast men" of the day. The manager of the Birmingham Theatre offered him an engagement, for his imitations alone, at five pounds per week, clear of travelling expenses; but he was then in too ill-health to accept it. After several months' suffering, under a most painful internal malady, he died in extreme poverty and wretchedness in a miserable lodging at Cow Cross,—“the last,” as he said, “of all his crosses.”

Among that class of buskers who depend upon their talent for recitations, and commonly find much better encouragement in the country than in London, there have been some extraordinary instances of downfall from a higher sphere. One was that of an actor named Comerford, many years the impersonator of minor characters at Drury Lane Theatre. During the latter part of his life he travelled about the provinces, reciting the most effective soliloquies from the works of our best dramatists, or going through entire scenes, and sometimes the whole five acts at once—as an entertainment before schools and private parties—of any play that might be called for. The modulation of his voice, to suit the different characters, was excellent, except in juvenile parts. He could not imitate properly the sharp shrill voice of youth; and it is related of him that, finding, one night, while reciting *Douglas*, he was creating disapprobation by the exaggerated intonations of his Norval, he called one of the schoolboys to him, and, having no copy of the play for the lad to read from, he gave all the speeches himself, in the third person, thus:

“This young gentleman's name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
His father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant care is to increase his store,
And keep his only son—this young gentleman—at home.”

Poor fellow! if he had had somebody to keep him at home too, it might have saved him from dying in a workhouse.

Such, indeed, or something akin to it, is the usual fate of the fraternity, with very few exceptions; that, for instance, of—not an actor, but an *amateur* busker—a late eminent counsel, who was an excellent mimic, and being in his younger days of rather unsettled and thoughtless habits, and entertaining an extreme repugnance to the profession for which his father had had him educated, he left his home, and travelled the country as a busker, in company with an acquaintance who possessed some talent as a vocalist. The reverses they experienced were at one period so extreme, that they had only one pair of trousers between them, and the future counsellor laid in bed while his friend went out singing. Ultimately he entered the legal profession, through the generous help of one of its most distinguished ornaments, to whom he was indebted for all the pecuniary assistance such an elevation required for the development of his high talent.

Seriously speaking, the provincial busker would rather aspire to the countryman's smock than the barrister's gown, except, perhaps, in mere mimicry. His unfortunate conceit of his talent, combined with an utter incapacity for the drudgery of dry study, to say nothing of his want of a suitable education, are the chief causes of his contentment with a precarious subsistence, to obtain which he is compelled to be perpetually travelling on foot from one town to another, in all kinds of weather, at the average rate of from fifteen to twenty miles a day, unless, indeed, he happens to get a temporary engagement at some low concert-room. While yet young, his life is cut short by a fit of sickness, aggravated by destitution, and a pauper's grave rejects the least token that might revive the memory of his existence.



THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. BY A. J. WOOLMER.
[Society of British Artists.]

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

VI.—THE GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS.

ON every succeeding day throughout the months that followed this first visit Laurence Royston was constant in his attendance on Nicholas Drew. He worked with diligence and success, notwithstanding the bright eyes that often overlooked him; and the old engraver was pleased and satisfied with his pupil. He was enthusiastic himself, and he thought Royston, under his cold cynicism, had sparks of the genial fire too. His coming also gratified Adie; for she liked change and variety, of which there was ordinarily but little in Nevil's Court.

It was not strange that after a while she grew to like him, because his manner towards her was impregnated with the subtlest flattery. He differed essentially from every one she knew, in his quiet ways of winning into and answering her unuttered thoughts. He made his mind, as it were, chime responsive to hers; he studied her face until he understood her feeling ere she could express it; he ob-

served her tastes and distastes, her little whims, weaknesses, and vanities, and played upon them with a master-hand, until he could wind and turn her any way he would, and all this without having committed himself by a single word. He went through it like a game of skill, in which the most astute must win; while she blushed, and was angry and astonished at herself in secret to see how much she was giving for nothing—unasked, possibly undesired. She could not lay the soothing unction to her heart that Laurence Royston so much as liked her; for if he were kind, almost tender, one day, he would be cynical and careless the next; if his eyes dwelt on her caressingly one moment, the next there came over them that flickering sinister light as of a cruel thought shining through.

Nicholas, as they learnt to know each other better, began to regard him with less favour; *why* was not apparent; he distrusted him, probably. One dark November night, Adie happened to be left alone in the room at Nevil's Court; Nicholas had gone out reluctantly on business, and Martha had been absent a few days in the country, where she was supposed to have gone to nurse her aged mother. The girl sat idly by the crackling wood-fire, twirling in her fingers the shrivelled relics of the wild white rose, which she had

fetched from its hiding-place to keep her thoughts company. In her eyes there was a deeper stiller expression than formerly, and a less frequent smile on her lips also; but the rich glow of her southern beauty had not lost a single tint. Her heart was restless, but not sorrowing.

Laurence Royston had been there in the morning, in his pleasanter mood; and as Adie sat alone by the fire, she was thinking within herself how dull they should be when he was gone away. She, at least, not Nicholas; for he had said that day, with a vehement expression quite unusual to him when Royston had left, "Adie, I do not like that man; I have been deceived in him;" and she had turned away, with a slightly angry flush darkening her brow. If the old man had struck her, it would have pained her less than hearing him speak thus. For the first time in her life, she felt resentful against poor Nicholas,—felt as if he had injured her; and she let him go out before her passion cooled. She was brooding over it now, when a sound caused her to raise her face and listen intently. In the corridor outside the wall, there went slow, distinct, measured steps; she could have counted them. Her cheeks blanched, and all the blood rushed back violently to her heart; but she kept her place within the broad light which the fire threw out upon the floor. The steps advanced and receded thrice, and died into indistinctness far beyond the room. Adie's angry thoughts had been put to flight by this; she longed excessively for Nicholas's return. A few minutes after, her heart gave a throb of relief, for she heard some person mounting by the outside stairway. She rushed to the door, and opened it in haste, to admit, not the engraver, but Laurence Royston.

"There is nobody at home but myself," said she, in confusion at his sudden and unexpected appearance. "Grizzie has gone down into the Barbecue."

She stood holding the latch in her hand, expecting him to depart; but he advanced into the room, and lifted his hat from his head, saying:

"It is a wet night, Adie; give me an hour's shelter. Will he soon be back again?"

"Yes; he promised to hasten as I was alone," she replied; and she shut the door, for the wind blew in coldly and strongly.

Royston stood by the fire, resting his arm upon the mantel-shelf; Adie sat down in her old place, secretly wishing that the visit had been better timed, and feeling an inward conviction that Nicholas would be displeased to find his pupil there at his return.

"What is the matter, Adie?" asked Royston gently. "You look as if you had seen a ghost; such wild eyes and pale cheeks!"

"I have heard the footsteps to-night," replied she, looking up in his face. "I was wishing so much that Grizzie would come back when you arrived. I dare not be left alone again in the house."

"Silly Adie! I thought you had more courage than to tremble at a sound. What harm can those footsteps do you?"

"They make me nearly sick with fear; I should go mad if I heard them often; they make my blood cold in my veins; I cannot describe it. If you had not come, I should have gone down to Mrs. Parkes and Job until Grizzie came home."

"Now that I am here, Adie, let me speak to you: I have a word for your ear alone. Will you listen to me, Adie?" Her colour came and went rapidly, for there was a passionate tenderness in his voice that she could not misunderstand; but an instinct of maidenly reserve whispered that he ought not to have sought her clandestinely, and stilled the rush of joy to her heart. She drew away her hand which he had taken, quietly and with a certain coldness, but she could not shroud the lustre in her eyes that belied the repulse. "Adie," he repeated earnestly,—"Adie, have you never seen my love for you? Is my dear hope to fail?" That strange voice of his had a truthful ring in it now he had left acting. A quick change passed over the girl's face; she put up her hand to shed back the long hair from her brow, and looked at him—openly, honestly, questioninglly.

Some doubt of him must have crossed her mind then, for he drew back before her glance which expressed it. "Adie, if I tried you, it was but to spare myself pain; I could not make my heart a football for a girl's caprice," he said deprecatingly. "I did not know you until lately, and since then you have been all my thought. Forgive me, Adie, forgive me; at least if you deny my love."

A thrill ran through Adie's frame as if a cold wind had breathed upon her, that quick convulsive shiver which is said to creep along the nerves when some step passes over the spot where our grave is to be made. She remembered Nicholas's few stern words that morning, and an undefinable sensation of fear, pain, and longing, stole into her heart. He saw the wavering, and was swift to turn it to account. Warm loving words, passionate vows, fell softly, dreamily, into the porches of her ears, and passed on to the responsive heart-strings making them all musical with delight; the rosy blush deepened; the lustrous gleaming eyes grew humid, and her lips quivered into a confession.

"Then, Adie, you are mine—mine!" cried Royston exultant; "you will not let any one separate us. I love you better than my life, and you must give me the same love; if you love me best of all, you will leave all for me." Adie remembered poor Nicholas's kindnesses; and her conscience, yet uncalledous, reproached her for deceiving him. "Do you regret already?" said Royston; "do you fear I cannot hold my own? Keep our secret until I bid you speak, and all will be well; promise me this." Adie promised. "I shall come to-morrow. Now I will leave you, lest Nicholas should return. You are not afraid of the footsteps now, are you?"

"O, no," she replied smiling. But he lingered still, there were so many warm assurances and farewells to make, so many warnings to give; but at last he was gone, and Adie sat down again by the fire alone. Her mind was in a whirl, she saw nothing clearly; one sensation only was distinct, and that was painful,—she had given her word to deceive poor old Nicholas—confiding, honest, old Nicholas; that was bad; it was wicked. She felt less happy than before Laurence Royston had said he loved her; what she had coveted so earnestly had brought the first dark stain upon her conscience. She tried to thrust the obtrusive self-reproach aside, but it refused to be banished. While she was thus at war with her better genius, the engraver came in. He had ascended the steps unheard, and appeared before her so unexpectedly, that she started and uttered a cry of alarm; which she explained by saying that she had heard the footsteps in the corridor soon after he had left her, and that since every slight noise made her tremble.

"The footsteps?" repeated Nicholas in a troubled tone.

"Yes; they came and went three times between the closet and the stairs, and then ceased," said Adie.

The old man stood before the fire in his wet tartan, gazing sadly into the red caverns of the embers. "They have begun early this winter," he remarked. "What is it they forbode?"

"Do you take them for an evil prophecy, Grizzie?" the girl asked, going to him affectionately, and disencumbering him of his drenched cloak and hat.

"Yes, child, they have always proved such; but perhaps it may not be to you or me, but to others in the house. Listen!" The regular echoing tramp came up the corridor again. Adie trembled, as she clung to the old man's arm; the steps came nearer and nearer,—threatening angry steps they were. They traversed the length of the corridor several times, and then all was again still; Adie could hear the beating of her own heart in the hush that followed. Nicholas passed his hand gently over her head, which rested against his breast, saying, "God shield thee from harm, child!"

At that moment an impulse came strongly upon her to tell Nicholas what had passed during his absence; but a thought of Royston checked the confession on her tongue,—might he not be displeased with her?—so she held her peace, and withdrew herself from the kind arm which had been so

long her protection. She went to the window, and looked out into the dense, blown, wintry night; there was a faint reflection on the wet pavement of the court from some fire in a room below, and her eye fixed on the glistening pools. It was not possible she could have been deceived, but she half-doubted the evidence of her senses, when the figure of Laurence Royston emerged stealthily from the open doorway of the house, and darkening the light for a moment, passed out at the arch into College Lane. She made no remark, but returned to the hearth; Nicholas was unlocking the doors of the oak-closet. He went in alone, leaving them ajar, and presently called to her: "Adie, did you or Laurence Royston observe where the cabinet stood last summer?" he asked. "I have not been in here since I showed it to you both, and it seems to me that it has been thrust from the wall; it certainly stood close to it formerly."

The girl could not remember, but she went in and looked. "I did not notice that there was a door behind it, Grizzie, so it must have been moved, or I should certainly have seen it," said she. "Is the door locked up?"

He shook it strongly, and replied, "Yes, it is fast; but the fastenings are without. The bolts are gone from the staples inside, and there is no key, unless the one that belongs to the outer door opens this also."

He fetched it and tried, but it turned in the wards without unlocking it. He made Adie repeat her description of the footsteps, and questioned her particularly as to whether she had heard any other noise, to which she replied that she had not.

"I will look further into the matter to-morrow," said the engraver seriously. "We have little to lose, it is true; but evil-disposed persons have been known to make use of such legends as attach to this house in Nevil's Court for bad purposes. It is well to be on our guard. The cabinet has been moved from without; something has been introduced through the wide crevice between the door and the wall, and so it has been pushed forward."

That night both Nicholas and Adie lay long awake; the one listening for the footsteps, the other revolving the evening's occurrences with alternate thrills of joy and pain; but no sound disturbed the stillness, except the loud Münster clock and the gusts of sighing winter wind. The following morning Nicholas rose early, long before Adie was awake, and went down into the court, and thence by the common stair into the corridor. He carried with him a lantern, and narrowly examined the floor, which in the thick dust showed traces of feet backwards and forwards. This circumstance convinced him that some actual person had occasioned the previous night's alarm, and that it was not the ghostly visitant Adie had heard. He tried the door of the closet, but could not stir it; and then returned to his room, where he applied himself as quietly as possible to undoing the closed-up entrance from it to the corridor. This was a work both of time and difficulty, and it was still undone, when he heard Adie moving in her room; he immediately desisted, and lest she should be troubled by needless alarms, he made every thing look as much like what it did before as possible. After breakfast he fetched a blacksmith, and had the cabinet secured to the wall of the closet by several strong staples; it then completely covered the door, and made an entrance by that means next to an impossibility.

Royston came while the man was at work, and expressed his approval of Nicholas's precautions; he afterwards examined the corridor with him, and suggested that the door into it should be opened, that the nocturnal visitant might be detected. The engraver privately told him what he was doing, but said Adie must not know, or she would be in a constant tremor and excitement. Laurence promised to repeat nothing.

After that day the engraver never left Adie alone in the house; Martha returned; and the weeks crept on until nearly Christmas. The footsteps were heard no more, and the first impression of alarm died away; Nicholas even began to talk

of once more closing up the door, because it admitted draughts; but the doing of it was deferred from day to day, until it was forgotten again. But one black moonless night, as the engraver lay awake, he heard a sound passing by the wainscot that caused him to start up in haste. It was of a stealthy, naked foot, and a hand drawn along by the wall as if feeling the way. He passed into the large room, and succeeded in opening the door noiselessly; but when he flashed his light into the corridor, it was silent and empty, only a rush of wind sweeping up it extinguished his candle. He went no more to bed, but sat listening and expectant; but the visitant, whether of flesh and blood, or of shadow and spirit, came not again.

This time he did not think fit to speak of what he had heard to any one. However, Martha, whom nothing escaped, had been startled by the same noise, and had moreover seen with wonder a figure that she well knew steal across the court shortly after. In the winter nights a lighted oil-lamp hung inside the gateway of the court. Now possibly that secret visitant had not calculated that there were such wakeful eyes and such industrious thoughts upon his track as Martha's discovery entailed. Her web, which had hitherto run tolerably straight, was all at once thrown into inextricable entanglement.

FILOTSAM AND JETSAM.

IN certain manors adjoining the sea there are old-established rights and customs which empower their lords, or their ladies, to claim whatever valuable fragments may be thrown up by the waves, and which are known in manorial language as Flotsam and Jetsam.

A periodical publication like ours is a manor whose boundaries extend as far as the ocean, and beyond it, for we have already stretched to the antipodes. Into our storehouse comes tribute both from sea and land; not only solid bales of intellectual wares, but also broken morsels of literature,—bits of wreck perhaps,—from which we shall use the privilege of selecting the most precious. Wafers and strays like these must be a heterogeneous sample, from the very accident of their being thus collected. What the rest may prove the reader cannot possibly guess from the specimen presented as

AN INFANT ARBITER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The *Augsburg Gazette* relates a curious fact in reference to the judicial customs of Turkey.

A Turk has been condemned to death for the crime of murder, committed upon an individual whose wife happened to be *enccinte* at that moment. Before the execution could take place, the widow of the victim was delivered of a boy. The capital punishment consequently remains suspended till the child just born is come of age, when it will be his duty to decide whether his father's murderer shall be allowed to redeem the price of blood by a money-payment, or whether it be his will that the condemned person shall be put to death. Till the decision can be given, which this child alone has the right to make, the murderer must remain in prison.

E. S. DIXON.

RISTORI.

THE appearance of Madame Ristori on the Parisian stage has been the principal feature of the dramatic season, as it was two years ago, when—despite the scepticism of the French mind with regard to foreign talent, the tyranny of theatrical conventionalism, and the serious obstacle to success of a foreign idiom in this cosmopolitan capital, which will not give itself the trouble of comprehending any tongue but its own—this new candidate for dramatic honours took her place, by divine right of genius, in the highest rank of histrionic art.

It was on Tuesday, the 22d of May 1855,—while the vastness of the Paris Exhibition, influencing the fashion of the time, was prompting the getting-up of plays of a hundred *tableaux*, monster concerts, and circus-spectacles of a thousand performers—that Adelaida Ristori, heralded only by the measured praises of the *Ravista Contemporanea* and the conflicting reports of rumour, first presented herself before the critical areopagus of Paris, convened in the *Théâtre des Italiens* to witness the performance of Silvio Pellico's pale transcription of Dante's most passionate, most pathetic page, brought out by a *troupe* of four or five actors, in an unknown tongue, with great sobriety of decoration, and no other promise of orchestral relief than that afforded by the execution of a lugubrious overture in C minor, by a band whose poverty of numbers and of talent contrasted most unfavourably with the musical traditions of the house.

"The thing will be a failure," whispered the critics, with a shrug, as the curtain rose after this inauspicious beginning. La Ristori herself, with her charms of person, of manner, and of voice, produced a favourable impression; but the piece was so watery, the other actors were so tame and so "provincial," that the audience, through the two first acts, remained cold, uninterested, incredulous. Evidently the critics were right, and the appearance of the "Comedians in ordinary of his majesty the King of Sardinia" was doomed to be a failure.

But suddenly, in the third act, in the interview between Paulo and Francesca, a sort of electric thrill went through the house, revealing to that listless and disappointed audience the presence of a great tragedian. Every eye was now riveted to the stage; and the spectators, breathless, and completely absorbed by the intensity of passion, the irresistible pathos, the surpassing grace and tenderness of Francesca in this marvellous creation, burst forth into a tumult of applause at the conclusion of the scene. The rest of the performance was a continuous triumph. Her appearance in *La Locandieri* of Goldoni, in which she played that same night, showing herself to be as admirable in comedy as in tragedy, was the occasion of a new ovation. Recalled over and over again after the fall of the curtain, she was overwhelmed with bravos and with flowers. The cause of the brilliant stranger was won; and, by next morning, all Paris had learned that a star of the first magnitude had risen to the zenith of the dramatic heavens.

The pre-eminent position thus suddenly attained by Madame Ristori has been abundantly confirmed by her success in the various characters in which she has subsequently appeared; and her reception in London and other capitals, and the enthusiasm with which her return has been greeted by the public of this usually inconstant city, have fully legitimated the verdict which has awarded to this magnificent artist an equal share in the honours of dramatic supremacy, so long the exclusive possession of her great rival, Mademoiselle Rachel.

Adelaida Ristori, now about thirty-five years of age, comes of artist-stock, and may be said to have passed her life upon the boards. Her early years were not happy; but her beauty and talent gradually improved her position, and at length paved the way to her marriage with the Marchese del Grillo, a representative of one of the oldest families of the Sardinian aristocracy. Her private life is most exemplary; and so high is her conception of conjugal and maternal dignity, that she has formed an irrevocable determination never to appear in the character of a courtesan.

In person, Madame Ristori is tall, slender, and beautifully proportioned, though somewhat thin, with the hands and feet of the Venus of Arles. Her finely-formed head, with its luxuriant brown hair, and its open intelligent brow, is admirably placed on her fair and flexible neck; and her smooth white shoulders boast the rare median line so dear to sculptors. Her complexion is brown but fresh; her eyebrows are black and delicately arched; and her dark hazel eyes are full of fire, of sweetness, scorn, tenderness, and

mirth. Her nose is small and well shaped, and belongs to the Roman varieties of that feature; her mouth is mobile and expressive in the highest degree; her lips are full and red; and the regularity and whiteness of her teeth give remarkable brilliance to her smile.

Her port is noble, easy, and sure; her gestures are graceful, dignified, natural, and so perfectly in harmony with the sentiment portrayed, that their apparent spontaneity completely hides the consummate art of which they are the result. Her voice, admitted by all to be the finest organ of the modern stage, is clear, penetrating, sonorous, yet full and mellow; and its inflexions, like the play of her features, of her glance, and of her movements, command the entire range of human feeling.

In the rendering of love, hate, terror, apprehension, doubt, scorn, pity, tenderness—of joy, sorrow, aspiration, or despair, she is equally successful; the rapidity and vividness with which the most opposite expressions succeed each other in her countenance being comparable only to the shifting play of colours in the diamond.

In personating a character, she identifies herself so entirely with her part, that her face flushes or pales with the varying excitement of her character; and as she never uses either paint or powder,—those "lies and medicaments of the visage," as Ovid calls them,—the play of her features is thus completed in Nature's own way. Whatever the sentiment or situation of the moment, every thing that goes to make up the *ensemble* of the actress moves and speaks in unison; so that, whether portraying the complex emotions of life, or the convergent subsidence of death, she is, from head to foot, in look, voice, and attitude, the living, vibrant impersonation of her theme. And perfect as is her command over each separate element of expression, it is still the harmonious concurrence with which all are brought to bear at once in the rendering of every thought and feeling of her part that constitutes the distinguishing quality of her acting; a remark so true, that it needs but to have heard her read a single *scena* in a drawing-room, with none of the scenic aids to dramatic effect about her, yet supplying them all by this concurrent mobility of feature, voice, and gesture, to be convinced that herein lies the chief secret of her power.

The characters in which Madame Ristori has won her present brilliant reputation, are (besides the two already mentioned) Schiller's Maria Stuarda, Alfieri's Mirra, and the Medea of M. Ernest Legouvé, so skillfully translated for her by her accomplished countryman, Joseph Montanelli, that the Italian version of this play is far superior to the original both in beauty and in force. To these she has now added Ottavia, in Alfieri's *Nero*,—a weak and tedious composition, which all the magnificence of her acting only saved from a total failure,—and Camma, in the three-act tragedy just written for her by M. Montanelli, and in which she has achieved one of her most decided triumphs. Her repertory will be still further enlarged by the addition of Lady Macbeth, Fazio, and *Les Fausses Confidences*, which have been translated for her with special reference to her approaching engagement in London. Her new creation of Camma, with her Medea, are usually regarded as the finest of her impersonations. Yet how touching, how tender, how exquisitely pathetic she is in Francesca! With what lurid splendour does her passionate love for Paulo gleam through the cloudy horror and remorse of the adulteress; and with what sublime tenacity, with a clasp that not all the fiery tears of eternity shall burn asunder—condemned by her conscience, but absolved by her heart—does she cling to this fatal, this overmastering affection! And in the concluding scene, how touching and how *natural* is the way in which she dies,—as one who, exhausted by suffering, looks upon death as a deliverer; and as she falls expiring, with what imitable filial grace does she draw her white robe over her wound, to hide the sight of her blood from her despairing father; and how marvellously done is the expression of calmness and repose that spreads itself, when

all is ended, over the face of this fair victim of an untoward destiny!

And in *Maria Stuarda*,—in the magnificent scene between the two queens in the castle-garden, which resumes the whole interest of the piece,—with what admirable skill does she depict the various emotions of the wronged sister, the outraged woman, the captive queen! How perfectly does she render the conflict between the sense of injury rankling in her heart with the dictates of prudence counselling the suppression of the upbraidings that rise to her lips; with what dignified grace of voluntary humility does she meet her stern and ungracious visitor, at once her rival, her gaoler, and her foe; with what touching gentleness does she endure the ironical compliments and rude sarcasms of Elizabeth; with what delicate womanly tact does she appeal to the womanly sympathy that must surely exist—could she but reach it—in this woman's bosom, not perceiving that the very treasures of beauty, eloquence, and grace which she is pouring out at her feet, do but serve to embitter the hatred of the rival, and provoke the tyranny of the despot; and by what marvellous gradations, as this fact becomes evident to her, does she pass from supplications, which she feels to be useless, to remonstrances, which she sees to be equally vain; until, stung beyond endurance by Elizabeth's taunts, and roused to desperation by the sense of wrong, she abandons herself to the storm of passionate indignation that fills her soul, and hurls upon her haughty and implacable enemy the bolts of her scathing denunciation and defiant scorn!

In the first four acts of *Mirra*, justly characterised as "a weaker *Phèdre*," we see only the nurse, Cœnone, bewailing the inexplicable malady of the princess; her father, ignorant of the terrible fatality that has overtaken his child; her stupid mother; and the rejected lover, who commits suicide just when he ought to bestir himself on her behalf. But how superb she is in the last act, despite the utter repulsiveness of her part! What eloquence in the guilty eagerness with which she listens for the accents of the king,—in her lamentations over the horrors of her fate,—in the gleam of unholy joy that irradiates her face when her father, grieving for her illness, and comprehending nothing of the tortures to which she is a prey, takes her tenderly in his arms,—and in the look, so full of scorn, of sorrow, and despair, with which she watches his retreating steps, when, the hideous truth at length discovered, he turns from her in horror, drawing her mother after him, and leaving the victim of a supernatural vengeance to die alone, unpitied, self-aborred! In her part of Medea it would be difficult to specify the passions most vividly portrayed,—for love, jealousy, scorn, rage, hatred, tenderness, maternal devotion, and despair, all are there,—or to cite the most effective points of a creation which is living, complete, and rounded out with the breath and energy of nature from one end to the other.

Her entrance upon the scene a homeless, friendless wanderer, sustained by her boundless devotion to her absent husband, to her weary fainting children,—the ineffaceable majesty of the queen, reduced to beggary on a foreign coast,—her meeting with Creusa, and the unequalled and horripilant pantomime which, at the thought of Jason's possible infidelity, transforms her into "the leopardess of the forest, when, seized on by a terrible and roaring joy, with sudden bound she falls upon her prey," and she draws herself and her imaginary victim backwards, with a crouching, beast-like movement, into an imaginary den, tearing, with stiffened claw-like fingers, slowly, gloatingly, limb from limb, the quivering and bleeding body,—the transition from confidence to suspicion as the dialogue between herself and Creusa goes on,—her burst of jealous fury when Jason's treason is revealed, and the gleaming triumphant scorn of her incredulous "*Vedremo!*" as she turns with the smile of an incensed Juno from her terrified and shrinking rival,—offer a series of effects absolutely perfect in themselves, and so admirably co-ordinated, as to make of this first act a living, breathing whole, which, at once entirely natural and

intensely dramatic, is perhaps without a parallel on the modern stage.

To recapitulate the magnificent effects of the succeeding acts would be to cite every passage pronounced by her throughout the play. Who that has witnessed it can forget the change from rapture at the sight of her long-sought husband to consternation and bewilderment as he turns coldly from her; the eloquence of her look and attitude (with that inimitable *pose* of the arms, which of itself would suffice to tell the depth of the shadow that has fallen upon her soul), and the mingling of indignation, despondency, and reproachful tenderness in her tones, as, standing unnoticed behind her faithless lord, she murmurs, "*Giasono, io son Medea!*" the energy of the "*Se li ami!*" drawn from her by Jason's insidious question; the scorn with which she unmasks his hypocrisy when he assigns his horror of the atrocities committed by her as the motive which has determined him to divorce her, sums up, one by one, these hideous deeds, committed at his instigation and for his benefit, and defies him to sunder two destinies wedded together by such monstrous community of crime; and the transition from the fury with which, when the affections of her sons have been stolen from her by Creusa's gentleness and gifts, she drives them from her, reproaching them with their father's perfidy, and apostrophising them as "Jason's image, traitorous as their race!" to the remorseful tenderness with which she takes them back to her heart,—his children? no, her own!—sole consolation of her woes, her life, her darlings"? Who has not felt his blood run cold at her hissing tones of concentrated rage, as she moves across the stage with the stealthy sidling gait of a hyena, glutting her vengeance with the anticipation of the moment when, "stealing thus along the wall at night, like a shadow, into her chamber, she shall plunge her dagger into the fair breast of the abhorred Greek"? Revenge struggling with pity and remorse,—the resentment of the repudiated wife overborne by maternal abnegation,—her utter desolation when her children are torn from her,—her transports of gratitude and joy when Jason, moved by her anguish, offers to leave her one of them, and bids her choose which she will,—her despair when, unable to make "a choice that, whichever she shall take, must rob her of his brother," she sees herself deprived of both, and driven forth into a widowed and childless exile,—the absorption of all other feelings in the thirst of vengeance, "some unheard-of horror" that shall strike the heart of Jason through Creusa and the children,—the melting away of her revengeful projects at the touch of her children's hands,—her attempt to escape with them, and the concluding scene, after Creusa's death, when, driven by the populace to desperation, and having killed them rather than allow them to be torn from her by her husband's orders,—to Jason's furious demand, "My sons! who killed them?" she points to him with her dripping dagger, and sternly answers, "*Thou!*" as the curtain falls,—are one continuous triumph of dramatic power.

This version of the sombre tragedy of Euripides was written by M. Legouvé expressly for Mademoiselle Rachel; but was refused by her on the ground that a part so full of horror as that of Medea was unfit for production on the stage. And she was undoubtedly justified in this refusal; for, interpreted by her, with her uncompromising severity of style, the part of Medea would have been too revolting for artistic representation. The piece was accordingly withdrawn, and remained in its author's portfolio until brought before the public by Madame Ristori. And such is the softening charm thrown by her over all the details of her part, and so skilfully does she attenuate the crimes of the barbarian princess by the vividness with which she brings out her grandeur of soul, and her passionate tenderness and devotion, and the enormity of the wrongs heaped upon her by her selfish and perfidious spouse, that "*la terribile Medea*" is brought back into the sphere of our sympathy, and, so far from exciting our disgust, commands our pity and admiration.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES SO WELL AS HE THAT WEARS IT. I WOT WEELE WHAR MY AIN SHOES BIND ME (Scotch).—Erskine used to say, that when the hour came that all secrets should be revealed, we should know the reason why—shoes are always made too tight. The above proverb is commonly ascribed to Æmilius Paulus; but the story told by Plutarch leaves it uncertain whether Æmilius used a known illustration, or invented one. The relations of his wife remonstrated with him on his determination to repudiate her, she being an honourable matron against whom no fault could be alleged. Æmilius admitted the lady's worth, but pointing to one of his shoes, he asked the remonstrants what they thought of it. They thought it a handsome well-fitting shoe. "But none of you," he rejoined, "can tell where it pinches me."

A BOW O'ERBENT WILL WEAKEN. "The pot that boils too much loses flavour" (Portuguese).—*Pancta que murto ferve o sabor perde.* "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."—"This nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dullness. To be sure, dullness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand. But then, according to our notions, dullness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now if ever a people required to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could,—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter,—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dullness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasure sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking." (*Friends in Council*.) "The mill that is always grinding grinds coarse and fine together" (Irish).

W. K. KELLY.



NOVEL-READING.

"Pray put away that book;" "I wish you were not so fond of novels," and the like phrases of displeasure and reproach, are familiar to the lips of many mothers, to the ears of many daughters. Why is it that this class of books is so vehemently decried by careful, sober judging, anxious parents? Why is it that even those novels which they themselves would admit to be good ones, valued by the highest minds among us for their elevated tone and pure morality, their graphic delineation of scene, character, or circumstance,—novels that they themselves derive pleasure, and perhaps profit, from perusing,—they would fain jealously keep from their children, more especially from their daughters.

"Novels are very well," a matron remarked in our hearing the other day. "I enjoy few things better myself, than a really good, interesting novel. But for my daughters, it is a different thing. I consider such books decidedly dangerous for young girls. They exert a bad influence on growing minds, especially on feminine minds, by nature inclined to an overbalance on the side of feeling. They excite the imagination, arouse morbid emotions and aspirations, and so render them unfit for the homely duties and aims of common life, and cause them to feel unsatisfied with its realities."

And there is reason in this. Novel-reading, persistently

and incautiously indulged in, has this effect upon young undisciplined minds. It would be useless to deny it. On the other hand, it is equally indisputable that some of our best impulses are often fostered, the germs of our noblest ambitions cultivated, indirectly and unconsciously, it may be, but surely, by this same equivocal and perilous means. Surely there are few amongst us who cannot trace to some such source the first visible existence of an impression, the first assertion of some feeling or yearning, which perhaps has influenced for good the formation of the character, and, in a measure, the course of the whole after-life. For it is to be noted, that though "a good novel," i. e. one both sensible in style and excellent in tone, may give a false idea of life to those as yet utterly inexperienced in its ways, it will always hold up a lofty ideal of character; and its standard will be an elevated one by which people, motives, and actions are valued.

Therefore, one would naturally ask, What result but good can be effected by the study of such books? Let us try, dispassionately and impartially, to examine into this question, viewing it, not only from the stand-point of one who appreciates and is grateful for the many beneficial influences which undoubtedly may be derived from certain novels; but also taking in the side of those who prize youthful freshness and singleness of heart, girlish simple-mindedness, and untouched purity of feeling, as treasures too precious to be suffered to approach even the boundaries of debatable land.

We believe that a certain amount of ill is apt to be generated when a young mind, unprepared by reflection, unbraced by experience, plunges into the delicious waves of fictitious literature. The first danger arises out of that exaggerated idea of the superior importance of the emotional or subjective over the practical and objective in the affairs of life; the undue magnification of love as the one sole aim and end of life, which we almost invariably find in books of this class. "False ideas" must assuredly be received into the mind which implicitly accredits the life of novels as the life of this busy, many-sided world. And both boys and girls are liable to be thus deceived, although not equally. Not equally, because the two natures are different; the one more impressionable in the first instance, and more ready to succumb to imaginative influences; and also because the education and way of life of a boy takes him comparatively out of himself, leaves him less time for fancies and speculations, and is better calculated to right any subjective bias of his mind. The girl's employments, on the contrary, are chiefly sedentary, her recreations even, less physically active; while the nature of her studies appeals but seldom to the reasoning and mathematical faculties, and her life shows her little of the outside world. She has in herself, therefore, no corrective to the too highly wrought descriptions of characters, passions, and events, recorded in novels, unless she possesses an amount of cool judgment and plain practical sense rarely found in early youth, and by no means indicative of the highest type of mind when so found.

Novel-reading, we are thus bound to conclude, if systematically indulged in, and especially by girls, will probably result in the acquirement of those "romantic notions" and "false views of life" so much deprecated by the parents and guardians of youth. Blanche and Maria, under this sort of training, look coolly on all matter-of-fact affairs, and give their best energies, direct their highest aspirations, towards something as yet vague and unformed in the future. The cares and duties of home are too small for their heroic capacities; the affection of father, mother, brothers, and sisters does not satisfy their deep and yearning hearts. Blanche, a damsel gifted with health, intelligence, loving friends, and a peaceful home,—Blanche goes on imagining miseries for herself, and adroitly weeding out all the homely, sweet happiness which life offers her. She is unappreciated, misunderstood by all around her; their ways are not her ways, and she arrogantly assumes that it would be sinking herself to grow to their level. The first, best years of womanhood thus pass, and

It is not till they are passed that she recognises the unique treasure she has let slip—the absolutely priceless jewel she has lost—for ever. Pity her as she slowly wakes—aroused, it may be, by the shock of some great, real trouble—to the knowledge of how morbid was the pain, how senseless the discontent, how forced and imaginary the so-called “suffering” of those years,—those irrevocable years, which should have seen her fresh of spirit, brave of heart, cheerful in temper, the brightener of her home, the helper of those nearest her. But her nature has strength, strength hitherto misdirected, and she will arouse herself; she will discipline the wild feelings, order anew the untrammelled energies; and her after-life may do much to rectify to others those misspent, wasted years. But, alas, nothing in the world can give back to her the freshness and sweetness and gladness of girlhood. “A woman may hope one day to be an angel,” a poet once said; “but she can never again be a girl.”

Maria is of a different and commoner nature; weak, and inclined to sentimentality, in which form her romance evinces itself. She is prone to confidences with female friends; writes long letters to the confidante *par excellence*,—letters with the invariable postscript, “Burn this directly you have read it.” Love is of course her grievance; and Maria is always equally in love and in distress, just like a heroine, as she consoles herself by recollecting. Her brain teems with visions of chivalric Arthurs, noble-minded (but low-spirited) Ernests, devoted Henrys, &c., of whom she has read so much. By the aid of her ready imagination she transmutates into the likeness of these gentlemen the honest hard-working Messrs. Brown, Smith, and Jones—young men of her acquaintance. O, beware, soft-hearted Maria, of placing faith in those well-conned pictures of lovers and husbands. When Mr. Brown proposes, don’t expect him to fall at your feet, nor dash his hand upon his forehead, nor glare fiercely, nor gaze with indescribable tenderness, nor, in short, to fulfil any of those conditions you have been taught to believe inevitable to declarations of the kind. When you are engaged, moreover, do not assume as a matter of course that every other interest in Mr. Brown’s life is swallowed up by that of love; and that his every thought, his looks, his words, must all naturally converge to you, and you alone, for the remainder of his natural life. Do not assume, do not expect this, or woful disappointment, selfish pain, and vexation of spirit, will inevitably be your lot. Not one man in ten thousand loves with exclusive devotion; and no man is at once so desperate and so unchanging, so passionate and so unselfish, so fiery fierce and so thoughtfully tender, as your favourite romances would have you to believe. These several characteristics belong to separate idiosyncrasies—widely differing orders of individuals. In real life it is oftenest the ordinary, commonplace-seeming people, quiet, and leading unnoticable lives, who make no fuss about their feelings, and are, in brief, neither romantic to hear about nor picturesque to see, who are most deep-hearted, constant to one idea, one faith, one memory; and who, perhaps, in their own still, undemonstrative way, suffer most and endure most.

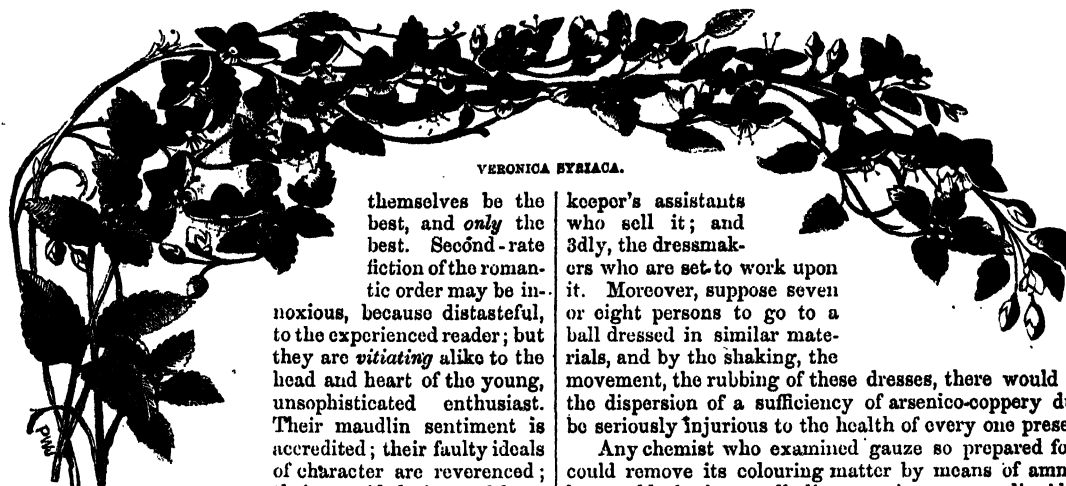
No, Maria. If your Mr. Brown be a good man, and love you truly, it is quite reasonable to suppose that the *hazen* of his busy multifarious thoughts will always be that same little “you,” to which, tired, embittered, or world-weary, he will instinctively turn for comfort and rest and help. See that you afford all this to him, and be content. Wholesome, every-day, household love is, after all, a better thing to live on than all the “impassioned,” “soul-subduing,” “intense” kind of thing that sounds so well in novels. Bread is more nourishing than *tipsy-cake*.

Women in fiction are generally much more correctly drawn than men. This is attributed to the preponderance of women-writers of such books, who naturally delineate their own nature most faithfully. But another and scarcely less probable solution of the question may surely be found in the fact, that young women being generally great novel-

readers, and strongly impressed by what they read, are apt unconsciously to copy the types of womanhood therein set forth, to the destruction of whatever originality they themselves may be endowed with. We talk of the present system of female education tending to stamp all women as with one likeness, and turn them out as of one mould. Has not the indiscriminate study of novels something to answer for in this respect? Must we not confess that our friends Blanche and Maria are, in fact, but real-world, flesh-and-blood versions of certain Isabels and Helens we wot of in certain three-volume records? Only unfortunately, while the novelist can fashion his heroine as he will, and make her, in spite of her wrong ideas, her needless desperation, and her generally picturesque unreasonableness, courageous, high-minded, and perhaps, at the end of the book, patient, gentle, and very fit to fill the position of wife and mother,—while the autocratic novelist can do all this, human nature is less happy and less potent. The girl whose character is influenced by such traditions, who entertains an ambition to be like Isabel, and voluntarily or involuntarily imitates her ways, her sayings, doings, and thinkings, is apt to stop short of that which is really noble and beautiful in the imaginary woman, while she is satisfied with catching the outside peculiarities, the romantic surface, which a false taste and a degenerate ideal teaches her to consider admirable and becoming. How many girls, so influenced, have learned absolutely to cultivate a passionate temperament as something rather “fine” than pitiable; and have clenched their hands, uttered fierce words, rushed about the house, knocked about the things nearest them in a fashion most dismaying to their quieter relatives and friends,—in a fashion which they would be ashamed to follow if Isabel had not given them the precedent,—dear, handsome, impetuous, interesting Isabel, who is so good and true-hearted in spite of it all!

Again, what a picturesque characteristic, in a novel, is that well-known “proud reserve,” that dignified reticence, which never shows what it feels, and seldom says what it means,—which expresses six hearts full of emotion by a tightening of the lip or a quiver of the fingers,—which lives and suffers, dies and makes no sign! How interesting all this can be made in a book; how intolerable, how unlovable, how unprofitable it would be in real life! Happily humanity cannot attain to the ultimate perfection of this type of being. No woman can carry out to the full extent such an idea of stately calm; no woman ever succeeds in thoroughly becoming such an ice-encrusted volcano. Still she may endeavour, and tend towards such an ideal; but O, young ladies, my dear friends, if you *must* copy fictitious personalities, I do entreat you let your model be after another pattern than this last and worst of all! Do not attempt to distort your features and behaviour into that spurious placidity; do not try to curb out of your pleasant English faces the arch glance, the quick smile, the numberless sweet and changeful inflections, as natural to them as to your native skies, and as dear and winning. Do not pause ere you speak till you have arranged those well-balanced, nicely-rounded periods that fall so sublimely from the “proudly-curved” lips of the ladies of the reserved and haughty school. In short, place your ideal higher than the heroine of any novel whatsoever. Interesting, charming, nay, beautiful, as are the “female creations” of some novelists (always excepting the last-instanced variety), the second-hand reproduction of their characteristics in living women is neither beautiful nor profitable.

It seems, then, that there are two or three things to be guarded against before young people may safely be permitted “novel-reading.” First, let them be made aware that the descriptions of life, people, and manners, in such books are to be taken, emphatically, *with reservations*. Secondly, let this fascinating sort of reading be well balanced by a course of more solid literature; by which the intellect shall be exercised more than the imagination, the reason cultivated as well as the feelings. Thirdly, let the novels



VERONICA SYRIACA.

themselves be the best, and *only* the best. Second-rate fiction of the romantic order may be innoxious, because distasteful, to the experienced reader; but they are *vitiating* alike to the head and heart of the young, unsophisticated enthusiast. Their maudlin sentiment is accredited; their faulty ideals of character are revered; their one-sided views of duty,

their quasi-conceptions of sorrow, trial, and temptation, are believed in to the uttermost. Such wrong ideas may be expected to work their results on the character as yet unformed and unsettled.

• Peremptorily to forbid novel-reading, to banish all such books from the library, and place a mandate against their entering the house, would be esteemed unwise and unworthy by most parents of this present generation. It is so simply natural for young people to desire such mental aliment, and the desire in most cases is so engrossing and insuperable, that sooner or later they will evade the restrictions, and force their way into the forbidden territory. It need hardly be said that, under such circumstances, all ordinary dangers and disadvantages are aggravated tenfold. Better, we think, and wiser is it, that the older and more experienced should themselves pilot the untried ship through the charmed sea; should point out the rocks and sandbanks, and guide her safely past the shallows and rapids that beset the pleasant way.

DEADLY DRAPERY.

WE have heard of the poisoned shirt of Nessus, and have regarded it as a portion of the mythology, as claiming equal credence with the bow of Cupid or the trident of Neptune. We have read of the envenomed plasters of the middle ages, through whose means certain death was administered under the guise of a remedy. A fatal contact, even more unsuspected in its nature, has lately been detected, which, if allowed to work its consequences, would prove still more destructive in its effects than the treacherous poisons of either heathen or historical times.

The *Journal de Chimie Médicale* publishes, on the authority of a member of the Conseil de Salubrité, a fact which has lately been pointed out to the administration.

A lady bought, in one of the principal shops of Paris, a quantity of gauze, intended for a ball-dress. This gauze, of a charming apple-green, was sent to a fashionable dressmaker to be made up by her workwomen. Five of the girls who were employed about it suffered in consequence in a greater or less degree. Samples of the gauze were sent to the administration by a gentleman who became cognisant of the accident; and M. Payon was requested to examine them. That chemist discovered, 1st, that the gauze which had been sent him to analyse was coloured with Schwenfurth green; and 2dly, that this green adhered but very slightly to the stuff, and that the colouring matter was shaken off with the greatest facility.

It follows, therefore, that the conversion into a dress of this gauze, laden with Schwenfurth green, exposes to accident, 1st, the workmen who prepare it; 2dly, the shop-

keeper's assistants who sell it; and 3dly, the dressmakers who are set to work upon it. Moreover, suppose seven or eight persons to go to a ball dressed in similar materials, and by the shaking, the movement, the rubbing of these dresses, there would result the dispersion of a sufficiency of arsenico-coppery dust to be seriously injurious to the health of every one present.

Any chemist who examined gauze so prepared for sale could remove its colouring matter by means of ammonia; he would obtain an alkaline arsenico-coppery liquid, very easy to recognise. This liquid, saturated with sulphuric acid, and then introduced into Marsh's apparatus, would give arsenical stains.

Several accidents have been recorded that are attributed to a similar cause. A milliner, after finishing dresses of the same pattern of gauze, had sore fingers and was attacked by a severe inflammation of the nostrils. And, adds the learned chemist, a physician's daughter states that dressmakers who worked for her under similar circumstances were seriously indisposed in consequence.

Efficient measures have been taken by the authorities to prevent the sale of the poisonous gauze in Paris for the future. It is well that a caution should be given to the purchasers of ball-dresses during the present London season.

E. S. D.

VERONICA SYRIACA.

Who does not love the little speedwell, that in early spring

"Lifts up its tender eye of blue
To the younger sky of the selfsame hue?"

It carpets the green churchyard with its pretty tufts of leaves, and its trailing stems leap against the worn stone, and enamel it with a thousand dottings of the brightest azure. Every bank and mossy nook, every turf slope and neglected corner, is a home for it; and all the summer long it keeps company with harebells, pimpernels, wood oxalis, wild thyme, and "goldyllocks," making the wild places joyous with its profusion of delicate blossoms. Every body knows what a speedwell is; gatherers of simples call it "eye-bright," because it is so much like an innocent laughing blue eye that never saw any thing but purity in all its life, and never will, because its home is in the midst of greenery and rustic quietude.

Botanists know at least a hundred and fifty species of Veronica; but florists give attention to only about a third of them. They are mostly blue-flowered plants, very hardy for the most part, very pretty, and very common. Four of them are aquatics, and the greater part of the remainder are hardy herbaceous plants, of easy culture.

Veronica Syriaca is a speedwell recently introduced. It was first raised by Messrs. Ernst and Von Spreckelsen, of Hamburg; and the entire stock was purchased by Messrs. Henderson, of Wellington Nursery, St. John's Wood, and by them let out for the first time this year. It is an annual, of bright-green foliage and compact habit, rising only six or eight inches high. Its flowers are of a bright gentian-blue, the under petals being white. The flowers are produced in large masses; and when grown in a bed, or in masses, the effect is truly charming. As a pot-plant for the window, it is sure to be patted by the ladies.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



THE MUMMELSEE, AND THE WATER-MAIDENS.

BY C. A. DOYLE.

THE MUMMELSEE.

GERMAN TRANSLATION FROM THE "SAGEN AUS BADEN."

BETWEEN the valleys of Sasbachwald and Oberkappel the mountains of the lower Schwarzwald attain to their most considerable elevation. An extensive mountain-ridge rises some three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Almost all vegetation ceases there; only the broom-plant or the red moss covers the swampy peat-bog, that sinks at every step, and upon which, at intervals, solitary, gnarled, dwarf pines eke out with difficulty their sickly existence. This inhospitable region is variously denominated Seekopp, Hornisgrinde, and also Gnuzberg; the southern peak in particular bears the latter name. Here lies, on a rocky ledge, in a deep mountain-basin, enclosed by enormous cliff-masses, a gloomy unfathomable mountain-lake, whence takes its source the Seebach, of which the wild Acher is a tributary. A deep unbroken silence reigns constantly over the lonely desert region. The black thorn grows amidst the towering crags; the blue sky overhead is reflected on the dark surface of the lake. This gloomy horrifying lake is now called Mummelsee, from the Mummelchen, or water-maidens, that are said to dwell there. Wonder Lake (*Lacus mirabilis*) it was called by the ancients. In its neighbourhood lie the ruined mountain-castles of Hagenbrugg, Bosenstein, and Hokinrodt. In the mouth of the people there are numerous legends concerning this lake.

The Undines, or lake-maidens, who dwell in the deep abyss, in crystal palaces with splendid gardens, in which the blood-red coral blooms by the side of the fragrant water-rose, are marvellously lovely enchanting beings, of sylph-like form and rosy beauty. Nightly do they ascend to the surface of the dark waters, and join in the charming dance, to the sound of soft music; or hasten with the spindle to the nearest cot, there to pass the evening in gossip and work, in the circle of the simple-minded inhabitants of the mountain. But the first gleam of morn, and the crowing of the cock that heralds the dawn, calls them all, without exception, to their realm beneath the wave. Still it happens, at times, that the charming water-maidens linger too long in the upper world; that the day dawns as the diligent workers are still on their way home; that at the lightsome hue of the first morning-beam in the east the night-stars vanish, while the lovely Undines yet move in the graceful dance, without perceiving that the surly, old, gray water-sprite ascends from the dark abyss, just as the night-mists flit before the morning's glimmering light, and angrily admonishes the dilatory ones to return without delay to their watery home.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

By JAMES HANNAY,
AUTHOR OF "SINGLETON FONTENAY, R.N."

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S is one of those reputations which occupy a peculiar position. He is at once very famous and very little known. Every body is familiar with the name, and few with the man. Yet one so renowned deserves to be better understood; a reflection which I hope will justify me in having undertaken to write about him now.

His family was ancient and knightly, though it did not make its appearance in the peerage till the suspicious epoch of James I. The first Earl of Chesterfield fought for the king in the civil war. The second earl is only remembered by the fact, that Dryden dedicated a translation to him, for which he seems to have returned those solid acknowledgments which it was the fashion to make, and not the fashion to refuse. The third earl was a gloomy saturnine Jacobite, as unlike his son as possible. "He had neither the will nor the power to teach me any thing," says our Philip Dormer, the fourth earl. But the lady whom he married brought in a flow of brilliant blood, to which her

son, the famous earl, owed an immense deal of his talents. She was a Saville, a daughter of that eminent Marquis of Halifax whom Macaulay describes so well. Halifax's writings are extant,—not nearly so well known as they ought to be,—and one is struck in reading them with the similarity of talent between him and his grandson. There is the same worldly wisdom and piquant shrewdness, the same good-nature and graceful vivacity, the same pointed smart sayings. Young Philip was born in London in 1694, and brought up in the house of his maternal grandmother. At the age of eighteen he went to Cambridge, where he stayed two years. He and his set were called the "Witty Club" there; for Lord Stanhope, as he then was styled, was very precocious. He was early noted for his cleverness and his wildness, for blending literature and dissipation together. It was the jolly time of Queen Anne, when a certain convivial tone pervaded English life. One famous political club took its name from Kit-Kat pies; another, equally famous, from October ale. The Secretary of State opened as many bottles of Burgundy as he did despatches. Poor Pope found that his health could not stand the literary life,—that you could not perfect your taste without ruining your nerves. Whatever gay young men were doing, we may be sure Lord Stanhope was doing. But he was not a common "fast man;" a character, indeed, apt to be a fool, in that time as in this. He was fond of letters, and he was ambitious. He was a well-balanced character; took pleasure and work in fair proportions, like wine-and-water. Throughout life he preserved this kind of medium. It was a favourite maxim of his, that business and pleasure mutually assisted each other. In fact, he was in pleasure exactly what a practical man is in business; he kept accounts square,—knew that if you over-draw on your health Nature will dishonour your bill,—and was prudent in the midst of excesses. This is the man-of-the-world's point of view, and Chesterfield very early had the philosophy of it complete.

In 1714, he passed his summer at the Hague. That August Queen Anne died. The Tory ministry of Oxford and Bolingbroke was scattered to the winds. Swift departed gloomy and fierce to Dublin. In came the house of Hanover, in the person of George I. The Whigs were in their glory when the new parliament met in 1715, and nothing was talked of but impeachments of the late ministry, Jacobite plots and intrigues, England's honour sacrificed to France by the recent peace of Utrecht, and so forth. The Stanhopes were very busy in politics just then; and Lord Stanhope was brought in for a Cornwall borough before he was of age. I have said that the old earl, his father, was a Tory and Jacobite; nevertheless the son came in as a Whig. In those days a thorough-going Tory usually held notions about the divine right of kings, the sacredness of their persons and prerogatives, the house of Stuart, and the memory of Charles the Martyr, such as a man like Chesterfield could no more hold than he could have held the doctrines of the Brahmins. He had no sentiment, no romance. He did not care for the white rose; he had no feeling for traditions, which are the very life of Tory politics. He viewed politics as he did every thing else—from the worldly shrewd point of view. Now the Jacobites were, with few exceptions, men of quite a different stamp; sincere high churchmen, or jolly obstinate country gentlemen, such as the man of whom Fielding said, that he was afraid his land would be sent over to Hanover. Their weak points were such as a man like Chesterfield saw at a glance; their good points were far above his level. For the essential feature of the eighteenth-century man was KNOWINGNESS; he suspected and derided enthusiasm; and Chesterfield was an eighteenth-century man all over. Accordingly, we need not wonder at the side he took; and as he was young, lively, and audacious, he took it decidedly. The *Parliamentary History* tells us, that in his maiden speech, on the articles of impeachment of the Duke of Ormond, he said, "*That he never wished to spill the blood of any of his countrymen, . . . but that he was persuaded the safety of his country required that examples*

should be made of those who had betrayed it in so infamous a manner." This was pretty strong. One of the opposite party, finding the young gentleman so vehement, hinted to him that they were aware he was not of age, and had no right to be speaking at all. He took the hint, and departed to Paris.

No doubt French influence had a great effect on Chesterfield, and especially in imbuing him with that profound regard for elegant manners which distinguished him through life. The long reign of Louis XIV. was just coming to an end; and the whole epoch had been one of social brilliance in France,—of good talk, happy wit, polish, and pleasure. In these matters the French were ahead of us; because for a great part of the seventeenth century we had been intent on far higher matters. The civil war had broken up our social life; the land had been full of Puritans and sectaries, who despised the Graces as much as they did the Muses. The effect of these events lasted, of course, long after the events themselves. The Restoration brought us a court, which, though it imitated France, did not so thoroughly catch its manners as it did its morals. The Queen-Anne literature, the essays of Addison and Steele—graceful in treatment as they were excellent in purpose—were now working a change, yet the change was working slowly. And when the house of Hanover came to the throne at the period now before us, English life in the highest quarters was comparatively rude. Ladies of rank wrote sentences which their great-great-granddaughters would now scarcely venture to read out loud. A maid-of-honour, under the first George, was a good judge of a cask of ale. When one opens *Sir Charles Grandison*, one finds Richardson's model heroines using such phrases as "hang it" and the "dence." Chesterfield was full of the superiority of French society to our own; he admired it, and it in return admired him. We have several testimonies to their regard. His French was praised by Fontenelle, as was his wit by Pope, his speeches by Horace Walpole, and his manners by every body.

He early belonged to the court of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., as gentleman of the bedchamber. For the next few years we find him attached to that court; voting occasionally and speaking in parliament, and devoting himself to society and to literature. He knew all the able men of the day; corresponded with Swift, and visited Pope at Twickenham. Young, of the *Night Thoughts*, celebrated him in his exquisite epigram, when, called on for an *impromptu*, he borrowed his diamond, and scrawled,

"Behold a miracle instead of wit;
See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ."

Occasionally he went down to Derbyshire, and moped among his ancestral trees. He had no love for the country; he despised daisies and buttercups as only fit for the raptures of milkmaids. He liked St. James's Street and White's, the gay glitter of a drawing-room, the tender green of a gaming-table,—not meadow and stream. "There are no tolerable winter-quarters," he says, "but Paris and London." Of all pleasures, society was his favourite; and society soon welcomed him as its greatest ornament.

At thirty-two he succeeded to the earldom; the year after (1727), George I. died. The year after that, Chesterfield went to the Hague, as ambassador to Holland. He was fond of play; and the frugal Dutch liked a man who lost his money—as he did every thing in life—with a good grace. But he had every requisite for a diplomatist. Quite apart from his manners, he had substantial talents and sense; and his manners were fascinating. There is a curious paragraph in one of his letters to Lady Suffolk at this time which illustrates his humour: "You must know," he says, "that last Sunday I trusted the people here with an English christening in my chapel of a black-a-moor boy I have; having had him first instructed fully in the Christian religion by my chaplain, and examined by myself. The behaviour of the young Christian was decent and exemplary; and he renounced his *likeness* with great devotion." This pleasantry was habitual to him, and greatly contributed

to his success. He performed his embassy successfully, got the Garter, and was made steward of the household; but after his return, in 1732, he voted against Walpole's Excise Bill, and was dismissed from his place. Next year he married Melosina de Schulenberg, a natural daughter of George I.

He was now a member of perhaps the most brilliant of all modern oppositions—the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's ministry. Bolingbroke's stately and witty eloquence, Pulteney's scarcely inferior talent, talkers and writers the best in England, were all arrayed against Sir Robert and the court. The incessant cry was, that the country was being ruined by corruption at home, and sacrificed to Hanover abroad. Chesterfield was at this time personally hateful to George II. Hanover was the tender point to touch the monarch on, and Chesterfield accordingly made the most of it. In a paper of the time, called *Fog's Journal*, he wrote (among other things) an essay on the German princes and their armies, which is a very good specimen of his talents in this kind of way; indeed, it would not dishonour the name of Addison.

Chesterfield spoke in the Lords' pretty frequently, and with the success which attended him in most things. Parliamentary reporting was then in its infancy. We have, however, one speech of his at length, that which he made, in 1737, against the bill for submitting dramas to a censorship; and it justifies his reputation by its lucidity, its elegance, and its strokes of pleasantry.

For the next few years he was still in opposition. At last Walpole's long reign ended; and now the patriots who had turned him out could not agree among themselves, and could not retain power. Lord Granville's administration (commonly called the *drunken administration*, from that very able man's love of Burgundy) did not last long. A coalition government was established by the PELHAMS, to whom Chesterfield was related; and in the ever-famous year '45, he again went as ambassador to the Hague, and in August to Dublin, as lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

His lord-lieutenancy of Ireland was a bright spot in his life. The times were very trying. A rebellion was on foot, of which no man could estimate the danger, and a rebellion which naturally looked to Ireland for sympathy and aid. Chesterfield delighted every body by his affability; managed every thing without fuss, without show; took care of all proper precautions. Two capital and characteristic anecdotes belong to this period. "Your excellency's coachman," reported a solemn person to him, "goes to mass!" "Does he?" said Chesterfield; "I'll take care he does not drive me there!" Another time, an official came rushing into his room in the morning, "*They're rising in Connaught!*" He looked at his watch: "Well, sir; its nine o'clock, and they ought to be." He plumed himself on this polite coolness; and, joined to his tact, suavity, and real good sense, it made him one of the most popular lord-lieutenants Ireland ever had. Some may think, perhaps, that these sayings were made for the events, rather than produced by them; no doubt this is the case with many *bons mots*, but Lord Chesterfield's rest on very good authority. And as we are on this point of his colloquial wit, let us look at one or two more of them, gathered from his biographers, and from the lively pages of Horace Walpole.

Somebody told him that the famous singer the *Viscontina* said she was only twenty-four. "*She means twenty-four stone, I suppose*," he replied. On one occasion he had to lay before George II., for signature, the patent of appointment of a man whom the king detested. George II. paused over it, and then exclaimed angrily, "*I'd rather give it to the devil.*" "*With all my heart, your majesty; but you observe that it is addressed to our right trusty and well-beloved cousin!*" He made a very clever *impromptu* in verse. Sir Thomas Robinson, who was an immensely tall man, challenged him to write on him. Chesterfield wrote,

"Unlike my subject now shall be my song;
It shall be witty, and it *sha'n't* be long."

One of his clever sayings sprang out of a very clever little bit of his private diplomacy. There was a certain Lord R— of that time, who was fond of dabbling in amateur surgery, and who fancied that he shone especially in the use of the lancet. The party were very much in want of a vote, and away went Chesterfield to Lord R—. Of course his health was naturally inquired after. "Why," says Chesterfield carelessly, "I'm rather out of sorts to-day; a slight oppression of the head,—fullness." Lord R— was all attention, and instantly suggested blood-letting. "You think it necessary? I have heard so much of your lordship's skill, that I should be glad if you *would* try your lancet on me." So he bared his arm, lost the usual *quantum*, and after binding it up again, he asked (with the inimitable easy air which we can fancy) whether his lordship "was going to the House that afternoon?" Lord R— had not intended; was there any thing going forward? Of course Chesterfield carried him down in triumph; and he told his friends afterwards that he had "*bled for the party*," which was more than any of them could say.

After leaving Ireland he was made Secretary of State, which high post—the highest he attained—he held for about two years, from 1746 to 1748. During this time an event happened, which, if Chesterfield had never written a line, would have indissolubly, as it has painfully, connected him with our literary history. It is the most painful part of his life, but it must not be passed by.

Of course a man of that rank, who had written in periodicals, defended the interests of dramatic authors in the House of Lords, and who was famous, far and wide, for wit and courtesy, was looked up to by literary men as a patron. Patronage was just going out, but had not gone; and it was still not unusual for writers to receive gifts from lords, as Dryden had received one from Chesterfield's own grandfather.

One writer of that time just beginning to be known,—a burly, honest, melancholy man, in whose massive face noble genius and piety and deep religious sentiment struggled through the traces of poverty, of sorrow, and disease—a rusty uncouth mortal to the careless eye, but who in proper company woke up into a giant of wit, eloquence, and insight,—visited the house of Lord Chesterfield in 1747. Samuel Johnson (for he was the man) was fifteen years younger than Chesterfield, and consequently now thirty-eight. He had not written *Rasselas*. He was just planning the *Dictionary*. His fame was not made. He had published the *Life of Savage* and *London*. But he was still not an established man; and as for Boswell,—Boswell was then a little boy, scarcely breeched, and, I suppose, playing about the grounds of Auchinleck. Johnson came to Chesterfield to solicit patronage for his *Proposals for a Dictionary*. We know, from Johnson himself, that Chesterfield at some time gave him 10*l*. But what neglect he showed him, or how he slighted him, cannot now be accurately known. Johnson tells little about it, and Chesterfield nothing at all. Certain it is that Johnson took deep offence; and seven years afterwards,—when the *Dictionary* was coming out, and Chesterfield, long retired from politics, yet still writing essays occasionally in the *World*, wrote two in support of the forthcoming work,—Johnson addressed that immortal letter to him, which Boswell teased him into giving him at a later period, and which every body who calls himself a man-of-letters ought to have by heart. This business is still involved in some mystery. The doctor was proud, and the noble was too fastidious on the score of personal refinement. But it has been justly argued that Chesterfield's health was then bad; that the deafness, which vexed him more or less all his life after, was coming on; and that Johnson in 1747 was a man with different claims to regard from the Johnson of twenty years later. In this twilight I must leave it. Our veneration for the memory of Dr. Johnson, one of the wisest as well as the best of Englishmen, secures our respect for any view of an event which he chose to take. At best Lord

Chesterfield was but a good-natured, very able, and brilliant man-of-the-world; yet that he was fundamentally good-natured I do believe, and I hope that he acted from error rather than design on this occasion.

Next year, '48, he gave up the seals of his secretaryship, partly from bad health, partly because the great Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, did not behave well to him, and interfered with the patronage of his office. It is highly characteristic of him, that the very night he left the government he made his appearance at the gaming-table at White's. In office he never touched a dice-box.

Up to this time Chesterfield had generally lived in Grosvenor Square, or in the well-known Chesterfield House, which still belongs to his representatives; and where the rich and classic apartments, with their books and their busts, in which he enjoyed the lettered luxury of his rank, are still preserved as he left them. But now, on retiring from active public life, he bought and improved a villa at Blackheath, which was the favourite dwelling of the remainder of his prolonged days. Here he had a garden, of which he was fond; here he tended his apricots, and read his books; and wrote many of those letters to his Son, by which he is best known, and will always be best remembered, and which are very interesting illustrations of the eighteenth century.

This son was born when Chesterfield was at the Hague, in '32, the year before his marriage, and was sixteen years old when he gave up the secretaryship. As his wife had no children, he felt an intense interest in this lad; and it is a great sign of Lady Chesterfield's good-nature and affection for her husband, that she shared this interest with him. Whatever else we may think of the matter, I suppose we shall agree that, having the boy, it was his duty to do the best he could for him; and it is certain, that if young Philip had been the lawful heir to the title (instead of what he was) twenty times over, the father could not have been more anxious about him, or taken more pains with him. He sent him to Westminster School; then sent him on the Continent, with an eminent scholar for his tutor; then to Leipzig, to learn German; next to Paris, to be polished. The following passage from a letter of his to a French lady of high rank shows us what his design was:

"As I am infinitely fond of this child, and shall take a pride in making something of him, since I believe the materials are good, my notion is, to unite in him what I have never yet met with in any one individual,—I mean, what is best in both nations. For this purpose I intend him his learned Englishman, who is likewise a man of sense, for the solid learning I would have him possessed of; and his French afternoon tutor, to give him, with the help of the companies into which he will introduce him, that ease, those manners, those graces, which certainly are nowhere to be found but in France."

In fact, he aspired to make the boy a complete man, according to his notions of what such a character was,—a person fitted to shine and triumph in the high places of the world. And we learn the world of that day by seeing how he set about it.

Certainly he spared no pains. There are nearly four hundred of his letters to him extant, beginning with little Latin ones, to teach him Latin as a youngster; and French ones, to teach him French; and elementary instructions in geography and history. As Secretary of State he wrote many; and all through life he went on. With the letter to Montesquieu, or the letter to Voltaire, off went the letter to Philip Stanhope. He taught him all he knew about men and business; wrote freely and copiously of the characters and politics of that time, which alone would make these documents of high value. As soon as the boy was old enough, he got him into the diplomacy, and he strained every nerve of his interest and connection to push him forward.

In the first of the objects I mentioned just now he succeeded. Philip Stanhope became a man of solid attainments and good sense, but as for the *polish*, there a deficiency seems to have been early perceptible; the grain was good, but the surface was dull. Chesterfield laboured to give

him external brilliancy as a sculptor works at his marble. He writes again and again on the subject.

These letters, intended to form the lad's manners and graces, suggest various reflections. It is an obvious remark, that he insists with immense earnestness on points, not the highest which can employ a rational being's attention. But we must remember, 1st, that he was addressing a person whom he thought already possessed of a love of the solid excellencies of life, and with a view to a special deficiency in him; 2d, that he was addressing a person destined to a particular career,—to shine in the great world, such as the great world then was in Europe.

We must be fair to Lord Chesterfield. It would be perfectly silly to class him, on account of all this stress upon the graces, with a man like Brummell; for these graces with him were *means* to an *end*, and the end was social consequence, or political power. He wanted his son to be a great personage; and he argued that these were the arts by which that success was attained. It was a practical view. Chesterfield set no extraordinary value on kings or potentates, on birth or rank. As for the latter, he rather laughed at men who plumed themselves on pedigree; and one of his essays in the *World* is against them. His own descent was excellent; yet he hung up two portraits among those of his ancestors, one marked Adam de Stanhope, the other Eve de Stanhope, to quiz the vanity of birth. But he knew that the world was governed by kings, potentates, and men of family, and that they in their turn were governed by men of tact and address; and he wanted his son to be conspicuously a man of tact and address. If you had got Chesterfield quietly in a corner, in a serious mood,—let us say on a gray day at Blackheath, with the sea coming up the sky in a sea-breeze,—and had said to him, *What is the chief end of man? Is it the chief end of man to shine in Newcastle House, or to make the Prince of Wales laugh at a stupid party?* he would have shrugged his shoulders, and said, "These are all vanities; but such is the world, and we have to act in the world as we find it—*Que voulez-vous?*" There was no doubt a whole world of feelings lying deep in his nature which he never gave utterance to. Unquestionably, he was no trifler. He distinctly predicted the French Revolution in one of his letters some forty years before it began. His judgment of men and books was sound. When Hume's works began to appear, he saw their merit; when Robertson's first history came out, he declared its excellence. That, with so much solid ability, he should have joined such a regard for superficial attractions, shows us a great light into the character of those times, but should not induce us to underrate him. In fact, to judge of any man, we must try and put ourselves in his position; we must make up our minds to take him as he is. Chesterfield was not John Knox. A geranium is not a lily. Why should I quarrel with the lily because it is not a geranium, or *vice versa*? To do so, won't help me one whit to *understand* either of them; but it will very probably make me notably unjust to the one I do not happen to like.

No doubt that was an artificial period; and Chesterfield was too thoroughly a man-of-the-world not to bear deep traces of the world to which he belonged. There was little earnestness in that age. Poetry was at a low ebb; and the poetry of an era is always the best index of its state of sentiment. In Richardson's novels there is much mawkishness and cant; in Fielding's there is a great deal of coarseness, and a disposition to excuse every thing in characters not utterly *worldly*, which shows that utter worldliness was exceedingly common and fashionable. Low theories of human nature were in vogue, theories which undervalued all worth in man and woman, which taught that self-interest was the mainspring of mankind, that "every body had his price," and so on; and we know that there is a direct connection between low theory and low practice. That Chesterfield refined social life is certainly true; but of course his development of the truths that belong to the doctrine of manners bore the colour of the period in which he lived.

The manners of Europe evidently took their rise in feudalism. It was in the bosoms of the old feudal castles that that chivalrous loyalty to women, that regard for rank and age, that respect for one's own dignity, which is indissolubly connected with a respect for every body else's, gradually formed itself. When the Black Prince waited behind the chair of the King of France, after the battle of Poitiers, he embodied the whole sentiment in one beautiful act of courtesy. What the ancient gentlemen did spontaneously, and half-unconsciously, Chesterfield would have wished a later and less simple age to do deliberately, artistically,—and though partly from good feeling, still partly, also, from policy, and for the sake of its convenience. Yet it is too much to expect a man to be beyond his age altogether; and good breeding is so immense a gain to social life, that the man who does any thing for it should be affectionately remembered.

Upon the whole, his plans for his son proved failures. Philip Stanhope had but a poor success in Parliament, was never conspicuous for the charm of his address, and rose no higher in his profession than to be British Envoy at Dresden. He was but thirty-six when he died; and Lord Chesterfield, now old, infirm, and melancholy, first heard that the grave had closed over so many ambitious hopes and plans from a lady whom his son had married without consulting or informing him, and who presented herself to the old peer with two sons. The blow must have been terrible. But we learn from the letters which Philip Stanhope's widow printed, that the good-natured old man, at extreme age, was as interested in the grandsons as he had been in the son, and anxious about their educations.

He lived for five years after this event; kept out of society by his decayed health. "Tyrawley and I," said he once, "have been dead these two years, but we don't want it to be known." At last the end came, in London, when he was in his eightieth year. His last scene was one of the most characteristic of all. Half-an-hour or so before his death, the servant opened his bed-curtains, and announced his friend, Mr. Dayrolles. The old earl moved his head, and his last words were, "*Give Dayrolles a chair.*" This was the latest gleam of that sleepless courtesy for which he had been famous through life; and it is with a strange mixture of humour and tenderness, and many serious reflections on the age and the man, that one contemplates it. He died in 1773. He had been born only a few years after the death of Charles II., and he died several years after the birth of George IV., so that he forms a link between the fine gentlemen of those two epochs; and he certainly had more elegance than the earlier of the two sets, and much more wit than the later of them.

He was, in fact, the last of an old school. He had not been twenty years in his grave, when the troubles which he had predicted broke forth in Europe. A period of tumult came on; Europe was shaken to its foundations, in an age of great passions, great crimes, great ideas, and great action. The unhealthy stillness was broken by a thunder-storm. We now have, with all our faults, a greater earnestness, a higher literature, larger human sympathies, than the men among whom Chesterfield lived could boast. But we shall do well to remember, that he too, after his fashion, represented excellencies which ought not to be forgotten, and ideas which will always be true; and I confess that I for one cannot turn away without kindly feeling and admiration from contemplating the memory of PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY, WHEN HE WILL SHALL HAVE MAY.—Never refuse a good offer; for "A man has been known to leave roast meat, and afterwards to long for the smoke of it" (Ital.).—*Tal lascia l'arrosto chi poi brama il fumo.*

W. K. KELLY.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

THE end wall of the Gallery of Ancient Masters at Manchester is hung with old pictures more likely to attract the artist than the public. They are, however, both interesting and curious. They consist of such examples as could be got together of paintings earlier in date than the fifteenth century, with one or two later specimens of the Byzantine style, tame and statuesque, as it still exists in Russia. These paintings, with the exception of the last-mentioned, are all by Italian artists; for, except on cathedral-walls and in illuminated manuscripts, there are scarcely any remains of Dutch or German painting before the time of the Van Eycks, who lead off the Northern schools with a full-blown power, never perhaps entirely equalled by their successors. The names of artists attached to these oldest pictures, on their frames or in the catalogue, must be considered as conjectural only in the majority of cases. In general the means of absolute verification do not exist. Over the door, in a handsome Gothic frame, is a picture of the "Coronation of the Virgin," ascribed to Giotto. The woman's face and attitude are lovely. An "Adoration of the Kings," by Bartolo di Fredi, is very interesting. The faces are like miniatures, while the animals in the picture show that Landseer is not a reproduction from the fourteenth century. The "Noli me tangere" of Orcagna is an example of early tenderness and grace; and on the other side of the door is a curious picture in two compartments, painted, probably, by a foreign artist in England, as far back as the reign of Richard II. The catalogue calls it "The Wings of a Triptych," apparently without sufficient reason. It was in the possession of Charles I. and James II., and belongs at present to the Earl of Pembroke. In the left hand compartment, the kneeling figure, which will at first sight be taken for a woman, is Richard II. himself. The face is in profile, and is no doubt a portrait. He is attended by his three patron saints—John the Baptist, Edward the Confessor, and Edmund Ironsides. The heads are beautiful both in finish and expression. The king is kneeling to receive the benediction of the infant Christ, who, in the right-hand compartment, is held in his mother's arms, and surrounded by angels. The number of blue wings and blue draperies give a singular appearance to this part of the picture. There is an old inscription on a strip of brass at the bottom of the frame. We shall be told, no doubt, that the idealism of Italian art belongs chiefly to its later stages: we shall be referred to the earlier pictures, and to the term "Pre-Raphaelite" itself, as evidence that external truth was aimed at by older masters. This is so undoubtedly; but the contrast between the north and the south is not affected by it. Those Italian Pre-Raphaelites, for all their realistic efforts, were the natural fathers of the later schools. The development was inevitable from one to the other; the germ of it was in the minds and character of the southern race, and as art grew, it grew necessarily more and more in this direction. The love of symbols predominating over the love of facts, determined the matter from the first. Nothing that is not symbolic can be artistic; but there is all the world of difference between a symbolic fact and the symbol of a fact. The first derives all its significance from its truth; the second, all its truth from its significance. The north loves the one, the south the other. The German paints real things, which are the symbols of ideas; the Italian paints ideal things, which are themselves only the symbols of reality. Look, for example, at the "Nativity," by Botticelli, where much of the scene is minutely real, but where the men and angels in the foreground are embracing one another with such transcendental difficulty and discre-

tion; or at Bellini's "Mount of Olives," where, over the life-like figures of the sleeping apostles and the quaint details of the scenery, the outline of a naked white cherub brings the outline of an imaginary cup into the air. The tendencies of the two races are at least as obvious when we pass on to the second saloon, where Rubens, Snyders, and Van Dyck are opposed to Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. Among the Venetian colourists the painting of nude women was one of their chief delights. The beauty of the female form, and the opportunities it gave to their own special powers, attracted them irresistibly. We get, accordingly, such pictures as Titian's "Europa," "The Muses" of Tintoretto, and the four magnificent, though not over-delicate, allegories of Paul Veronese. But in such pictures one sees directly that the painter's love is for form and colour in the abstract, not for form and colour in their relation to the realities of the world. The "Europa" lies on the bull's back as no mortal would ever think of lying. "The Muses" are strewed about without locality, or any other purpose than that of being painted. "The Sleeping Nymph" of Veronese, splendid in itself, is not a real girl in a real chamber.

There has been no thought of the possible, no realisation of the outward fact, in the artists' minds. The outward and the possible are not represented; they are only symbolised. The images are very beautiful. They give specific pleasure to the beholder, but their power to do so is limited by the extent of human sympathy with abstract ideas.

See now what is done on the opposite wall. There is an equal love of form and colour, but they are seen in facts, not in allegories. Whether the subject be a goddess or a gooseberry the scene is real, the laws of nature do not stand in the painter's way, but are his natural allies and helpmates. Rubens was not a blushing virgin; he had no surplus modesty about him; he would have pulled the skin off his figures as well as the clothes, had it served his purpose. He was fond of human flesh, and knew how to handle it; but the visions that passed over his brain would pass there only as realities; and since there are not very many scenes in which women could appear undraped and natural at the same time, he has generally furnished them with clothes. Rubens may never have thought of this: most likely he did not; he followed the instinct of the north. The great attribute of this part of the gallery is the attribute of inexhaustible power, and here the German side unmistakably carries away the palm. Strong hands alone have wrought on this northern wall; you may see them shake their brushes as a conqueror shakes his sword. There is a dash and vigour in these designs, as if the work bowed down before the sweep of the workman's arm. Who can look at the "Prometheus," the "Juno," or the "Queen Tomyris," without feeling that the man who painted them was a giant who, as far as muscles go, might have painted any thing? Rubens is not alone either; his friend Snyders, and his pupil Van Dyck, belong to the same race. The Italians, too, opposite, though shorter by a head, are still mighty men of renown. Fine pictures arrest us at every step. Next to the "Europa" there is Titian's small picture of "Proserpine." The four black horses tearing through the water are very grand. His "Riposo" is delightful in its landscape and trees. Three of his portraits—the lower one "Ariosto"—are splendid. Compared with some of those by Van Dyck, the grand portrait of Snyders, for example, and others near it, we feel that Titian has the advantage in expression. He has caught the soul in action; Van Dyck, in repose; and it is the active soul in which the living being is characteristically revealed. In "The Milky Way" and "Leda," Tintoretto displays his power over the naked female form. Veronese's "Rebecca" is beautiful and delicate. On the other side, the figures in "Queen Tomyris" are magnificent; the sweep of the queen's robe splendid, though perhaps exaggerated. Juno putting the eyes of Argus into her peacocks' tails is goddess-like, and celestially cool in going about her horrid work. The "Prom-

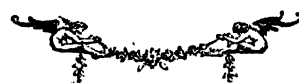
theus" is grand in its muscular display of strong limbs in torment. There is a delicious small picture, also by Rubens,—*"Children blowing Soap-bubbles."* Snyders revels among his dogs, boars, and irresistible huntsmen. The picture, all in the sky, of a heron with hawks swooping round her, has left nothing more to be done in the painting of birds on the wing. His great market-picture is underneath, where such boundless profusion is heaped up with such perfect truth and ease. These piles of fruit are in no attitude; have never grown to be painted; have no idea how they look, or how they tumble, or which side is uppermost: they are just real and gorgeous; as unlike the fruit-pieces made up by feebler hands as a lion's spring is unlike the vaulting of a harlequin.

But amidst all this excess of power, art is presented here in a lower form than it assumes among the older masters. It is not that the subjects are changed—that was needful and desirable; but the spirit is changed also, and for the worse. Look at these two *"Magdalenes;"* one is by Titian, the other by Van Dyck. The treatment in both is similar, and it is worldly, sensual, and bad; the men who could so conceive of the Magdalene would never, we may be sure, conceive any very high subject in its noblest form. Accordingly, the beauty of this part of the gallery is not that of noble thought and feeling. On the Italian side the hour of decomposition is fast approaching; southern art is following the legend of its favourite saint, and like him hastening to the grave. It has begun with worship in Giotto, has risen to ecstasy in Raphael, and is now almost ready to draw the last panting breath of agonised enthusiasm in Salvator Rosa. The north has a different destiny. Its giants of the seventeenth century are to be succeeded by a race who may still surpass whatever has been done hitherto; but in this age of Rubens the devout and earnest spirit of Van Eyck and Albert Durer is felt no longer. The power is vast, but its works are not holy. It is St. Christopher serving the prince of this world.

Before going further, we must stop to mention a few more works of special interest passed on the way. Beside *"The Last Judgment"* of Fiesole there is, in a deep gold frame, a head of Christ, half bowed, with closed eyes, and crowned with thorns, by the same master. It was cut, we believe, from a fresco-painting of *"The Crucifixion."* The beauty is wonderful; the faded colours almost heighten it. Strong contrasts of light and shade would be inharmonious about its spiritual purity. Further on, an unfinished picture, attributed, formerly to Ghirlandajo, but now, with good reason, to Michael Angelo, is one of the finest things in the gallery. The forms and faces are perfectly noble and original. There is a beautiful head by Da Vinci close by; an arrow held in the hand. Raphael is represented by no very striking works, but by a great number of moderate size and exceeding beauty. A small medallion-picture of the *"Annunciation"* might escape notice, but it is altogether lovely. The face of Mary is one of the sweetest even among Raphael's Madonnas. Among the pictures of the Carracci school, a *"Riposo"* by Albani is a delicious little piece. Two angels offer fruit; three cherub-heads are watching; an angel leads the ass to a fountain, and Mary is looking up at Joseph, who gathers dates. The famous picture of *"The Three Marys,"* by Annibale Carracci, is almost a miracle of painting, but will receive, we imagine, more than its proper share of admiration. Its beauty is unquestionable: the figure of the dead Christ, with the living hand on his breast, is as fine as possible; even the position of the left hand, if ungraceful, as Dr. Waagen thinks, gives it a skeleton look which adds vividness to the idea of death; but in the faces of the women, although grief is expressed with the utmost power, it seems to us that it is not the grief of very noble natures, and that in its manifestation there is an air of suddenness and surprise, as if the dead body had been found rather than followed, which is out of keeping with the scene.

Those who are fond of Murillo's soft outlines and tender

saints will find them collected together in the vestibule between saloons B and C. There is a *"St. Francis"* among them, by Gutierrez, more powerful than most of this school.



THE TWO PICTURES.

By G. W. THORNBURY.

In a lonely church at Florence,
Dusk and quiet and incense dim,
With a stillness only broken
By the rarely-chanted hymn,
There's a chapel steeped in twilight
(Windows sable-red as wine),
With a shadow only lighted
By the silver altar's shine.

You may hear the dusty olives
At the lattice crisp and shake,
With a sobbing, as of sorrow,
Winds lapse through them, and a wake
Of gray whiteness follows after,
Violets purple all beneath:
There I found the famous picture—
"The Mary of the Lily Wreath."

This side of the silver altar,
Where the tapers stand in rows,
Slender, tall, with flowers of yellow,
Veering as the soft wind blows;
Above the tomb with crimson crosses,
Where kneels the widow hour by hour,
There hangs the other solemn picture,
"The Jesus of the Balsam Flower."

Painted by a monk, they told me,
Far up in old Fiesole,
Where the prison'd vines and olives
Watch the Arno seek the sea.
It was a sunset of the summer
That he finished—then he slept.
When the bell rang out for vespers,
Still that weary trance he kept.

Dropp'd the palette, dropp'd the brushes,
Still at matins he sat there;
Then the angry abbot, chiding,
Smote the sluggard in his chair.
He *was dead*!—his long work finished.
Now he rests this stone beneath.
That's "Jesus of the Balsam Blossom,"
This, "Mary of the Lily Wreath."

There they hang,—that dead man's pictures,—
All but immortal with their dyes,
Stolen as from summer twilight,
Or from blue April's morning skies.
And there below, the foolish tourists
Squint and gape and show their teeth,
Smiling at the "Balsam Blossom,"
And at the "Virgin's Lily Wreath."

Ah, still they hang—those solemn pictures—
Where the brown monks pass and bow;
In his golden cope the abbot—
Hark! the dead men hailing now,
Sings the nightingale beneath,
Hymns to the Jesus of the Balsam,
And Mary of the Lily Wreath.



AUDACITY. BY STRAZZA, OF MILAN. (SEE PAGE 152.)

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

VII.—CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHRISTMAS EVE came; a loud blustrous day, with a light covering of snow upon the ground, and clouds heavy with storms in the sky. Laurence Royston had left Eversley for a few days, saying, that he intended to spend the festive season with some relatives at a distance. Adie was sorrowful during his absence; for she had still to bear the burden of her secret, and to deceive old Nicholas. Her treachery weighed on her heart; but though she had entreated Royston to let her tell him, he had always put her off, saying, that such a confession would lead to their instant separation; for the engraver was resolute in his way, and had evidently conceived a strong distaste for his pupil's character. Since they had become better acquainted, Royston had let fall much of his disguise, and had frequently given utterance to hard, selfish, worldly principles that had revolted the good old man; and detecting, in spite of their guarded manner, that he and Adie were on closer terms than they wished to appear, Nicholas had pressed forward his instructions, that there might be no reason for the young man's remaining in the town. But what most deeply grieved him was, that Adie should have withheld her confidence from him. He turned it over in his mind, and could not remember that he had ever given her a harsh word that should make her fear him; and yet from her tone, and from her anxious air and watchfulness, he knew she was keeping something from his knowledge. Besides, coming suddenly from the inner room one day into that where he had left them together, he

saw Royston leaning over the girl's chair, winding her long dark tresses round his fingers, and whispering to her softly; he even bent over her, and kissed her without resistance. At first Nicholas thought he would charge her with her deception; but remembering her passionate resentment when thwarted, he put it off, hoping that she would soon, of her own accord, tell him all.

But he spoke to Royston in plain terms, telling him that his visits in Nevil's Court must be discontinued, and that he had done a vile wrong in poisoning the girl's mind against her protector so that she had learnt to deceive him. High and angry words were exchanged between the two men; but neither of them chose to make Adie a party to the dispute. Royston doubted not that he should succeed with her whenever he chose to bring the matter to an issue, since her love for him had already undermined old feelings of affection and gratitude; and Nicholas hoped that the girl's own eyes would be opened by and by to the real character of her lover. Things were in this position when Royston left Eversley, just before Christmas. Perhaps Martha alone had a complete view of all that passed, for her watch never relaxed.

It was after dinner on Christmas Eve that Nicholas and Adie, sitting by the fire, both of them unoccupied, first felt how wide the gulf that lay between them had become. The unnatural restraint galled both, but neither could or would break it down. The old man was silent and mournful; Adie's thoughts yearned to comfort him; she longed to put her arms about Grizzie's neck, and to pull his beard, and hear him call her pet-names as he used to do; but one remembrance of the absent Royston tied her down to her chair. At length some allusion recalled the Christmas Eve long ago, when the engraver had taken the little child from

the winter night into the shelter of his poor but warm hearth. Could that tall beautiful girl be the small helpless frozen thing that might have died in the snow unheeded but for him? and was this distance and estrangement to be the sole reward of his charity? Perhaps in all his solitude the old man had never felt more desolate or more lonely than now, because the heart that he had striven so long to bind to himself was turned from him. He looked at her questioningly when she was not observant, and saw that in her face which told him she was not happy, as she had been, or as she ought to be, and he experienced a feeling of intense wrath against Royston as its cause.

When the Minster-bell began to ring for prayers, Adie rose wearily from her chair, and said she would go to the service. She did not ask for Nicholas's company as she used to do, but donned her bonnet and cloak, and went out alone. When she had got into College Lane her heart smote her with the reproach that this was not kind, and turning hastily back, she re-ascended the stairway to the room. The engraver had pushed back his chair, and sat with his arms on the table, and his face buried in them. Adie, with quick remorse, sprang towards him, crying, "O, Grizzie, Grizzie, don't be grieved with me; let me tell you all; let us be friends, as we were before Laurence Royston came to Eversley."

The old man lifted up his head, and held forth his arms; she nestled into them, and began to weep passionately on his breast.

"Adie, child, why did you ever mistrust me?" said Nicholas. "Was I not always kind to you? would I not have almost coined my flesh into gold to have purchased you a pleasure?" She only sobbed the more at the gentle rebuke of his tone. "Adie, you love this bad man,—nay, do not leave me,—you love him?" She did not answer, but wept on. "You should have suspected him when he tempted you to deceive me. Who but a bad treacherous man would have played his part? If he had come to me openly and honourably, I would have given you to him; but he must needs steal you away from your best friend. It was not honest, Adie; it was cruel and unjust; the act of a base creeping nature. He was never, in his best days, worthy of you, my child; how much less, then, now, when he is all sullied with his crooked ways through the world,—calloused, faithless, and, though you may not see it, cruel too!"

Adie had withdrawn herself from his encircling arm, and stood aloof, still fearful, but indignant too.

"O, Grizzie, you do not know him!" she said, with passionate force. "He is kind and gentle; he has never spoken one hard word of you; he would have told you weeks since, but he knew you did not like him, and we dreaded that you would command us to part."

"Adie, it was an evil day that brought him over our threshold; you will live to rue it. O, my heart's darling, I would let you go to him this instant if I did not see such ominous shadows about his future. He is a wicked evil man, and he will drag you down with him. It would have been better to let you perish in the snow ten years ago than to give you to him now."

Adie stood silent; the glistening tears hung on her lashes, but ceased to fall; a bright spot burnt on her cheek, but her passion cooled.

"Grizzie, will you hear him speak for himself?" she said tremulously; "I cannot plead our cause with you, for it makes my heart burn to hear such words against him from you. But you do not know him, or you would speak far otherwise."

"I will give him a fair hearing, my child. But do not let any thing cause this cold shade between us to come back. Is this love of a few weeks to obliterate the memory of ten years, Adie?"

"No, Grizzie, no; I always wished you to know, and it was only because you were deceived that I was not perfectly happy," cried the girl warmly. "Let us be friends." Nicho-

las sighed, and fondly stroked the bright head that had again nestled against his breast; but he said no more about Laurence Royston.

The Minster-bells had ceased for several minutes, when the old man reminded her whither she had been going. "Run away, my child; you will still be in time for the beautiful anthem," said he. She asked him to go with her; but he said no, the evening was very cold, and he should take so long wrapping up that the music would be over; and besides, he would rather sit by the fire until she came back. So she put her two arms round his neck, kissed him, and went to the door. There for a minute she hesitated, then turned back quickly to where Nicholas stood, and said, with glittering eyes, "Grizzie, have you quite, quite forgiven me my wickedness to you?"

"My darling, from my heart." He blessed her, and bade her go.

For a few minutes after Adie had left him, Nicholas sat by the fire thinking of her pityingly and with great love, as one blinded and misguided by a most unhappy passion. He folded his hands, closed his eyes, and laid his head back wearily, but not despondently. "She will come to see him clearly soon; only give her time," said he to himself. Then he rose, and walked to and fro in the room, talking to himself, while his eyes took a softer gleam, and his brow looked less stern than usual. Perhaps he was praying for his darling, for he went to the window and gazed up eagerly to the stormy sky, as if invoking help or comfort for them both. At last he lighted his lamp, and, entering the oak-closet, unlocked the ancient cabinet, and proceeded to turn over the poor treasures it contained. Whilst thus occupied, he was startled by the sound of the opening door, and Laurence Royston's voice asking, "Are you at home, Nicholas Drew?" The young man was already in the closet; but Nicholas motioning him back, they both retired to the fireside.

"I thought you were far away from this. What brings you here to-night of all nights?" asked the engraver impatiently.

"My own restless spirit, Nicholas," was the reply. "Where is Adie? Gone to say her prayers?"

"Yes; she is at the Minster."

"I have walked far, and I have walked fast; for it was like living in hell, that horrible suspense," said Royston, with grim earnestness. "I must have another answer from you about Adie. Old man, your blood runs slow; you know not what love is." He warmed up into passion, and those restless fingers of his clasped and unclasped themselves, clutched at the air.

Nicholas looked him steadily in the face, in no wise intimidated by Laurence's violence. "I have nothing to add to what I said before," replied he.

This calmness seemed only the further to excite the young-man.

"If I lose my soul for her I will have her," said he, in a deep suppressed tone, as if he were struggling to keep down a fierce gust of passion that was almost too strong for him. "You have hated me and suspected me for no cause but your own fancies; you have watched us, and divided us, and tried to turn her heart from me under a false specious guise of affection. You have acted treacherously by her—"

The old man, roused out of his habitual meekness, confronted his accuser with an indignant steady gaze. "It is you, you, Laurence Royston, who have played the traitor in this house! you, with lying words, have poisoned her good heart. She has told me all; and, by the God above us, if gratitude and affection have any power remaining, your wife she will never be. Your evil influence has not done all its work; she will not forsake me; she will come to know you as you are. Go out of my sight! Adie shall never, with my will, see your wicked face again."

While he was thus speaking, Laurence, with his teeth set and lurid eyes burning, stood irresolute; but as Nicholas

waved him towards the door, his wild suppressed passion broke bounds; and pressing on the old man, he took from his breast a pistol, which he had carried for his protection on the journey, and shot him dead. The moment the deed was done, he started as if the tempting and now triumphant devil had laughed in his ear; and stooping hastily down, he clutched the dabbled white hair in his gloved hand, and raising the ghastly face, saw that he had done his murderous work but too surely. For five hideous minutes he stood beside the corpse staring at it. O God, with what awful thoughts! Lifting his hat to wipe off the heavy beads of sweat from his face, his cheek was touched by the clammy glove; he could scarcely repress a shriek, and dragging it from his hand,—that hand which could never lose its stain of blood-guiltiness,—he flung it far from him on the floor. Presently came the idea of escape,—immediate escape; and his mind, used to quick conception and prompt action, in an instant devised it simply and safely. He first secured the door into the court, and then, going into the closet, he flung about upon the floor the contents of the cabinet, to give the appearance of the old man's having met his end from robbers who, attracted to his dwelling by the fabulous rumours of his wealth, had broken in upon him, and, meeting with resistance, had killed him for the sake of plunder. This done, he returned to his poor victim, and staid by him, biting his nails, and with his awful face darkened by fear, remorse, and despair, for some time. Hearing a light step in the court, which he knew well, he flung his arms wildly into the air, and, opening the door into the disused and haunted corridor, he plunged into its darkness, and made his escape, leaving his glove, that guilty witness, on the floor.

It was a cold misty twilight abroad, with heavy gusts of wind driving round corners and sweeping the snow from the ledges and drip-stones of the Minster. Adie gathered her cloak tightly about her, and feeling happier in mind than she had felt for many a day, entered the solemn gloom of the great church. She passed up one of the side aisles and by the steps to the altar-rails, where she was alone and almost in darkness. The few scattered lights showed her the congregation below in the choir, but so dimly that their presence was no company to her, and no disturbance. It was a luxury of enjoyment to her impressible character to linger in this solitude, thinking her own thoughts, dreaming her own dreams; and when the swell of the rich music rolled up to the vaulted roof, her heart seemed filled to overflowing with an ecstasy of devotion that was almost pain. The fall and rise of the symphony, and the sweet distant voices, were softened to her by her remote position; the proclamation fell on her ear as if out of heaven, "Peace on earth, and good will towards men!"

"O, I am glad I told dear Grizzie, and that he forgave me," she thought to herself. "How could I have borne to listen to this, if I were deceiving him still? Good, kind, old Grizzie, it was very cruel of me; how could I do it, even for Laurence?" She staid until the last, until the people and priests and choristers had vanished, and the vergers came to put out the lights; then she slowly left the Minster, and issued out into the night.

The wind had increased to a tempest, and drove furiously about the open space. If it had been light enough, you would have almost expected to see it careering madly with outspread vaporous wings in the shaken air. She could scarcely keep her feet against it, and often the gusts caught her, compelling her to stand still for a minute to regain strength and breath; then there came shrill shrieking blasts which seemed to warn her back, followed by long piteous wails and moans and laments that died into a momentary hush only to be renewed again and yet again. At last, she reached the comparative calm of the court, and paused a little while, thinking within herself that it was on just such a night as this that Grizzie had found her crouched under the archway, crying for her father. Good old Grizzie! She looked up to the windows, hoping to see his figure

darkening the glow from within; but the ruddy firelight shone through full and unbroken. She mounted the steps softly, intending to surprise him and reproach him archly for not keeping watch for her return, scarcely expecting, however, that she should reach the door before it would be opened; but she did, and peering cautiously through the glass, as soon as her eye became accustomed to the light, she saw that something unusual had happened. The doors of the closet stood open, and there was a candle on the table within; there was also a heap of things lying about the floor, but Nicholas was not visible.

"Perhaps he is at the cabinet, or sitting in the corner by the fire," said Adie to herself, though her heart throbbed fast and painfully. She attempted to open the door; but it was fastened inside, and resisted all her efforts. Then her alarm was aroused; for it was not customary with Nicholas to lock the door when he was in until night. She knocked loudly on the glass, and cried, "Grizzie, Grizzie, let me in; it is Adie."

There was no answer but the echoes of her own voice. She ran down the steps in haste, and to Mrs. Parkes's door; but that also was shut, for Job and his wife had gone to spend their Christmas Eve abroad. The whole court seemed deserted; even the children had vanished. Where could Martha be? she was not used to go out so late. Then Adie remembered that she had asked leave to spend the afternoon at the hospital with an old acquaintance, and she had not returned yet. The girl, now full of fears and excitement, ran into College Lane, in the hope of meeting some neighbours. A tall figure enveloped in a cloak rushed by her, and was lost instantly in the pitchy darkness. The person had come out of the court, and must have emerged from the stairway, for she had not seen him before; but his sudden and hasty appearance now redoubled her terror. At this moment Martha came up; Adie caught her by the arm, and whispered faintly that something must be wrong, for she had left home not an hour before, and now she could not get in. The woman mounted the stair swiftly, and looked through the glass, with the girl close behind her. "The door into the corridor is open; we must go that way," said she, after vainly trying to make herself heard by rattling the window. They descended again, and went up the black broken stair, feeling their way. When they entered the long passage, they perceived by the thread of light shining through a chink at the further end that they were right in thinking the door was ajar. Adie, trembling in every nerve, clung fast to Martha, and relaxed her haste; she feared she scarce knew what.

There was a dead breathless silence within. They stood a moment and listened. No sound except the draught of the fire and the howling wind in the bishop's gardens. They went in, Martha the first. Nicholas lay prostrate across the hearth, his face downwards, one arm outstretched. A dark slender stream had trickled down the slope of the floor almost to where their feet had been arrested by the sight. Adie stood petrified with horror; Martha advanced, and stooped down over the old man. He was dead—murdered; a small hole in the left temple betrayed how.

They heard steps below in the court; Adie rushed frantically to the door, and drawing back the bolts, called to two men who were there to come up in haste. The tale spread, and in a few minutes, as it seemed, Mrs. Parkes and Job were there, and Mr. St. Barbe, and many others, all talking in awed whispers, which rose at times to a hoarse scream. Adie watched helplessly, and listened, and turned her dusk, clouded, distraught eyes from one face to another, as if questioning whether it were a dream or a reality. She did not dare to look on the dead still countenance yet; and when they carried the corpse into the next room, she did not follow, but staid by the fire, which was sparkling and roaring in the keen frosty air with a living mocking lustre. She picked up a glove from the floor, and twitched it nervously and unconsciously in her fingers, and gazed about the floor, and then crept to the other room, and stood behind

Martha and Mrs. Parkes, trembling and fearful, but with dry burning eyes.

The idle marvel-mongers were dismissed, and then the officers, who had arrived in the interval, took note of the appearance of the first room. One of them said, "The old man must have been shot by some one who took him at advantage; there has been no struggle; he has been murdered for the purposes of robbery."

They went into the closet. The cabinet was open, the drawers out, and their contents scattered on the table, the floor, and in the adjoining room. They were a miscellaneous collection; women's clothes and a few valueless trinkets, child's things, and toys,—the poor old miser's treasures. There was nothing else left,—probably had been nothing else to leave,—so the man-slayer was disappointed of his spoil. The people looked at the yellow linen and tarnished bits of jewellery with curiosity; and Mrs. Parkes observed that somebody must have done it who knew the house well and Nicholas also,—somebody who believed the old story that he kept money hid away in that closet. For her part, she had long known it to be all nonsense, but there *were* folks who credited it. Martha spoke not a word, but peered about for traces in her furtive eager way; there was a set rigidity in her face, as if she had registered a vow of vengeance and were seeking the way to its accomplishment. Her search was abortive, however, and for the present she discontinued it to listen to what Mrs. Parkes was saying about the murdered man.

"Who would have thought it of old Nicholas Drew?" she was asking. "Who would have thought he would have set such store by a lot of rags? They are dropping with age,—look!" and she lifted one of the garments from the floor, and held it up. "Whose can they have been?"

"His young wife's and his bairn's," answered Job.

"His wife's, Job? I never knew he had been married," cried Mrs. Parkes softly, but with vivid curiosity.

"It was before your time; but I remember her. A pretty, dark-haired, little lass she was, and very kind-spoken to poor folks. They were well off then, I dare say; but they were very young to be married, every body said. Then they had a bairn, and I know both she and it died in a fever; and after that Nicholas was out of his mind ever so long, and had to be taken care of. When he came back to live in the court he had let his beard grow, and was so queer, people were half afraid of him; and then it was they began to set stories afloat about his being a miser and a wizard, and what not."

Adie heard this little explanation of poor Grizzie's treasures, and with a melancholy reverence she gathered them together, and put them back into the drawers. Whilst doing so a folded paper slipped from between two handkerchiefs; she opened it, and saw coiled round and round a thick tress of black hair with a little auburn curl lying upon it. Then her tears began to flow, gently at first, but soon in wild passionate sobs and writhing. The women carried her away to her own chamber, and shut themselves up together, while one of the officers and St. Barbe stayed in the outer room. Before morning broke the girl was raving in delirium, calling on "Laurence, Laurence!"

"Who is it she wants?" asked Mrs. Parkes of Martha. "We had better send for him maybe."

"He is not in the town now, and I don't know where he is either. He went away for his Christmas," was the reply. "It is Laurence Royston."

"See, poor thing, she has got one of his gloves, and she's holding it against her heart," said the other, with tears. "Poor Adie! O, it's an awful deed! I do hope, though it isn't Christian-like perhaps,—I do hope whoever did it will be brought to justice. He was a very good old man."

"He *was* good," repeated Martha emphatically; "and I will never rest day nor night until the man that did it is dead,—never!" She spoke in a deep, concentrated, ireful voice, which made the calmer Mrs. Parkes shiver.

The girl's pitiful cry and moan went on still. They

tried to calm her: "Yes, Adie, he is coming,—he is coming soon," said Mrs. Parkes, laying her hand on the burning forehead which turned restlessly on the pillow. Adie opened her eyes with a start, and put up her arms as if to push away some weight; the glove fell to the floor, and was picked up by Martha, who laid it carefully in one of her young mistress's drawers, thinking that she set great store by it. Presently she grew quiet, and sank into a heavy sleep, which even the loud pealing of the Christmas-morning bells could not break, while a few paces off lay the dead cold clay which had shrouded a soul then in God's Paradise.

RISTORI.

[Concluded from p. 173.]

THE story of *Camma*,—taken from Plutarch, and previously dramatised, but unsuccessfully, by Thomas Corneille and others,—though highly tragic, is exceedingly simple.

Sinato, one of the two principal chiefs of Galatia, has espoused a young maiden named Camma, widely famed for her beauty, goodness, and devoted love for her husband, and, as High Priestess of Diana (*Corivena*), held in profound reverence throughout the land.

Sinoro, the other of these powerful Galatian lords, becomes violently enamoured of Camma, assassinates Sinato, and immediately pays his suit to the widow. Camma's suspicions are roused by this indecent haste on the part of Sinoro; and she regards him with aversion and horror as the murderer of her husband, whose death she has vowed to avenge, even at the cost of her own life. But though believing the murder to have been committed by Sinoro, she has no proof that such is the case; and her position as the interpreter of the will of Diana, and consequently as the highest judicial authority of the country, makes it incumbent on her to obtain full proof of his guilt before inflicting its punishment.

In order to obtain this proof, the widowed priestess, when Sinoro urges her acceptance of his suit, tells him that she is absorbed by a horrible but unconquerable passion: she is persuaded that the hand which struck Sinato was guided by love of her, and she is determined to marry no other than this unknown assassin, who has proved the intensity of his love for her by committing, in the hope of winning her, a crime which, if discovered, must cost him his life. Sinoro falls into the snare; declares that, prompted by his passion for Camma, he laid in wait for her husband, and stabbed him as he passed through the myrtle-grove on his way to the Temple of Diana; confirming his statement by a wound in his arm from the dagger of Sinato, and the possession of his victim's heart, which he tore from the body after the murder, and preserves as a memento of the deed that should open for him the road to the object of his desires. Repressing her horror at this recital, Camma suffers the murderer to take her hand as a pledge of betrothal, and consents to allow the marriage to take place without further delay. The temple is accordingly decorated, the priests and priestesses are convened, for the celebration of the nuptial rite; and Camma, in her bridal-robes, retires into the inner sanctuary to prepare the marriage-cup, which she fills with poisoned hydromel. Returning to the altar, she offers a libation to the divinity of the temple; and having drunk from the fatal cup, presents it to Sinoro, who, in his guilty exultation, drains it to the dregs. Scarcely has he done so before he feels the effects of the poison, and falls into the arms of his attendants; while Camma denounces him to the assembled people as the murderer of Sinato, and calls upon Diana to witness, that, "if she has feigned to smile upon the suit of the basest of men," she has done so only in order to acquire the certainty of his crime, and to insure its punishment. After which, Sinoro is carried, dying, from the temple; and Camma, informed of his death, meets her own with exultation, rejoicing that the murder of her adored

Sinato is avenged, and that she is now to rejoin him in the realms of immortality.

The part of Camma is La Ristori to the very life; and the poet has most skillfully adapted all the details of its development to her peculiar genius. Her exclamation, "*Tu he!*" when, on Sinoro's approach, she instinctively divines his crime; the transparency she gives to the mask of smiles she wears in her interview with him, showing so marvelously the abhorrence underneath it, that the two expressions seem to be kept up simultaneously; her management of her mourning drapery in this same scene; the spasm of irrepressible horror as she gives him the hand he claims in right of his identity with the unknown object of her pretended passion, and her low cry of anticipated vengeance,—"*Monster, thy nuptial couch shall be thy tomb!*"—as he leaves her exultingly at its close; her magnificent outburst of scorn and abhorrence when, in the marriage-scene, to Sinoro's bewildered interrogation, "*The cup . . . ?*" she answers, with flashing eye and dilating form, "*And what cup could I share with thee but the cup of poison?*" with the ring of her voice, and the imprecation of her gesture, as she cries to the astounded people, "*He killed Sinato!*" and the death-scene, with its physical tortures overborne by the belief in immortality, and the joy of her approaching re-union with Sinato,—will all be noted among the finest things in the whole range of her acting.

The presence of two artists of such transcendent merit as Rachel and La Ristori at the same time on the Parisian stage could not fail to divide the theatre-loving public into two rival camps; each party decrying the pretensions of the other, and claiming the palm of superiority for its favourite.

But these hostilities have been of short duration; for it was soon felt that the genius of the two great tragedians, equally unquestionable in point of fact, was of a character so opposite as to make it impossible to establish a comparison between them. Nature has been equally generous to both, though in a different way, and both possess in an equal degree the science, sentiment, and resources of their art; but the nature of their genius being essentially different, they arrive, through opposite methods, at the production of opposite effects. Thus, even in the performance of the same part—Schiller's *Maria Stuarda*, in which Rachel also has frequently appeared—the peculiar talent of each artist imparts so different a character to the same impersonation, that it is impossible to establish any thing like a qualitative comparison between them.

It is now generally admitted, by critics and public, that we cannot, by any received canons of art, decide which is the greater talent of the two; the preference accorded to the one or to the other being the result of the personal idiosyncrasy and tastes of the spectator.

Rachel may be defined as an animated statue; the most perfect incarnation ever seen of plastic art as it has come down to us in the immortal creations of the old Greek sculptors. The contour of her small low-browed head, the pale oval of her face, the symmetrical proportions of her form, are all in the highest degree classical and statuesque; and she wears the tunic as naturally as though she had worn it from her childhood. Through persevering study, aided by the peculiarity of her mental structure, she has so thoroughly imbued herself with the traditions and spirit of ancient Greece, that every attitude and gesture is as classically correct as her appearance; and in her acting she attains, with the same completeness, the same conventional ideal.

In her delineations of the fiercer, as of the softer emotions, she never falls short of, never exceeds, the sobriety of that average of expression which is the *ne plus ultra* of sculptural truth. No weakness, no exaggeration, deforms the harmonious outline of her creations. The fire of her eye, the exquisite modulations of her voice, the majesty and grace of her movements, her magnificent bursts of tragic fury, regulated by her profound intelligence of her part, serve to fill up this outline, but are never permitted to exceed it.

For Rachel, it may be said that nature—the nature of

this outer world and of humanity—does not exist. With her, art has taken the place of nature; an art, whose elements, perfectly co-ordinated, constitute a world by itself, with its own laws and its own coherence, its own denizens, life, interest, and beauty. But this world is not *our* world; its women are not *women*, but goddesses or demons; its terrors do not move us, its tears do not melt, nor its smiles warm us. It is true that in the character of Adrienne Lecouvreur (in a play founded on the history of a famous actress of the time of Louis XV.), and in that of Mademoiselle de Belleisle (a young girl of noble birth and unsullied purity, exposed to odious and ungrounded suspicions), Rachel has proved that she can be human when she will; while, as the Leslie of M. Berthet's graceful drama, she has shown that she possesses, would she but use them, a charm and beauty equal to her power. But parts of this description are rare in her performances; and her appearance in them, though highly successful, would probably have never won for her the pre-eminent position she has attained in the classical creations with which she has identified her name. Yet in witnessing her interpretations of Camille, Emilie, Phèdre, Hermione, &c., we feel that we are in presence, not of any passion or emotion, but of a most perfect representation of passion and emotion. In these purely intellectual appeals to our intelligence, we are conscious of receiving a high artistic gratification, and follow with admiring wonder these magnificent exhibitions of plastic power. But they produce no illusion, excite no emotion; we recognise the transcendent art of the actress, but, for us, the art remains *art*, the actress an *actress*.

If Rachel be the high priestess of art, compelling us to follow her into a region purely ideal, La Ristori is the interpreter of nature in the broad sphere of human life and emotion. Her creations, no less artistically perfect, are to those of Rachel as is the woman Eve to the Eve of the sculptor. They live, breathe, move, with the same life that pulses in our veins and beats in our bosoms. "Bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," they stir our hearts with the "touch of nature," and waken an answering vibration in the innermost fibres of our consciousness. Whatever the sentiment she is portraying, La Ristori says and does just what we should say and do in the same situation. Her joy, her sorrow, her anger, hope, pity, or revenge, are real human emotions; exactly such as we ourselves should feel under the same circumstances. Her smile enchants us, her tears afflict, and her indignation rouses us, for they are *our* own.

While Rachel, as in *Maria Stuarda*, compels the most capricious, pathetic, and touching phases of human feeling to assume the proportions of the conventional ideal she has made her own, La Ristori, as in *Mirra* and in *Camma*, avails herself even of the introduction of the supernatural element to deepen the purely human pathos of her part.

Rachel, subordinating nature to art, so chastens every detail of her character, that no distortion ever impairs its classic contour; La Ristori, pressing all the resources of art into the service of nature, models every portion of her acting so faithfully upon the reality of life, that, in her most impetuous, most pathetic, or most terrible delineations, she never misses, never oversteps, the truth.



HOME RECREATIONS.

NO. I.—THE GAME OF THE TWENTY QUESTIONS.

THERE is a great difference between what people like, when they try it, and what people like to try. This is eminently

the case with amusements. Several exist which give more pleasure than those which are more cultivated. A person is bored by nine-tenths of the means to which he persists, nevertheless, in resorting for his amusement. The complaint is common; but the fact itself is more common than even the complaint of it. Sometimes a person is betrayed by circumstances into an unpremeditated occupation which interests him, not only beyond all his expectations, but beyond nearly all his experience of any thing else. If he have a will, the accident becomes a lesson to him, and a life is changed. He was a burden to himself; he relieves the burdens of others. But most people have only a fitful temporary will. However, this is a very deep subject, on the extreme confines of psychology, from which, as from the cliffs of the shore, we recognise the limits of a present condition, and look out over the sea upon which we must all of us yet set forth, and which rolls off infinite and dark.

The intelligent reader will understand us. What causes the pleasure of the mind; what rescues it from the gnawings within; what takes it out of the bewitched abysses of sadness (no matter how arising),—would be indeed curious to inquire and profitable to say; but it is a theme far too vast for the present purpose. The *Anatomy of Cheerfulness* would reward its writer and its readers better than that work, after executing which Burton destroyed himself; but there is a much smaller matter now before us—"the Game of the Twenty Questions."

Fox, Pitt, and Burke, and many of the foremost men of Charles Butler's time, were, he tells us, passionately fond of this curious amusement; and he relates one instance in which Canning astonished a large dinner-party by obligingly furnishing them with a practical illustration of the skill which had been attributed to him in the pastime so called. Till then, such skill had seemed to the company to be of necessity an exaggeration, a mistake, in short, incredible. Fox, who had some experience in games, and who was a veteran buccaneer in the coarsest forms of gambling excitement, was not insensible to the strange charm of the most elegant, the most tranquil, and the most decidedly intellectual "sport" that ever was devised to beguile the leisure, while exercising the power, of acute and cultivated minds. He threw himself into this mental wrestle with thorough abandonment, and, till at the fifteenth or sixteenth question he had netted the secret, forgot cards and wagers and wine, cabinets and wars and budgets.

In truth, no game ever invented can more absorb the player on one side; and few games ever invented are less calculated to be generally popular. The reason is twofold; first, to play it even decently well, some of the very highest faculties of the human intelligence are called into action; and most of us, I suppose, may modestly ask most of us, "Will they come when you do call?"

Secondly, the senses are not addressed at all in the process; and since we have a body as well as a mind, this is an unfavourable condition for any amusement.

On the other hand, the advantages are, that no instruments of an artificial kind are required for the game, and that it may be played either indoors or out of doors, either on land or on sea, at all times, in all places, under nearly all circumstances. You need no chessmen, no board, no cards, no theatre, no instrument nor implement, save those which nature has provided; and these (in the bodily order at least) need have no degree of excellence. You must have an ear, but not necessarily an ear for music; you must have a voice, but not necessarily for singing; and writing would put the pastime within reach of the deaf and dumb themselves.

What intellectual qualities are demanded in revenge for this exterior and mechanical cheapness or accessibility will be best shown by example.

Here is the whole game. One person thinks of something, in heaven or on earth; it may be any thing whatever,—abstract or concrete; having or not having matter or

body; past, present, or to come; living, dead, or inanimate; whatever, in short, he or she pleases. This done, the individual who has thought of the thing which has to be discovered either confides it secretly to the knowledge of some third person, or writes it down with equal secrecy on a slip of paper, which is placed aside in safety.

This precaution of either mentioning or putting on paper the thing thought of, is to prevent the possibility or the suspicion of having changed the object, as well as to enable any umpire present to judge whether the questions to be asked shall have been fairly and exactly answered.

When the preliminaries here mentioned have been accomplished, the opponent in the game begins his part. But here it need scarcely be said, that it is perfectly indifferent to the true conduct of the game itself whether there be or be not a wager on the issue. People may bet upon any thing; and people often have betted on this. The reader may suppose, or not, as he pleases, that a stake is involved in the result. All that can be said is, that, as in the little mechanical German game of "Besiegers and Besieged," the besiegers ought to win, so in this intellectual conflict the guesser ought in most cases to defeat the challenger. In most cases he does not. And, indeed, the very contrary appears to be likely, since twenty guesses seem to be very unfairly matched against the countless millions of things in creation, any one of which the person inviting conjecture may have selected as his "thought."

But here must be stated a condition which has generally been adopted to render the chances more equitable: it is that you must think of your object *within* the sphere of your adversary's fairly presumable knowledge. Thus, if you know Greek and your opponent is totally ignorant of that language, it would be mere cheating in this game to select as your *thought* the name of one of *Æschylus's* plays, or the phrase used by *Themistocles* when threatened by the Athenian rabble, or even, for example, one of the letters of the Greek alphabet. So with technical pursuits; the farmer must not select some bucolic process or term when playing the game with a physician, nor the physician a medical process when playing it with a layman. The matter must lie fairly, as has been said, on common or neutral ground, and within the reasonably presumable knowledge of both parties.

Then the second player should carry off the victory; his twenty permitted questions ought to sweep and exhaust, like a drag-net, the uncounted millions of possible thoughts, until he has landed the very thing selected by his opponent.

In the case alluded to, where George Canning solved the riddle, he did not use, to speak from memory, the whole of the questions to which he had a right to receive answers. The thing which he had to guess was the wand of office carried by the Usher of the Black Rod. He was sorely puzzled after the eleventh or twelfth question had been replied to; and he took much time, and employed much consideration in framing his remaining inquiries. Bets were made, or might have been, and the odds shuffled and veered, as he got gradually down from the more to the less general, until at last, quitting his great drag-net of logical induction, he took a hand-flet of guess, and fished up the identical black rod, which had been hidden deep from him in the vast pool of the arbitrary, the whimsical, and the possible. For him who has to play the finder's part there is very absorbing work; with the rest the game is less agreeable. They must wait and talk of something else during the long intervals of thinking between the questions.

But the whole procedure will be best shown by an instance or two.

Suppose, for example, a person has selected as the object to be divined the nose on the guesser's own face. That nose is duly written down, "Mr. A.'s nose." The paper having been intrusted (unread, if this be liked, and, indeed, unread is more interesting), Mr. A. begins his askings. One primary and capital principle in these is, that they should be so

framed as that the answer, whether negative or affirmative, should give a class of things distinctly rejecting all other classes, and manifestly, that the first classes thus rejected should be as large as possible; otherwise a hundred questions, or many hundred, might not be enough. It follows that you must open with the most general forms of being, and so come down to particulars. The reader will see that there is great art, and that this art implies a high philosophic mind in never wasting a question. Nothing is easier. If you ask whether it be any individual specimen of a species before you have asked whether it belongs to that species at all, you waste the question; for it may not be that individual specimen, and yet you have made no progress. There are thousands, perhaps millions such, any of which it may be; and if you even were allowed to go through them all, one by one, you are still at fault, and in a wrong category of things.

First, then, we will suppose Mr. A. to inquire whether the thing be immaterial? The answer to this is absolutely certain to disencumber him at once of millions and millions of objects, and to reduce proportionately the field of his search. The answer in the present case happens to be "No," since the nose on his face is incontestably material. Getting this answer, he reflects what are the widest classifications of material objects, and he remembers that they are all divided into the animate and the inanimate. He therefore asks next, "Is it inanimate?" Answer No. 2, "No." It is a material and an animate object. Again he thinks what are the widest classes of the material animate world, and he remembers that it is *all* either human or brute. He asks, "Does it belong to the brute order?" Answer No. 3, "No." "Is it male?" Answer No. 4, "Yes."

Here the guesser naturally imagines it is either a corporate body, such as a nation or a society, or else a man. He asks, "Is the name of it a noun plural?" Answer No. 5, "No." He concludes it is an individual man. "Is it dead?" Answer No. 6, "No."

His next question produces a burst of laughter, if the object to be discovered is known to the rest of the company, which burst of laughter is of immense service to the questioner; for which reason, better, as we have said, that the object should not be thus known to any save the one person who has framed and written down the "puzzler."

Our friend demands, with a severe and meditative frown, "Is he a public character (a general chorus of merriment), or is he in private life?" (Renewed laughter.)

He who has to reply, in all probability, now damages his own chances of the stake or of victory, as the case may be, by his perplexed manner, by the observations he makes, and by the discussion which they provoke among the amused bystanders. "How shall I answer that question?" says he. Suppose the questioner is a public character, still whoever heard of a public nose? Here the questioner, who has attentively watched these appearances of hesitation and bewilderment, remarks, that what he means to ask is, "Whether the individual may or may not, in common parlance, be said to belong to public life?" Fresh hesitation, and a renewed but low burst of little laughs all round the circle, like the small spitting fire that runs along a train of gunpowder. "The individual!" What can they say to the query? Can they say "he"? After much hesitation, they perhaps pronounce the question impossible to answer in that shape, but still insist upon his counting it as his seventh. Very well, but in that case he equally insists upon some answer, and this is manifestly fair. Finally, they tell him that "he may call it public, if he pleases." "It!" That pronoun startles him, upsets all his foregone conclusions, and lands him, for the moment, in thick darkness.

Then it is not a man; but yet he has been informed that the name of it is a noun singular; consequently it is not a corporate body, and further, it is material, animate, human, and male. Still it is not an individual: What else besides an individual man can be material, animate, human, singular, and masculine? He is lost in his reflections; a long

silence on his part ensues; the rest begin to talk about other matters; not only his reasoning powers, but his faculty of concentration also, are considerably taxed, to save himself from being diverted or distracted from the trail, now grown so faint, which must guide him to a solution. From time to time he is good-naturedly assured that "he will never guess it;" and his adversary probably invites him to give it up at once, own himself vanquished, and hear the true answer thundered in his ears.

No, he won't. Often, at such a stage of the game as this, our friend is forced to get up, take his hat, and pursue his meditations somewhere else, beyond reach of disturbance. We omit what may be called the illegitimate or accidental helps towards a discovery—such as the fixed glances at the object, if within sight, or the studious avoidance of even a glance in that direction, &c.

He is gone. He returns with a look of resolution. "Is the object," he asks, "a part of any thing?" Answer No. 8, "Yes." He now knows that it is some bodily organ, limb, or sense. But the senses are five in number; the limbs, including fingers, still more numerous; and the structural organs, brain, heart, lungs, &c., practically innumerable. It is very common at a stage like this to waste one or more questions, as we have termed that blunder. For instance, if you ask, "Is it a limb?" and are answered negatively, you are not enabled to conclude that it is one of the senses, for it may be a structural organ; nor that it is one of these, for it may be a sense. This is a very attenuated and excusable example of the mistake of throwing a question away, or at least risking it; because here there are only two unascertained alternatives remaining, whereas there might be, and often are, hundreds, thousands, millions. We have known a case of the following sort. A second game begins, after "*The Emperor Nicholas*" had been the subject for discovery in the first. The new subject or object to be found out is, we will suppose, "*theft*." The questioner begins by asking, "Is it a private person?" He is told it is not; and then he guesses the Emperor Napoleon III., and half-a-dozen sovereigns in succession. Failing in these, he goes through a list of generals; and, of course, when he winds up at the twentieth time of asking with General Tom Thumb, he is just as far from his quarry as he was at starting, having squandered away every single one of his questions.

To return to our own game: the questioner, not being, we will assume, a medical adept, concludes in his own mind that one of the structural organs of the body is not likely to have been fixed upon by his opponent (the next two answers must set him right, if this conclusion be wrong), and therefore he feels sure that it is either a limb or a sense. Mark his next inquiry. "Is light important to its operation?" Answer No. 9, "No."

Now light is important to the operation of all the limbs, and among the senses to sight directly; and indirectly, or for practical use, is certainly "*important*" (that was the word), though not indispensable, to the functions of taste and of touch, which are not comfortably, nor even safely, guided in their operations *without* light. Hearing and smelling, or the ear and the nose, are of the joint corporation of limbs and senses the only members perfectly independent of light in their operations, and, indeed, rather more acute and alive in its absence. The next question disposes of the doubt about the object being any internal organ: "Are there any brutes specially prized and specially used for a similar organ?" Answer No. 10, "Yes." (Fox-hounds, to wit; and no brutes, if they could speak, could say the same for themselves on account of their hearing.)

Our friend next asks, perhaps, "Is the possessor of it a personal acquaintance of mine?" Ten to one, the hesitation, the laughter, and the contradictory answers given here, enlighten the questioner completely. But suppose that an answer be refused, and that he asks again, "Do I know the man (the possessor) as well as I know the people around me?" Answer No. 11, "Yes." "Have I met him to-day?" The

circle breathes more freely, and the twelfth answer is "No." "Within a week?" Thirteenth answer, "No." "Within a month?" Fourteenth answer, "No." "Within a year?" Fifteenth answer, "No." "Within two years?" Sixteenth answer, "No."

Here he pauses triumphantly; the circle around him look equally triumphant. He is told with smiles and jeers that he will *never* guess it. He replies by begging the stake to be handed over to him. This is met by still louder derision. All gaze upon him with defiance; he announces that after one more question, that is, the seventeenth, he will at once name the object. This is not believed; he is supposed to be quite off the scent, since he has been asking when he met the person: this shows he imagines it must be some other person, not himself. But he has forgotten none of the answers: among them, he distinctly remembers having been told that he knows the individual as well as he knows any of the people around him. He now asks, "Have I ever met him?" Answer No. 17, "No."

"Then," quoth he, "the subject of your thought is incontestably—"

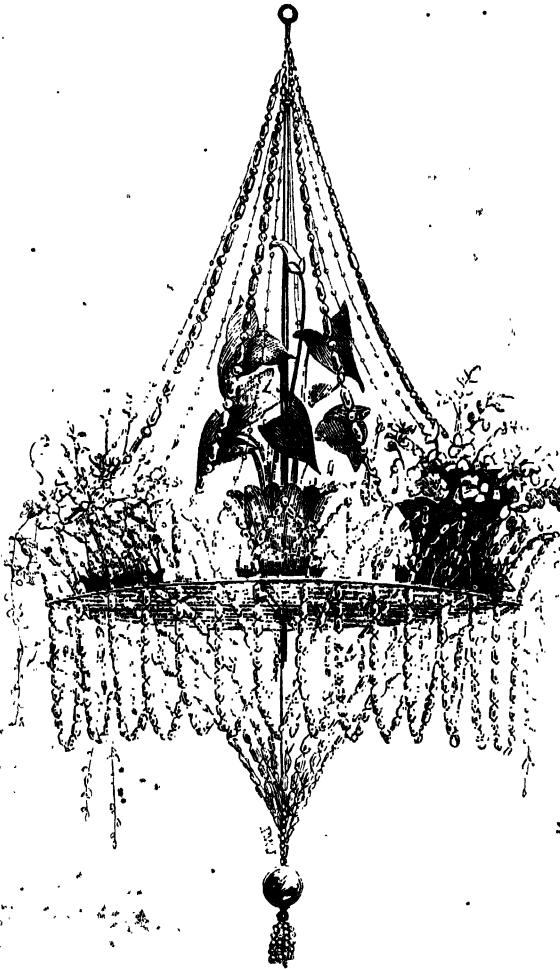
"What?" cries one.

"Who?" cries the antagonist, more cunning.

"My own nose," continues our victorious friend; and the antagonist drops his head, and pays his forfeit.

We have not chosen either a very easy or a very difficult specimen of the game. The easiest class of subjects are not subjects but sovereigns, Abd-ul-Medjid, Frederick William IV., her Majesty, and all that category to which belong any exceedingly notable individuals, dead or living. These hardly ever give a good run; they are generally pulled down about the twelfth question. A very difficult kind are abstract qualities, or their negatives—such as *truth*, *beauty*, *cruelty*, &c.; but these, although difficult, do not require many questions either; the game is longer, although the questions are fewer. Most guessers lose for certain; those who win, win in about two-thirds of the permitted inquiries, but fourfold the customary time.

Another very difficult class of questions is that in which the particular thing to be guessed belongs to an extremely vast number of like things in the final category. For example, a piece of money takes long enough to come at (as is only fitting); but suppose, when you have reached the piece of money, that you must start afresh, and find what particular piece of money, the challenger having selected that very shilling which he happened to see the cabman give you, about an hour ago, in change for your half-crown. The shilling is in your waistcoat-pocket. You cannot say that you do not know the object. So very severe and trying is this class of game, that if in strictness fair, it is fair in strictness only. It verges on the unfair. It is sharp practice at the least. Nay, as the essence of this game



DESIGN FOR A PENDENT FLOWER-BASKET. BY P. W. JUSTYNE.

consists of logical exactness, we much doubt whether the person who guesses a shilling, or even a piece of money, in general has not already won justly, truly, and fully, without entering upon the individualisation of that piece of money. We could support this view by arguments very hard to answer, but they would occupy too much space; and besides, whoever plays the game will be furnished with the arguments in question by the very replies themselves, which, in the progress of it, he must extort from his adversary. Suppose, for example, the challenger has been forced to answer that every pound sterling includes the thing in question, then he cannot afterwards insist upon his individual shilling; since it is not that individual shilling, but a sum equivalent to it, which is included in every pound sterling, and so on.

Enough if, in this slight sketch of an elegant and most intellectual pastime, we shall have added to those general resources by which an occasional spare hour may be profitably and entertainingly filled. M. G. K.

PENDENT FLOWER-BASKETS.

In submitting to your consideration the accompanying design for a pendent flower-basket, my object is to combine economy of cost with elegance, and also to render the article produced useful.

Pendent flower-baskets have of late years become very general, and the visitor to the Crystal Palace has ample opportunity of observing the very graceful and elegant effect they produce; besides which, in many situations they may be introduced where the ordinary flower-stand would be inconvenient. Hung before the upper part of a window, they act partly as a blind, and receive plenty of light for the growth of the plants. The only novelty, if so it may be termed, in this design is, the introduction of glass beads or bugles, which I think, to look well, should be white. A few amber-coloured ones, introduced in select positions, would improve the effect; these to be strung on wire, to form the basket-edge of the tray. This tray could be made of wood, zinc, or glass, but the latter would be expensive. Fine holes should be perforated all round the edge for the insertion of the wire. The beads forming the festoons would be better strung on strong twine, as they would hang more free; the chains from the top to be of wire. A brass rod passed through a glass tube, and inserted through the centre flower-pot, would support the tray by having a cross-bar underneath, and a nut to screw on; and by this means the weight of the tray and its contents would be taken off the chains, which would hang the more gracefully. The centre flower-pot could have some delicate climbing plant, which would entwine itself around the supporting-rod, while the other pots should contain pendent flowers.

A CORRESPONDENT.



Foster Winslow.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WATKINS.

FORBES WINSLOW, M.D., D.C.L.

Who is he that, not being a member of the family,—not being of necessity even a friend,—stands closest to home interests, and figures most prominently in the crises of home-life? Were this question put at thousands of our firesides, there can be little doubt that the answer generally, if not universally, given would be, *the Physician*.

Few indeed are there, except the very young, who cannot recal the composed face, the observant eye, the brief but pregnant utterance of him who is so often the interpreter of fate to a household. His words, pronounced as they are upon the issues of life and death,—upon all to which love clings,—have more often and more keenly thrilled the human heart than any words, except those divine ones which convert death itself into life, and the pangs of love into the assurance of immortality.

Sometimes, however, the functions of the physician are not confined to the sphere of private life. In both civil and criminal jurisprudence, cases occur in which his dictum decides the rights of property, of personal liberty, or the lives of accused men. A point arises as to the validity of a will executed during the alleged insanity of the testator, the chancellor chooses the physician as his referee, and the physician becomes virtually the judge; or the question hinges upon the mental responsibility of the homicide for his deed. The evidence of the medical man turns the scale, and it is his verdict which the jury echoes.

The person, then, to whom such important offices, both private and public, belong must ever be an object of social interest. We therefore give this week the portrait of Dr. Forbes Winslow, a man eminent, not only in the domestic, but in what may be called the judicial relations of his profession.

In cases where the point of insanity is mooted, whether before a civil or criminal tribunal, no name is of greater authority, or more frequently cited in legal reports, than the one which heads this paper. The criminal case of McNaughten, and the civil ones of Mrs. Cumming and Mr. Fussell, will occur to most readers.

In many trials of less public interest, but involving questions of personal freedom and the succession to property, Dr. Winslow has evinced, not only profound medical knowledge, but a power of analysing motive, and of striking a balance from conflicting and perplexed indications, which has more than once gained for him the warm acknowledgments of the Court.

In the opinions expressed by Dr. Winslow, both in his evidence and in his writings, we find important views of the nature and treatment of insanity, which views, though now widely adopted, owe their prevalence in no small degree to his own advocacy and example.

The favourite theory upon this subject with medical men, not many years back, was, that insanity is purely a mental disease—a disorder of the intellectual faculties. As a natural result of this doctrine, therapeutic remedies held a very secondary place in the received systems of cure. The more sanguine physician built his hopes chiefly upon the removal, by rest or diversion, of the irritating mental causes that had induced the disease, and men were not wanting in the faculty who regarded the patient as a victim of some inscrutable dispensation, with which no science could combat, and which could only disappear under influences as mysterious as those of its origin. To be "let alone," or to be amused, therefore, was often the best chance that befel the sufferer. To be coerced and punished for the symptoms of a malady deemed intractable in its nature, was a more frequent experience.

The great principle which Dr. Winslow has strenuously maintained and thoroughly demonstrated is, that mental diseases must be regarded as kindred in their nature to other affections of the brain, and that the former are equally amenable with the latter to therapeutic remedies. He holds

that there are no diseases of the mind *per se*, but that, in every case of mental aberration, a physical disorder of the brain has been induced; and that when the brain itself is restored to its normal and healthy action, the hallucinations attributed to the mind must of necessity disappear. This physician, in brief, would have the irregular manifestations of the reason viewed as symptoms of physical disorder in the brain, in the same way that loss of appetite and acidity are regarded as signs of a disordered stomach, or difficult breathing as a proof of an abnormal condition of the lungs. He does not hesitate to consider every nervous symptom as dependent upon a temporary or permanent lesion—an organic change, whether slight or serious—in the structure of the brain, the nerves, or the vessels ramifying through the material organ of the mind. In corroboration of this view, it has been stated upon high medical authority, that any morbid condition of the mind, if long continued, will reveal its source after death in an alteration of structure, appreciable either by the naked eye, the microscope, or by chemical analysis. Nevertheless, so intimate an acquaintance with the normal structure of the brain is required of the operator, that failures may often arise in detecting the changes wrought in so delicate an organisation, even where they really exist.

It will be seen from what we have said, that the speciality of Dr. Winslow's method is, to reach mental derangement through the medium of the morbid brain, and to treat that material organ with material remedies—to bring it, in a word, under the action of drugs. The brain with him is, to some extent, like a mirror. If dust collect upon its surface, it will give an obscure and partial image of the face, *i. e.* the mind, that it reflects. Clear away the dust, and a complete and accurate image of the mind will again be presented.

Our readers must not, however, suppose that Dr. Winslow relies on therapeutic agents to the exclusion of mental treatment. On the contrary, no one has studied its principles more earnestly, or applied them more judiciously. Zealously adopting the enlightened and benevolent views of Dr. Conolly as to dispensing, wherever practicable, with physical restraint, Dr. Winslow has probably carried the system of rational indulgence further than any of his contemporaries. He knows well that, even where the disease is material, the beneficent action of the mind upon the organisation is of the greatest importance. His principle is, to treat the victim of mental derangement as if he were sane, to accustom him to the ideas of self-government and responsibility, and to lead the vagrant fancy back to health by the track of habit. Unless the sufferer's malady be dangerous to others, he is accustomed to mix freely with society, to hear the topics of the world without discussed at the dinner-table, to share with the sane in the enlivening recreations of the ball-room or the billiard-table, and at times to take his country excursion on *parole*, totally unaware of the necessary *surveillance* to which he is subjected. Under regulations which never allow his infirmity to be suggested, it is rarely betrayed, and the chief sign of the disorder, if apparent, will probably be the extreme calculation designed to mask it.

A humorous instance of this calculation was witnessed by the present writer during a visit to a private asylum. The physician of the establishment received a few friends at dinner, and the patients, as usual, mingled with the guests. In the course of the dessert a curious wine was introduced, to the merits of which more than one connoisseur bore emphatic testimony. The reader's humble servant, influenced by these encomiums, filled his glass, but forbore to raise it to his lips, as his immediate neighbour, a clergyman, was at the moment enforcing some theological view with great earnestness of voice and gesture. After a pause, the layman's verdict on the wine was demanded, when, to his surprise, an empty glass stood before him. It was replenished, but with a similar result. The baffled guest filled a third time, and watched his glass narrowly. The controversial divine by his side continued his argument, and pointed upward, as he had done before, with an expressive finger.

This time, however, the eye of his companion only feigned to follow the digital indication, and he observed the speaker, apparently in the warmth of his exposition, interpose his arm before the wine-glass, sweep it from its place, turn suddenly and drain it. This being done, the empty vessel was restored by a like action of the arm to its original position. It was now the guest's turn to indulge in a pantomime with his host, by whom the recurrence of the joke was quietly prevented. It transpired afterwards that the clerical patient had been enjoined to confine himself to one glass of wine, and that, while abstaining from re-filling his own glass, he had thus ingeniously evaded the regulation.

A recent article in the *Quarterly Review* cites many instances of the benefits resulting to patients from treating them as if they were in a sane condition. We find, *inter alia*, a curious and significant anecdote of a tailor, who, during his residence at Colney Hatch Asylum, persisted in tearing to shreds the gray vestments which he wore in common with the other patients. The physician at length ordered the delinquent to be attired in a brand new suit of ordinary clothes. By some law of association, a healthy impulse was given to the man's mind, and a speedy restoration to sanity was the consequence.

The same Review quotes from the *Psychological Journal*, edited by Dr. Winslow, some interesting particulars as to the treatment of lunatics at Gheel, in Belgium. In many cases the patients dwell amidst families in separate cottages. Some of the lunatics go out to their ordinary occupations of field-labour; and on their return from work, they are often met by their own children, and accompanied by them to the threshold of their homes. This realisation of the home-idea under such circumstances has a charm and a value which cannot be over-estimated. We are glad to find that a modification of this plan has been introduced into the Devon Asylum by the resident physician.

Amongst the services rendered by Dr. Winslow in mental disease, none is more important than the emphasis which he has laid upon the premonitory symptoms—the *incubation*, as he calls it—of insanity. In this kind of malady, Time is the great enemy to be overcome. The warped shoot may be straightened, but rarely the warped tree. Dr. Winslow's numerous writings abound with earnest warning and practical suggestions upon this head. How perseveringly he has laboured in the medical literature that relates to mental disorders, may be inferred from the titles of his works. We find amongst them lectures delivered, as Lettsomian Professor, on "The Psychological Vocation of the Physician," on "The Medical Treatment of Insanity," on "Medico-legal Evidence in cases of Insanity," "The Anatomy of Suicide," "The Plea of Insanity in Criminal Cases," and, above all, the *Psychological Journal*, established by his unaided exertions.

"This Review," says the *Quarterly*, "which originated with, and from the first has been under the able editorship of, Dr. Forbes Winslow, has given an immense impulse to the study of psychology. It has enlarged the views of the physician of the insane, and by extending his horizon, has given him a far better knowledge of the special department to which he formerly confined his studies. It is as impossible to understand the working of a morbid mind without possessing a knowledge of its ordinary action, as it is to interpret the sounds of a diseased lung without being first acquainted with those of a healthy one. The great service which Dr. Winslow has rendered by unravelling the phenomena of mind in its normal, as well as in its disturbed state, entitles him to a very high meed of praise, and has deservedly ranked him among the first psychologists of the day."

We here dwell chiefly upon Dr. Winslow's labours in connection with insanity, because the subject is one of great public interest. We ought, however, to add, that his practice embraces general affections of the brain and of the nervous system, and that he is equally consulted in all. We understand that he has nearly completed an elaborate work on *Softening of the Brain*, and other obscure diseases of that

organ, a task which has involved the thought and observation of years.

Eminent talents and unwearied diligence have, in the case of this gentleman, met with their due recognition. Early in his career, Dr. Winslow was elected a fellow of the College of Physicians. He subsequently filled the honourable post of Lettsomian Professor of Medicine, was next elected President of the Medical Society of London, and received the crowning distinction of Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Oxford at the period of Lord Derby's installation.

These honours, the just meed of great mental endowments, have been conferred upon one whose moral worth leaves envy neither a pretext nor a motive. Frank, benevolent, genial, and sincere, the character of the man enhances the skill of the physician, and is, indeed, part of it. Our portrait of Dr. Winslow, engraved from the photograph by Mr. John Watkins, of Parliament Street, is an excellent likeness.

THE PILGRIMS TO NONNENHEIM.

A ROMANCE OF YESTERDAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES BY AN ARCHÆOLOGIST AND HIS FRIENDS."

It was gray dawn; the inland sea of Constance lay solemnly beautiful in its vast expanse, its translucent hue of milky green chastened to a pale silvery tone by the faint radiance of the morning light that began to spread athwart its wide unrippled surface.

In one of the villages that checker here and there the irregularities of its western shores, there had been, on the previous evening, a call for a large boat to take a party of travellers across the lake to Nonnenheim, which accounted for the unusual bustle that was filling the little bay with such extraordinary commotion at that early hour. After a complicated series of evolutions, the precise end of each of which it was not easy to comprehend, the boatmen succeeded at last in detaching a moderately-sized row-barge from a crowd of smaller craft; though not without an immense amount of useless vociferation and shouting, which seemed sadly in disaccordance with the sweet repose of the surrounding scene, and the impressive stillness of the sleeping waters thus so rudely disturbed from their rest.

Just as the sun began to loom in his morning splendour over the eastern horizon of the lake, transmuting its cool tones of silvery gray by Nature's gorgeous alchemy into the warmer hues of ruddy gold, the barge reached the miniature jetty, and a group of several persons might have been seen approaching it from the doorway of the principal, or rather solitary, inn of the place.

The individuals composing the group were of exceedingly various aspect, and clothed in almost every variety of modern costume that caprice or fashion, or some peculiar idiosyncrasy, could suggest. There were features, and figures too, of every proportion—round, rubicund, Germanic faces, framed in bushy masses of hair and whisker and beard, of the light flaxen hue of the north, and others angular in form and aquiline in profile, accompanied by the black lank hair and dark eyes of another race.

Notwithstanding the antagonistic grotesqueness of many of the figures, and the fantastic variety of their cloaks, coats, and nether garments,—garnished, moreover, with every conceivable extravagance of collar, buttons, and braidings,—there was yet something about their general air and bearing, in step, in look, and in a something indefinable by words, that not only proclaimed among them a general congeniality of nature, but also some other bond, which at the same time marked even the least statuesque, even the most grotesque, of those figures as belonging to a social region far above that of the common herd, busied merely with the every-day pursuits of life.

This group of travellers was soon followed from the inn

by some score or so of sturdy peasants, each bearing one or more of such musical instruments as form the modern *matériel* of a complete orchestra; no vehicle of melody appeared to have been omitted, from the stately bulk of the ophicleide, or "serpent," to the miniature dimensions of the octave-flute.

The mystery concerning the vocation of our travellers was solved. And the few scattered gazers, who stood curiously watching their proceedings, soon learnt that they were a company of enthusiastic musicians, eminent in various degrees, who had met there by preconcerted arrangement from different, and, in some cases, distant parts of Germany, in order to pay a visit of homage to the tomb of a recently-departed brother in art,—the Kapelmeister, Peter Joseph Lindpaintner, whose remains were sleeping in a humble tomb in his little native town of Nonnenheim.

The musicians were not alone; a stranger had joined their party, who had not arrived with them, and was evidently "not of them." His request to be allowed to join the expedition had been received with that cordial politeness with which true artists always acknowledge and accept the advances of volunteers to their ranks; and, after a few *contretemps*,—for men of art are seldom adroit in nautical affairs, either on salt or fresh water,—the row-barge pushed off, and the whole party were soon gliding swiftly over the lake.

There was a soothing influence in that vast surface, in its deep repose, that acted as an almost immediate opiate, or rather delicious sedative, under the spell of which the voluble interlocation of the musicians, and with it their energetic gesticulations, subsided into silence and stillness; and so they sped mutely forward, voiceless and motionless as shades (somewhat grotesque ones, it must be owned) passing the waters of oblivion.

The stranger, whose dress and bearing marked him at once as belonging to a superior rank in the social scale, and whose slightly grised hair alone indicated that he had passed the zenith of youth and entered on the table-land of middle-life, might have been at once recognised by an Englishman as a compatriot, though his present companions did not appear to have arrived at that conclusion. He had been visiting the Falls of Schaffhausen, and had then somewhat diverged from the plan of his tour only to obtain a passing glimpse of the Lake of Constance, before plunging into the Alpine scenery of Switzerland. But hearing of the expedition of the band of enthusiastic musicians to Nonnenheim, he had, impelled by some irresistible impulse, begged permission to join their party.

As the first impression of the all-subduing calm of the sleeping lake wore off, the party of musicians gradually broke their silence; at first only by enthusiastic snatches of desultory exclamation, uttered *sotto voce*, on the enchanting beauty of the scene and the hour, but by degrees the conversation resumed its original swing. After much discussion, it was resolved that they should commence the performance of some of the most successful pieces of the departed composer, at once to honour the memory of Lindpaintner and to beguile the hours of their passage across the lake.

With what honest enthusiasm and conscientious accuracy and painstaking each piece was executed; how lusciously sweet were the blending sounds upon the wide waters, and how richly laden with melody was the breeze that wafted it towards the shore! The stranger listened with the gentle yet intent devotion of a true lover of art to the various compositions as they were successively performed,—most intently, perhaps, to a *Kyrie*, solemn and majestic in its opening and development, and terminating in a glorious burst of acclamatory harmony. Yet he was not utterly absorbed, as were the enthusiastic performers, until they at last commenced a lovely melody, the first phrases of which were breathed in the rich deep tones of a clarionet. Then he seemed suddenly bound as by a spell; and covering his face with his hands, bowed his head to his

knees, and so remained till the last vibrations of the closing note had died away.

And so they reached Nonnenheim; and the enthusiastic musicians, full of respectful bustle, hastened to the resting-place of the dead composer, where orations, full of heartfelt praise and honest German affection, were poured forth, and showers of *immortelles* were scattered over the simple tomb.

They next proceeded to the market-place, and other conspicuous spots; for they were discussing the relative desirabilities of site for the construction of a more splendid tomb, or erecting a commemorative Iconic statue in some conspicuous situation in the composer's native town. There had been many previous meetings in other places on the subject, at which it had been decided that the master's celebrated opera, *Der Vampyr*,* should be performed in the Great Theatre at Stuttgart, with splendid decorations, and by eminent musicians, whose services were to be gratuitously given, in order to raise the necessary funds.

In the midst of these and other arrangements, the time for return had arrived; and the party were about to re-embark, when it was observed that the stranger was not among them. To quit Nonnenheim without him was a breach of politeness which could not be thought of; and several of the party volunteered to return, and seek their lost companion in the town.

For some time their search was vain; but at last they determined to revisit the tomb, and there, as they approached, they perceived the missing member of the party. He stood at some little distance from the grave, his travelling-cap in one hand, raised above his head, in token of reverence, and his eyes bent intently, as it seemed, upon the brief epitaph.

He did not hear them approach; and when a gentle touch roused him from his reverie, he started like one awoken suddenly from a deep sleep; and apologising to his new friends for his breach of courtesy in having thus unwarrantably detained them, hastened to the boat; and the rowers, refreshed by an unusually sufficient meal, pulled lustily away, and Nonnenheim rapidly faded into a dusky spot in the far distance.

The wrapt devotion of the stranger at the tomb had created much curiosity among the pilgrim musicians, and many were the polite innuendoes put forth with a view to its gratification. One politely suggested that the devout admirer of Lindpaintner who had honoured them with his company was not perhaps *utterly* unknown to a certain celebrated composer of North Germany, with whose person they had not hitherto the pleasure of being acquainted. In default of a satisfactory reply, another of the company suggested that a certain living celebrity, the well-known ornament of a school south of the Alps, was known to profess a high admiration for the works of the deceased Kapelmeister; but neither did that venture yield a more profitable result, and other attempts shared a similar fate.

The stranger, perceiving that the demon Curiosity was at work with his companions, to the great disturbance of their quiescent and phlegmatic temperament, at last broke through his reserve, and said: "Gentlemen, I have not the honour to be a musician, I am only an obscure unknown poet; but if you wish to know why I stood at the tomb of Lindpaintner as at a shrine, I will tell you; for as it is getting dark, I shall not have to blush for the, perhaps foolish, emotion my features may betray during the narration.

There was a general call for the story of the stranger; and to the monotonous but sweet melody of the cadenced dip of the oars in the unseen water, now completely hidden by the deepening darkness, he commenced:

"It was in Paris, many years ago, though it seems but yesterday, I was at a *soirée* in one of the hotels of the old noblesse, in the Faubourg St. Germain; one of those dwell-

* A very different work to the opera bearing the same name, by Marschner, who subsequently treated the same subject.

ings that have still, or had then, a reflected perfume of the proud and heartless refinement of the *ancien régime* still hanging about them—a something of a former state, in which a 'noble' and a 'man' were not deemed creatures of the same genus. The atmosphere of that bygone age seemed to linger there, among the folds of the rich damask curtains, and even in the forms of new furniture, which aped in its counterfeit white and gold the aspect of the past; and the same spirit glared forth in the livery of the ostentatiously numerous *laquais*, which seemed rather of gold embroidered with cloth, than cloth with gold. But above all, it was expressed in a certain supercilious air in both host and guests, and a peculiar lurking insincerity that lay beneath the sweetest smiles; and, not least, in the light, playful, sneering tone with which the chief features of recent progress, and the general spread of education, were alluded to and ridiculed.

"The tone, and the atmosphere, seemed to me unnatural, unwholesome, and oppressive; and I was about to leave that unsatisfactory region of gilded ceilings and parquetry floors and tapestried corridors, when my determination was suddenly arrested by a sound issuing from an inner apartment, to which I had not thought it worth while to work my way through the crowd of silk and muslin and lace and embroidered coats that filled all its approaches. Whether others noted the peculiar, the celestial sweetness, of that long drawn-out sweetly-thrilling note I know not; but I—I stood spell-bound. As the first phrase defined itself, and I perceived that it was uttered by a female voice, I felt myself impelled to still more wrapt attention. As the melody advanced, there appeared to me something so heavenly in its expression and rhythm, that I could no longer repress my over-excited curiosity, and forced my way, as quickly as I could, and I fear with some rudeness, to the innermost room of the suite, a richly decorated boudoir, from which the music issued.

"There I heard the rest of a melody that appeared to me almost divine; and as I first obtained a view of the singer, and saw the seraphic glistening of the clear transparent eye, as the deepest pathos of the air was reached, and the soft tenderness of the smile, as a lighter passage was breathed forth with the facile brilliancy of inspiration, I doubted whether it was the power of the artist that invested the melody with such surpassing sweetness, or whether the melody itself were the creation of that rare class of genius which, once in many generations, fills the halls of civilisation with an atmosphere of melody in harmony, in unison, with the imaginations and aspirations of its time. I soon perceived, however, that it was from neither solely, but from the happy blending of congenial powers on the part of the artist with a work peculiarly fitted to its special capacities that the beautiful result was to be attributed; and as I continued to gaze at the performer during the rest of the air, I observed in every outline of her nearly faultless features, in every movement of those graceful arms, a breathing spirit of harmony, formed to be the worthy interpreter of such a melody as that which was then filling that gilded and meretriciously decorated boudoir with sounds so pure, so ethereally lovely, that it seemed to me they should only have found utterance among the sacred incense of some cathedral altar. As the accomplished *artiste* ceased, and the *Brava! brava!* of applause rose from the perfumed crowd, I made my way to the piano; and taking up the piece of music which had been left in its place, I found that it was the well-known air of the soprano in the second act of Lindpaintner's *Der Vampyr*.

"A lovely air," muttered several of the listeners in the boat, who had till then maintained a profound silence,—'a lovely air.'

"I found, continued the stranger, that the singer was Mademoiselle D—, the daughter of an *émigré*, and born in England, just before the restoration of the Bourbons, at which time the family returned to France; but who, having failed, after many years' litigation, in the attempt to recover

their sequestered estates, were on the eve of departure for America.

"When I next called upon my friends of the Faubourg St. Germain, which was within a few days, the D—s had already left France; but the reminiscence of that melody lingered strangely in my mind, so perfectly, so completely, that the very sounds appeared again to vibrate in my ear; and, with a power that seemed an inner sight, I could still perceive every note of the music, and, I need not add, every lineament of the form of the fair girl who had given such exquisite utterance to its divinely melodious phrases. I framed theories of poetic art on the rhythm of that melody; and a book of poems, created on the theory so evolved, was in due time, with the vanity of a young author, given to the world; but the world," said the stranger, smiling bitterly, "heeded not the gift, and thenceforward the author wrote for himself alone. But there was a void in his heart which still longed to be filled—to be filled with the image whose beau-ideal haunted every thoughtful moment.

"Years passed," resumed the narrator. "I visited in turn nearly every theatre in Europe, whenever I heard that *Der Vampyr* was about to be performed. I soon knew every note of the whole opera by heart; but when *that* melody was sung, even by the greatest artists of the age, it seemed shrill and discordant, even its rhythm halted and jerked, and I almost invariably left the theatre till it was over.

"At length I grew weary of the conventional routine of society, and even of the ordinary excitement of travelling; yet a continuous restlessness seemed to impel me, and I rushed, objectless, from one country to another. One day, I scarcely seem to know when, but it was towards evening, I was passing through a forest,—no matter what forest,—and was hastening towards a point where I had been informed I might make sure of obtaining decent accommodation for the night. While that point was still distant, I saw to the left of the road a low timber dwelling of some extent, from the massive brick chimney of which issued a column of smoke that had a cheerful human look in the depths of those almost interminable forests.

"As I approached it I felt a strong and all but irrepres- sible desire to stop; but I had heard that the people of those isolated dwellings bore an ill name in the region I was traversing, and I resolutely spurred forward. Just as I was passing the building, however, a sound issued from it that suddenly arrested my course, as though an unseen arm had been thrust across my chest, and barred my passage.

"It was that melody again, not distorted as I had heard it in the great theatres of Europe, but uttered once more with that wondrous wedding of sense to sound, that marvellous and intuitive knowledge of the inner secret of its charm and beauty, the recollection of which still haunted me; and I felt again, in the depths of that wild forest, the same spell woven round me that I had first known in the gilded boudoir in the Faubourg St. Germain. You may guess the rest. After a few brief, brilliant months of such happiness as one dreams of in youth's brightest visions, we were married; and in a few months more," and here the speaker lowered his voice till it was scarcely audible, even in the deep stillness of the night,— "and in a few months more she died."

There was a long silence, which none ventured to break, and then the speaker resumed: "I could never realise again the perfect reminiscence of that melody, so strangely bound up with my brief dream of earthly happiness; the chain of its sweet rhythmic progression seemed for ever broken, and its connecting links lost beyond every effort of memory or imagination to recover. I never again heard, nor was even able to imagine it perfectly, till this morning. When your party was pointed out to me as about to proceed to Nonnenheim, to visit the tomb of Lindpaintner, I felt an irresistible impulsion to join you; and then, on the waters of this lake, I again heard it in what seemed all its wondrous power. I feared, as I recognised the first bar of the melody, that it might, as it proceeded, become distorted and inter-broken,

as in my own imagination; but perhaps you, in your artistic enthusiasm and sympathy,—perhaps you, were in spirit-union with the genius of the author."

The stranger uttered the last words vaguely and irresolutely, and the listeners instinctively looked towards each other, though none could see the features of his neighbour for the thickening darkness.

"I heard it again and again, in imagination," resumed the stranger, "at the tomb, and the floating music seemed to wrap me as in a clinging atmosphere of melody. Play it once more," he continued, addressing the musicians,— "once more, the last time, but soft and low as an echoed sigh—sweet and gentle as the last faint vibration of a lovely sound should be."

And the musicians sought their instruments in the dark, and one of them counted the time of an introductory bar in a constrained whisper, and then the melody arose in a low murmur from the unseen instruments and invisible performers, like some mysterious voice of the night—so soft, so finely drawn, so sweetly attenuate, that only in the intense silence of the night's stillest hour could it have been heard.

"Yes, yes," murmured the stranger, as the performers ceased, "you are, you must be, in spirit-union with its creator, and so was *she*; and in the spirit-world, she will not be *mine*, but—but *his*."

And as he spoke, the carved prow of the barge grated against the little pier, and the party hurried silently ashore, seeking with quickened steps the light that at some distance shone cheerfully at the door of the inn. When they were assembled in the principal room, they perceived for the first time that the stranger was not with them, and could nowhere be found. As they went forth again to seek him they were told that he had been observed walking swiftly out of the village towards Schaffhausen, while others said that he had neither been seen or heard after the landing.

At last the searching party reached the barge, where the red light of the horn lantern they carried fell upon the form of the stranger, still sitting in his place. There was a singular but sweet smile playing over the features, but they were pale and cold; and the broad chest heaved no longer with the breath of life;—it had passed away with the last notes of that whispered melody, and the gently murmured words, "She will not be mine, but his."

SONGS.

By W. C. BENNETT.

YE roses, with her blushes blow;
Ye lilies, lift her neck of snow;
Thou dusky night, ye starry skies,
Show forth the dark light of her eyes;
Thou rosy morning, steal to earth
With her gay smiles, her sparkling mirth;
You dewy tears of twilight eves,
Weep softly, softly as she grieves,—
That ever she may present be
In all sweet sounds we hear, in all sweet sights we see.

Thou, Music, with her low tones stir
Our hearts; thou, Painting, image her;
And thou, white Sculpture, let her seem
To smile from every marble dream
Of thine, that she may ever be
Fair in all fair things shaped by thee;
And thou, O Poet, to her give,
Sweet, in thy sweetest songs to live;—
So thou, blest Art, shalt give her part
In all thy lustrous life in man's delighted heart.

Dreams that I dream—sweet dreams!
The length of a crowded street,
A light form tripping to me,
That makes my full heart beat;

And a meeting that, thought of, seems
Too sweet for a thing of dreams:
Dreams that I dream—sweet dreams!

Dreams that I dream—wild dreams!
A looking in tearful eyes,
In eyes that for love of me
Will not utter the soul's wild cries;
And a last farewell, that seems
Too bitter for only dreams:
Dreams that I dream—wild dreams!

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

[Continued from p. 184.]

SANDRO BOTTICELLI died in the year 1515. He was one of the painters of the Sistine frescoes in the Vatican. He was a scholar of Fra Filippo Lippi, the passionate monk who stole his mistress from her convent, and painted her as a Madonna. We have referred before to his picture of the "Nativity," at Manchester, from Mr. Maitland's collection. Of all existing Nativities, it is perhaps the most interesting.

In the centre of the picture there is an open shed or tent, with a long thatched porch in front. Three angels are on the thatch, with a book between them; they seem to be singing. Over them, in the air, twelve of the heavenly company, joining hands, wheel round in a circle, carrying scrolls and olive-boughs. They look heavenward as they fly, and sing "Gloria in excelsis!" They are bareheaded and barefooted. They have taken off their crowns in homage, and slung them to the olive-boughs. The background is golden behind their flowing robes and many-coloured wings; but there is the blue sky beneath. Under the porch lies the new-born Christ, looking upwards. He touches his lips with his finger, to signify that he is the Word made flesh. He raises his infant foot, to foreshadow his coming triumph over the devil. His mother kneels on the ground before him; her face bends over him, but her eyes are nearly closed, and see nothing outwardly. Her countenance, which is beautiful, and painted with extreme delicacy, expresses a speechless sorrow. She does not hear the rejoicing angels. Her blue robe is drawn over her head; her hair hangs loose; her hands are clasped together. She is a mother thinking of the coming sufferings of her child. Opposite to her, the infant between them, Joseph sits; his head bent on his knees, and the face hidden. On the left, an angel with a branch and scroll points out the central group to three men who kneel in worship. These figures have no doubt suggested the name given to the picture in the catalogue. The kings, that is, the wise men from the east, who are generally regarded as kings in Roman Catholic legends, are always three in number; one of those in the picture has the traditional beard of the elder king, and they all wear flowing robes. But they bring no offerings; have none of the usual attendants, and wear no crowns, except crowns of olive-leaves, which the angels seem to have put on. The virgin does not present her child to them, and they are introduced behind him. They may be saints, or may represent the patrons of the artist; or perhaps Botticelli, in his fanciful way, has disregarded tradition, and brought them there simply as wise men, in contrast with the shepherds. At any rate, it is not their visit, but the birth of Christ, that is the subject of the picture. On the right, another angel leads two shepherds to the spot. They wear short coats, pouches, ragged leggings, and the olive-wreath. In front the ground is rocky, with a descending path. Quite in the foreground are the six remarkable figures embracing one another. Three angels eagerly stretch out their arms and necks towards three men whom they are meeting; the

angels are barefooted, as usual, and have brilliant wings. The men wear shoes; two of them have red stockings; they have received olive-branches from their celestial friends. The salutation is most amusing: they kiss each other, but the embrace is at arm's-length, as if any thing like a regular cuddle between a man and a seraph would be indiscreet in the extreme; and the straining of muscles to get at one another without coming any nearer is whimsically severe. In contrast with their joy, six devils, half-frantic, half-faint with fear, wounded by long spears driven at them by invisible hands, seek to hide themselves under the rocks or in the ground: one, lizard-like, lies terror-stricken on a stony ledge; a second is only a woeful head in the dark right-hand corner; two of them have nearly sunk out of sight in the foreground. Olive-bushes spring up in all directions. There is a thick olive-grove behind the tent; and the morning-light is seen between the stems of the trees and on the clouds beyond the flying angels. The ox stands sedately in his stall, and the ass looks down with benignant wonder upon the child. The whole picture is set to the angels' song. "Glory to God in the highest" is expressed by the upper portion; "On earth, peace," by the centre; and in the foreground, "Good-will towards men."

Botticelli had been long in his Italian grave before David Teniers the younger was born at Antwerp. There was a hundred and fifty years in time, and the breadth of Europe in distance, between the two painters; but their works may be seen under the same roof at Manchester; and nobody should lose the opportunity of turning at once from this "Nativity," painted in Italy at the beginning of the sixteenth century, to the "Christ crowned with Thorns," painted in Holland about the middle of the seventeenth. We may notice here, that the date assigned to the Teniers pictures in the catalogue, 1582 to 1649, is that of "old" Teniers. David Teniers the younger was born in 1610, and was painting his best works about the period of his father's death.

One's first idea in looking at the "Christ crowned with Thorns" of Teniers is, that a number of Dutch boors are playing at sacred tragedy, and that the whole thing is a burlesque. The common dirty room, the woebegone chief figure, the mere matter-of-fact proceeding and accessories, are altogether ludicrous beside the passion and poetry of the earlier southern art. Yet this very picture is the offspring of a power more enduring than Botticelli's beautiful enthusiasm, and the principles it illustrates are the foundation-stones of whatever excellence is to be looked for hereafter.

In the last division of the gallery of old masters, two pictures of St. Francis hang side by side. One is by Zurbaran, who died in 1662; the other by Trevisani, who was born in 1656. The first is a dark spectral monk, standing under a gloomy arch with a deep black shadow; the second, a wan, wasted, tearful saint, kneeling before a crucifix, wild roots for food, and a skull for company beside him, and the marks of Christ's sufferings on his hands. These were the dying efforts of southern art. It had seen its highest visions; its eyes were still straining after them, but its life was spent. In the north there was a change also. Art had grown wilful and worldly, but it had not grown weak. Instead of perishing, it shot up again in a new direction, though from the same old root. The root was the love of truth.

The Dutch masters of the seventeenth century are the fathers of what is vilely called "genre" painting—a detestable word; an affectation in France, a barbarism in England, without one single thing to recommend it, except that it means hardly any thing, and may include therefore whatever has not been named before. Why cannot we call it by some name an English tongue can utter, and be happy?

The Dutch paintings at Manchester are numerous and very capital. Here are drinking-scenes, gaming-scenes, dancers, singers, family-lectures, and family-jars. We are among birds, monkeys, fruit, peas, herrings, and pipes. Whatever belongs to the positive every-day life, or to the dirty, jolly, good-for-nothing aspects, of the world is represented with conscientious precision and a prevailing aptitude for fun.

There is Jan Steen's "Merry-making," where the extravagant mirth of the boy with his hat under his arm, and the twinkle of the girl's eyes as she drinks out of the coffee-pot on the ground, are indescribable. There is Shalken's "Roi detroussé," a game at forfeits more laughable than modest; for the loser has his upper garments taken off by the other players. There are Terburg's famous and marvellous "Satin Gown," Interiors by Ostade, Greengrocery by Mieris, and many more home-scenes quite as entertaining. This is as much like Italian art as a cabbage is like an asphodel; but the spirit in which these Dutchmen painted possesses two grand features of its own. It is a truthful spirit, and a happy one. It loves real life, and thinks this world a very good place to live in. It forgets, indeed, that there is something still better than this world. The strong fellow has not yet found the mightiest prince of all; but he keeps his strength, and is in the way to find him.

With these pictures the works of the old masters come to an end, and we may pause to think what is to follow them. For southern art there is no revival; it has lived, and died. The north alone retains the essence of life. It is among ourselves, in England, that the most vital part of it is to be found. That northern wall is ours by inheritance; for we are of the race of the Van Eycks, and the spirit in which their altar-piece was conceived and executed descends to us through a line of artists whose chief attributes are truth, cheerfulness, and power.

Hogarth came into the world just as Teniers had left it. The history of modern painting begins with him.



A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

VIII.—"WITH WIND AND RAIN."

THEY buried Nicholas Drew in the churchyard of St. Mark's, just without Friargate. The search after his murderer was prolonged for weeks, but no clue could be found, and speculation exhausted itself without discovering any adequate explanation of the foul crime.

"Wait," said Martha, "wait. We shall live to see him punished yet. The blood of murdered men will not sink into the ground until the hand that spilt it is cold."

It was a dismal winter. Adie lay long, hovering between life and death; sometimes quiet and forgetful, at others roused by a shuddering remembrance of the awful scene she had witnessed. St. Barbe would have removed her to his own house; but, with a singular pertinacity, she clung to Nevil's Court and refused to leave it; even the entreaties of Laurence Royston, who had returned to Eversley at the first summons, failed with her in this instance. He was very faithful and constant in his attendance upon her; and when she at last issued forth from her chamber, and took short walks in the open air, he was invariably her companion. Winter was merging into spring, when, supported by his arm, she tottered down the stairway for the first time. There was a tender April shining in the sky, no clouds, no wind, and a fresh warm air. They stood a few minutes in the Court with Mrs. Parkes, and then went out into College Lane.

"Which way shall we go, Adie? By the river-side?" asked Royston.

"No; to Grizzie's grave. I have not seen it yet," she replied.

Laurence remonstrated with her, but ineffectually; so they turned towards Friargate. Many people knew the poor girl in her trailing black garments, and with her mournful face, and gave her a word in passing of kindness and encouragement: doubtless they suspected the pious



THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER. BY A. J. WOOLMER.
[Society of British Artists.]

errand on which she was bound. The iron gate into the churchyard stood open, for a wedding-party had just gone in; so Adie and Laurence entered alone. The grave had been made close to the footpath, the rank grass already covered it with greenness, and a plain stone, with the name and age, had been put up at the head. They stood by it a few minutes in silence; but the place was very public, and curious observers were gathering, both in the porch and about the gateway, to see the bride and bridegroom issue from the church. Adie turned away with a deep sigh.

"When I am here, Laurence, I do not long for revenge so much," said she; "but sometimes I feel as if I could kill whoever murdered Grizzie with my own hands. Do you think God will let him go free always?"

Royston evaded a direct reply, and tried to turn her thoughts into another channel; but he was hurried and confused himself, and, after a few disconnected sentences, he became silent. They took their way out into the country, amongst the fields and hedgerows, which were changing their black winter robes for a green and purplish hue; the birds twittered in their nests, and all living nature seemed lifted up and vivified by the warm breathing spring.

Royston returned to the subject of Adie's leaving Nevill's Court, and urged it vehemently. "You will never be happy in that haunted old house," said he; "you will dwell on

your miserable recollections until your mind is quite unhinged. Be guided, Adie; go down south with me. Will you?"

He looked anxiously into her face, but she made a negative gesture. "I cannot, Laurence. It would be ungrateful to poor Grizzie; as if I were in haste to forget him. No, I must stay here with Martha, until something is discovered—"

"Nothing ever *will* be discovered," said Royston abruptly. Is it probable? every search has been made,—and besides, there is no trace to go upon."

"No matter; I can *wait*, as Martha says. The day *must* come." Adie spoke with a quiet assured confidence, which annoyed Royston excessively. He was in earnest to carry his point, and tried on another tack.

"My darling," said he, in his most dulcet voice, "how are you to exist?"

Adie made no reply to this question, but the hot tears gushed to her eyes at the insinuation it conveyed. Laurence gave the impression time to sink into her mind; but when she spoke at last, it was very differently from what he had anticipated.

"I can work when I will," were her words; "and if you leave me, Laurence, it will be all I shall have to think of."

"But how can I leave you, Adie? You know I cannot; you know I never shall."

The humid lustre disappeared from the girl's eyes, and a shadowy pallid smile came back to her lips.

"Let me take you away for a few months," persisted Royston, "to some pleasant sea-side village, where you may regain your strength and tone. Afterwards, if you are still bent on returning to Nevil's Court, I promise you faithfully that you shall do it." Adie shook her head. "I have another plan. Let us go to the south of France—to your father and mother's country, to your own birthplace; O, that is beautiful! Listen, Adie: it is a warm, soft, sunshiny country,—warm and sunshiny as your heart and face were the first time I saw you. I must have you look as you did then—all spirits and beauty."

The temptation was very great; her resolution began to waver. "And you would bring me back, Laurence, whenever I thought I must come."

"Yes, Adie, I promise it by what I hold most dear—by our mutual love." She was satisfied.

They were to be married in a few weeks, it was agreed; for Adie had now no protector but Laurence, and he urged the uselessness of delay. On the eve of her wedding, she lay awake long, and many times during the night she roused herself up to listen for the footsteps which she fancied she heard in the corridor; but when she bent her ear attentively to the sound, it always resolved itself into either the creaking of a door or the sighing of the wind amongst the trees. Mrs. Parkes as well as Martha were in the room with her; the first sleeping in an easy-chair, the second keeping watch with an open Testament before her, which had been her master's gift. Spread out on a long couch at one side of the chamber, were the bridal clothes: black, all black; Adie would wear nothing else. Martha glanced from her book to them, and from them to the girl, who had fallen into an unquiet sleep, and lay moaning as if in pain. A strange suspicion darted into her mind, and fastened there beyond her power to expel it, though she tried to do so. She fell into a reverie which lasted some time; then she went to the wardrobe, and opening a drawer where her mistress kept her little valuables, proceeded to turn over its contents carefully. There was a shrivelled stalk with a few colourless crushed leaves and petals clinging to it still. It was not of that she was in search, and it was laid cautiously aside to be replaced. At last, from the further corner, she drew forth a glove of dark leather; a left-hand glove, smelling of gunpowder, and with a stain upon the forefingers as if they had clutched something wet with blood. Martha paused doubtfully. Should she abstract it at once, or wait for some link of connection? It proved nothing; she turned it over and over, examined its make and the name of the manufacturer inside, and registered its appearance in her mind; then it and the other articles were laid back cautiously, and she returned to her place. Her countenance was full of heaviness, her eyes of gloom; she peered restlessly around, but avoided Adie's face, and fixed only on the funeral-wedding garments. She was debating a point in her own mind,—thinking of the kind master who had saved her, and who loved the sleeping girl like his own soul,—what to do. All at once there came over her troubled spirit a long-forgotten sentence: "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." To Him it shall be left, then," said Martha, as if answering a voice that had spoken with her, and she addressed herself again to her reading in more tranquil mood.

The first sound that Adie heard when she awoke at dawn was the dashing of heavy rain and hail against the glass, and the loud hollow roar of a tempestuous wind. The weather had changed since the night before; and when she rose, she shivered with cold from head to foot. Mrs. Parkes told her that Laurence Royston had come, and was waiting for her in the next room; therefore she made haste to don her sombre robes, and went out to him.

He started when he saw her, and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled surprise and reproach, "Adie, why this unseemly dress? You might give me your thoughts for to-day at least."

She coloured slightly, but repressed the tears that sprang to her eyes as she answered, "Laurence, I dare not pass by poor Grizzie's grave decked out gaily; it would be cruel. I could not do it."

Royston uttered an impatient ejaculation; then, seeing how deeply she was pained by his displeasure, and softened too by her exceeding beauty, he took her hands in his, and said he would try to forgive her; but it was hard that she should place any thing before him then in her heart. She could neither smile nor brighten; she even shuddered as his cold fingers clasped hers, and tried to draw them away. They were standing on the hearth, and she had just looked down on the floor. She saw, or fancied she saw, upon the oak the murderous stain, and started away. A slight spasm convulsed Royston's features for a minute; he looked up, and he observed Martha watching them furtively from the chamber-door. When she perceived herself detected, she disappeared. In an instant he was himself again—calm, resolute, and self-possessed.

He had attired himself in a rich new suit, with ruffles of fine foreign lace at the hands and breast, and looked, as Mrs. Parkes observed, a very "sightly man." Though it was the mode of the day, he wore no powder, but had his tawny hair in its natural waves and hue. He looked from himself to Adie, thinking that, if he could have suspected her whim, his dress should have accorded more with hers; but there was no time for any change then. Matters were compromised, however, by throwing over his gay coat a long dark cloth cloak, which, in that inclement weather, looked more suitable than finery. St. Barbe was the only person who accompanied them; and when he reached the court and saw Adie, his astonishment and remonstrances exceeded Royston's. He would scarcely let her go; he said the rain was a bad omen, but the mourning garments were worse. She was not, however, to be stirred from her purpose; and the old Frenchman reluctantly yielded to her fantasy, but with many a shake of his head, and many a muttered prognostic of evil.

They were married at St. Mark's. Probably a stranger bridal party never entered the ancient church of the Friars. People gathered, as they always do on such occasions; but they looked as solemn as if they were attending a funeral, and whispered to each other about the incongruous appearance of the bride and bridegroom; for Royston was flushed and nervous, and Adie stood like a statue, and went through the ceremony mechanically. It was a singular sight; the gossips of the parish long remembered that marriage, as well they might; for it is not often such a pair come to be "joined together before God." When they emerged from the church-porch, the little children were all mute; either the pelting rain had subdued their spirits, or else they felt that their shrill gratulations would be out of place. In passing Grizzie's grave, Adie suddenly stooped down, and snatched a handful of the wet grass which grew upon it, and thrust it into her bosom. Royston thrilled, and whispered a remonstrance, to which she gave no heed. She was thinking of the poor old man, who lay there unable to bless her. Would he bless her from heaven? she thought; and her heart answered "No."

IX.—BY THE SOUTHERN SEA.

Adie was happy, for Laurence was never absent from her, and in his presence her mind ceased to revert to painful things. They lived in a species of ecstatic dream, for themselves and for each other, without a thought of the indifferent outer world. All around them was calculated to substantiate and maintain this dream—the soft warm climate, the romance-breathing country, and the lonely sea. They had established themselves in a little white cottage near the shore. It was enclosed by a shadowy old garden engirt by a low wall; and as they were strangers in a strange place,

their privacy was never intruded upon. The woman who acted as their servant, and to whom the cottage belonged, was as little unlike a machine as it is possible for a human being to be.

They had nothing to do all the live-long day but to stroll along the shore, watching the waves and fishing-boats, and the cloud-shadows flitting over the sea. Sometimes Laurence brought out his pencil and made a sketch of the attractive bits of coast scenery; but it was soon thrown aside for a pleasanter occupation,—teasing or petting or coaxing Adie, whose pretty coquettish ways and frank gaiety had returned with her health and glowing loveliness. There might have been but these two in the world from the manner of their life; they forgot every thing else in their selfish happiness, and took their enjoyment in the swift present without one prescient forward glance.

Were they fools or wise? Moralists say the present alone is certain. We will allow, then, that they were wise with the wisdom of to-day in their fool's paradise.

They had been out in a boat on the sea all the summer-day, and at sunset they were together under the vine-covered veranda of the cottage, both weary and both silent. It was a luxurious calm. In the small terraced garden, the slender-leaved acacias swayed slowly and noiselessly in the air, as if courting the sunbeams to toy with them a little longer; a voluptuous mingling of rich flower-odours suffused the atmosphere as with perfumed sighs of regret for parting day; while the sea blushed red and creamy rose as the lordly sun sank down upon its swelling bosom. On Adie's face there was the peace of full content; her soul expanded in the genial air of her own land, while her heart was satisfied with Royston's love—not *love*, perhaps, so much as passionate worship. There is no saying how it might have stood the tests of time and custom; but the present was sufficient for her—if it would always have stayed. There was no doubt in her mind that it could ever be otherwise with them; that Laurence would ever be otherwise than tender, or she otherwise than fond and foolish for his dear sake. No words can fitly describe her rapture, her enthusiasm of admiration for him; he was her god. The old affectionate gratitude for Grizzie was, in comparison, as a faint moonbeam to a tropical sun. Her southern heart set no stint to its idolatry; if her life could have profited him, she would with exquisite happiness have exhaled it in sighs upon his lips. He knew it, and he paid her for it in such coin as he had to give; not in the virgin gold of an unselfish first love, freshly coined in the mint of a good true heart, but with a specious counterfeit which would last its day, and pass undetected if it were not tried in the furnace, or subjected to long wear and tear. He *thought* he loved her; and so he did, at least as well as he was capable of loving. But is there any thing left in the hearts of these cynical calculating men after a dozen years of fighting against the world, and of being conquered by their own passions, that is worthy of the name—worthy of love like Adie's?

She was happy, and that is perhaps enough. Whether her happiness arose out of her own purity and confidence, and faithful generous heart, or from Laurence Royston, it matters little; the results were the same, and one could not wish her, if deluded, less blind, since her delusion stilled every longing, and filled every hope, and realised every day-dream.

They sat together on the old stone steps of the highest terrace, with the clustered green of the leaves and grapes about and over them—a pretty picture daintily set. Adie had given up her mourning dress, and wore instead a mist-tinted gossamer-like thing, which draped her gracefully enough; her glorious hair was wreathed all round her head in a coronal of thick glossy plaits; and drooping over her long colourless neck were some sprays of scarlet and white blossoms which Laurence had just fastened there, more with a view to his own artist-taste than to imperative fashion. He sat now a step below her, resting one arm against her knees, and his head on her shoulder; she was singing to

him in her sweet liquid voice one of those favourite French airs which she had remembered since a child, and the tune chimed melodiously in time to the ripple of the water below the garden-wall. It was something about having a hundred hearts to love with, and filling them all with one image; a hundred eyes to gaze upon one face; a hundred tongues to speak the praise of one, and so forth. Having reached the third stanza, Adie stopped, and passing her hand lightly over Laurence's head, asked if he were asleep, that he was so still. He looked up in her face with an expression which betrayed that, if the old serpent Care had not stolen his way into her Eden, he had found *him* out even in her arms. It was but a momentary shade, however, and passed before she could say that it was there.

"Adie, your existence ought to be all sunshine. Tell me how I am to keep the clouds away," said he, idly caressing the hand which had crept into his, like a tame bird to the hand of its feeder. "We cannot be children always; there are red tints amongst the leaves, and some of the flowers look as if blight had breathed upon them; what is coming to us?"

"Autumn and to-morrow," answered she, with a light laugh; "autumn by the frosted leaves, and to-morrow because to-day is almost gone; I see nothing else. I am glad we came here, it is such a lovely place; and when we go home again, I shall carry it away in my memory, where it will be like a beautiful picture to be looked at whenever I will, by the light of my love."

"Why not stay here always?" asked Royston, glancing away from his wife; "it is far more pleasant than what you call home. I am not rich, but I have enough to live as we do now,—enough and to spare. What can you desire more? What a little, restless, dissatisfied heart it is! not content with what she has, she thinks to run to and fro between this paradise and that abode of shades yclept Nevil's Court."

"I must see it again. I am afraid sometimes Grizzie may think I have given up remembering him," said Adie, with a grave air. "I can just see the old room at this minute, where Nicholas used to sit at work, and where I used to thread my needle by the window, until *somebody* came with a dignified step up the stairway. You never ran, Laurence; and now I remember it, you never laugh aloud. How strangely my thoughts run on from one thing to another!—don't they?"

"Yes, Adie, you have some strange conceits. I think you come of a nomade race, for you are erratic in fancy, and if I do not take heed, you will be erratic in body too; you have a taste for wandering, or you would content yourself in this little nest."

"But Grizzie, Laurence?" said Adie, in a tone of soft reproach. "Think, if you lay buried in that gloomy old churchyard where the children play about, whether you would like me never to come to look at the mound over you. I should feel sad in heaven if I knew *you* had forgotten me. In my grave I think I should know your footfall from others that would pass, and I am sure your very shadow would warm me in my cold bed when it was cast upon it. And Grizzie loved me, Laurence."

"And I love you, Adie."

"Yes, but it is not the same. I had grieved him; I can never tell him any more how sorry I am; but you, I can put my arms about your neck and kiss you,—so, and so,—and you hear me and are pleased. Laurence, I must go back to Nevil's Court."

"Some day, sweetheart, some day; but not yet." He put his arm round her, and drew her down to his breast. "Adie, do you think we shall love each other as well at Eversley?"

She looked at him in surprise, and asked, "Why should we not?"

"Because we shall have more difficulties there than we have here," he made answer. "Here we live for each other—to enjoy our life, to be happy; there, I must work at the

old craft, and be careful and watchful. It will seem another world almost."

"O, Laurence, we carry our sunshine with us, do we not? We are independent of times and places, being together."

He did not reply, but twitched the leaves unconsciously from a spray which fell over him.

"Why need we care for being poor while we love each other?" Adie went on caressingly. "I have never been used to luxury until you brought me here. And would *you* never weary for change?"

"Never with you, my darling, never!" said he, with tender earnestness. "Adie, let us keep our summer-day as long as it will stay with us. It will be time enough to think of flight when the necessity for change shows itself in our weariness of each other. I shall think you tire of me if you want to get back into the old life so soon."

Adie wondered how Laurence dare breathe such a suspicion; she did not think she should forgive him, at least not yet; but she added, with a kiss, to show that she was not tired, or tiring, or ever likely to tire, she would give up all thought of going home for the present.

"I wish you would not call Nevil's Court *home*," said Laurence, with a slight tone of annoyance; "your home is in my heart."

She promised not to offend again; and the memory of poor Grizzie being set aside once more, Adie returned to her song, and Laurence to his private thoughts. Mean time the sun had gone down; even the red reflection on sea and sky had vanished, and the landscape was overspread with a solemn tint of gray. With a continuous moan, the south wind came over the waves, which kept up their slow sad symphony without pause; the vine-leaves stirred and rustled softly till night came down upon them with its dusk silence; darkness there was none, for the moon arose, and the stars shone out upon the skirts of twilight till the day melted imperceptibly into night. And still Adie went on with her song:

"Si j'avais cent cœurs,
 Ils ne seraient remplis que de toi;
 Si j'avais cent cœurs,
 Aucun d'eux n'aimerait ailleurs."

Laurence rose suddenly, and clasping her in his arms, broke out, in a rich deep voice, into the refrain, which he had learnt from her frequent repetition of it:

"Ma mio,
 Ma douco amio,
 Réponds à mes amours;
 Fidèle
 A cote bello,
 Je t'aimerai toujours."

And with one long farewell look over the wide-spread prospect, they entered the cottage.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

AMONGST the more interesting of recent topics, the advent of the United States steam-frigate, the *Niagara*, for the purpose of taking her part in the operation of laying down the submarine transatlantic cable, is prominent. Every body is anxious that the feat of committing the submarine whispering rope to its ocean bed, safe and sound, were over. Men of commerce are anxious, so are politicians; and people who have relatives in the far West, with whom they would wish to converse, are anxious; each and all, for reasons which will readily be understood. Electricians are anxious partly for other reasons; they are curious to know, by practical experience, to what extent the submersion of a conducting insulated rope under water will interfere with the passage of electricity through the same. Faraday, we believe, was the first who directed attention to the fact that, in consequence of known laws of electrical induction, the medium by which an insulated wire is sur-

rounded affects its conducting powers. Unquestionably the conducting power of an immersed rope is less than that of one precisely similar surrounded by atmospheric air; how much less only practical experience can determine. It is beside the point at issue to indicate the fact that the capability of transmitting electricity in one original stream, through a conducting cable sufficiently long to cross the Atlantic, has been demonstrated. Beside the question, inasmuch as the experiment was performed on land. We ourselves confidently believe the scheme of transatlantic electrical communication will be crowned with success; but we shall not be surprised to find that the rates of electrical velocity to which we have grown habituated, from regarding the operations of land telegraphs, or oceanic wires of inconsiderable length, will be somewhat modified by transmission of the current through so long a distance under water. Hardly less interesting than the cause of her mission is the monster frigate herself, which has been divested of her armament in order to render her the better adapted for stowing away the cable. In respect of her enormous Dahlgren guns, a daily contemporary publishes the statement, that they can project solid balls of 170 lbs. each. This is erroneous. Dahlgren's guns are exclusively intended for hollow shot; even with these, the recoil is very great, and the charge of powder small. *The Niagara, like the Merrimac, will not have one solid shot on board.* Apropos of guns and gunpowder, Mr. Bashley Britten querulously demands of the *Times* why the Government does not adopt his system of rifled ordnance. Simply, we should imagine, because the Government conceives Lancaster's principle to be superior. The fact is, that, amongst other disadvantages, Mr. Britten's projectiles, partly of iron, partly of soft metal, are so easily and so irretrievably damaged by the jolting of artillery-wagons, that the mere act of galloping some of them, carefully packed in shavings, over Woolwich Common, put the greater number *hors de combat*. They would no longer enter the gun. We have now in our possession one of the rifle-conoids devised by Mr. Whitworth; and by one of which the extraordinary perforation mentioned in the *Times* was effected. It would have been only proper had Mr. Whitworth stated, that his new projectiles are *not made of lead, but a sort of hard pewter*; a material which is totally unadapted for military service.

At the Society of Arts, an interesting paper was read, on the 13th of May, by J. B. Smith, Esq., M.P., on the cotton supply. Premising the importance of our cotton manufacture to be evidenced by the fact, that, after supplying our own wants, our exports last year amounted to 38,284,700L, the lecturer drew attention to the consequences of an interruption to our importation of cotton from existing sources. Seven-ninths, as near as may be, of the total amount of cotton imported, come from the United States; practically, therefore, we may be said to be wholly dependent on our transatlantic neighbours for this necessary article. The idea has gained ground, rightly or wrongly we cannot say, that the culture of cotton in North America can only be successfully prosecuted by the aid of slave-labour. If, therefore, that system should be abolished,—a consummation to be ardently desired by every philanthropist,—a branch of manufacture involving a sum no less than one-third of the value of our total exports would be—present appearances alone regarded—ruined. During the last ten years the increase in the consumption of cotton in Great Britain has been tenfold; the consumptive has, indeed, now overtaken the productive power. Many of the old sources from which we received cotton have been so completely thrown out of cultivation, and devoted to other purposes, that it is futile to look to them for any addition to our present supply. Amongst the fields of cotton production which have already, in some degree, answered the expectations entertained, Western Africa furnishes a pleasing example. Philanthropists have long foreseen that the most effectual means of striking at the root of the African slave-trade would consist in so increasing the value of negroes that their exportation would

be no longer profitable. Actuated by this conviction, Mr. Thomas Clegg, of Manchester, some years since, supplied two missionaries on the west coast of Africa with seeds of the cotton-plant; the missionaries on their part furnishing the seeds to the native chiefs, explaining the mode of culture and preparation, and assuring them a certain market for as much cotton as they might be able to produce. All the cotton which Mr. Clegg could obtain from his newly-made cotton-growers the first season was about 235 lbs. The following year, however, he obtained from the same source 14,000 lbs., and the third year, 30,000 lbs., showing a ratio of increase which is encouraging. Adverting to India as a source of cotton supply, Mr. Smith spoke of the extreme fertility of India as a myth; it could be fertilised, however, by irrigation; which being accomplished, and means of transit found, cotton might be grown there adequate to our wants, for aught that climate or physical condition hinders. But the existing tenure of land in India would still be a vast obstacle; except in Bengal, no person, native or European, can own in fee simple the smallest tract of land.

M. Babinet, the French astronomer, who has so completely set our minds at ease respecting any fear of shock from the impact of a cometary body against our globe, is now engaged in determining, and reducing to mathematical expression, the power of comets to obstruct luminous rays transmitted through their substance. It will be seen on reflection, that the point to which M. Babinet is now directing his attention, if once satisfactorily made out, will inform us concerning the mass of comets themselves. The investigator confirms, by his own train of reasoning, the proposition already laid down by Sir John Herschel, Struve, Admiral Smyth, and Arago, that the density of comets must be, so to speak, almost nothing; amazingly less dense than the rarest gaseous body known to us. The process of reasoning by which the astronomers above indicated arrived at this conclusion was founded on their inability to appreciate any refractive power exercised by the nucleus of a comet even; far less its tail. M. Babinet, in following out his investigations relative to the influence of cometary matter on light transmitted through it, awards the credit of appreciating this fact to Sir John Herschel. The French philosopher remarks, that when Herschel first intimated that the whole ponderable matter entering into the tail of the comet might, after all, only weigh a few ounces, the number of the incredulous on this point was pretty nearly equal to the number of those who read the announcement; but it would seem now that Herschel's estimate may have been over, rather than under the mark. In relation to the density of atmospheric air, M. Babinet supposes the density of cometary nuclei to be correctly represented by a fraction having so many figures in its denominator that our column will not contain them. Suffice it, therefore, to state, that the fraction would be 1 for the numerator, and for the denominator, unity followed by no less than 125 zeros!

M. Babinet finally asks how it can be, if cometary matter is thus attenuated, that it is luminous; promising an answer to the question, or at least a probable hypothesis of the phenomenon, at a future time.

At a recent *séance* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. J. Lefort submitted the records of his late experiments on the chemical composition of edible truffles. The truffle constitutes such an important item in the modern French *cuisine*, that no wonder our allies should try to learn by chemical analysis what are its components. Omitting a detail of the long list of constituents discovered in the truffle, we select the following points as not being devoid of popular interest. Truffles, in common with mushrooms, contain that variety of sugar called *mannite*, but combined with bimalate of lime. Black truffles are devoid of pectine at every period of their growth, but white truffles contain a little whilst they are unripe, though it disappears at a later period of growth. Parmentier, celebrated for his successful endeavours in causing the potato to be cultivated in France, long since indicated the existence of one or more acids

in truffles. M. Lefort individualises these acids as the citric and malic. Fumaric acid, however, does not appear to exist in truffles, though it can be extracted from edible mushrooms.

Photography has sustained a deep loss in the death of Mr. Archer, the gentleman so well known as the discoverer of the collodion process of photography. To the family of that talented operator the loss is still more serious; assiduous application to his own branch of science having occupied the whole of his time more beneficially to the community than to himself and family. In point of fact, the family of the deceased is totally unprovided for. Her Majesty, however, has headed a subscription, originated for their behalf, and bequests are falling in; so that eventually it is to be hoped a moderate provision may be made for the bereaved family of one to whom photographic science owes so much.

At the *séance* of the Paris Academy of Sciences, on the 12th ult., M. Eugène Poligot communicated an interesting note on a fragment of ancient wood obtained from the marine quay of ancient Carthage. Much of the pile-timber which entered into the construction of the Carthaginian pier is still *in situ*, so far as its foundations are concerned; though the masonry to which it gave support is detached. The piece of wood which formed the subject of M. Poligot's memoir was obtained by M. Guyon, a medical inspector in Algeria. Seeing it project from the sea, still in apparently good preservation, he broke it off with his foot, and forwarded it to Paris, with a view of ascertaining to what process, if any, its long preservation was due. Pliny informs us that the Carthaginians, like the Babylonians, employed resinous bodies as a cement for building purposes; and M. Guyon imagined that he could discover some remnants of bituminous matter in the piece of wood under consideration. Inasmuch as Carthage is believed to have been founded in the year 860 B.C., the specimen of wood has been probably exposed to the action of the sea for more than 2600 years; nevertheless it seemed to resemble ordinary wood, both in colour and in texture,—wood in a good state of preservation. M. Decaisne, having examined the specimen attentively, finds it to be a resinous wood of the family of *Coniferae*, probably a species of pine or larch. The absence of spiral vessels, and the well-marked punctuation of the woody fibres composing it, remove this question beyond doubt. M. Decaisne arrives at the conclusion, that, except the wood be that of the pine of Aleppo (*Pinus Alepensis*), or of cedar, both of which grow spontaneously in the mountains of the north of Africa, it was probably obtained from the mountains of Bætica (Andalusia), Corsica, or Sardinia. The Pyrenees or the Apennines might also have contributed to the wood-works of ancient Carthage. As regards the preservation of the wood, this seems to be more apparent than real. When the minerals derived from the ocean by long absorption were extracted from it by proper solvents, the wood crumbled under the touch, and was easily disintegrated. Altogether it might be rather denominated a specimen of semi-formed or imperfect lignite than of perfect wood.

At the meeting just adverted to of the Paris Academy of Sciences, *i. e.* May 12th, a letter was read from Marshal Vaillant, calling attention to a new and seemingly very effectual means of freeing stores of corn laid up in granaries from insects and insect-larvæ by means of anæsthetic fumes. The fact has long been known to entomologists that numerous strong-smelling bodies were extremely fatal to insects. Butterfly-hunters have been long in the habit of employing vapour of turpentine, ether, prussic acid, &c., to destroy life in the objects of their search without interfering with the beauty of the latter. M. L. Doyère, the gentleman on whose behalf Marshal Vaillant acts as master of the ceremonies, turns the insecticidal properties of anæsthetic agents to still better account, *i. e.* to the destruction of insect-life in accumulated grain.

To this end, ether and chloroform may both be used; but the anæsthetic which M. Doyère prefers is bisulphide of

carbon; a liquid whose smell is abominable, but which, owing to its extreme volatility, so little contaminates the grain, that animals show no reluctance to partake of the latter immediately it is turned out from the granary where it had been exposed to the fumigating process. The quantity of either sulphide of carbon or of chloroform necessary to the process of M. Doyère is inconsiderable, two grammes of the anæsthetic per metrical quintal of corn being amply sufficient. Another point, in addition to insect destruction, M. Doyère communicates. It is this: grain treated by his anæsthetic process no longer shows any tendency to heat when collected in large bulks.

Mr. Christopher Binks has very recently (29th ult.) brought under the notice of the Society of Arts some combinations and phenomena that occur among the elements engaged in the manufacture of iron, and in the conversion of iron into steel; the general object of which is to show that the long-received notions as to the distinctions between steel and iron, wrought and cast, are fallacious, and that carbon alone is not, or rather probably is not (for Mr. Binks expresses himself hypothetically on this point), competent to the formation of steel. He believes nitrogen to be essential, and he advances many plausible reasons in support of the opinion. Not a little curious, indeed, is it, that notwithstanding the use of carbon is ostensibly alone employed in varieties of steel manufacture, nevertheless the simultaneous presence, if not operation, of nitrogen is also involved. The operation termed "case-hardening" furnishes a prominent example, consisting as it does of the employment of ferrocyanide of potassium; into which a heated piece of iron being dipped, the surface of the latter comes out changed into steel. Even the ordinary cementation process, which involves the continuous heating of iron bars with charcoal, is not repugnant to what we may term the "nitrogenous" assumption; inasmuch as nitrogen invariably exists between the interstices of the charcoal and the bars of iron. It must be mentioned, that the idea of assigning a specific function to nitrogen in the steel manufacture was entertained some years ago by Schaffhäutl and Marchand; and, indeed, nitrogen has often been found in steel by chemical analysis. Observers, however, have perhaps too complacently regarded the nitrogen as a mere collateral impurity; and continued to describe steel as being a mere carburet, or as some modern chemists will call it, "carbide," of iron.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second Notice.]

As is frequent with Mr. Millais, his large picture expresses more than meets the eye: it is entitled, "A Dream of the Past: Sir Isumbras at the Ford." Sir Isumbras was a knight of the old days, who, endowed in youth with all earthly happiness, forgot the Giver, and rejoiced in prosperity and glory as his rightful due. There was something good about this lord, or it was needful that one so notable should be used as an example. He was therefore not allowed to run on until the end in his own course, or cut short off in the pride thereof; but unceasing trouble fell upon him, and years on years of pain and effort and anxiety passed over his head, until, becoming humble and purified, he saw the law he must obey, and became a Christian knight, in the romancer's idea of such a personage. Quite in the evening of his life, when things ran fairer with him, happened the incident of the picture. He was riding through a pleasant country, upon his gigantic war-horse, "The Graund Destriere;"—as with his life, the torrid day was drawing to its close, and all the landscape burned with misty dull purple and red,—for autumn was far advanced,—when two children, who had been gathering sticks in the woods, appealed to him, the ancient knight in the gorgeous gold armour, that he would carry them over the stream there running by: He hove one of them on to the crupper and the other on the saddle-bow, and, lord and knight as he was, bore

them in that wise over the water. This is the picture: the old knight, war-torn and victorious through a life of trouble, smiles with a grim happiness as,—looking athwart the sheeny waters on to the purple-lighted hills and twilight sky of green and gold, full of the mellow glories of the setting sun, and into the deep embrowning woods burning with autumn fires,—he sees an emblem of his life and death, and recognises the hand of God in his trouble and his pain. The girl, who sits in front, is quite awed with the glory of his armour and the nobleness of the spirit in his aged face; the boy, on the crupper, clings more confidently. Any thing more admirable than the expression of the three faces it would be impossible to think of even; equally glorious is the magnificent background in colour, in design, and in naturalness. There our praise must stop; for any thing more lamentable than the way in which the really astounding beauties of this picture have been put together it would be equally difficult to conceive. Every thing is singly complete and perfectly wonderful in conception and execution; but every thing is out of keeping with the neighbouring objects, and with the picture as a whole. The golden armour (perfectly golden and marvellous) is golden armour which has stood in a studio catching the dust until it was painted, not golden armour which reflected the green and luminous sky and flashing water; and the horse, who paces through this, is indeed a monstrous steed, whose skin is more like shoe-leather than horse-hide: he wades on without causing a ripple. Monster as the horse is, we might pardon such a thing as mere exaggeration on the romance, or at worst an oversight, remediable by repainting; but the most dreadful part of him is, that he is a stupid, long-backed, small-shouldered brute—a magnified cab horse, in truth, and the farthest differing from the "Graund Destriere" it is possible to imagine. It is necessary to apply other rules of criticism to Mr. Millais than we should dream of doing to many of the works here or elsewhere, because from him to whom much is given much shall be required. If we judged in this way of pictures in general, all criticism would seem vituperation or full of sneers and sardonic laughter. Into what picture shall we look and find no disproportions, no falsity of light and shade? does every artist heedfully consider the relative appearance of the objects he paints? how many painters could produce those three heads, or the truth of the evanescent effect of that background? how many get such colour and such force as are throughout this marvellous picture? It is because he has done, and can and ought to do so much better, that we set ourselves to denounce the faults and follies of this great work, while reverencing to the utmost the glorious talents whose magnificent decadence it seems to threaten.

No. 408, "The Escape of a Heretic, 1559," is perhaps the least satisfactory picture Mr. Millais has painted; being, for him, deficient in colour, and one of the figures, the monk, out of all proportion; its want of finish, too, is lamentable. Of course the design is masterly, and the woman's face, if we conceive it in repose, beautiful; the man, who is uttering a long sibilant, has that expression given most admirably.

L. L.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The correction of a small error may sometimes lead to the prevention of a great mistake; therefore I venture to point out one of the former, which appears in page 294, vol. i.

"You say the word 'garotte' is borrowed from the French, for which latter word read 'Spanish,' from whom the French got it, as is shown by the following extract from a Spanish-French dictionary: 'Sp. Garrote, *sm.* garrot; *supplice où l'on étranglé avec un collier de fer.*' It is, as you are probably aware, the mode by which criminals are executed in Spain. The criminal is seated on a convenient stool, to which is attached a square post, against which his back

rests. Against this post the fulcrum of the screw is placed, the collar is passed round the neck, and one turn of the handle produces instantaneous death. The collar is removed, and the head being fastened in its position by means of a cord round the neck and the post, the malefactor is left for an hour as a public spectacle. I was once obliged to witness the execution of two men at Vittoria, and was much struck with the remark of an Irishman who was also present, and who, in passing by after they were tied as above described, remarked, 'They look like two gentlemen going to be shaved.' A contrast truly to our disgusting system of making men 'dance upon nothing,' with their convulsive throes, and swaying to and fro in the wind. If public executions must be, the easiest, most certain, least disgusting practice should be followed, and that I have no hesitation in saying is the 'garrote.'"

E. P.

IN MEMORIAM.

A BRIEF time has passed since DOUGLAS JERROLD was taken from us; and the interval, though it has not mitigated our grief at the announcement, enables us with more calmness to reflect upon our loss.

At the close of last year (little aware of the sad interest that would soon attach to it) we presented our readers with a portrait of Mr. JERROLD, and with a brief summary of his literary services. We have nothing to add in the way of information now; but we may well be permitted to recur to some points of his character with the new "phrase and emphasis" of our present sorrow.

It is not only that we have lost in JERROLD intellectual gifts unsurpassed of their kind,—the play of fancy, the mastery of controversial weapons, the power of felicitous epigram, that condensed a truth into a line, and minted the wealth of thought into a coin that became at once current through the land; we have also to deplore a man of fervent sympathies and undaunted courage; one who never failed the right because it was weak, or paltered with injustice because it was powerful. We miss an unaccommodating and unbribable truth-teller in a courtly age; we miss a satirist whose invective had its source in "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love;" whose keen arrows flew from his heart-strings.

There is no more honourable trait of intellectual life in our times than the uses to which it has applied wit and humour. When we recal the scorn evinced by WYCHERLEY, FANQUHAR, and CONGREVE for all that is healthy in principle or generous in feeling, the virulence of SWIFT, and, in later times, the purposeless brilliancy of SHERIDAN, we may well respect those contemporary wits who have turned vice into ridicule and made heartlessness contemptible. It is needless to say, that in this brotherhood DOUGLAS JERROLD held a foremost place. He contributed materially to the high tone that now prevails in our literature. The fine spirit was touched to fine issues, and the influences which he aided by his life will be his enduring bequest to the future.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

NOTHING SHOULD BE DONE IN HASTE EXCEPT CATCHING FLEAS. "Haste makes waste." "The more haste, the worse speed."—This is derived from the Latin adage, "Haste is slow,"—*Festinatio tarda est*, as causing imperfect work, blunders, and omissions. "He that rides ere he be ready wants some of his gait," that is, leaves some of his accoutrements behind him. Therefore "It is good to have a hatch before your door," in order to check such unprofitable haste. A favourite saying of the Emperors Augustus and Titus was, *Festina lente*, "Hasten slowly," which Erasmus calls the king of adages. The Germans have happily translated it *Eile mit Weile*; and it is well paraphrased in that saying of Sir Amyas Paulet, "Tarry a little, that we may make an end

the sooner." A thing is done "Soon enough if well enough" (Latin),—*Sat cito, si sat bene*. "Quickly and well do not fit together" (Italian),—*Presto e bene non si conviene*.

W. K. KELLY.



THE FAMILY COIN-CABINET.

New knowledge is new pleasure. Thus every new source of information opened up, even among the pursuits of leisure-hours, increases our capacity for enjoyment. Shortsighted theorists have often mooted the axiom, "we can but be happy," and suggested that the ignorant savage is as capable of experiencing the sensation of complete happiness as man in his most highly cultivated state. But this sophistry may be well answered by the images of the small cup and the large; both may be full, but the larger holds more than the smaller; just as the mind enlarged by culture is enabled to receive a greater number and greater variety of pleasing impressions than that which remains limited to the narrow circle of merely its own natural perceptions.

The knowledge of a few details of structure, and of the botanical names of some of our native plants, imparts an entirely new zest to a ramble in the fields. A little learning in the matter of engraving, its origin and history, opens up at once a variety of new interests to the aspect of an old print; and so a little elementary knowledge concerning the true character of coined money, its origin and history, make a little hoard of old coins a very mine of delightful and curious knowledge; instead of remaining merely a box of "bad halfpence," "old-fashioned shillings," or "nondescript pieces," to which no designation is attempted but which are vaguely termed "curious." The little collection, illuminated by ever so small and twinkling a light of knowledge, becomes a vividly-illustrated page of history, full of associations of a peculiarly attractive class, and of a character not found in any other kind of historic monuments.

In order to define more clearly the kind of pleasure and instruction to be derived from a little knowledge concerning coins, it will be necessary to show briefly how comparatively recent is the use of coined money, and to state, in a few words, what is known relating to the methods of simple barter, and also of exchange by means of uncoined metal, which preceded the epoch at which coins were introduced, and then to describe the earliest forms and general characteristics of the first examples of a true system of coinage.

The simple barter of one object for another must have been superseded at a very early period, and the substitution of a circulating medium of a certain and fixed value adopted, somewhat analogous to the system of modern money. It was thus that bars of salt, strips of leather, certain kinds of shells, such as cowries, &c., were used as representatives of the value of objects of ordinary barter; and in some countries they continue in use at the present day, more convenient forms of money being still unknown. As an illustrative instance, I may mention that Dr. Barth, in his recent travels in the interior of Africa, found the national currency of the province of Kano to consist of cowries; a form of money so cumbrous that it required a camel to carry the value of 12*l*.

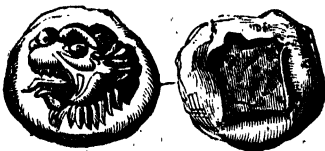
In some of the civilised countries of Asia, however, the more primitive kinds of money were replaced by a rude sort of metallic currency at a very early period; but it was a currency passing by weight, and not by tale, as with true coins. One of the earliest of such money transactions on record is that in which it is related that Abraham weighed

to Ephron "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant," in payment for the field of Machpelah.

There was also another kind of money, not in mere bars or ingots, but in the form of jewels, which were adjusted to a certain weight. Such are the jewels mentioned in Genesis as given by Abraham's servant to Rebekah: "The man took a golden earring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight," &c. Beyond this kind of currency the Jews did not advance until a very late period (long after other nations had adopted a true coinage*), at which time the name and quantity of the ancient shekel-weight was given to the coins they then issued.

It is to the Asiatic Greeks, or their Grecianised neighbours, the Lydians, that we are indebted for the invention of true coins, that is, pieces of metal of ascertained purity, adjusted to a certain weight, and stamped with a national signet,† by which both the weight and purity of the piece were solemnly guaranteed by the state. This step seems now a very simple one; and yet the advance made by it in establishing a convenient and manageable form of currency, instead of the cumbrous forms of "weighing" and "testing" at each payment, was one of the greatest ever effected at a single bound. But this leap was a very late achievement. It was not, in fact, till so recently as about seven or eight centuries before the Christian era that a true metallic currency, as we now understand the term, was established. About that time the Asiatic Greeks, or, as Herodotus tells us, the Lydians, invented the first true coins—the direct parents of all future currencies based upon the precious metals. Gold, it appears, was coined before silver, each piece being termed a *stater*, from being adjusted to a certain standard weight, which that name implied.

The first coins thus struck were exceedingly rude in form and workmanship, as we may see by many examples still in existence; but the metal was of the highest degree of purity, and the weight adjusted to the greatest nicety. The gold coin engraved below is supposed to have been struck at Miletus in Ionia, the head of the lion being the national emblem of that state. The kind of archaic art displayed in the device, and the rude punch-mark on the reverse, belong to the earliest epoch of true numismatic history, and prove the monument in question to be one of the earliest positive coins ever struck. Its appearance at once suggests the origin of the English word "coin," which is evidently derived from the Latin *cuneus*, a wedge or punch; and more immediately from the French *coigne*, the name of the instrument by which the piece of metal was still, in comparatively modern times, forced into the die from which it was to receive the impress of the device. It will be seen



A gold coin of Miletus in Ionia, struck about 700 or 800 B.C.

that the first coins had a device on one side only, the reverse being simply marked by the indent of the coining-punch.‡

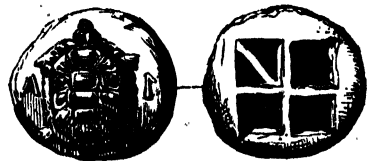
The following illustration will show the next step in the treatment of the reverses of primitive coins. As the Lydians, or Asiatic Greeks, were probably the first to coin gold, so there is good reason to believe that the Greeks of the island of Ægina were the first (about 650 or 700 B.C.) to coin silver. The example below is not one of their earliest coins, but one which will show, as desired, the next advance in the treatment of the reverse, in which the punch has been made to mark four tolerably symmetrical squares, instead

* The epoch of the Macabees, about 144 B.C.

† The act of sealing, or stamping with a signet was considered a very sacred act in the East.

‡ There are examples of coins of other Asiatic colonies and cities of the Greeks of equally primeval workmanship; and also of Sardis, the capital of Lydia.

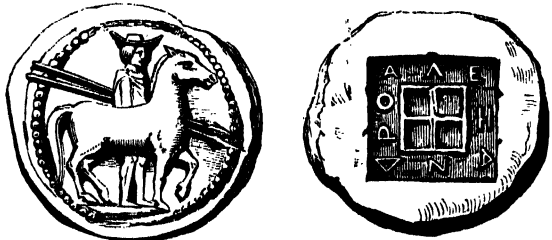
of the mere rude indent of the first epoch. The device on the obverse is a tortoise, the national emblem, with the two



A silver coin of Ægina (a didrachma), struck about 550 or 600 B.C.

letters, A I, the initials of "Ægina," as the name was originally written, and which were probably introduced to distinguish the coins from those of some other state using the same or a similar device.

My next example, showing a farther advance in the steps towards a perfect reverse, as well as a more elaborate obverse, is a coin of Alexander I. of Macedon, the remote predecessor of Alexander the Great. In this example the four compartments into which the indent of the punch is divided are much more regular, and are surrounded by the name of the prince, ALEXANDRO,* which in Greek characters reads, ΑΛΕΞΑΝΔΡΟ, being, with the exception of that of Getas, king of the Edoucans, probably the first example of the name of a prince forming the legend of a coin.



Coin of Alexander I. of Macedonia, struck about 450 B.C.

The next example, which is the last I shall adduce to illustrate the gradual advance of the earliest coins towards the exhibition of a perfect reverse, is one of the city of Athens, of more recent date than that of the last-described coin, although exhibiting a more archaic style of art. The reverse displays, at last, a true device—an owl, the emblem of the city, and at the same time that of its tutelary deity, Athena, the Minerva of the Greeks, whose name was the same as that of the city itself. The reverse has in this example assumed all its importance, and, barring the rudeness of its archaic art, possesses the complete character of coins of more recent periods. The shape of the punch is, however, still allowed to form an indent round the device of the reverse, an imperfection which soon afterwards entirely disappeared. In addition to the national emblem, there are the three first letters of the name of the city, AΘΕ,



and also a sprig of olive, the cultivation of which, at that time, was the chief source of Athenian wealth. The helmet of Athena, whose head forms the device of the obverse, is also decorated with leaves of this plant.

Such were the first steps in the art of coining, and such the pieces, which, even in approximate value, were the remote parents of the sovereigns and shillings of the present age.

H. N. H.

* In the dative case, in the ancient manner, with O instead of Ω.

HINDA.

MR. WYBURD has again drawn upon his favourite subject, *Lalla Rookh*, for the theme of a picture, and shown, we think, a marked advance towards the more solid qualities of his art by the manner in which he has treated it.

The passage referred to occurs in the well-known story of the Fire-worshippers, in which Hinda, the daughter of one of the Arab conquerors of Persia, falls in love with a Persian youth, utterly unsuspecting that he is not only a Gheber, or Fire-worshipper, and therefore belonging to the very tribe her father seeks to destroy, but that he is the leader of the national party, whose name—*Hafed*—is a word of fear to his enemies. War breaks out; the Persians are defeated, and *Hafed* is driven to a rock-hold. At this time *Hinda* is sent out of the way by her father. He is attacked by the Fire-worshippers; she faints, and recovers only to find herself a prisoner,—still, of course, unconscious that her lover is the leader of the men she so dreads. This is the point of time chosen by Mr. Wyburd, and which is thus marked in the poem:

"Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
Nor jasmine on her pillow laid;
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed;
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are hung.
Shuddering, she look'd around."

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.

THE NEW SOCIETY.—TWENTY-THIRD EXHIBITION.

WE do not propose to ourselves any formal criticism on these exhibitions; we shall rather wander freely among their pictures, just as fancy may incline us, pausing only to remark upon those which especially attract our attention.

Here are several to begin with by Thomas Sutcliffe (a new name, we believe).—Nos. 102, 114, 190, 197, wherein the painter has studied nature with love and purpose. No. 114, "A Flood, from the Pickering Moors," shows a stream, swollen by sudden rain on the hills, rushing across a moorland scene. The colour of the water here is admirably given; and the visual force of the torrent, "resistless, roaring," is powerful. No. 197, showing a quiet green place, with sunlight through trees which overhang a brook, we cannot better describe than by its motto:

"I'll lead you where you may behold
What shallow-searching fame hath left untold,
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at and gaze upon."

This picture takes the observer to the spot. No. 340, "Wild Flowers," by R. Carriek, showing a girl walking through a wood in sunlight, is wanting in brightness of natural colour, which is the more to be regretted, as the little picture is very forcible, and exhibits a good firm feeling for design and light and shade. A strong reflection falls against the child's cheek with much purity and brilliancy; her dress is an exception to the deficiency in colour remarked upon, being executed with considerable vigour and variety of tint; a rare quality. No. 341, "A Study on the Beach at Deal," a large anchor lying on the shingle, is most exquisitely drawn, and the thick shell of rust, which has scaled off in parts, most perfectly rendered. Here, again, is a want of maintained tone of colour in the background.

Mr. S. Cook's "Entrance to Boscastle, Cornwall," No. 11, is a very capital sea-view, painted in the old-fashioned way, with light washes. The water is painted with much care and knowledge, being the best of its kind in the room. Although weak in colour, No. 23, "Hay-field," by W. Bennett, is effective. Mr. T. L. Rowbotham's drawings are extremely artistic: we may point out No. 99, "In the Marshes, Winter,"

as an excellent example. No. 104, "Bodiam Castle," J. W. Whymper, would be very interesting if the effect, rain coming on, were not so common; as it is, the dark moat surrounding the ruin, with its floating water-plants, is strikingly true. No. 123, "Love lightens Labour," J. H. Mole, a large picture, whose principal figures are a girl assisted by her Highland lover in carrying a load, is so good, that we regret the artist did not give a little more of the care which has produced so excellent a rendering of the texture of the dresses in perfecting the drawing of the girl's face, which is, however, very pretty and expressive. The same artist's picture, No. 136, "Near Dorking," is a very powerful and effective sketch of a farm-gate and cottages.

Mr. L. Haghe's "Guard-room," No. 329, is one of his usual artistic and skilful sketches, representing soldiers playing at cards. When will Mr. Haghe strike out a new range of subject? Fanny Steers' "Hatherly Farm" has much of the force and vigour of oil. No. 201, J. H. D'Egville, "San Clemente, Venice," a view from the water, is very sober and rich in colour. The reader will notice the observant way in which the shadows are cast upon the garden-wall from the trees which overhang it from within. The artist has most justifiably departed from the rule in making the sky darker than the water. Mr. Henry Warren does not sustain his reputation this year by the large picture of "A Street in Cairo, with Marriage Procession." The locality is of course picturesque; but what opportunities for rich colour and forcible light and shade have been missed! The procession itself is also tamely given. We should do the artist injustice by neglecting to point out the subdued and true feeling for colour which some of the suspended dresses, and other parts of the foreground, exhibit. "Near Redhill, Surrey," by W. Wyld, No. 294, a representation of a true phase of English scenery, is, despite its dinginess, one of the most powerful pictures in the room. "A Moonlight Walk," and "Fountain's Hall," J. Chase, are effective and clever studies, which will repay examination; as will No. 301, "Lilac and Bird's-nest," M. Margetty.

The conclusion we arrive at is, that this exhibition is below the average. The want of new life is lamentably observable; however, there are many pictures that, for want of space, are not referred to; and some others, which, although excellent, are so much in the manner of their respective authors, that it is really difficult to quote them as either new or interesting.

THE OLD SOCIETY.—FIFTY-THIRD EXHIBITION.

No mighty an effort as Mr. Lewis's "Sinai" is not to be expected from him every year; yet he sustains his reputation by No. 302, "Harem-Life, Constantinople," which represents a Turkish lady seated on a dewan at a window, and trifling with a fan, while an attendant approaches her. The same elaborate finish pervades this work as of yore; but we cannot applaud the facial expression of the principal figure, verging as it does upon a simper, while the flesh-tints therein have a chalky whiteness and want of purity, which is the artist's weakness. This, with a need of aerial truth and softness, which would bring the scene into a broad whole, deprives one of the satisfaction which should result from the marvellous elaboration and exquisite colour, of which the delicate tints of tender silver-gray and green and purple-brown are as exquisite as ever. The flesh-tints of the attendant's head are much richer and purer. It is noticeable how regardless of labour the artist shows himself by repeating this face in a mirror on the wall.

This exhibition would be incomplete without Mr. W. Hunt's works. He gives us this year a man's head, "A Poacher," No. 228. No. 261, "Primroses, &c." (the flowers against a marly bank), appears over-hot in colour. No. 286, "Quinces, &c.," having all the indigestible appearance of the life, but being a trifle too green; the colour of the under-leaves exquisitely natural. No. 294, "Apple-blossoms," is the work which delights us most; the delicate

flower-blush being wonderfully rendered. There is not a more original painter in England than W. Hunt, or one who is more devotedly faithful to nature; it is not without astonishment, therefore, that we see him producing, year after year, the same class of subjects. Exquisite as they are, we really *do* get a little tired of the eternal "Primroses, &c.," we are beginning to loathe the marly bank; and the bird's-nest palls upon us more than its eastern representative might upon a dyspeptic Chinaman.

Mr. Carl Haag is in force this year, with ten pictures, from which we select No. 71, "Ischian Peasant-Girl," as a work upon which he would prefer to rest his reputation. This is merely a head, large for water-colour, but very broadly and vigorously drawn, and full of expression. No. 273, "Sabine Lady," is a work of similar character, but by no means comparable with the last, being crude and hot in colour. "The Duchess reading Don Quixote," No. 86, J. Gilbert, is more than worthy of the artist—no mean praise; the expression reminds us of Leslie, the only painter who has quite succeeded with this character. Mr. Gilbert's fault is, that, as usual, the picture is hot and coarse in colour; an error which is strangely prevalent here. "A Zouave Story of the War," No. 24, F. W. Topham, exhibiting a warrior enchanting some women with deeds of military heroism, shows great knowledge of French character, and justness in representation of female expression.

The picture which appears as the leader of the exhibition is Mr. F. W. Burton's single work, No. 130, "Faust's first Sight of Margaret." The latter hastens from the ardent regard of Faust, but with a languid reluctance, which is perfectly expressed (indeed, wisely suggested) by her face and action; there is a sort of tender petulance in this that is a complete conception of the character, which really we have never seen so truly given, although quite aware of the great hands which have dealt with the subject. Faust's figure appears clumsy and coarse, and that of Mephistopheles common. We consider this the best picture, because it is the most successful resolution of the greatest problem in art—a beautiful and characteristic human face with perfectly just and natural expression. Other faults and other merits are quite out of sphere with this. A very remarkable work is No. 156, "The Alps at Sunset, from the Faulhorn," W. Collingwood. We have the night-mists filling the valleys where darkness is, while up the mountain-side the evening shadow creeps in graded zones, from blue, through purple, amethyst, crimson, and rose-scarlet, into the light itself which yet glorifies the summit with perfect brightness. Now this is a very curious and highly scientific piece of study, to which it would be difficult to accord too much admiration. The artist's other works are quite worthy of this, and although not so striking in effect, are extremely interesting and will reward study.

A very different class of subject is that chosen by C. Davidson, whose charming and thoroughly English sketches it is always pleasant to see; his "East-weir Bay, Folkstone," No. 32, is especially delightful. We commend to the visitor's notice its deeply studied sky and the aerial effect of the receding coast; also No. 113, "Lane at Redhill, Surrey," a road overhung with dwarf trees and bushes and full of greenery. No. 142, "Fairlight Glen, Hastings," brings us to the spot, and we might almost think ourselves brushing against the hazels, so truthfully suggestive is it. Mr. C. Branwhite has several pictures here of his old subject, frost: "Sunset, Winter—a Black Frost," No. 61, has an effect which is rather novel. P. J. Naftel's picture, No. 64, "One of Nature's Ferneries, Guernsey," a dell with a brook running through it, is delightfully refreshing. No. 96, "Brook in Spring, Guernsey," is wonderfully brilliant and effective; although sketchy, lacking not thought, as will be seen by the purple tint given to the shadows. Several other pictures by this artist exhibit the same power and careful regard for nature.

Mr. W. Callons's pictures appear to us over-purple and heavy, with the exception of No. 55, "Venice," which has a

chalky dryness about it very unusual with this artist. No. 108, "Gateway of Kenilworth Castle," has, however, none of these faults, and is fully worthy of the distinguished name the artist has earned so well. Mr. D. Cox, although retaining much of his ancient vigour, occasionally verges upon the unintelligible; his "On the Llugy," No. 60, is absolutely murky, and as mysterious as a late Turner. "Caernarvon Castle," No. 117, is even more so; while No. 299, "Bolton Abbey," reminds us of the artist's ancient and well-deserved fame. Mr. David Cox, junior, emulates this in several pictures here, especially No. 137, "A Heath," which is very excellent. Mr. J. Holland's works have always a charm about them to us, but we regret that he appears to have so lapsed into mannerism as almost to repeat his own effects on the same scene. No. 27, "Venice," really lacks solidity of execution, and some curious dashes of colour are absolutely unaccountable. It is so long since we began to think his pictures charming, that it is not without regret we say this. Mr. G. Fripp adds to his reputation by several pictures, of which No. 125, "Study on the East Lynn, Lynmouth," is the most interesting; this, although rather hot in colour, is so excellent as to credit even the artist. Mr. W. C. Smith exhibits two admirable works, Nos. 172 and 316, "The Lynn, Lynton," and "Sunset at Osborne;" the first a brook in a wooded glen, very charming and fresh; the second, a view near the Marine Palace, with a most powerful, original, and effective sky-phase of clouds in horizontal strata. The rippling roll on the surface of the sea is painted with extreme truth, as is the illuminated and receding coast in the distance. The picture which immediately precedes this, No. 315, "On the Lledr, North Wales," by G. Dodgson, shall have our last word in commendation of its honest and truthful qualities.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

THE GRACE O' GOD IS GEAR [WEALTH] ENOUGH (Scotch).—This is the Scotch version of the proverb which Launcelot Gobbo speaks of as being well parted between Bassanio and Shylock. "You [Bassanio] have the grace of God, and he [Shylock] has enough." W. K. KELLY.

A RATHER AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

A TRUE STORY.

In what was once a very romantic village in Wales, but which, alas, like many other romantic villages in the romantic principality, has been doomed to give way to the *advancements and improvements* of this railway age, there lives one Davie Morgan, a barber. How Davie came to be a barber happened in this wise: Davie stammered, and, years back, when he was yet a boy, being one day sent with a message to a gentleman afflicted with a like impediment of speech, it so fell out that the gentleman grew very angry at what he supposed to be the lad's impertinent mimicry.

"How d—are you mo—ck me?" cried, or rather screamed the irate gentleman; and seizing a gig-whip, he applied it vigorously to the quivering limbs of the small urchin.

"N—o, ind—eed I did ne—ver mo—ck you," blubbered the boy.

"How d—are you t—ell me a l—ie?" and another vehement application of the whip.

Finding, however, afterwards that the poor little wight had been the victim of his over-sensitiveness, the quick-tempered but kind-hearted gentleman, not content with flinging the boy half-a-crown by way of salvo for his temporary wound, forwarded his views in life. Thus it was that Davie Morgan became a *barber*.

In process of time Davie married a pretty young widow (who had one child by her former husband), and became in his turn the father of three little ones. Now whether Davie had a rival in his profession, or whether he preferred a more manly craft, I know not; but certain it is, that he frequently

found employment at the neighbouring iron-works, leaving on these occasions to his better-half the entire charge of the hirsute chins and unkempt locks of his neighbours and fellow-workmen. On these she practised with such consummate skill, that she proved herself a helpmate indeed. On the whole, Mrs. Davie Morgan led a tolerably comfortable and contented existence. True, Taffy had his eccentricities,—as who has not? True, he drank a *little*, whipt her a *little*, and was given not a *little* to the exercise of his physical strength in trials of single combat with any stray bully of an Englishman or hot-headed Irishman who, like himself, might be of a pugilistic turn.

But these traits of character tended rather to insure Mrs. Morgan's admiration and respect than the reverse. Her arguments, which were characteristic, ran this wise. Where are your sober men? Very scarce in South Wales. Then as to the whipping. Why, was it not better far to have a husband capable of keeping his wife in order, rather than to belong to a fool who required her services as administratrix on his own paltry person? For very certain, and very clear it was, to Mrs. Davie Morgan's perceptions and sense of right, that the conjugal *bâton* must be lodged in the hands of one or the other of every united pair.

Then as to his martial exercises. Why, in these she absolutely gloried; his deeds of prowess were to her as the triumphs of a knight of chivalry.

It was a dull dark evening of November 1855 that this worthy couple were comfortably seated by their cheerful fireside, Davie smoking his pipe and ruminating, while his wife was alternately stirring her tea, and quieting the peevish cries of the youngest of the olive-branches, when a stranger abruptly entered. He was dressed in a handsome suit of black—in a perfect glitter of expensive jewellery, studs, rings, and gold chains.

Mrs. Morgan hastily rose, quite dazzled by the unusual splendour of his presence.

"How d'ye do, Rachel?" inquired the stranger. "May-be you've quite forgotten me?"

Had a cannon-ball suddenly burst in the midst, Mrs. Morgan could scarcely have appeared more aghast. She drew her infant more tightly to her breast; while the stranger repeated the question.

"Lork, it's a sperrit,—the sperrit of Evan Griffith," murmured the now pale and trembling woman. "Yes, sure it's his sperrit," continued she, in a low muttering voice.

"I'm no sperrit, not I," returned the substantial apparition; "I'm flesh and blood, Rachel Griffith; an' I'm your husband, I am, an' you knows it."

"Yes, sure," replied the horror-stricken Rachel, "you was my husban'; but you was dead this long time. Yes, indeed, you died in Australia, you did—yes, sure."

Davie, surprised by his wife's manner even more than by her words, now turned round with a stupefied stare, as he mechanically tapped his short pipe on the hob to remove the ashes.

"Who's that 'ere man?" inquired the stranger, pointing at the barber.

"He's—he's—my present husban'" replied the dame, trembling from head to foot, as though she could not yet make up her mind as to the reality of the strange apparition.

"He's your present husban', is he? Any way, I'm your husban' too, I'm thinking."

"Yes, sure, and so you was; yes, indeed, but you was dead this four year; yes, indeed," continued the woman, in a dreamy voice, lulling her infant the while in her still trembling arms.

"Wh—at's that?" stammered Taffy, beginning slowly to awaken from his quiescent state. "You be h—anged; th—is is my house; sh—e's my w—ife. Wh—at do you w—ant here; you be h—anged." Here a few polite epithets intervened.

But the stranger was imperturbable. There he stood, calmly and quietly, eyeing first one and then another, down

to the infant of three months, who, unconscious of any particular cause of excitement, was crowing and kicking, and doubling his tiny fist in his mother's face, after the manner of babies in general.

"I s'pose that 'ere's mine as I left a babbie, seven years agone; he worn't much bigger then nor the little 'un in your arms," said he, pointing to a small boy, the tallest of the little group.

"Yes, sure; yes, indeed, that's him, sure," replied the woman mechanically.

"Y—ou be off; you be h—anged," again interposed Davie Morgan. "Y—ou're not w—anted here, no how; sh—e's my wife, I tell you."

"Any way, she wor my wife afore she wor yours for certain; an' she's all the wife ever I had; and I'm not dead no how, for here I be."

"An' it's dead I thought you was," whimpered the woman, applying the corner of her apron to her eyes; "yes, sure, it's dead I thought you was this four year. Yes, indeed, an' it's your own mother as sent to let me know just four year agone. I'd never ha' married Taffy there if I hadn't ha' thought sure you was dead; it's no fault o' mines no how."

This seemed to afford abundant consolation. Indeed, Mrs. Davie Morgan evinced no violent inclination to hysteria; on the contrary, it was clear she had recovered her first shock, and, finding that the apparition was no unearthly visitant from another world, but truly a person of like bones and sinews as herself, she merely regarded the matter as a *contretemps*.

"Well, what did you do with that 'ere money as I sent you from Australia? How could I be dead an' sending of you money all the time?"

"I hav'nt had none this four year, no sure; it's little I had afore that, too; an' since I was a widder I had the club-money reg'lar."

"You wasn't a widder long, no how," ejaculated husband No. 1.

"Y—ou g—o and be h—anged," growled husband No. 2. "We don't want n—one of y—ou; you was d—ead th—is long time."

"I'm not dead no how," replied No. 1 to No. 2. Then turning to the mutual wife, he continued: "What did you do with the fifty pounds as I sent ye just four year agone,—that's just what I want to know?"

"It's never get it, I didn't, nor nothin', but the messago to say that you was dead and buried. There's wicked it was of the ould ooman! it's keep it she did! yes, indeed, that's clear, for she didn't never give me no fifty pound; and that's what for she said you was dead. Yes, sure, that's how it was all,—as clear as day, yes, in my very deed."

"I shouldn't wonder no how if it worn't somethin' o' the kind. But she's dead any way, so we can't get nothin' out of the like o' her," exclaimed Evan.

"Look now, perhaps she'll come too; yes, indeed, there's no sayin'; you know you was buried yourself."

"Any way I'm not dead; so come along; I've more right to you nor that chap there, any how."

It was now Davie's turn. Mrs. Taffy's skill in the shaving department was too direct a means of profit for him to relinquish without an effort. The voices grew louder and more vehement. The neighbours, attracted by the uproar, assembled in groups by the door. The clamour became universal; each husband claimed his wife, who stood pale and trembling amid her astonished progeny.

"What'll you take for her?" suddenly inquired No. 1, taking advantage of a momentary lull.

"F—ifty p—ounds," replied No. 2; "not a p—enny less nor f—ifty p—ounds,—do ye h—ear?—and then ye m—ay t—ake her, b—abbies an' all!"

"I don't want no babbies except my own," rejoined No. 1.

"W—ell, ye sha—n't have her n—o how without the

• "In my very deed," a Welshman's strong affirmative.

b—abbies, I t—ell yo; w—hat'll I do with 'em h—ere b—abbies?"

"Which of your husban's do yo like best, think yer?" eagerly inquired a matronly neighbour of Mrs. Davie Morgan, *alias* Evan Griffith.

"Well, indeed, sure it's always love my first husban' I did,—yes, indeed" (with a little sigh); "an' I no way mis-liked my second neither. I could live very well with either of 'em, if th' other 'ouldn't keep such noise;" and here a very quiet and subdued sob bore testimony to the calm and pacific tendency of Mrs. Taffy's feelings in general. "But sure it's a pity he come back, for it's dead I thought he was this four year,—yes, indeed."

A few weeks had passed, when a party of women were assembled on the platform of the station, waiting for the train which was to convey them to market. The women were severally provided with warm Welsh flannel dresses, red whittles, large market-baskets, and small babies. (Was ever Welsh woman without her whittle or without her baby?) The women were comfortable-looking, rosy, cherry-lipped women. Let us listen to their conversation.

"There's a row Davie Morgan's a keepin' with that 'ere Evan Griffith," exclaimed one comely young matron, as she stood rocking her infant in a measured step, patting the while its chubby back to keep time, and finishing her remark with a gentle h—ush—sh to lull a little impatient whine.

"Yes, sure," replied another, placing her basket on the platform, and tucking her infant (Welsh fashion) tightly in the ample folds of her whittle (for the tiny creature was not yet a month old); "I was up in the hood (*wood*) there for a couple o' sticks last Tuesday night, and there's swearing they was; I thought sure Davie had a half-kilt him; but I haven't heard nothin' of the rights of it never since, nor which of 'em is to have her. And there's rich Evan is! I seen a lovely gool watch an' chain he've got for her, an' the beautifullest brooch, if she'll go 'long with him."

"Yes, sure, I seen 'em too; but yer see where it is, Gwenny. Evan's willin' all along to give the fifty pound for Rachel an' little Rees; but he seen it too much to keep Davie's three littlest 'uns; and it's not willin' Rachel is to part with 'em neither, not even for the gool chains an' watch, an' all that."

"Ay, sure," returned Gwenny. "Them three's what it is; and Davie won't sell his wife without 'em 'pon no account. Well, there's noise they're a keepin' all along. I wish they'd ha' settled it."

"Well, and so they have a settled it," interposed another of the matronly group; "they've a settled it last night."

"Well, an' which of 'em is for to have her?" inquired the whole posse in a breath.

"Why Davie, sure. Yes, in my deed!" in reply to certain incredulous looks. "Davie's got her back again, for all Griffy took her away,—yes, indeed *sure*. I seen her in the house this very minute. Dear Annul, there's queer it do seem! there's fightin', an' swearin', an' bargainin' there have been. I thought sure Griffy'd ha' kep' her when he taken her away; an' so he might for Davie, if he'd a taken the littlest 'uns too. Dear Annul, there's a beautiful boy the baby is!"

"Yes, sure, an' so he is! An' I heard tell," interposed Gwenny, with an arch smile, "that the rich gentleman up by Cefn Fawr there had offered a thousand pound if Rachel'd sell him out and out; and that his wife Lady Owen Howels tried hard to get him to 'dopt him for her own."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the females in full chorus. "Well, sure, the talk have been so; but now it's all right, an' Davie an' Rachel have settled in again. And there goes Griffy, gool chain an' all. Well, in my very deed, he's goin' by this very train. Yes, sure."

Whistle, and off.

The reader may be interested to learn, as the *dénouement* of this most true story of every-day life, that the apparition

of husband No. 1 never again returned, but took his final departure with the rosy matrons and babies on the memorable market-day. It is well certified, moreover, that Mr. and Mrs. Davie Morgan have never allowed the events above recorded to trench in any degree on their connubial felicity.

The long, bright, blue pole, insignia of her art, still flourishes over Mrs. Davie's door, at the threshold of which may now be counted, on fine days, five fair gradations of infantile humanity.

M. H. D.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavallable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

TURNING our backs on the grim St. Francis under the gloomy arch, leaving to the right Van Dyck's immense picture of Charles I. on horseback, and with his head on, and Kneller's fine full-length of Peter the Great in armour, we pass out of the ancient gallery at Manchester, among the landscapes of Cuyp, Both, Ruysdael, and Hobbema. One of Hobbema's very best works is in the corner on our right, and might be overlooked. The quiet road, the bushes, and the sauntering cattle are altogether marvellous.

The archway on the other side of the central hall opens into the gallery of modern painters. On the opposite wall, as you enter, Thais leads the way, torch in hand; not exactly like another Helen, but like a bare-kneed classic of the days when good old Sir Joshua was king, and also, we suppose, like Miss Emily Bertie, in her tantrums.

At the east end of the gallery, looking down the long avenue of English art, Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" hangs in the centre, with his bewitching full-length portrait of Mrs. Graham on one side, and the faded but very graceful one of "Mrs. Pelham feeding her Chickens," by Reynolds himself, on the other. Poor Barry's "Pandora" fills up the space over these, and facing them, at the extreme west end, with about six hundred pictures on the walls between, Mac-lise's "Ghost Scene" and Leighton's "Cimabue" bring up the chronology of the gallery almost to the present moment.

Mr. Egg has had the arrangement of this gallery, and has made the general effect extremely pleasant and tasteful. To some extent also his arrangement is chronological, which was much to be desired. He has followed the traditions of the Academy, however, so far as to let slip one valuable opportunity. For purposes of display, the works of each artist may be scattered and separated; but for all purposes of study, they should be kept together. This is the case especially when instruction is to be given to the uninitiated. Those who know little about painters or their works,—and they include nine-tenths of the population,—would in a single visit receive some definite impression as to a painter's style and general characteristics, if they saw half-a-dozen of his works grouped together in one place; but it requires not only many visits, but a great deal more systematic labour than the public have any idea of giving, before such an impression can be made, when pictures by the same artist must be sought for up and down along the dazzling and crowded walls of a great gallery. The visitor who meets with a second example of Stanfield, Leslie, Egg, Hunt, Collins, or Pickersgill, has already forgotten the first, which delighted him when he saw it, but is now confounded in his memory with twenty others, all by different masters. Doubtless there would be a certain sacrifice of general elegance and symmetry if such a grouping were carried out; but this is a very small matter under the circumstances. It has been partially adopted in a few instances; for example, with the works of Mulready, Wilkie, Louth-bourg, and Hogarth, always very much to the advantage of the spectator; and we look upon it as a matter of so much consequence, that we can hardly help hoping to see a

new arrangement of the remainder before the Exhibition is closed.

From Hogarth to Leighton is from the first to the latest efforts of modern art. If it were also from the beginning to the end, if the climax had been reached already, there would be little more to say on the subject, and the sooner that little was said and done with, the better. But as day-break, which would be a melancholy affair if it ended only in purple clouds, is, on the contrary, a great and joyful one, because it ends in sunrise,—so the progress of art in England is a thoroughly cheerful and refreshing spectacle; not for its achievements, but for the splendid promise of which they are the herald and the sign.

The first great feature of this modern gallery is its vast variety; the broad area that art embraces here; the number of fountains through which its powers bubble up. We do not find these painters all at work on the same theme; producing nothing but altar-pieces at one period, nothing but mythologies at another, nothing but comedies at a third. Hogarth himself begins with a wide extent of subject: fun and pathos, landscape and portrait, are all separately illustrated in his works. As we look down the gallery this diversity of power grows into still greater prominence, and is quite extraordinary in our own day. What visible object is there in heaven or earth that cannot be painted now? Landscape is entirely mastered; so is architecture; so are the human form and the human face; so are all cattle and creeping things,—beast, bird, and fish, flowers and the atmosphere. Here is a picture by Stanfield, "The Battle of Roveredo;" it is a magnificent view of the Tyrolean Alps, seen up the valley of the Adige; and those who know any thing of Alpine scenery will feel how powerfully the effect of height, distance, and snowy peaks is rendered on the canvas. Last year's picture, "The Abandoned," by the same artist, hangs in the same room, and shows an equal power over the fury of the sea. On the opposite wall is Linnell's "Autumn Landscape," where the effect of light through foliage is given with the magic of truth. Danby's pictures are perfect in their peculiar splendour, and you breathe the cool air of misty mornings as soon as your eye falls on Cooper's capital "Halt on the Fells." Turn from landscape to figures. For fun, there are Wilkie's well-known pictures; Mulready's "Barber's Shop," and the "Wolf and the Lamb;" Webster's "Slide;" and Goodall's "Irish Wedding," more admirable still, however, for the dancing of the girl. For pathos, there is Wallis's "Death of Chatterton;" for tragedy, the face of Hunt's "Isabella;" for acute expression of character and momentary feeling, Egg's "Peter the Great's first Interview with Catherine;" for pearly flesh and naked forms, Mulready's "Bathers," and Frost's "Una;" for colour, Millais' "Autumn Leaves;" Landseer for animals; Roberts's "Seville Cathedral" for architecture, and Miss Mitrie for flowers. This at least is a very wide range, and the examples quoted are almost perfect of their kind.

Here, however, we must pause. These are the limbs of greatness, but the soul is not in them yet; these are the colours of daybreak, but it is not day. Looking back upon the old masters, the choice of England has hitherto fallen especially on the works of Guido, Domenichino, Murillo, and Claude; that is, it has fallen on those who have left us much to love, but nothing to worship; much that is tender and touching, little that is noble and inspiring; much to gratify our taste, little to amend it; and the spirit which has led us to this inferior choice is manifested generally in the works of modern artists. These men, we may be very sure, have never stood awe-stricken before the thought that flashed over their still uncoloured canvas. They have painted nothing on their knees; they have never felt that the work under their hands was a panel in the world's altar-piece. They have done much and done well, but art itself can do more and better; their works, at best, are merely human, and the greatest works appear only when the artist feels his subject to be divine. Here was the secret of the

older masters. Their work was worship. The ideas they express, and the feelings they appeal to, are such as belong only to immortal souls, and not in the least to perishable bodies. A worm can take no interest in a crucifix, and can feel no sympathy with a Madonna. To ask for such interest and such sympathy, is to address us as beings infinitely higher than a worm; and it is because they do so address us, and because thus to take the highest truths for granted is to re-awaken our consciousness of them, that the old religious pictures possess their peculiar power, and remain unapproached by the works of later years.

The defect of modern art is in its spirit, not in its form. Nothing would be gained now by going back to the subjects of former days, and painting Nativities, Riposos, and Martyrdoms. The time has passed by when these were the forms into which men's noblest thoughts naturally threw themselves, and to try to express thus the feelings of the present age is just to put new wine into old bottles. Every attempt of the kind has been a failure, and must continue to be so. Even when Hunt painted the "Light of the World" he took a great step in a wrong direction. The picture was perhaps the best work of modern genius, and was in certain respects quite different from any thing that had been done before; but at present, and for all future time, it is a mistake to attempt to paint the face of Christ any more. There is no external form that will in the least represent the internal idea, such as it has now become. The subject has passed out of the sphere of art, and should be at once abandoned.

It is one of the privileges of modern thought that it is able to recognise what is divine, not only in the distant and the miraculous, but also in the natural and the near. We know now that there is hardly any thing, however small or homely, which may not, if we catch it at the right moment, be the emblem and the awakener of our loftiest states of thought and feeling. Knowing this, there is all creation before us for a subject, and the genius of modern art does indeed employ itself in every conceivable sphere, from the details of a stone to the vision of a celestial city. Where it fails is in the choice of aspects—the power of seizing those pregnant and inspired moments in which alone any outward form becomes the embodiment of any great idea, whether the form itself be a celestial city or a stone. The face of the whole material universe is like that of a single human being. Commonly, it expresses very little. There are instants in which it tells the story of endless ages and of infinite joy or woe. Copy it in the first of these aspects, and you get a portrait more or less interesting, nothing more; copy it in the second, and you get the works that make men nobler when they look at them. Of course the want here is in the minds of artists themselves, and no criticism can cure it; but as a nation we ought to be conscious of it, and to proclaim our consciousness perpetually, not only in the interest of our own taste, but for the sake, especially, of our younger painters. The atmosphere of public opinion is what they live and move in; the purer we make it, the better chance we give them; help cometh always from the hills.

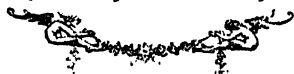
Looking more closely into this gallery of modern art, one sees a certain prose about it which is characteristic of the times. Here are these pictures by West. They are simply bulletins of the fact that Captain Cook or General Wolfe was killed at such a place in such a manner. The careful commemoration of the circumstance is a proper subject for a Gazette or a grave-stone, but not at all for a picture. To make it worth the expenditure of an artist's powers, it must be so represented as to commemorate, not the fact merely, but some thought of heroism, beauty, terror, or pathos connected with the fact. It might be very true that General Wolfe expired exactly as the picture tells us he did; but if so, all that can be said is, that the moment of his death was not the right moment for the painter to lay hold of him. It is not given to all men to die poetically. When a hero gives up the ghost in prose there is no occasion to

make a picture of him in this predicament. Copley's picture of the "Death of Major Pierson in Jersey," though mistaken in the choice of an historical subject so little known in history, is worth all of West's put together in its effect upon our feelings. It treats of battle; and the stir of battle is powerfully expressed. There is a rush and a struggle; the flags are flapping; the men fighting and falling; the dying chief is dying because he has been shot, and not because he is going to be painted. Here are many subjects from Shakspeare. One would think English genius should know how to illustrate his Plays; but, with the exception of Hunt's wonderful "Head of Isabella," they are all failures. Look at this by Herbert; is it King Lear? In no respect; nor Cordelia neither. An old man frowning, with a beard and a bald head, is one thing, King Lear is another. Cordelia is not, we fancy, merely a sulky girl with a wide forehead. Why, the artist himself knows he has not painted Cordelia, for he has given the selfsame head in another picture to Herodias!

Look at these character-pictures by Frith, Leslie, Egg, and Pickersgill. The variety of character displayed in the faces is immense, the discrimination acute, the execution capital; but the expression is nevertheless commonplace, and destitute of any very important interest. In Frith's picture of the "Witch," for example, the girl is merely a pretty girl, with a sweet face, rather scared. These are but illustrations of the universal want. We look with pleasure at almost every picture in the gallery; but we leave them without being conscious that any deep truth or any glorious vision has been impressed upon our souls. They speak of passing interests, not of permanent ones; they please us because we are men, not because we are immortals.

In the mean time, one grand step in advance has been already taken. Our modern painters, if not lofty in spirit, are at any rate pure. Their works are neither prudish nor indecent; they wish to celebrate what is truly noble, and to throw the robe of beauty on what is really good. This is the road to greatness. Our St. Christopher has already left the prince of darkness, and is working patiently in the river. One day he will hear the voice of the little child.

[To be completed in our next.]



WHEN THE NIGHT AND MORNING MEET.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

In the dark and narrow street,
 Into a world of woe,
 Where the tread of many feet
 Went trampling to and fro,
 A child was born (speak low),
 When the night and morning meet.
 Full seventy summers back
 Was this; so long ago,
 The feet that wore the track
 Are lying straight and low;
 Yet is there still no lack
 Of passers to and fro.
 Within the narrow street
 This childhood ever played;
 Beyond the narrow street
 This manhood never strayed;
 This age sat still and prayed
 A-near the trampling feet.
 The sound of trampling feet
 Flowed through his life, unstirred
 By water's fall, or fleet
 Wind-music, or the bird
 At morn. These sounds are sweet,
 But they were never heard.

Within the narrow street,
 I stood beside a bed,
 I held a dying head,
 When the night and morning meet;
 And every word was sweet,
 Though few the words we said.

And while we talked, dawn grew
 To day; the world was fair
 In fields afar, I knew;
 Yet I spoke not to him there
 Of how the grasses grew,
 Besprent with dewdrops rare.

I spoke not of the sun,
 Nor of this green earth fair;
 This soul, whose day was done,
 Had never claimed its share
 In these, and yet its rare
 Rich heritage had won.

From the dark and narrow street
 Into a world of love
 A soul was borne; speak low,
 Speak reverent,—for we know
 Not how they speak above,
 When the night and morning meet.

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MESSENGER," ETC.
 IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

X.—PRIVATE SKELETONS.

THE skeleton in Laurence Royston's secret closet was a very grim and ghastly skeleton indeed. It used to track him about the pathways of the cottage-garden, with a hollow menacing footstep. Adie never heard it; but sometimes, through her pleasant singing and her happy laughter, he was startled by its tramp at his heels, or the echo of it coming swiftly from a distance. Then he would grow almost impatient of her gaiety, as if she knew what haunted him. Adie wondered, was silent, and then sad. It would thrust a cold arm between them, and put them apart; it made a third at all their meetings, sat at their board, by their bed, and was as constant to Laurence as his shadow. He strove hard to be blind and deaf to its approach; but it was a part of himself,—a subtle emanation from his evil conscience,—which he could never part from: his existence was such as he had made it, with its shadow evermore on his hearthstone, and the horrible remorse at his heart. He might forget it for an hour, he might even defy it for a while, and measure his strength of mind and will against its torture; but presently its hour returned, and he was a mere coward, afraid of the darkness, and trembling at the rustling of a leaf below his foot.

Adie laughed and sang on; in his moments of gloom the fondest; when he was grave or stern, most blithe and cheering. What their life might have been but for that step in the dark! Sometimes a painful doubt came over the young wife's mind. Could he be growing weary of her? was she already losing her power to charm? They had been a year married, and now another life hung upon hers; yet sometimes he would leave her at the cottage with the servant for a week together, while he made excursions on foot about the neighbourhood, trying to evade his ghostly companion by constant movement and change of place. Yet when he returned to her, how glad he seemed to stay his weary feet at her side; how tender, how thoughtful, he could be still! Yes, he had not ceased to love her.

One day, during a wandering fit, he strayed into a wood by the wayside, to be out of the glare of the sun, and lay down on a turfy slope under the trees. There was an opening before him, winding away through high arching boughs,



THE RETURN FROM THE VINEYARD. BY W. WATERHOUSE.

and lost at last in a mist of sunshine. There was no whisper amongst the branches either of wind or birds; the very sprays of fern were unstirred. How weary he was; how dark at heart he must have been when he saw nothing of the beauty of these woods; heard nothing but a wail coming up through the trembling air burdened with a pregnant menace to his ears—"I bide my time!" There is not the peace of solitude for such as Laurence Royston in the dim forests; he must up, and go forward again.

Another day he went down to the shore. A flat of dry sand stretched out before him, with the wind sweeping visibly over it; above was a dull sky, boding rain; and to the furthest verge of the horizon lay a turbid, leaden, waveless sea, beaten down from the shore by the strong land-breeze. A dark reef, far out, seemed to glide like a marine monster, as the sullen swell revealed its outline from time to time. There were a few fragments of wood—parts of a wreck, perhaps—scattered near, a solitary bird swooping through the haze, and no other living thing in sight. His limbs were weary, his feet were sore, yet he still kept on, close by the sea, with his face towards it, and his imagination raising threatening shapes out of the mist, while his ears were filled with a wail that outmoaned both wind and tide. For miles on the lonely shore he went, without heeding that the night was gathering around him, and no place in sight where he could claim a shelter;—there was a point in the distance against whose base the waves roared eternally,

and high cliffs stretching beyond, reddened with the lurid light of riven storm-clouds;—for miles on the lonely shore, the scene growing wilder as he went forward, hoarse mutterings of thunder in the air, and lurid flashes gleaming athwart the black sea.

Worn out at last, he laid himself down in a hollow of the cliffs, and rested there till dawn; then on again in his abortive flight. Once that day he came in sight of a picturesque and ancient chateau, standing about two hundred paces from the shore. On the side towards the sea, was a planting of young trees, all leaning one way, as if, having bowed to the blasts so often, they were no longer able to raise their heads erect. It was a quaint old place, yet sunny of aspect, with little peaked towers and a great porch, under which were rude stone seats. All about its walls were creeping plants and ivy; in front lay a wide mossy lawn, with a dry fountain, whose brink was matted over with gay flowers, and in the midst was a broken sundial. Two huge hounds lay dozing in the sunshine; they were old, worn out, and toothless, but they lifted up their heads as the heavy irregular step of the wayfarer approached; and one rose up, gaunt and grim, and bounded across the lawn, barking furiously. Did they scent blood, or was it that Laurence Royston had the air of a dangerous prowler rather than of an inoffensive traveller? Cursing between his teeth, he strode on, so wild and fierce of countenance, that the people whom he met crossed out of his way. He had become emaciated

in body and feature during his solitary wanderings, and his expression was such as might have come over the man's face who played with Satan for his soul when, the stake being utterly lost, it was about to be claimed.

It was evening when he came back to the cottage, spent with fatigue, and racked by the poisoned memory he carried in his breast. Adie was sitting on the steps under the veranda, waiting and watching for him, as she always did wait and watch during his absences. The twilight was closing in; and as autumn drew on, the air had a more chilling breath, and the wind a more mournful sob. The lonely days of Laurence's absence had dragged over very slowly with his wife; but when she recognised his step upon the roadside, she sprang up, and was away to meet him in an instant, all sense of trouble and neglect dispelled at once. With his arm round her, and her anxious eyes questioning him with their upward look to his, they entered the house. The light inside was nearly gone, so that she could not see the expression of despair that settled down on his face, as they sat hand in hand by the little window which was half-shrouded by the rich yellow jacinth and passion-flower that hid the white walls. Yet, if her eyes could not see, her heart felt that all was not well with him; for his fingers were cold, and thrilled often in her clasp. Her idea was, that he must be ill, and, to save her anxiety, trying to conceal his sufferings. She entreated him to tell her what ailed him, and why he was so restless; but he put both questions aside.

"Let us go home to Nevil's Court," suggested Adie, laying her cool hand on his forehead, and speaking very softly. He started up, and pushed her hand away impatiently, then suddenly snatched it to his lips and kissed it passionately.

"Adie, I will do any thing you like, I will go any where, but here we will stay no longer; for I am sure there is fever in the air; my brain is like a furnace," he exclaimed.

The tears in Adie's eyes dispersed unfallen. She thanked him so earnestly, as to betray how strong her own desire for her old home had been, though she had hidden it from deference to his wishes. "Home!" she responded cheerfully; "home! Grizzie, poor old Grizzie! Don't you wish he were there to give us a welcome, Laurence?"

"I do, from my soul, Adie!" he cried, with such fearful energy as to startle her,—"from my soul!"

"The people in the Court will be glad, I know," said she, a minute or two after; "Martha and Mrs. Parkes especially. I should like my child to be born there,—I feel as if it ought, Laurence,—then it will be English like you." The young wife talked on of the future that was to be so bright and happy to them both in the old haunted house, and laid plans for making it quite a cheerful abode, without displacing any of Grizzie's ancient possessions. "For," she observed, "it seems to me as if he were master there still, and would object to having great changes made. Besides, I like the carved oak chairs and presses—do not you, Laurence?" He did not seem to hear her prattle, for he made no articulate answer to any of her questions. Perhaps he and his private skeleton were talking together.

XI.—THE PICTURE-DREAM.

They were back again in Nevil's Court, with Martha, Mrs. Parkes, and the footsteps. On the night of their arrival, the mysterious tramp was heard in the corridor for the first time since Adie's marriage. She listened to it with trembling, recollecting that Grizzie had called it an omen for evil; for she thought of her own hour of trial which was approaching with an indefinite fear, while her heart yearned to Laurence with more than its old passionate love.

* Was the warning for her or for both?

One Sabbath afternoon all the house was very hushed; the children were away at church or at school; the doors and windows were all shut, for the air was cold, like the first day of winter. Laurence Royston was in the work-room, graver in hand, and a half-finished plate before him,—he took no note of times and seasons,—as if he intended to dis-

tract his thoughts by toil; but instead, he sat waiting,—O, God, how anxiously!—as if his own death-sentence hung upon the message he was expecting to hear. They had told him Adie might die; and as the possibility forced itself into his thoughts, he felt almost maddened.

"It cannot be, it shall not be!" he said to himself.

It was not often in his lifetime that this man had prayed; but when that fear came upon him, he besought God slavishly to punish him for his misdeeds in any way but that. So much as he had perilled, so much as he had lost, to possess her, he had a right to keep her. Then he almost defied Heaven to take her from him: she was his by purchase; he had given for her the utmost price that man could pay, and he would not be defrauded of his due. The solitude of the old room, or perhaps Martha's furtive eye, alone witnessed these ravings, which seemed to shadow forth some hidden deed. Possibly, that deed it was that kindled his pale eye with lurid fire, and haunted him with its presence always. There were great drops on his forehead, which he wiped away with a trembling hand, while his mouth worked violently. This agony of suspense was insufferable, and what long long hours it lasted! He dared not go to his darling, lest the blackness of his curse, overshadowing, should destroy her; and yet, when the night fell, no one had come to tell him whether he was the father of a living child or the husband of a dead wife. The darkness crept on unawares as he waited and listened; at last, he lighted the lamp and tried to read, but there was neither sense nor continuity in the page, and he soon threw it aside.

Utterly exhausted in mind and body, a sort of lethargic trance fell upon him, and with that a fearful dream. At first he seemed to be driven onward violently over a dark heaving gulf, and then hurled down the yawning vortex into a darkness that might be felt. Presently, through this darkness moved vivid shapeless lights, which seemed to portend the advent of some nameless horror. He tried to draw himself away, he struggled to cover his face, for he felt what was coming; but his efforts were as the efforts of a prisoner chained hand and foot and powerless to stir. Then he nerved himself to look, and the old room in Nevil's Court—where he was sitting—appeared in his dream. It was all aglow, as with the ruddy heat of a Yule-tide fire, and old Nicholas Drew was there. Then was enacted before his sight the whole scene of the murder, even to the dropping of the glove. That incident startled and awoke him: "Where is that glove? who found it? who has it now?" he asked himself fearfully. All the vision had resolved itself into the lost glove; he could think of nothing but that. "The other was burnt; it must have been destroyed too; I heard no mention of a glove having been found." He glanced suspiciously round the room, shrinking down into his chair in the very attitude of guilty fear; whilst his skeleton at his elbow kept whispering: "Where is the glove? Who has the glove? Whoever has the glove has your life with it!"

How long it was from the passing of the vision to the entrance of Martha he could never tell; it might have been five minutes, and it might have been a night-time; but he was himself again the moment the woman spoke.

"My mistress has asked for you, sir," she said briefly; not a syllable of warning or congratulation.

He asked if the child lived, and was answered that it did, with the same coldness. Even at that moment a suspicion had time to enter into his mind. "That woman has found the glove, and she is watching me," he thought; but he passed her with an air of over-acted carelessness, and went to Adie's room. Mrs. Parkes made a spasmodic effort to utter the proper felicitations, and failed with a choking sob. He did not heed her, but looked in between the closed curtains of the bed, to meet a wan wistful smile on Adie's face.

"O, Laurence, I am so happy, because of the boy," she whispered, as he bent over her. "Look at him; they say he is like me;" and her eyes lighted up with the fun of the idea, that such a queer little mortal could resemble any

thing but a bundle of soft muslin and fine flannel, with a doll's feeble-face. Laurence hid his feelings under an appearance of exuberant joy. He could not be really glad; for the boy was born under his curse, and he remembered at the moment those terrible words: "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children." He was in haste for once to leave her, and steal back to his haunted solitude; and perhaps Adie was glad that he should go; for she wanted to have her baby to herself, to think about it, to whisper to it, and to pray for it.

It was not long before the young mother was about again, brightening the dim old rooms with her cheerful face. Laurence liked to hear her crooning nursery-songs with the child in her lap, to see her play with it on the floor, or dance it in her arms. But when she had soothed it to sleep on her bosom, and laid it down in its cradle, he fancied that his skeleton kept watch by it, and shadowed the boy's face with deadly wings; he was never easy until she took it again to her heart, for he thought it safer there, as well he might, in the sanctuary of a pure mother's love. It was not strong; and by and by there came a look of angel beauty on the tiny features—a soft radiance, as if a smile from Heaven had shone upon them, and left His trace and mark that the great Reaper might know it when he came that way. Adie had her thoughts and fears, but she kept them secret in her own mind, and tended the child with a reverent and most tender watchfulness. She liked to deck it gaily, and to work for it; she made advanced garments of ingenious device, as if she were thus pledging him to stay with her; and all the while that he seemed to be fading away, her prayer to God was, that she might keep him.

Laurence used to sit by the second window,—not in Nicholas Drew's old place,—working at his craft assiduously; while Adie, within range of his sight, sewed or nursed the child, and sang, now in a plaintive, now in a gay tone, the old ballads.

Mean time winter advanced. In the Minster Yard the poplars were despoiled of their foliage, and in the bishop's garden lay the dead leaves whirled into sodden heaps, while the trees looked black and naked against the walls. The first day that the snow fell was a notable one to Adie. It was early in December, and the merry shouts of children down in the Court called her from the fireside to see the broad white flakes fluttering earthward. The little child stretched his hands upwards and laughed; the sound did her heart good to hear. She danced him on her hand, and prattled to him gleefully, until their rather noisy mirth caused Laurence to lift his eyes from his work to watch them. The two were so much occupied with each other, that he enlisted none of their attention, and with a half-sigh he arose, and went across the room to the hearth.

Standing before the fire, thoughtful and moody, the same trance-like feeling came over him as he had experienced on the night of his child's birth, and again the vision of the murder and the lost glove enacted itself before his fancy. His face grew absolutely livid, and his eyes opened with a wild affrighted stare.

At this instant Adie turned round and caught his awful expression; she had time to decipher it, indeed, for so startled was she, that for a moment she never spoke, and Laurence did not know himself observed.

"O, Laurence, Laurence, what is it?" she exclaimed at last, going to where he stood. "Why do you look so; you seem quite affrighted." He tried to laugh, but it was a ghastly effort. He said it was a spasm of pain at his heart, but that it would soon pass.

"Laurence, let us leave this place," she said, looking all round the room; "it is not good for us to be here. I feel as if it were haunted with something worse than the footsteps. Baby does not thrive, and you often appear ill, and I shudder to be left alone. I am satisfied now, for I am sure dear old Grizzie would not like us to stay if he knew how we suffer. Shall we go back to that pretty cottage by the seaside? It was very happy being there, Laurence."

"So it was, Adie. You might be happy any where, with your good, simple, loving heart; but not so can I; I must have more life and stir; my thoughts stagnate often till they breed frightful fancies. Let us go to London."

"So be it. After baby is christened we will go. St. Barbe and kind old Mrs. Parkes would be disappointed if we went before." And thus it was finally agreed upon.

A SUNNY DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—A SKETCH.

If it is a sunny day at the Crystal Palace, take our word for it, reader, it is a hot one in the city of London; if the heights of Penge bask in the summer sun, rest assured the flags in Cheapside burn like the sands of the desert; if a pleasant breeze plays across the palace grounds, whistles through "the Temple of Roses," and coquets with the gorgeous flower-beds, depend on it, it whisks the dust in playful eddies into the eyes and nostrils of the languid wayfarer on London Bridge.

In humble imitation of that famous New Zealander a brilliant fancy and a magic pen have placed for ever on this said bridge, we must also conjure up for our special purposes an imaginary "lay figure." The languid wayfarer just mentioned will do. He stands looking over the parapet of the bridge on the broad shining river; which, like a fair face over a corrupt heart, looks well enough, if surface satisfies, and the lower abominations are not disturbed. Away through the forest of masts springing up from the dark "Pool," he gets a glimpse of the heights of Blackheath, Greenwich, and Shooter's Hill. Bright, tempting, and pleasant they look in the blue distance. Like the promised land, he contrasts with them the roar and turmoil of the passing crowd, and longs to taste their sweetness. Visions of quiet shades and "pastures green" rise in the mind of our loiterer as he mentally resolves to "go somewhere." Where to go is the next and natural question. At the moment a puffing, wheezing, smoking steamboat rushes from beneath the bridge, turns to land her crowd of passengers, and in doing so, displays on a large board the answer, like a card in a conversation pack, "To the Crystal Palace." His mind is made up in an instant. He is a man of sense and taste, and has, at a very small cost, made provision for the passing of many an afternoon healthfully and intellectually by the purchase of a season-ticket. He dives into the recesses of his pocket-book for the all-but-forgotten pasteboard; and through the hordes of importuning owners of cigar-lights, boot-laces, and black dolls—which appear to squeak, but don't—he makes for the station, where, if he liked, he could, with equal facility, be accommodated with a ticket for Bombay or Calcutta, not to mention such short distances as Paris or Vienna.

At this point we will take him, like an old friend, under our care and guidance. We are lucky in catching an express train, ten minutes past the hour. In five minutes we have passed through the not too fragrant gales—not at all suggestive of "Araby the blest"—of Bermondsey and Neckinger Lane. In ten, we have dashed through the New-Cross cutting out on the green expanse of Forest Hill, and in five more are rushing up the incline, with the palace-crowned heights of Sydenham full in view,

"More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore."

We pass the ticket-taker's barriers, and find ourselves in the glorious grounds, where each finer sense is met with the most delicate gratification. By the broad sward-edged walks, along the noble terraces, and up the sphynx-guarded flight of steps into the building, we pass, surrounded by objects of art and beauty and vastness which might have made the heart of Sardanapalus envious. We stroll through the cool and silent courts, and pause in the great transept to admire the variegated and well-contrasted colours of the building,

resting our eyes on the green freshness of the plants and the snowy forms of the statuary. Through the open doors of the balconies the summer-breeze carries in on its wing the soft swell of instrumental music. We turn that way, and lean over the railing, while the eye expands with pleasure in gazing on the splendid landscape, and from left to right sweeps over an expanse of true English scenery. From our feet to the horizon there is not a displeasing object; all is softness, beauty, richness. Foliage of the lightest and the deepest tinge alternate with green cultivated fields, through which quiet lonely roads wind away towards far-off out-of-the-way villages, marked by that never-failing and thought-suggesting object, the church-spire. There is not a cloud to mar this broad prospect. It is steeped in a flood of golden sunlight. From the grounds beneath there comes the breath of a thousand flowers; and again the martial notes of the fine bands rise above the hum of the gay and brilliant crowd that spreads over the upper terrace, laughing, chatting, and, like Ephemera, enjoying the passing moment. It is a scene, once beheld, not to be soon forgotten; and as the beholder, under the influence of its all-pervading beauty, gives reins to his imagination, he may fancy the soul that is in Nature meeting the soul of Man that is within him, and elevating it for a moment to heights that, in this bustling world of ours, it but seldom reaches.

But, to descend at once from these heights, and from the balconies to the ground, we saunter towards the fountains, which are about to play. We envy the grim old river-gods, who recline, clothed in the lightest possible habiliments, on the edges of the basins. They seem to bask in the sun, and look down placidly on the cooling liquid that ripples to their feet. We now become conscious of a rushing sound. The countless jets begin gradually to send upward bright pillars of water. Higher and higher they rise in graceful forms, like Spirits of the water, till the whole view seems one mass of flowing, gushing, descending water, crowned with rainbow-halos. It is truly "Water, water every where," and the senses of sight and hearing become almost confused amid the liquid mass. Gradually as they rose, the fountains sink, disappear into the basins, and all is quiet and sunny as before.

Yet further into the remoter parts of the grounds we push our researches. Rising the gentle grassy elevation that on its far side overlooks the antediluvian and pre-Adamite monsters, we turn to get the most imposing view obtainable of the palace itself, with its lines and outlines standing out in all their symmetric beauty against the clear blue sky.

Crowning this hill, we come on a little secluded paradise, —secluded for the most part from its being the side of the grounds far distant from the building. Pause before one of the many-coloured sketches in miniature of the scene before us. They have been most sensibly provided for those unacquainted with the names of the terrific reproductions of the animal kingdom that seem to range in all their native freedom the islands of the lake. In the interior of the largest monster, whose cognomen we dare not trust ourselves to pronounce, a party of scientific men are said, on one occasion, to have enjoyed a very jovial lunch. How they got in, and how they got out, the reader's imagination must conjecture. But, for our own part, we would "rather not" be deputed to take a young lady "down to dinner" —in this age of Crinoline especially—through that capacious throat and formidable row of spikes called teeth. Fancy his coming to life just as we reached his windpipe!

The sun is sinking, and once more we turn our steps to the scintillating building. When we regain the inside, there is a crimson stream of light pouring in through every part of the transparent roof and sides. It falls on every object with the effect of an enchantment. The faces and forms of the statues are lit up with a lifelike expression. The shrubs, the many-tinted flowers, the sparkling fountains, the gorgeous court-façades, are all alike blended into one harmoni-

ous depth of colour, in which an artist's eye would revel. A bird now and then gives out a little note of pleasure as it roosts far above us in the lofty transept, while, to give the last finishing effect, the swell of a fine organ reverberates through the building.

With a sense of all this beauty strong upon us, we turn to leave; but not without a feeling of admiration—the only tribute in our gift—for that body of men, with a Paxton at their head, who created this perfection—men whose hands were as skilled in artistic cunning as their souls were steeped in "the beautiful."

G. R. POWELL.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,—A "Constant Subscriber" to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE having constructed a binocular camera as recommended in my paper "On the chief Cause of Photographic Failure," and having found the pictures he produced deficient in sharpness, perhaps you will permit me to state, that I am persuaded he has overlooked the fact, that the foci of single lenses for luminous and chemical rays are slightly different, the focus for chemical rays being invariably nearer the lens than the point of greatest distinctness. As the amount of difference depends upon the nature of the glass of which the lens is made, and the relation of its curves to each other, the determination of the quantity is a somewhat difficult problem; but two or three trials will be sufficient to determine where a picture possessed of the greatest sharpness can be produced. I have found that a stereoscopic camera, with lenses of five or six inches focus, requires the sensitive surface to be placed about one-eighth of an inch nearer the lenses than the point of greatest distinctness on the shade or ground-glass.

Your correspondent requests to know whether it is immaterial whether the lenses employed be plano-convex or double convex. Either form will suit all practical purposes; but the best form of a single lens is when the radii of curvature are as one to six, as then the amount of spherical aberration is smallest.

Your correspondent has tried to procure rock-crystal lenses without success. Those I have employed were the broken lenses which were flung aside by spectacle-makers, which, although of no value to them, are of great value to the stereoscopic photographer, as even a small fragment is sufficient to fit up a binocular camera. Those of rock-crystal are easily known by their great purity and hardness, and are frequently called Brazilian pebbles.

I am, &c. R. G.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

ROLLING lazily onwards from Pepinster, where it has set down a goodly company of Spa-bound travellers, the Great Rheinisch-Belgische *convoy* comes in sight, as it were, of Turkish minarets and spires, clustered together afar off in a grove of trees. One minute more, and "Aachen! Aachen!" (in plain French, Aix-la-Chapelle) is the cry, modulated in many guttural keys, so that the slumbering wake up with a start, and look forth curiously from the windows. Lo, the Guards—trim, compact, little creatures, in *kepi* and green-braided frock, with bugle-horn slung about them—have skipped airily on to the platform; and Messieurs les Voyageurs—such, at least, as have business there—are invited to descend. Instant population of the platform: every one coming forth to look around him, as through secret instinct that nourishment may be at hand. Such delay proves but a mocking delusion after all—a veritable *ignis fatuus*; for the bell rings out of a sudden, and the bugle-horns wind cheerfully, and the scared multitude come flocking from refectory-rooms, and drive blindly at the first open carriage-door. O, consider how this loose miscellany, as Mr. Carlyle

would say it, is ever to be properly bestowed; wrong men, and, alack, wrong women too, being hopelessly jammed together in wrong places, utterly beyond remedy. Once more do the bugles wind tra la! the little guards trip lightly on to the foot-board, and the *convoi* rolls slowly away Cologne-ward—to Cologne, city of sweet waters.

Meanwhile a *voyageur*, derelict upon the lonely platform, looks after the receding *convoi*, and bethinks him pensively of choice of a caravanserai. Shall he turn him to the Grand Monarque, with its air of quiet retiring grandeur, so illusive, so dangerous, where kings and kaisers have lain before now, where Dremel the Magnificent directs? Ah, there is a fragrant bouquet, as it were, of ancient wines wooing him magnetically to royal Dremel and his caves! The great king it must be.

Later in the evening, an hour or so before the grand gathering at the *table-d'hôte*, the *voyageur* chancs to be wandering over the town, taking note of a certain air of fading gentility which has hung about it ever since the fatal ukase went forth that shut up the famous tables; thinking, too, what a faithful cabinet copy it holds of Waterloo Place, and its proud plaster palaces! Suddenly he finds himself before a long Grecian temple, abundantly garished round with pillars, and standing in an open square by itself. The theatre, says an intelligent Aix-la-Chapellist. No shabby brickwork at the sides, skulking behind adjoining houses; no mean stage-door down a narrow lane. All open here, sir, and above board. You may walk round and round again, and find all sides pretty much the same. Stay. The *voyageur* has seen something that looks like an *affiche* fluttering at the box-door. Suppose he draw near, and see what is set forth as to-night's entertainment. 'Twill be *Czar and Zimmerman*, or the *Two Peters*, says the *voyageur*, with a dreary sense of presentiment on him, that piece having lain in wait for him at a hundred little towns on his progress. He knows every joke by heart, and feels a sudden faintness when the music strikes up. He draws near and sees written, not *Czar and Zimmerman*, or the *Two Peters*, but a magic soul-stirring announcement, showing how *Lohengrin*—yes, *Lohengrin*, the reviled, the extolled, the apple of discord that has set musical man against his brother; the "grand opéra romantique, en quatre actes, musique de Richard Wagner"—would be presented for the first time that evening. Further, that admission to the best places might be obtained for the moderate charge of one thaler—say three shillings; while those with means less expanded may look on from the gallery for a sum equivalent to threepence of our money.

Was ever music-mad *voyageur* so favoured? Here was Richard,—the Prophet, the poet, the Mahomet of the New Covenant, whom an ardent following bow down before and worship,—now about to discourse his strange mystic song and incantations, as though that *voyageur* had specially commanded a performance for his own delectation. Here was an opportunity of deciding for oneself a thorny question,—of hearing with one's own ears. When the famous Prophet, a summer or two ago, was wooed across the seas to England, and received into his hands the Grand Philharmonic *bâton*, it was insisted, by way of proving his quality, that certain maimed fragments of his work should be set before the public; this too in spite of his earnest protest, that upon the stage, and on the stage alone, could his music be produced with effect. And though wise ones shook their heads and pronounced it sorry stuff, still it was pretty generally held that the music of the future had not had a fair trial. Of these dissentients had been the *voyageur*, now earnestly studying the *affiche*. He too had borne his part in the fray; and he held it for a wonderful dispensation that he was thus privileged to sit in judgment on this famous music.

Turning, then, hostelwards, he once more bows beneath the shadow of the great king. The great king will have dinner for his liegemen in a bare ten minutes or so; and, by way of helping on the time, the *voyageur* beguiles the

moments by affable converse with a vivacious *kelner*, or serving-man. "Yes, a famous theatre," says the serving-man, gently moving the *épergne* a shade more—say the eighth of an inch—towards the centre of the table;—"a very famous theatre. Ah, had monsieur been in town but a month since! They played *Tünnenhäuser* then—Wagner's opera. *O la belle musique!* By the way, they play *Lohengrin* to-night; did monsieur know?" He himself, the serving-man, will be there, if he can but get away. Such strange burst from out the waiter-world sets the *voyageur* musing.

A few moments more, and in come trooping the great polyglot flood—the *haute volée* of wanderers—graf, comte, baron, and my lord, as per morning's *fremdenblatt*, or news-sheet of arrivals. In come the flood of gentiles, and sit them down silently at the feast provided by the great king. Here are triumphs of Gallo-Germanic *cuisine*, syren-like *entremets*, compounded with infinite skill and cunning, and luring the unwary to tempestuous nights and bilious horrors,—with wines choice and fragrant, to make glad the heart of Gourmet. And so the feast makes progress in lively fashion enough, until some begin to rise and drop away by degrees, the *voyageur* with the rest, who lights him a gentle weed, and goes forth to enjoy an evening stroll.

By seven, he has made a circuit round a kind of infant *boulevard*, one very stunted and sickly, and finds himself standing under the porch of the Stadt-Theater. There is no crowd, no *queue*, as in the French theatre, and every one receives his ticket at the same bureau. Taking one for the *balcon*, the *voyageur* finds himself treated with distinction, and is led away up lonely stone flights, dimly illuminated, to be set down finally in the very front row of the *balcon*. Settling himself with care for the night, and laying open before him his libretto—his little book (*bookken*, would say the Irish)—the *voyageur* bethinks himself of taking a look round the house.

There are not very many gathered together to hear the weird music of Richard,—at the outside some two hundred, —*parterre* and *parquet* (that word will read like *parroquet*) being decently sprinkled. Sprinkled, too, among the heads, may be discerned divers leathern helmets, with the eternal brass spike; no doubt significant of the presence of his majesty's troops, who assist (professionally, alack!) at all performances.

But lo, the *chef*, all begloved and kempt, has entered the orchestra, and is carelessly turning over the leaves of his score, simpering pleasantly right and left upon his following. Anon a tingling sound is heard. *Chef* takes one last look round him, and raises his *bâton* aloft. People murmur "Hush!" and settle them in their places; and in a moment more the music of the future is abroad, and floating to all ears. The *voyageur* hearkens greedily.

First high up, very high upon the violins (all furnished with their mutes), there steals forth a thin delicate thread of sound—a low trembling cry, as of an infant; but so soft and tender, that people bend forward eagerly, as through fear it were about to pass away from them altogether. By and by it glides gently into a strange weird-like phrase,—for air it is not,—very wayward and fitful, and which may be termed the Dying Fall. For many times, and in many shapes, it recurs, stealing in after the same insidious fashion. This, too, still floats from the violins alone, from the same airy height. Then follows for a minute or more a phrase of a colder sort, curiously interlaced,—dry nourishment, as it were. Now does a viola drop in quietly, and perhaps an oboe. The stream begins to swell, and so glides in once more, in fuller measure, the dying fall. Sinking, swelling, it rolls on its course, dropping, as before, into the more earthly strain, wherein it seems to lose itself and be confounded. A little interlude, as it were, of slow intricate measures, and a stray note from the horn comes abroad. Clarionets, flutes, bassoons, begin to wake up, and lo, breaks forth again, like the sun from the clouds, with drums and trumpets sounding, and riotous clangour, the old refrain

of the dying fall. Only this time it is borne away upon the violoncelli, by them swung aloft triumphantly; whilst the violins perform fitful dances and elf-like measures round it. So the wild reel speeds on, until at last there comes a lull. Gradually drop away, one by one, trumpet, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, until at the end of all is only left the first delicate thread, fluttering softly as at the beginning. A moment more, and that too has passed softly away; nor can those who listen discern the moment of its passing. So endeth the *proem*, or overture, to the weird music of the future.

Unanimous bursts of approbation from every part of the house; and while the *voyageur*, utterly ravished with delight, is opening his book of poesy at the first page, the curtain floats upward slowly. But let him not too hopefully lay the delusive unction to his soul, that all will prove of the same enchanting quality. *O si sic omnia!* will he aspirate sadly within himself long after, recalling those magic harmonies. Such morsels are only so much nourishment for the weak, vouchsafed them by the prophet, lest they faint by the way. Meanwhile the stage is seen to be peopled with warriors armed with spear and shield, gathered for council in a green wood. For it is to be an ancient legend, from the old heroic times, bearing strong tint of that bit of Irish *diablerie* known as O'Donoghue of the Lakes. Now comes forward a warrior to the foot-lights, and begins to declaim, as it seems to the *voyageur*, touching the condition and prospects of one Heinrich the Fowler, then present; and this in a sort of half-recitative, half-Gregorian measure, like nothing so much as a snatch from the old Marcelline Mass. Every one listens curiously; these bald barren chords were certainly novel, in shape at least. Introduction, no doubt, all this. But soon five, ten minutes have passed by to the same monotonous chant, and an uneasy rustle flutters over the *parterre*. Still does the warrior go bravely onward for an inconceivable span of time,—for a good quarter of an hour by *voyageur's* watch,—and by and by is relieved by the Fowler striking in with a mystical observation, but only for a moment; and the intrepid warrior again takes up the Marcelline chant for another quarter or so. The *voyageur* feels weary, and has strange misgivings. This he sets down for so much psalmody, given with better effect in the great Dom at vesper-time. But hark! Relief is at hand. Already bright snatches of melody are hovering fitfully around the rude psalmody. Life-blood begins to warm up in the frozen instruments; there is a tremulousness abroad, as though some stirring crisis were at hand. The rock has been smote, and the stream comes gushing forth; and lo, the warriors, turning their faces to the audience, have burst into a mighty hymn, thrilling, soul-stirring, and welcomed gratefully by all, as a very spring in the desert. The *voyageur* looks up thankfully, and feels a thrill over him; for now the soft theme of the overture is being worked in most magically; then does it subside once more very dearly into the old psalmody.

And so, in this checkered fashion, does the opera move onward, a yarn of tangled good and evil commingled. Only the dreariness sensibly abates, and these high poetic bursts come more frequently. At the end of all, steals in for the last time that fairy strain of the beginning, but strangely altered—orchestra softly bearing it on below, while Lohengrin, the elf-king, now departing for his watery kingdom, and taking long and last farewell of his earthly mistress, chants another despairing strain, which chimes in curiously with the old dying fall. And when the curtain has fallen to a storm of applause, and the *voyageur* is wending homewards towards the great king, he bears with him, as *souvenir* of the famous opera, a confused sensation as of mysterious tremolos, checkered with chilling chords of brass—of long shapeless phrases, unbalanced and fragmentary—of wild snatches of melody, most passionate, most despairing—of notes shaped to resemble unearthly shrieks, of instruments borne into unwonted prominence, of utter absence of all airs with natural conclusion—in short, of a strange unheard-of miscellany, bearing much of good and

evil. And yet as he meditates over these things, sitting in reverie at the public fireside before going up to bed, that *voyageur* could not shut out from himself that this effort, though crude and ill-fashioned, and going further than was intended, held in it great element of reform, and was full of promise for the future. He afterwards studied in the book of Wagner (for, in Mormon fashion, the prophet has given written testimony to his disciples), wherein the philosophy of these matters is set forth and expounded. And as there is much that is unreadable, not to say unintelligible, which is like enough to scare away readers from the sounder portions, the *voyageur* has brought together such broader notions of the doctrine as would give a fair idea of the new religion. This may be done in a very few words. And first, to see what error there lies in the present system.

"Let any one think within himself what ought to be the true meaning and compass of the word 'opera.' It might be roughly defined to be a tale of passion, wherein music instead of language is adopted as the medium of expression; the music, it will be observed, being no more than a means, and subsidiary to the story. Without going further, it is plain enough that opera, as at present constituted, by no means falls under this definition. The music has been made the chief feature, the incidents being held for so many convenient pegs whereon to hang the composer's melodies. The progress of the drama is, moreover, being perpetually suspended to admit of the singers advancing to the footlights, and delivering themselves of *arias* and musical *entrechats*, which are but so many 'excrecences on the action. Again, the music has usually no special fitness for any particular crisis or passage; the composer's aim being, to produce music that will stand of itself, and bear translation to the *salon* or concert-room. Many such pieces, therefore, especially those of voluminous writers, might be transposed from opera to opera with little loss of effect. These are the crying sins of opera in its present shape, which is, indeed, not opera at all, but only a spurious kind of medley, which people, from custom, are willing to accept as such.

In this shipwreck, as it were, of true principles, the new teacher comes forward with his *projet*, which is for the most part simple enough, though mixed with many extravagancies. He would have the story and music linked inseparably together, the one to grow out of the other. Therefore, should the composer choose his *libretto* with exceeding care, and not set to work in true journeyman fashion upon the first presented to him, and so proceed to spin airs, trios, choruses, and the rest of it. Better still if he can write a drama for himself, and let music and poesy rush forth together at the same moment from the one brain: for there is poesy in music, and music in poesy, and the soul that is teeming with bright images and celestial fancies may find its expression in the one full as well as in the other. The *maestro* is poet with as much justice as his brother, who is, as it were, titulary so now. Let him, then, seek out something fresh and original, something that has touched his own heart and filled him with enthusiasm, and not shuffle together again the old ingredients. For hitherto what have been the elements of every opera, save these three—the *donna*, the lover, and a third party taking the shape, as wanted, of husband, rival, or cruel parent, who may be, therefore, justly styled the Impediment? What has been the course of all such drama but either the gradual *éloignement* of *donna* and lover through the agency of the Impediment, he standing over them at the close in true Nemesis-shape, or else their final and happy *rapprochement*. With utter confusion of the Impediment? So it comes, over and over again.

Further, must all superfluous *arias* and footlight *cabalettas* be ruthlessly lopped away: for what have such to do with the action, or how can they help it forward? All this music-speech must have its duty, and express something. And who will gainsay the prophet thus far? But after this, he drops into subtle speculations too paradoxical for general acceptance. For he would have it that music

is but a step beyond language, that it is but language sublimated; that ideas, things, in short, all manner of thought, may be conveyed by musical tones. All this is striven to be established by taking analogies from the musical character of the five vowels; from the iotus, or beat, in poetry; from gesture, a musical accompaniment as it were of speech; from emphasis, common alike to prose-speech and music-phrase. With such devices does he try to bridge over the broad gulf—fruitlessly it would seem.

Still it must be conceded, that for the more broadly-marked passions music is fully adequate as a means of expression. Joy, triumph, rage, horror, grief, devotion, may be thus directly conveyed; whilst others less tangible may be faintly shadowed forth through the same medium. With such for its subject-matter, music, though conveying nothing of itself, still has the effect of bringing the mind into congenial frame, into suitable tone. It will be remembered how happily this idea has been caught at upon the Parisian boards, where, in certain melodramas, the orchestra softly accompanies the spoken dialogue throughout; and in a famous spectacle, not long since presented at the Porte St. Martin, "Paris," wherein all the circle of conflicting passions were illustrated in this fashion, seemed to be dimly shadowed forth a new ideal of opera, a revival of stern Hellenic tragedy; perhaps what prophet Wagner was dreaming of, after all. For, from the beginning to the end, without intermission, did soft strains float from the orchestra, through which could be heard the melodious accents of the players.

Such are a humble rover's thoughts upon this matter, together with a plain account of what he heard in the city of Charlemagne.



CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM,—As I object strongly that the smaller members of our community (to say nothing of the larger ones) should be blown up, or otherwise injured, by playing with a dangerous toy, I am constrained to address a word of admonition to you respecting the vulcanised indiarubber globe-balloons so prevalent of late. A somewhat excited discussion has been going on in the columns of the *Times* newspaper respecting them: one set of correspondents pointing out their danger in no measured terms; others denying that they are dangerous; the manufacturer, on his part, soliciting people to go to his place of business and see them made. This is accomplished by injecting small bottles of vulcanised indiarubber with a gas lighter than atmospheric air. The gas alone, though always inflammable, is not explosive; but if it become mixed in any way with atmospheric air, an explosive mixture results, precisely analogous with the fire-damp which works such destruction in coal-mines. Now it is a well-known fact, that a gas cannot be retained pure in a mere membranous envelope. However perfect the walls of such envelope may appear to be, there are little pores, imperceptible to the eye, through which gaseous permeation will take place; and the curious point is, that the permeation is not all one way; portions of the gas will come out, and portions of the external air will come in. When a certain portion of atmospheric air has entered, the toy will be, there is no doubt, a highly dangerous thing, capable of giving rise to the most fearful explosive effects, if by chance ignited.

Independently of the explosive danger attendant upon these balloon-toys, there is another. No sooner has the

globe been punctured, and all the gas escaped which it originally contained, than a child will probably try to inflate it by air from his lungs. This involves applying to the mouth a dangerous poison. All circumstances considered, these balloon-toys are to be treated with the highest degree of circumspection.

To the Editors of the National Magazine.

SEEING in your Magazine a letter headed "An Aquarian in Trouble," I beg to send you the following account. My brother and I last year bought a 14-inch bell-glass for 3s. 9d., and a stand for 3s. 6d., which we placed in the drawing-room window, looking north-west, and proceeded to stock it. We first placed a piece of rockwork and a few shells at the bottom, and then filled it with river-water to within an inch of the brim; we then put in our live-stock, consisting of six gold-fish, four minnows, and one dace, the largest fish being only about four inches long; we also put a dozen snails in. We next proceeded to the Surrey Canal, and with our hands pulled out a quantity of Canadian weed, which we made into two or three bunches, and sank in the aquarium by tying a stone to the end of each. We then bought three feet of gutta-percha tube for 9d., and half a foot of very small tube (for the sucker), and made our syphon for the small sum of 10d.; whereas if you buy a syphon they will charge you 2s. 6d. for it. Now we have had this aquarium in action nearly a year, and have not lost a single fish. We every other day take out a little of the water, replacing it with fresh; and regularly every Saturday take out all the fish, and clean the glass thoroughly. Though there was no fire in the room during the late cold weather, the water never once froze, the only trouble being, that the snails would not do their duty. Now as to being adepts, you may guess from our ages, my brother being fifteen and I seventeen when we commenced, that we did not understand much about gold-fish, having never kept them before.

I am, &c.

A. C. L.

IMPROVED FLOWER-POTS.

Of all the implements of horticulture, the flower-pot has been least studied with a view to improvement. To be sure, the common pots are not inelegant, and ordinarily fulfil the conditions required of them; they are, in fact, as acceptable as ever. Still, considering the variety of modes that have to be adopted in the culture of plants that differ widely as to habit and constitution, there ought to be ten or twenty kinds of pots more than there are at present. To be as brief as possible, let me call the reader's attention to a newly-invented contrivance, which will be found of great service from this present moment till the end of the summer. It is called "Pascall's Patent Propagating-Pot," made and sold by Mr. Pascall, of the West-Kent Potteries, Chislehurst, Kent.

Fig. 1 represents this pot in section. It is in shape shallower than an ordinary pot; it has a rim round it to receive a bell-glass, a hole as usual for drainage, and the material is a very fine clean-looking clay-ware that looks well even on a drawing-room table.

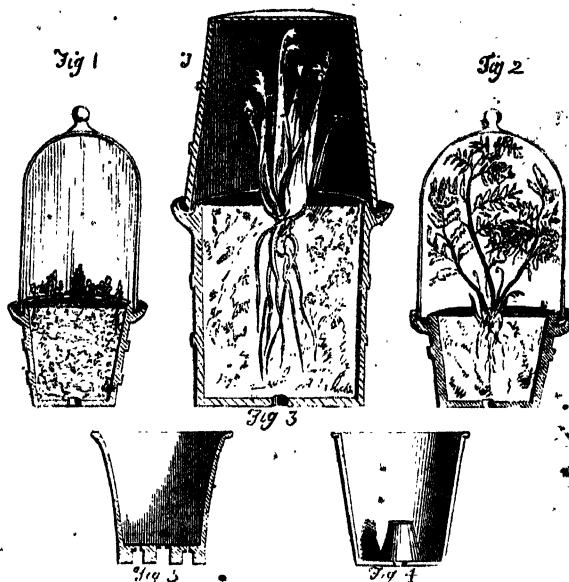
The uses of this pot are manifold. Suppose you have a number of plants from which you wish to take cuttings; you throw into the pot a handful of crocks for drainage; then fill up with light soil in which there is a large proportion of silver-sand mingled; press all firm, water freely, and leave to settle. The cuttings are then taken off; firm, woody, well-ripened, short joints being usually the best. The leaves are trimmed off neatly, with the exception of two or three near the leading bud, and the cuttings are put in all round the pot, every one of them touching the inner edge of the pot next the surrounding rim. A little silver-sand is then strewed all round the rim, and a bell-glass to fit is pressed down into the sand; and from that moment ten

to one if you need touch them again till they are rooted. Now this cannot be done with any ordinary pot; for the great secret in striking cuttings is, to have them touching the pot inside, where they root in half the time they would do if placed towards the centre; and if a bell-glass be pressed into the mould in a common pot, it is of course impossible to have the cuttings touching the pot itself. So far, these pots are of great value for striking cuttings of all kinds of choice plants,—heaths, fuchsias, calceolarias, pelargoniums, pansies; in fact, almost every thing that comes from cuttings. In syringing, whatever superfluous moisture may be given will rise and condense on the glass, and will trickle down away from the cuttings into the groove, and so escape altogether.

Besides their use in this way, these pots are a sort of extemporaneous Wardian Cases (fig. 2), in which the most delicate ferns, such as *Hymenophyllums*, *Trichomanes*, and others that cannot be grown except in a close moist air, may be brought to fine perfection. Used in this way, they form admirable window ornaments; and as they are made in sizes from four to twelve inches, the choice of plants for them may be extensive. *Dionaea muscipula* is a charming thing for the window, grown in one of these pots under a bell-glass; so is *Cephalotus follicularis*, the New Holland Pitcher Plant, which succeeds admirably in a compost of peat, chopped moss, and broken flower-pots; the glass over it being wiped dry, and a little air given daily. Delicate ferns may be so grown; and if the pots are surfaced round the ferns with *Lycopodiums*, and a little air given occasionally, a very pretty collection may be made for a most trifling outlay.

Another invention of Mr. Pascal's is the Sea-kale Pot (fig. 3), which is used for forcing and blanching sea-kale, rhubarb, or any of the salads which require to be blanched. The Sea-kale Pot is made on the plan of the Propagating-Pot, but instead of being covered with a glass-bell, it is covered with an opaque pot, which secures perfect darkness to the plants. This pot measures eleven inches in height, and thirteen inches across, from the opposite edges of the groove. If not wanted for sea-kale, a quantity of strong roots of the common dandelion might be potted into them, in leaf-mould and sand, and the darkening cover put on. If placed in a warm cupboard, or plunged in a gentle hotbed, the leaves would push quickly, and grow to a length of eight or ten inches, beautifully blanched, and forming the most delicate spring salad that can be eaten. This is the salad sold at Covent Garden under the name of "Barbe de Caputhin," and a famous thing it is both here and in Paris.

Long ago, Sir Joseph Paxton, in the *Magazine of Botany*, suggested that the ordinary garden-pot might be improved by having, instead of one hole for drainage, a number of holes pierced all over the bottom; for it might be remembered that we not only require to get rid of superfluous moisture, but to allow air to circulate amongst the roots of plants; and the want of air is often as much injury to the plants as being pot-bound or water-logged. Now any one may make an improved ventilating-pot out of a common garden-pot by inverting over the hole in the bottom a small thumb-pot, so as to form a hollow cone immediately under the root of the plant. (See fig. 4.) Many florists adopt this plan in potting, and it is made a bit of a secret of by some



who grow flowers for exhibition.

Another improvement is, a pot made to stand on feet, or rather the sides of the pot are continued about an inch below the bottom, so as to form a rim, and this rim is divided into segments to allow the water to escape (fig. 5). It will be noticed that if pots stand on a flat surface a considerable quantity of water is apt to lodge beneath them, so that when lifted we find a little pool. Now there is nothing more destructive to plants in pots than water stagnating about them. Even moisture-loving ferns will not stand it; so that, however we may drench the plants, there must be ample drainage to carry away what is not absorbed by the foliage and the soil, and these pots on feet are just the things to

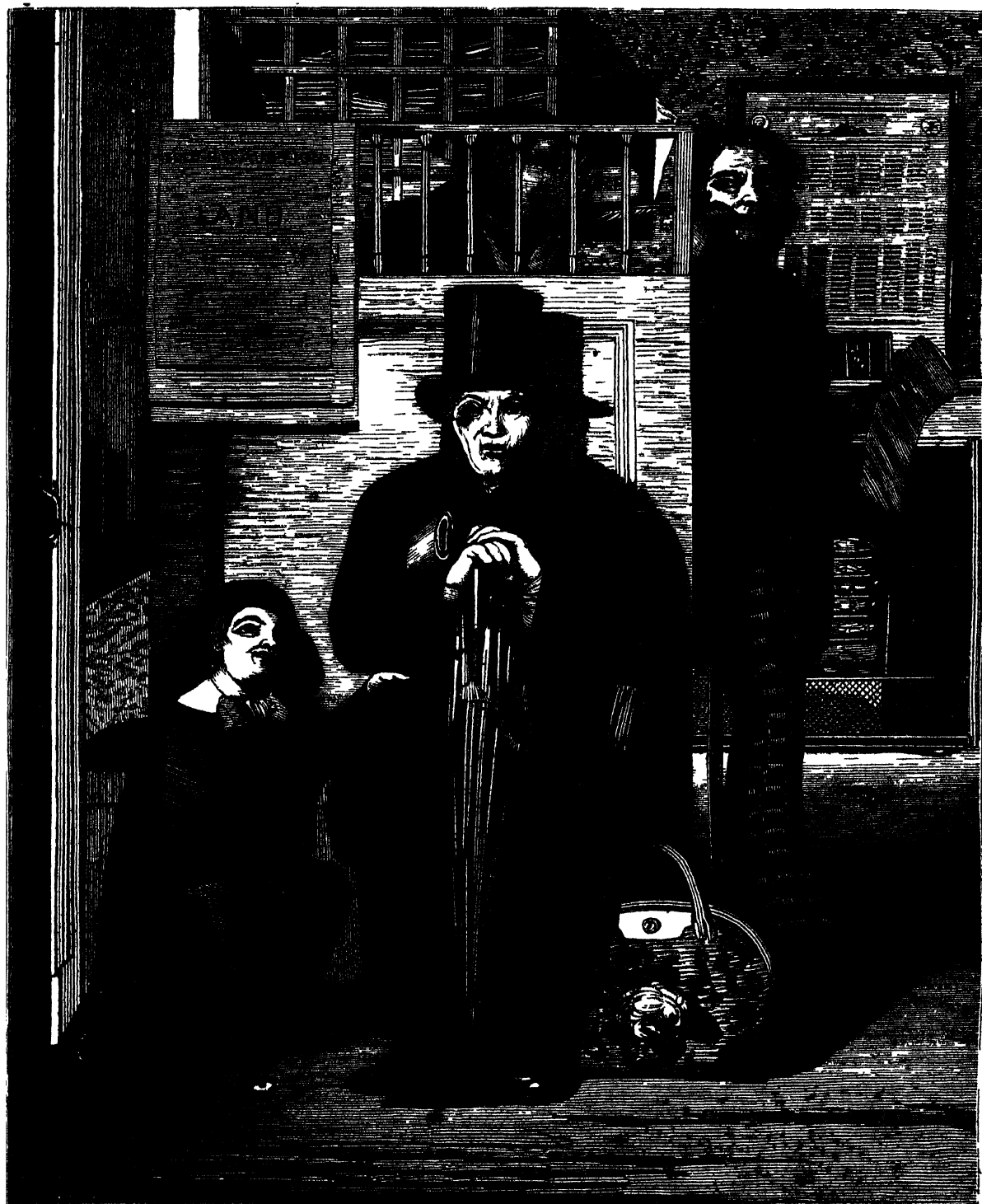
do it neatly. Any pottery would turn out pots of this kind to order.

We are in great need of ornamental pots for suspension; and we also want a pot made expressly for the growth of aquatics. Since ladies are partial to ornamental pots, I must here caution them against using any kind of porcelain or hard material, except as mere ornaments. A choice plant in a common porous pot may be dropped into an ornamental pot, and a little moist moss tucked in between the two, and do well; but if potted into any painted, varnished, or glazed receptacle, it will speedily perish through non-admission of air to the roots. Some ornamental pots are of porous material, and then they may do for the actual growth of plants; otherwise let the plant remain in a common pot, and find an ornamental one large enough to receive it.

To grow aquatic or amphibious plants in pots is a very simple affair. Take two pots, one of a size to fit loosely within the other. Into the drainage-hole of the largest insert a cork, and with a sharp knife cut off the cork outside flush with the bottom of the pot, which will enable it to stand firmly. Then fill the smaller pot with the proper soil,—chopped moss and peat is generally the best for aquatics; sow the seeds, or insert the plants into the soil, and then drop the small pot into the larger one, and fill the space between them with moss. You can now give any amount of water you please, either to keep the soil moderately moist, or to preserve the plant constantly in a pool. In this way I raised a number of plants of *Alisma plantago*, of which I distributed seed last autumn. I sowed the seed in pots so prepared, and set them in a Waltonian case till the plants had two leaves a-piece; then hardened them off, potted them singly in the same way, and now I have a stock of strong specimens for the aquarium. *Thalia dealbata*, *Valisneria spiralis*, *Myosotis palustris*, or Marsh Forget-me-not, Water-soldier, and many other choice aquatics, may be grown in the same way.

The suburban potteries are by no means up to the mark in the manufacture of garden-pots. At Kew Gardens the choicest plants are in pots that come two hundred miles, though Kew is surrounded by potteries. In fact, if we want large pots to hold superb specimen-plants, the Weston-super-Mare pots are at present the only ones that are to be trusted; and I advise those who have plants they prize to pay the extra expense of carriage, as they do at Kew, rather than risk plants of large growth in pots that may fall to pieces as soon as they are filled with roots.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS. NO. XIII.

PAINTED BY J. CAMPBELL, JUN.

WAITING FOR LEGAL ADVICE.

(SEE PAGE 54)

THE ROMAIC BALLADS.—No. III.

By PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

We shall conclude our short selection of voices from the living Greek people by some ballads of a miscellaneous description.

Those who have read Dr. Finlay's classical works on the history of Christian and medieval Greece will have brought with them a strong impression of the completeness with which all heathen reminiscences have been swept away from the tablets of the national memory. In the popular literature of the Teutonic nations many characteristic elements of the old mythology remained; and, being incorporated with Christian doctrine and sentiment, formed that motley texture of which we still have so many quaint and significant examples in the *Volks-bücher*, or chap-books of the Germans. But in the Romaic ballads the heathen element is almost null; and if there are certain customs and usages among the modern Greeks manifestly derived by direct descent from the classical times (as in the case of the well-known *χελιδόνισμα*, or swallow-song, sung to welcome the spring), these have maintained their ground more from the deep human feeling out of which they spring than from any thing characteristically Hellenic that they preserve. Almost the single reference to the classical mythology that the modern popular songs contain is in the person of CHARON, the grim old ferryman, with "terrible squalor" and "ferruginous boat," whom we all know from Virgil. This personage appears in the Romaic ballads as the impersonated god of death, performing the same functions as the grinning figure with scythe and sand-glass so often exhibited on the tombstones even of those extreme Protestants who are most afraid of the worship of images. Take the following speci-

THE SHEPHERD AND CHARON.

A brisk young man came o'er the hills, with light and lively tread;

His hair was curled, his fez was nicely slanted on his head.

Him Charon saw with jealous eye from a lofty mountain bare, Then to the narrow pass came down, and waited for him there.

"Young man, young man, whence comest thou, and whither dost thou go?"

"From pasturing my sheep I come, and to my home I go; I go to fetch a loaf of bread, then backward wend my way."

"And me, young man, the Lord hath sent to fetch thy soul this day."

"O, Charon, Charon, let me live! this prayer I pray to thee;

A young and lovely wife is mine, a widow she may not be. If she with lightsome step shall walk, they'll say the widow's naughty;

If slow and soberly she go, they'll say she's proud and haughty. A troop of children dear is mine, orphan'd they may not be!"

But stiffly, stiffly Charon stood, no ruth was in his eye.

"Charon, sith thou hast will'd it so, and wilt not let me go,

We'll wrestle here till I shall win, or thou shalt lay me low;

Then, Charon, if thou conquer me, my soul is in thy hand;

But, Charon, if I conquer thee, I'm free from thy demand."

From morn till afternoon they fought, with mickle sweat and pain,

But at vespers the youth was down, and never rose again.

There is a tone of strange familiarity about this encounter with the general enemy that recalls to our mind a rude sculpture in a Scottish churchyard, described in one of his graphic pulpit-discourses by Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, in which the deceased person is represented as shaking hands with the grim king of terrors, whose broken dart is lying on the ground beside a skull. Religion had turned defeat into a triumph; and the mortal, now clothed with immortality, was exchanging a friendly greeting with the last and greatest enemy of man as with a familiar friend.

The Greeks have always been great sailors, from Phormio down to Miaulis; they have never wanted great sea-captains of whom it would have been an honour to any Pindar of the people to sing the praises. It would be strange indeed if we did not find some traces of this sea-life in the popular songs; but there is manifestly—by what chance were vain

to inquire—a want of the British vigour and lustiness in the Romaic associations with the sea. There is not a single echo of Dibdin in our whole collection. On the contrary, the few sea-ballads that we have are of a decidedly pathetic character, and look upon the mass of briny waters only as the great divider of family bonds, and the destroyer of maternal hopes. Witness the following:

THE SAILOR.

Hast thou a daughter fit to wed, then choose, to wed thy daughter

ploughs the water.

Hard is his life and full of toil that risks the briny billow;

Upon a sapless crust he dines; he sleeps without a pillow.

When in the dark fore-castle sick he lies, and sharp pains rend him,

No mother sits his hammock near, no loving wife may tend him,

Sister and brother both are far, no soul is near to love him.

Only the captain and the mate with angry words reprove him:

"Come, rouse thee, rouse thee, lazy loun, 'tis now no time for lying!"

Come, count the hours, and shew thy skill; the harbour we are nighing."

"Ye bid me rise, but I am sick, ay, sick and near to dying."

Come, raise me up, that I may rest upon my elbow lightly,

And take three towels cool, and bind them round my temples tightly;

And round my head this kerchief, wove by one that loves me dearly;

Then spread this luckless chart of mine. The course I'll tell you clearly:

This mountain, stretching here and there, where sable storms assailing—

Assault the peak, and long white mists around its base are trailing,—

Here land; the harbour there is deep; to the larboard throw your cable,

And cast your anchor to the south, the ground is sure and stable.

I pray thee, captain, and sir mate, for Christian love, I pray thee,

Not in the church my body lay, nor in the cloister lay me;

But on the rim of the pebbly shore, and where the waves are beating,

That when my comrades pass I may be near to catch their greeting.

Farewell, farewell, my comrades brave, that with me late and early

Oft raised the dear familiar shout, 'Yo-ho, boys, yo-ho yarely!'"

He spake, and closed his swimming eyes, and saw the day no more.

In a yet more melancholy strain is the following:

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Whoso would hear the dark lament, and the dismal cry of the mourner,

To Moroa's cities let him go, and list at each street-corner.

There weeps the mother for the son, and the son for the mother is weeping;

They sit and look out on the shore, their watch at the window

Like partridges they droop their heads, like ducks their feathers tearing,

And sable as the raven's wing is the robe that they are wearing.

They sit and watch the light-wing'd barks that travel o'er the sea.

"Ye mighty ships and little boats that travel o'er the sea,

Say, have ye seen Joannes mine, the son that's dear to me?"

"And if I saw Joannes thine, how should I know 'twas he?"

Give me a sure and certain sign, I'll tell the truth to thee."

"A tall and slender youth was he, and tall as a cypress-tree;

He on his finger wore a ring, with a jewel fine and fair,

But his finger shone more fair and fine than did that jewel rare."

"Just now on Barbary's sandy shore we saw thy dear son lying,

White birds did eat his flesh, and sable birds were round him

One only bird, a kindly bird, to eat his flesh was shy;

Then spake he to that kindly bird, with parched lips and dry:

"Peck, pretty bird, the shoulder-blade of a strong and valiant man,

'Twill give thy wings an ell of growth, 'twill give thy nails a span;

Then will I write upon thy wings three letters; to my mother

The first shall be with woe's full news, to my sister dear the other;

The third, the last, to that dear maid whom in my heart I keep;

And when my mother dear shall read, my sister dear shall weep;

And when my sister reads, the maid that in my heart I'm keeping
Shall weep; and when she reads, the world shall echo round
with weeping."

We would direct attention in this ballad to "the slenderness" of the young sailor as being one of the most striking characteristics of the present race of Greeks. Not unfrequently, indeed, this national light elegance of form becomes a deformity, when conceited young gentlemen in the metropolis lace themselves tight about the waist (like some of our military bucks), the wasp-like tenuity of which is made more obvious by the contrast which the flaunting breadth of the many-folded white kilt presents. But when not pushed by artificial means into caricature, there can be no doubt that the slenderness of the Greek figure, as contrasted with what we are accustomed to see in this beef-eating country, is not at all unmanly; since it is a necessary accompaniment of that wonderful litherness and flexibility, both in mind and body, which has always been a prominent characteristic of the Greek race. A poetic preacher of some notoriety, now dead, said that there was something "elephantine" about the Scotch. In the same style of national portrait-painting, we may say that there is something serpentine about the Greeks.

The following ballad exhibits what is no doubt a picture, taken from the life, of one of those tragic encounters that arise out of the brigand-life to which the Greeks have been so long accustomed.

THE BROTHERS.

A merchant-man came down the hill, a goodly man to see;
A goodly train he had with him, twice twelve strong mules and three.

Right in the middle of the road, stout robbers met him there,
And seized his mules, and to unload his wallets they prepare.
"O spare my sorely-burdened mules, good sirs, I you implore;
With loading and reloading them so oft my breast is sore."
The captain of the band was wroth, and thus he stands and says:
"Thou dog, thou harlot's whelp! Mark this, not for his life he prays,
Not for himself, but for the mules he loves so tenderly.
Come, strike like men, my gallant boys!" the captain he did cry;
"That where he gets the blow from you, the craven there may lie!"

The robbers they did pity him, when they his mottle saw;
The captain like a lion rushed that comes with hungry maw,
And plunged his dagger in his side. The merchant bleeding lies,
And from a burden'd breast he sobs, and sobbing, thus he cries:
"O father mine, O mother, where art thou to weep for me?"
"Who is thy mother, merchant-man? To her I'll write for thee."
"My mother she from Arta came, my sire's in Cretan land,
My eldest brother left his home, and joined a robber-band."
The captain trembled. In his arms he bore the bleeding man
To where the cunning surgeons were, and thus to speak began:
"Full many a sinking life ye saved when grisly Death was near;
This gallant youth save with your skill: it is my brother dear."
"Full many a sinking life we saved of wounded human kind,
But such a gaping wound as this no skill of man may bind."
The brother to the brother spake, with fainting speech and low,
"Now take these mules, dear brother mine, and to my father go."
"How can I to my father go, and say to my sonless mother,
The master of these mules I slew, and the slain man was my brother?"

The following serenade from Thessalonica (now called Saloniki) is simple and pretty.

SERENADE.

At Saloniki's gate there sat
A manly youth and fair,
And nicely trimmed his curling hair.
A tambour in his hand he held,
And as the tuneful numbers swelled,
"Twas thus he sung and said:
"Thou golden window o'er my head,
Thou lattice trim and neat,
Go tell thy mistress coy and sweet
To steal a glance into the street,
That her dark eyes and mine may meet.
No dragon am I on her to sup;
No wolf to eat her up."

We conclude with a piece which, for fine dashing fire

and wild adventure, puts us in mind of Burger's famous ballad of "Leonora," with the terrible chorus-burden, *Hurrah, die Todten reiten schnell.*

THE ABDUCTION.

As I was sitting, and ate my bread beside a marble table,
My black steed snorted loud, my sword within its sheath was rattling.

What means this sound? I know too well; they're marrying to another,
They pledge to him and not to thee, the fair maid whom thou

The bridal blessing waits for him, for him the wreath is waiting.
I'll go, I'll go to my black steeds; I went to my five and seventy.
Of all my seventy and five black steeds, when I shall mount him,
Which to the east, with lightning's speed, which to the west will bear me?

My black steeds knew their master's voice, and poured a bloody urine;
My mares all knew their master's voice, and cast their foals for sorrow.

One steed there was, one old black steed, with forty wounds scarr'd over:
"I'm old," quoth he, "and gaunt to see, and my limbs are stiff for racing;

But for the love I bear thy love I'll stretch my limbs in racing.
She in her rounded apron spread the daily corn that fed me;
She in her white and hollow hand held water for my drinking."
Swiftly he saddles his good black steed, and swiftly away he rideth.

"Now, master, bind around thy head three ells and four of linen;

Not like a dainty cavalier ride nicely on, but spur me;
Else in my veins young blood may mount again, and I will cast thee,
And dash thy scatter'd brains nine ells upon the grass around thee."

He gives the whip to his good black steed; four times ten miles it rideth:

He whips again, his good black steed rides five good miles and forty;

And as he prick'd along the road, to God he pray'd in heaven,
"Great God, my father may I find where he his vines is trimming!"

He like a Christian pray'd the prayer, and like a saint was answered;

And found his father dear forthwith, where he his vines was trimming.

"God bless thee, honest graybeard! say, whose vineyard art thou trimming?"

"Wo worth the day, it is my son's, my evil-starred Joannes!
This day they've ta'en the maid he loved to give her to another;
The bridal blessing and the wreath are waiting for another."

"Now tell me, tell me, shall I come in time for the bridal banquet?"

"The wightest steed that thou canst ride will bring thee to the banquet;

A steed that's not so wight will bring his rider to the blessing."
He gives his whip to the good black steed, and forty miles it bears him;

He whips again, his good black steed rides five good miles and forty;

And as he prick'd along the road to God he prayed in heaven:
"God grant my mother I may find where she the garden waters!"

He like a Christian pray'd the prayer, and like a saint was answered.

"God save thee, dame! and who is he whose garden thou art watering?"

"Wo worth the day, it is my son's, my evil-star'd Joannes!
This day they've ta'en the maid he loves to give her to another;
Another waits the bridal wreath, another takes the blessing."

"Now tell me, tell me, shall I come in time for the bridal banquet?"

"The wightest steed that thou canst ride shall bring thee to the banquet;

A steed that's not so wight, well spurr'd, shall bring thee to the blessing."

He gives his whip to the good black steed, and forty miles it bears him;

He whips again, his good black steed rides five good miles and forty.

The black steed neigh'd: the virgin knew what knight was come to save her.

"My bride, my bride, say who is he that rides so quick to greet thee?"

"It is my eldest brother brave, my bridal gift he brings me."

"If 'tis thy brother, crown the cup, and let him here be welcome;
 If 'tis thy lover, I will drown his light of day in darkness."
 "It is my brother, well I wot; my bridal gift he beareth."
 She went and took a golden cup, and crown'd it for his welcome.
 "Stand on my right, fair maid, and with thy left the wine be pouring."
 The black steed knelt upon the ground, and on his back she mounted;
 Then off they ride like wingèd winds! the Turks their guns are seizing.
 The fleet black steed they saw no more, and scarce the dust behind him:
 The Turk that had the wightest steed, he saw the dust behind them;
 The Turk whose steed was not so wight nor dust nor horse discovered.

Such are a few of those wild wood-notes from a neglected and half-barbarous people which still inspire with living breath and harmony the language which more than two thousand years ago served as an organ for the cosmical speculations of Plato and the patriotic protests of Demosthenes. If they are not remarkably original and brilliant, they are at least sure indications of the existence of a vigorous, healthy, and unsophisticated peasantry, of which a great nation may yet be made by a real "king of men" and "shepherd of the people," when he appears. Sir Archibald Alison is undoubtedly very far wrong when he talks of a restoration of the Byzantine empire as a thing to be dreamt of in the present generation: but the Romaic Ballads are living signals of hope, hung out by a people whose persistent vitality is evidently capable of many a remote and unlooked-for metamorphosis. Who knows to whom St. Sophia may belong in the year of grace one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine?

NOBODY'S DOG.

By ANDREW HALLIDAY.

It was on a cold, dark, foggy night in November, as I was trudging homewards, encumbered by a fearful amount of great-coat, goloshes, and umbrella, that I was accosted by a large white dog. After some time, I perceived that he was looking up in my face, as if wishing to attract my attention.

"Pray, whose dog are you?" I inquired.

The poor brute looked up at me with a pitiful expression, and I read my answer in his heavy, beseeching eye:

"Alas, sir, I am nobody's dog."

"Poor brute!" I exclaimed, "I pity you, and would take you home, and give you supper and a dry bed in the cellar, if I dared; but I have a cross old housekeeper who hates your species, and whom even the footprint of one of your race on the door-step driveth to the verge of madness. Go along, sir!"

The dog took a backward jump, and retreated precipitately.

I soon fell into one of those musing moods which a walk through quiet and deserted streets rarely fails to beget in the least thoughtful minds. I gave way to thinking, and my thoughts were of dogs. There was no workhouse for dogs, as there was for Christians, and even pagans. If a dog lost his master, or was drowned, or fell into decay, what was he to do? He could not garrotte a baker in the street; he could not swindle shareholders, or chalk a mackerel on the pavement; he could not write begging letters, or advertise his distress in the papers; nor could he go to his fellow-dogs, and appeal to them with any hope of success. What could he do? He might possibly be able to rob a butcher's shop of a steak, but even then every thing would be against his getting clear off with his prize. Clearly the case of dogs in reduced circumstances was a very hard one, and something ought to be done for them. I was just thinking what that something should be, when I became sensible of a pattering sound on the pavement behind me; and on turning round, behold there was my white four-footed friend

close at my heels. Dear, dear! Well; after my philanthropic (or rather philocynic) theory about reduced dogs, I could not with any grace dismiss this canine waif until I had made some endeavour to mitigate his distresses. The brute seemed to start up to put me to the proof. Seeing, with the quick perception of his nature, that I was softened towards him, he approached nearer, and once more appealed to me with doleful looks.

"Poor dog!" said I; "you are doubtless hungry, as well as weary and cold. Come, I will do my duty towards you as a Christian, and give you something to eat. And with that I led the way into a tavern, the dog following.

"Now, nobody's dog, what will you have?"

There was quite another expression in his face now. The hang-dog look had vanished in an instant, and his eyes beamed with expectancy. "What will you have, nobody's dog?" He wagged his tail and smacked his lean chops, as much as to say, "Any thing, so that you give it me quickly." I tossed him half of a biscuit, which he bolted at a gulp. Another disappeared in the same way; but the eager hungry eye was still watching the motion of my hand. "More" was written there as plainly as "No Smoking allowed in this compartment" was written upon the partition which kept the scene of our refectory select. More he had; but never so much as a wink did that dog allow to obscure the watchfulness of that eager eye of his, until he had bolted four biscuits.

"Come, now, I think you will do, nobody's dog;" and going out into the street, I endeavoured, by flourishing my umbrella in a threatening manner, and otherwise conducting myself objectively, to make it understood by that dog that I conceived I had done my duty by him, and was resolved to be troubled no more. The dog retreated hastily, and seizing the favourable moment, I turned a corner and ran away. On reaching home, I found a comfortable fire in my room, and the faithful Mrs. Brown, my housekeeper, preparing supper.

"I have been bothered by a dog following me, Mrs. Brown."

"O, drat all dogs, I say," replied Mrs. Brown tartly.

"I really thought he would have followed me home, and insisted on my taking him in."

"Then it's lucky he didn't," said Mrs. Brown, flourishing the poker a little. "I hate dogs."

* * * * *

I had disposed of my supper, and had smoked my cigar down to the stump, when I was startled by a noise at the street-door, as of some one trying the lock. Presently the noise was repeated; and this time it sounded, I thought, like the noise of a saw. At that time of night, in a suburban neighbourhood, it was natural to think of burglars. I armed myself with the poker, and crept quietly out into the passage. "Who's there?" I called. No answer. Presently the scratching was resumed. "Who's there?" I called again. This time there was an answer, and it came through below the door in the shape of a low whine. A suspicion of the truth instantly flashed across me, and I at once undid the chain and opened the door; and there, on the door-step, covered with mud, dripping with wet, and shivering with the cold, stood, or rather crouched, that big, white, vagabond dog, whom I had congratulated myself on having got rid of for ever.

"What do you want now, you exorbitant, ungrateful, insatiable dog?" He whined and shivered pitifully, as if to remind me of the relentless rain and biting cold.

"Well; come in, you tiresome brute; it is a cruel night to be sure, and you appear to have had enough of it." I took that dog in, I wiped his feet for him on the mat, lodged him on some straw in the coal-cellar, and retired to rest with a sense of having done my duty that day, if ever I had in my life. I have heard that well-doing conduces to all kinds of happiness, even to sound sleep and pleasant dreams. I ought, then, to have slept well that night, and I believe I did; but whether I enjoyed pleasant dreams or

not, I cannot say; but I do know that I was awake next morning by a fearful row in the house. Bang, bang—get out—hi—bang, bang—got out—bang—yelp! I thought of the dog; and rushing to the door of my room, I discovered the good Mrs. Brown on the landing charging my *protégé* in a most savage and deadly manner.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Brown? what's the matter?" I shouted.

"A great, big, ugly, white dog, has got into the house," cried the agonised lady; "and he's been and left his marks all along the passage." (Bang—yelp!)

"Don't hurt him, Mrs. Brown; don't hurt him. I let him in; it's my fault." (Bang—yelp!)

Being now dressed, I hurried to the rescue of the innocent animal, upon whose devoted head Mrs. Brown's stair-broom was evidently taking lethal effect; but I could achieve little for the poor brute beyond a respite from the persecution of the broom. Mrs. Brown couldn't abide dogs; and with a declaration to that effect, she retired to the regions below.

I took nobody's dog with me into the parlour, designing, if possible, to awaken in his mind a sense of the trying position in which his importunate conduct had placed me; but while revolving whether instant elimination, enforced by kicks, would not be at once the most impressive and effectual mode of making myself understood, the faithful, but in this instance impetuous, Mrs. Brown, burst into the room in a state of great excitement, and cried,

"There! there's your protiggy!" In each hand Mrs. Brown extended a plate. On one reposed a roll of butter, on the other a bloater. The butter showed marks of teeth, and had a decided appearance of having been licked; the bloater was gnawed and mangled beyond even maternal recognition. There was an awful pause; and to a third party, I fancy the *tableau* presented at that moment would have been highly imposing. There stood Mrs. Brown indignant and accusatory; there sat I, overwhelmed, astonished, hurt; and there sat the vagabond dog, crouching on his haunches under my glance, with a look that unmistakably proclaimed him guilty.

"And look here," cried Mrs. Brown, turning to another clause in the indictment,—“look at the marks of his feet all along the passage and down the stairs.”

"Well, Mrs. Brown, what am I to do with him?"

"Drown him," Mrs. Brown said; and she said it from the bottom of her heart.

"O, Mrs. Brown, that would be cruel. No; I could not drown him; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take him out and lose him."

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Brown tartly; "you'll lose that dog, or lose me, Mr. John—there!"

Did Mrs. Brown, my good, faithful, attached Mrs. Brown, contemplate giving me warning? The bare thought of such a thing armed me with resolution. I put on my hat and coat, and left the house, whistling the dog after me. Whither should I go? To what *terra incognita* should I bend my steps? In fact, how should I contrive to lose this troublesome dog?

I decided to be guided by fate, and set out, the dog following at my heels, apparently perfectly unconscious of my design against him. He trotted now before me, now behind me, looked up at me, wagged his tail, and occasionally stopped to say a word or two to other dogs; probably to inform them that he had found a master who had plenty of bloaters and butter in his cupboard, and that consequently he was now all right. Little did he think that the end and object of all his master's evolutions at that moment; his darting down by-streets and through the mazes of news, his sudden disappearances round corners and down alleys, his rushing in at the front-doors of shops and stealing out at the back doors, his getting behind hoardings and into sly enclosures,—little did that unsuspecting dog conceive that all this was the desperate execution of a deeply-laid plan for losing him, and throwing him once more upon the

cruel, rainy, foggy, sloppy, victualless, and bedless world, a masterless, houseless, hungry, mendicant, vagrant dog. But for some time my best and most desperate efforts were as vain and fruitless as if he had known my intent, and been watching every move to defeat it. At length, in the remote and unexplored regions of Islington a favourable opportunity presented itself. I seized it; and while the dog was engaged in a long and earnest confabulation with another dog, I jumped in at the open door of an omnibus, and the next instant was driven off. After a prudent interval, I ventured to peep out from behind the panel, but no dog could I see. I had eluded him at last; well, thank goodness!

I got out at the Bank, with the intention of proceeding onward by another omnibus. As the conductor tendered me sixpence in change, he said, "Is this your dog, sir?"

As I live, there was the dog again at my heels, wagging his tail and stretching his jaws as much as to say, "Am I not a clever faithful dog now, to discover my good master and follow him so far, and never once lose sight of him?" How was I to kick the brute, or strike him, with that innocent look of self-satisfaction in his face? I could not do it. Still I was resolved to commit the negative cruelty of losing him. Ha! should I hurry to the Thames, and pitch him in, take him by the scruff of the neck and fling him from the bridge into the—rolling tide? I was neither cruel nor melodramatic enough for that; and I think a sort of regret did pass through my mind at the time that I had not been born a villain. But, alas, I had been born a diplomatist; and diplomacy must be my weapon. I took a ticket at the steamboat pier, gave sixpence to an idler to keep back the dog, and rushed along the gangway to the boat. I was just in time; as I planted my foot on the deck the vessel moved off. Looking up to the shore, I saw the dog and the man struggling; the next instant, the dog broke from the man's grasp and rushed to the pier. He was too late. But, O, how shall I describe the feeling of mingled pain and pleasure which shot through my heart, as I saw that dog leap from the pier into the river and bravely breast the waves to follow me!"

A shout of admiration was raised from the boat and echoed back from the shore. A hundred eyes were upon the dog. The boat, which had shot straight across the stream for the purpose of turning, was now nearing the shore again, so that she came within a few yards of the spot where the dog was battling with the tide. The passengers now rushed in a body to the bulwarks to watch the noble swimmer. No one appeared more interested in the scene than the captain. His attention was so absorbed by the dog, that he appeared to forget all about his duties. There he stood on the paddle-box watching him. A sudden thought struck me, and I pulled the captain by the skirts:

"Stop for him, captain, he is my dog."

"That I will," said the man, in a tone of enthusiasm; and in an instant the order was given—"Stop her!"

One of the men threw out a rope with a noose at the end of it, and the next instant the dog floated over it, fell into the "bite" and was dragged on deck amidst a burst of cheers. I need not say that for the rest of that journey, my dog and I were the centre of attraction, the admired of all admirers. Every one had something to say to the dog, something to give him. As for myself, I think every individual person on the boat had a word to say to me. One man, more enthusiastic than the rest, who had rummaged his pockets in vain for something to give the dog, appeared quite unhappy until he had invited me to have something to drink with him when we got on shore.

I had forgotten Mrs. Brown, but Mrs. Brown had now to be faced. I could not part from the dog now. The very thought of having conspired to lose such a noble animal had become a sting in my conscience. I took heart of grace, and resolved to face Mrs. Brown at all hazards. I had never been afraid of Mrs. Brown in my life, not even in my youthful days, when that good lady had been accustomed

to invoke Bogie upon me; but on this occasion I am bound to say, that I stood on my own door-step, and knocked at my own door with a fluttering and misgiving heart. The door was opened by Mrs. Brown herself, and I entered, the dog following me. The good lady did not see the animal at first; but as she turned round from shutting the door her eye suddenly fell upon his white form in the full glare of the candle. I saw that she was about to demonstrate both by action and speech; but before she could utter a word or lift a leg I interposed.

"Don't speak, Mrs. Brown; not utter a word until you hear what I have to say." I led her into the parlour, placed her in an arm-chair, and sat down before her. I then related to her the adventures of the day. I threw as much pathos into the narrative as I was master of, and worked up the incidents to a climax quite dramatically I thought. Mrs. Brown listened to the end patiently, but betraying no emotion one way or other; and when I had done rose calmly, took up her candle, and left the room. When she brought up my dinner the dog was lying at full length on the rug; but Mrs. Brown's countenance was serene, and she uttered never a word.

For some time after his installation, the dog preserved a timidity of manner that gave me the idea of his being naturally of a retiring and modest disposition; but as he became accustomed to the place, and began to feel his *status* secure, this modesty and reserve rapidly wore off; and instead of crouching near me at the parlour-fire, as he had been wont to do, he now ranged about the premises at will. By and by he began to bark when people called; and it was not long before he felt it incumbent upon him to conduct himself offensively towards the tradespeople. He snarled at the butcher, barked at the greengrocer, and had several times sprung upon the baker so savagely, that I was led to suspect the man of bread of giving short weight. On making inquiry, I found that this was the case, though I was disposed to think that I should have found it so at any time. Mrs. Brown had been silent hitherto, but now she must speak. She came in one morning, fresh and floury from a dumpling, to say that the dog had got hold of the baker by the leg, and was worrying him alive. I hastened to the rescue, and found that this was so far from being the case, that the dog had only got hold of the baker by the corduroys; but these, it must be confessed, he was treating in a manner utterly regardless of their expense—I mean to the baker. I rescued the baker, and applied the salve of half-a-crown to his corduroys; but on consulting with his legal adviser, the man returned, and insisted upon five shillings, which I gave to save "further proceedings," though I was convinced that the corduroys could never, even in the full vigour of their prime and bad smell, have been worth half that amount. Mrs. Brown said nothing; but she evidently thought the more. I was now fain to admit that I had mistaken the character of the dog. He was clearly a vicious, mischievous dog, a dog to beware of. So next morning I chained him up in the washhouse by means of a clothes-line, officiously and offensively furnished by Mrs. Brown. I could now await the butcher, the greengrocer, and even the baker, with serenity. They came and went with safety both as respects their limbs and their garments; and I was just thinking of going to release the prisoner for a little recreation, when my intention was arrested by a loud knocking at the door, and presently a great deal of talking and shuffling in the hall. I hurried out to find a flurried group, consisting of Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Duckling, my next-door neighbour, and her servant, all talking at once loudly and angrily. Mrs. Duckling held what appeared to be a dead fowl in her hand, and this seemed to be the subject of the pother. What did I say to this? My dog had done it—had killed Mrs. Duckling's pet bantam, a little pet that she had cherished dearer than her life—the brute, the savage, the monster, the,—and Mrs. Duckling sank into a chair, sobbing and weeping bitterly. Then the maid took up the tale, and by the time she had done Mr. Duckling came in, and he began; and altogether there was

such a hullabaloo, that people began to gather about the door, expecting probably to see me arrested for forgery, if not murder. But Mrs. Duckling was not to be comforted. Nothing could compensate her for the loss of her darling pet; and as she repeated this over and over again, she fondled the dead fowl in her bosom, and basted its body with tears. Mr. Duckling, who was a more prosaic sort of person, insisted upon the market-value of the article, which he rated at ten shillings, which I gladly gave him to get rid of the exhibition which had by this time collected quite a crowded audience on the door-step.

But whatever hopes I had of the dog's reformation, they were soon destined to be dashed and disappointed. He had already, I found, acquired a bad repute in the neighbourhood; and it only required the affair of Mrs. Duckling's fowl to call forth public opinion respecting him. There was no end of complaints against that dog. He had stolen a chop, worried a cat, attempted to bite a boy, knocked over a child, and had done every thing bad that a dog could possibly do. In fact the dog had got a bad name, and I might hang him without judge or jury. But in grateful remembrance of the devotion and attachment which he displayed towards me on that memorable day, when he braved the tide of the Thames for my sake, I stood between him and his detractors manfully; and I would have stood between him and them to the last, had he not shortly afterwards handed me over to my enemies and his, by biting Johnny Smith in the leg. Johnny Smith's mother brought in the mangled body of her hopeful son and laid it on the hall-table. Mrs. Brown came in flurried haste to summon me with the intelligence that the dog had actually bit a piece out of Johnny Smith's leg. Mrs. Smith stood over the prostrate form of her son like a female Mark Antony, and eloquently exposed his wrongs and his wounds. As Antony lifted up great Cæsar's mantle, so Mrs. Smith turned back her son Johnny's trowsers, and pointing to his injuries, seemed to say, "See what a rent the envious rascal made." There was no piece out of the limb, however, though certainly the young Cæsar's blood had "rushed out of doors," to make the affair look ugly enough.

Mrs. Duckling's tears and lamentations were positively heart-rending, until the sight of a sovereign partially restored her. She then partook of a glass of wine and became quite cheerful. Johnny was taken to the nearest surgeon's, and I heard subsequently that he was seen in the course of the evening playing at chuck-farthing in his native alley. I may mention, however, that his wound (according to the report I had at the time) was a very long time in healing, and that a great many applications of golden ointment had to be made before Johnny Smith was finally restored to health. I now felt that in justice to my neighbours I must do away with my dog somehow. The damage done to Johnny Smith was not great, but it might have been greater, and something worse might happen before long.

As the body of Johnny Smith was carried out in the presence of a crowd of excited and sympathising neighbours, I resolved upon that dog's death. Hot with this resolution, I took down an old pistol and loaded it, calling the dog to follow me to his doom. He came bounding out to the little garden like a joyful martyr; and as I stooped to pick up the cap which had fallen from the nipple of the pistol, the unsuspecting brute came and licked my hand—"the hand upraised to slay." That unmanned me. No; I could not shoot him. I fired off the pistol against the brick-wall and rushed into the house. I could not, however, escape from a sense of the duty which I owed my neighbours. As society at large demanded the punishment and confinement of dangerous criminals, so that neighbourhood demanded that it should be protected from this dangerous dog. I tried to sophisticate the question by every kind of philosophical device, but I could not work out the conclusion, that I could still maintain that dog in liberty consistently with my obligations as a man, a neighbour, and a Christian.

That dog must die. Again I resolved it. I procured a deadly poison, and called the dog once more into the garden. I had a piece of bread in my hand and he followed me eagerly. He snapped up the pieces greedily. At length I threw him a piece into which I had worked a pinch of poison. He jumped at it hungrily, but he had no sooner caught it in his mouth than he dropped it, as if it had been fire, and retreated from me with a howl. I called to him to come back, but he ran towards the gate, and as he reached it, he turned upon me a look that I shall never forget. The next instant he disappeared.

Next morning, as I came down to breakfast, Mrs. Brown brought up a basket containing a hare, which had been left that morning by the Barnet carrier. There was the kettle hissing on the fire, and there was the newspaper airing on a chair; but where was my dog? He was sulky, I supposed, and would not come up. Breakfast had been cleared away, and the boy had come for the paper; but the dog had not yet appeared. I went to look for him. I searched upstairs and down, in the garden, in the washhouse. I whistled, I called; but there was no answer. Had Mrs. Brown seen the dog? Well, she had just seen him when she first came down, and he had gone out at the front-door when the carrier called; but she had not seen him since. The day passed, but the dog did not make his appearance; another passed, and then another, but still no dog. When a whole week had gone by without our hearing any tidings of the animal, I concluded that he had gone for good. I was willing to think, for good, happy to think, for good; for by his going voluntarily he had spared my feelings, and delivered me from a painful duty. Mrs. Brown ought to have manifested great joy, but she did not; and I fancy she was rather sorry to lose a comfortable source of occupation for her thoughts and temper.

Some weeks after this, as I was crossing one of the great thoroughfares, I happened to come upon the Barnet carrier as he was driving homewards. There was a white dog trotting underneath the cart, that, I thought, looked very like my old friend. The cart stopped to take in parcels at the booking-office, and I walked up to make a closer inspection. As I drew near, the dog turned round, saw me, and instantly came bounding to meet me. It was my old friend. How he jumped upon me and fondled me and sought my caresses! I was gratified, and yet I was not; for I was afraid he might own me again, and stick to me. As he had evidently taken up with the carrier, I was naturally anxious to hear what that individual knew of him.

"That dog, sir," said Mr. Bonnet, "ah, he is a run un. It's a curious history, sir, quite a romance like. Four years ago, that dog took up with me in the streets as I was a-joggin' on home,—came up quite promiscuously, and followed me right away to Barnet; wouldn't go away, no, not for the whip. And he stuck to me, that dog, sir, for near four year. But one dark foggy night, better nor three months ago, he got lost, or cut it on his own accord, somewhere about Holborn, and I went home without him. Never saw nothin' of him after that, until about a month ago, when I was up your way, and there I found him trotting underneath the cart, just as if he had never been away. Where he came from I can't say; seemed to start up like out of the earth. He appears to know you, sir; but there, that dog knows every body, he's any body's dog, I think."

"Or nobody's dog," said I.

"Good night, sir."

"Good night, Mr. Bonnet."

The cart drove off, and to my infinite relief the dog, after a parting leap upon me, ran after it. About a week after this, Mr. Bonnet had occasion to call on me with another parcel. I looked for the dog, but he was not to be seen. I asked Mr. Bonnet about him, and he said,

"He was ailing, had been ailing for near a week, and seemed like as if he was moping and going to die."

I was touched and saddened by this news.

"Poor dog! poor dog!"

Mrs. Brown heard me utter these exclamations; and for the first time since the dog's disappearance she ventured to mention the subject. Had I heard any thing of the dog? I told her what I had heard; and when I related how the dog was moping and ailing, she said "Poor dog!" too.

All that winter's night through I was disturbed by a noise in the house which I could not account for. I mentioned this to Mrs. Brown in the morning, and she said she also had heard a noise, and had fancied several times that it was like some one moaning in pain. It had been a cruel night, and the wind had drifted the snow in heaps into the corners and upon the ledges of the windows. Could any poor houseless wanderer have sought shelter about the place? I went and opened the front-door to look out. Gracious heavens! what is this? For some moments I was bereft of utterance; and at length I could only utter a cry. Mrs. Brown ran forward with alarm to see what ailed me. I could only point to the door-step. There, his head nestling close to the door, and his poor emaciated body covered by a pall of snow, lay Nobody's dog. Dead! dead! We stood for some moments contemplating the poor dead beast in silence. At length I saw a tear start into Mrs. Brown's eye; it trickled slowly down her cheek, and fell upon the dog's body. That was a gracious drop! Mrs. Brown has denied that tear, but I saw it; I saw it fall.

* * * * *

My house does not belong to me—I am only a tenant, and some day I may have to leave it. Should it fall into the occupancy of any one of those who read this history, let me beg respect for the rough white stone which marks a little green mound at the bottom of the garden. Its signification will be known from the inscription which it bears: "HERE LIES Nobody's Dog."

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

[Conclusion.]

OIL-PAINTING and water-colours are the Adam and Eve of modern art; you look to one for the highest strength, to the other for the highest refinement, in the forms of beauty. The Manchester galleries carry out the simile still further than this, and tempt one to say, that a difference in sex creates a natural difference in sphere, and that the present age is much inclined to forget this circumstance. A masculine woman is still but Psyche in plate-armour; and a bold fierce subject in modern water-colour—such, for example, as Corbould's "Scene from the *Prophète*"—is not much more effective in its way. The collection, however, notwithstanding this untoward leaning in several recent works of great merit and pretension, is wonderfully beautiful and brilliant. It presents a complete history of Water-colour Drawing. There are a few very early specimens of uncommon interest by Jordaens, Rembrandt, and others of the seventeenth century. In one of these, painted in 1698 by Henstenburg,—a steel-blue snake among green leaves, ants, butterflies, and lizards,—the colours are as bright as in Bartholomew's flower-pieces. Indeed, these fragile works appear, when properly cared for, to last as long as oil and canvas. It is not often that specimens of them any thing like a hundred and fifty years old can be seen, and the examples are the more interesting. There are a number of Sandby's drawings, and almost a hundred of Turner's, including his first-exhibited one and his last sketch. The general characteristics of modern art in water-colour and in oil are of course the same.

The magnificent collection of historical portraits occupies the side-walls of the great hall. Such men and women of any kind of renown as have left their portraits behind them are immortalised here, in a long line of strangely-mingled



"DID IT POUT WITH ITS BESSY?" BY E. NICOL, A.R.S.A.
[Royal Academy Exhibition, 1887.]

character, from Jane Shore to John Keats. This great brown painting of a colossal wooden doll with a crown on, represents King Richard II. It may be compared by the curious with the delicate miniature head of the same king in the picture mentioned before, where he kneels before a blue Madonna and blue angels, attended by John the Baptist, Edward the Confessor, and St. Edmund,—the martyr king of the East Angles, not Edmund Ironsides, as we called him by mistake. St. Edmund has an arrow in his hand.

Queen Elizabeth, her sleeves and her skirts, may warn modern ladies of what they are coming to; indeed, the freaks of fashion recorded on these walls are enough to hand us down to all eternity as a nation of either mad milliners or babies.

The waverers about English history may set a good many doubts at rest by comparing the many faces of Charles I., by the best artists of his day, with the single one of John Hampden, by an unknown hand. This portrait of Hampden is singularly interesting, as it is the only existing likeness. It was very well engraved in Lord Nugent's biography. Every one will look eagerly among the poets for the "Chandos Shakspeare," the only portrait of Shakspeare with any tolerable pretension to authenticity. A comparison of this portrait with the still more authentic bust, a copy of which stands below the organ, renews the feeling of chagrin generally produced by two distinct representations of the same individual; and makes one reflect with considerable melancholy on the impossibility of preserving a sure and perfect recollection of any face, albeit the noblest, which has once been given to the grave. The miniatures belonging to this collection deserve a separate study; they are exceedingly beautiful, and form a very interesting branch of English art.

There are about a hundred and fifty pieces of sculpture

in the great hall. This grand collection is not on the whole so effective as one could wish, partly from the want of a darker background, partly from the mixture of glass-cases with the marble figures. Separately, however, these works of the modern chisel are equal in excellence to any other of the productions of the age. Marshall's "Ophelia" is, we think, the best work in the gallery. Like the pictures of Ary Scheffer, its beauty is not in its strength, but in the tender and emotional poetry of the conception, which springs from something deeper than merely intellectual taste. We must not speak of Scheffer without referring to his "Faust" picture, in four divisions, which will be found in the clock-gallery. It is of course Margaret, not Faust; the feminine element, not the masculine, on which his genius exerts itself; but the story of the girl's soul, from the fresh sweetness of the first scene to the waste and ruin of the last, is exquisitely told. It seems rather strange, that while animal painting is carried to such perfection, there is no Landseer among our sculptors. The forms of the brute creation, in repose and in action, offer splendid subjects for the chisel.

Hard by these delicate and breathing marbles is the grim livery of the old servants of Death. The famous Meyrick armour from Goodrich Castle finds a fitting place in this gallery; for art has not refused to decorate those instruments of war which have so often brought ruin on her sanctuaries. Some of the suits of armour are magnificent; one especially, belonging formerly to Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara. We are not told which Alphonso; there were four or five; but if it were the first, the arms of Lucretia Borgia may have been wound about this splendid helmet, and the heart so guilty or so much maligned, which tradition has accused so deeply and Roscoe defended so courageously, may have throbbed against this hollow corselet. The workmanship, perhaps, indicates a later date; at least the first

years of the sixteenth century would be early for it. In one of the cases may be seen the breastplate of Maurice, Elector of Saxony, who obliged Charles V. to sign the convention of Passau: a significant piece of armour, for it is pierced like pasteboard by the bullet which killed its wearer in the year 1553.

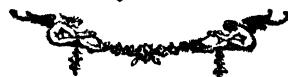
The miscellaneous works of art are extremely numerous and curious. Besides the Oriental room, the tapestry, the photographs, the wonderful wood-carvings, and massive specimens of plate, a number of glass-cases contain choice examples of ivory, glass, china, and steel, from the British Museum and other places; and the collection of Monsieur Soulagès is distributed over various parts of the hall. This last collection, however, will be very imperfectly enjoyed by most visitors. For some strange reason, the Soulagès catalogue is printed separately, in a cumbersome and expensive form. Few people are disposed to pay half-a-crown for the privilege of carrying it about with them, and those who buy it have no great reason to be satisfied with their investment. The writer of this catalogue labours under a confusion of ideas; he confounds the British public with the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and is filled with so reverential a sense of that public's vast and intimate knowledge of every thing relating to Majolica, Faïence, and the Quattro and Cinque-cento periods, that he can hardly offer the most recondite piece of out-of-the-way information without bowing "inexpressibly and apologising unconditionally for the impertinence. What ridiculous nonsense it is to write thus in explaining the meaning of a puzzling monogram! "The first character is probably intended for the Greek letter *phi*, but which has at the same time a double meaning, and may be read as the monogram O. F. In either case it is useless to observe, that the first letter of the name Fontana is indicated." Who wants his catalogue expanded by lines of "useless" observation? Why are the "British public" always to hear that an uncertain date is "circa" so and so, when the word "about" expresses the same thing in the same number of letters? And what is the use of telling Manchester artisans that M. de Laborde's *Notice des Ennaux*, &c. is a work so well known and appreciated as to render any plain account of Limoges enamel-work entirely needless? For our own part, we will venture to say, that—Edward the Black Prince, his wrath and the story of it notwithstanding—nine-tenths of those who look over M. Soulagès' curiosities will be much obliged to us for telling them that "Limoges" is a word of two syllables; that it is the name of a very old city in the south-west of France, and that first the goldsmith's art, then that of enamelling in colours on copper, and finally that of painting in enamel itself, were carried to perfection there. We will even venture to add, that "Amorini" are figures representing the passion of love; that Terra Cotta is baked clay, and that the Cinque-Cento period means the sixteenth century. There is real impertinence in offering information where you believe it to be unnecessary; but none at all in taking for granted what every body knows, that a knowledge of the details and nomenclature of art is confined to a small section of society.

The gallery of engravings is, we believe, one of the most elaborately completed portions of the whole exhibition; but we are sorry to say, that up to the moment at which we write no catalogue of them has been prepared. You may walk by and admire them, but of course description or proper comprehension are alike out of the question.

The least creditable part of the whole affair is the refreshment department. Enjoyment on an empty stomach is something very grim indeed. Those who stay many hours in the building must eat what they can get, and pay what they are charged. They can get nothing particularly good at the Manchester building, and they are charged extravagantly. Considering the vast number of customers, it is certain that the terms of a Cheapside restaurant ought to be sufficient. Instead of this, the supply is nothing like so good, and the prices are about double. Whether the

enormous profits of the refreshment-rooms go to the general fund or into the pocket of the contractor, the mistake is a very bad one, and is just the kind of mistake that a commercial city like Manchester ought to have known how to avoid.

We have only been able to glance at some of the leading features of this remarkable exhibition. The permanent catalogue will, we hope, be out before this is printed, and will doubtless be an excellent and trustworthy guide. Our last word on the subject shall be one of exhortation. Go, if you can, to Manchester, whoever you may be; approach the gathered treasures of so many ages in a spirit of reverence, or at least of modesty; remember that you stand among the products of the inner lives of men; that there is not one of the works before you which has not cost its maker more thought and time, more toil and patience, than you are going to bestow on the whole gallery; that the great of many lands and many centuries have done all they could in doing what you see around you, and that to learn what it is that has appeared lovely to these gifted souls must at least be to enrich your own.



POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

HE LOOKS AS IF BUTTER WOULD MELT IN HIS MOUTH.—Said of a very demure person, sometimes with this addition, "And yet cheese would not choke him." Of such a one the Spaniards say, "He looks as if he would not muddy the water,"—*Parere que no enturba el agua.* W. K. KELLY.

A STORY OF A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

XII.—NEMESIS.

It had been a day of great preparation with Martha and Mrs. Parkes, for Adie had asked St. Barbe and Marsh the printseller, who stood godfathers for the child, to spend the evening in Nevil's Court; and the unusual festivity could not be signalised without much needless trouble. A dance had even been hinted at, but promptly negatived by Laurence, who said briefly that such a thing was not to be thought of,—and besides, they had no friends. This was one of his strange incomprehensible ideas, that they had no friends; whereas Adie's former schoolfellows had come often to see her and the baby, and would have gladly renewed their old acquaintance, if he had not been so cold and distant, that the most sociably-disposed were soon discouraged in their attempts to know them. Even St. Barbe rarely saw the inside of their door, and had never broken bread with them since the death of Nicholas Drow; the same with Curll also, though he had done Royston several kind offices since he had returned to live at Eversley. Martha did her share of work with a stolid unsympathising indifference; but Mrs. Parkes, who had undertaken to cook a supper worthy of the time,—for it was Christmas,—made noise and stir enough to have spoilt a dozen turkeys instead of roasting one. Then all her talk was redolent of sugar, and spice, and lemons, and strong waters; for the worthy woman's appreciation of the good things of this life was in the ratio of her scant enjoyment of them.

Adie made Laurence put on his wedding-suit; and she herself donned a delicate-tinted silk taffety, brocaded with bright flowers, which had been the Frenchman's bridal gift to her; matron-wise, she would cover her luxuriant black hair with a piece of cobweb-lace, which came to a peak on the forehead, and hung down in two broad lappets behind. The excitement and pleasure of the day had brought a deeper, softer lustre to her large eyes, and the vermeil flush on her cheek was as pure and fresh as in her maiden-prime. The

child, too, was decked in rich Indian muslin, all finely embroidered, with gay sash and shoulder-knots of blue, which contrasted well with the velvet-softness and purity of his little dimpled arms and shoulders. The women of the court had one and all been up to admire him, somewhat to the discomfiture of Laurence, who at length retreated into the closet, and left them to exhaust their superlatives of admiration unrestrained. They were all clustered upon the hearth, talking in chorus, the boy being in his mother's arms, surveying the whole proceedings with an air of princely satisfaction, when Martha entered from the corridor with a short comely dame in black, who joined the group, and added her meed of praise. Adie was holding the boy aloft when this person came in; but she instantly took him down, and let him hide his face against her neck, for it was not considered a good omen that the nurse who went from house to house to lay out corpses for burial should show herself at a christening. Mrs. Parkes made a loud exclamation, and said, that Judith ought to have known better, and Martha too.

"I did not know any one could object," said the nurse in a meek voice; "I don't believe much in fancies myself. The bonnie bairn will thrive none the worse for Judith's blessing, I'm sure."

Mrs. Parkes turned an indignant shoulder upon her, and, thus repudiated, the poor soul, whose vocation made her every where an unwelcome guest, drew back and spoke to Martha, who, with icy face and folded hands, stood looking on. Presently the two were observed to whisper together, while Judith glanced mysteriously at the rich lace on Adie's head. Mrs. Parkes insisted on her remarks being uttered aloud. "We are all women, and all friends; there is no secrets," said she, moved, perhaps, as much by past indignation as present curiosity. Judith hesitated, and Martha went out.

"What is it, nurse? tell us," asked Adie in her pleasant voice. "You are not amongst mourners to-day, and may therefore speak aloud."

"We were only saying that it was a pity you had chose that lace for your cap," answered the little woman, growing red and uneasy.

"And why, pray?" snapped Mrs. Parkes. "It is as beautiful a piece of old point as was ever seen in Nevil's Court, and is worth its weight in gold a score of times over. Why shouldn't it be worn if Adie likes? nothing could look so good or so well on her black hair."

"Maybe," responded the nurse; "it was only because I cut off a piece of it to cover Nicholas Drew's face when I streaked him for his coffin."

"Lord save us!" gasped Mrs. Parkes, dismayed at the result of her abrupt curiosity; for Adie's face faded to a deathly pallor, and she sank down into a chair. One of the women poured out a little of the wine which stood on the table, that they might drink the boy's health, and put it to her lips. She swallowed a few drops, and recovered herself quickly, smiling to cover her pain. This incident dispersed the gossips; they hastily emptied their glasses, and went out altogether, leaving only Mrs. Parkes.

"You must not heed any thing that silly old Judith says," observed the worthy woman, in a cheering tone; "she is brimful of cranky notions, each one more crazed than the other. Don't think of pulling off that pretty lace, for it becomes you beautiful."

"No; if an evil omen it is, the warning is given," answered Adie softly. "I shall be so glad to go away from this old haunted house; it is like a constant nightmare upon our spirits."

"Yet you have done a deal to make it lightsome," said Mrs. Parkes. "That nice picture over the fireplace, and Martha has polished up the panels till every one shines like a looking-glass. We shall be sorry to lose you; and I doubt whether any body else will care to come. You see, the house has got a bad name."

Adie made no reply; and Mrs. Parkes, having culinary anxieties on her mind, went out, purposing to ease her an-

noyance by lecturing the obnoxious Martha on her imprudence.

When she was gone, Adie sought Laurence in the closet, where he had chosen to shut himself up. He was leaning against the dingy window, looking out into the Bishop's garden, where the early twilight of December was fast replacing its frosty sunshine. At the sound of his wife's step, he turned; and as she came beside him he put his arm round her fondly.

"I suppose your little heart is satisfied now the gossips have flattered Laury," he said. "You could do very well without me."

She looked up wistfully in his face, not understanding him, yet not liking to question, for his manner of late had been strange in the extreme. He was tender by fits and starts; and he had asked her more than once before if she should grieve were he gone.

"Adie, you see that high wall at the further side of the garden," he abruptly remarked, after a minute's silence; "what is at the other side of it—streets or fields?"

"A steep bank first, and then a row of houses, called Bishop's Lane: you know it very well."

"Yes, I remember it;—and beyond the houses it is the river Ness and the open country? I know those fields; we have walked there."

"Often,—we passed St. Mark's Church. How cold it is here, Laurence; baby shivers: let us go to the fireside." She drew him out of the gloomy little den into the broad light of the outer room, and made him sit down on the long settle beside her.

"Now, Laurence, admire our handiwork," she began, with an effort of sprightliness. "I don't believe you would ever see any thing if I did not order you. There is my picture over the fire, all framed about with holly and scarlet berries. Look, too, how Martha has polished the panels of the press, and even of the wainscot. We wear quite a festive air."

"Yes,"—he glanced round slightly, seeing in those bright dark panels so many repetitions of his phantom-pictures,—“yes, Adie, you would make sunshine every where but in a diseased mind. I wonder often why certain circumstances are permitted,—why, for instance, you, sweetheart, as fresh, innocent, and guileless as our child in your arms, should have been suffered to link your fate with mine,—why you should have loved me."

"I can answer your last speculation—why I should have loved you,—because I could not help it," answered Adie with a pouting smile. "It was sorely against my will, as you very well know."

"I have tried to make you happy,—you *have* been happy, Adie."

"To my heart's desire, Laurence. I only want to see you wear your old careless way, and to hear you talk to me as you used to do, and my measure of joy would be full; but perhaps it would be too much at once."

"Every night, Adie, I see you on your knees,—do you ever pray for me?"

"I try always; but it seems as if,—shall I say it, Laurence?"

"Yes, my darling, speak on."

"Well, it seems as if I were put away out of God's hearing when I pray for you. It is not that my words are cold, or that my heart is not in them, but as if mercy had covered its face. I have wept sometimes, Laurence, I was so sad for you."

"Don't waste your tears, Adie; there ought to be cleansing power in them; but if your prayers are to a deaf ear, they will be useless. I wish, for your sake and the lad's, I were a better man."

"Laurence, you know what is promised to those who sincerely repent."

"But I do *not* repent. I only curse my evil fate. Do you remember likening me to a figure in a certain picture?"

"O, yes; how wrong it was of me! I was quite ashamed that you should know. I hoped you had forgotten it."

"No, sweetheart, I have never forgotten one word of yours; and the similitude there was striking."

"It was a foolish thought of mine; I have never seen the resemblance since; so it must have been a mere passing expression."

"Your loving fancy has idealised me out of all nature, Adie; you do not see my faults, or else you are fond of them for their owner's sake."

"Do not be so sure, Laurence; you want mending in many ways, and I think of setting seriously to work to mend you."

"That task will need a more cunning hand than this, sweetheart," said he, taking her slender fingers in his; "I think if the jarred, flawed, leaking vessel were all broken up, it would be best; it is not safe to stow your happiness away in it."

"Laurence, you make me very sad when you talk in that fashion; I do not understand you. You know that if I were without you, I and baby might as well be lying in St. Mark's churchyard by poor old Grizzie; we should not care to live by ourselves."

"I do believe you love me with all my sins on my head."

"Doubt any thing but my love, Laurence; for I can forgive you every thing but such a doubt."

They staid there by the fireside for a long time, talking of things to them important, but to others trivial, until Martha came in to put more logs on the fire, to close the shutters, and light the lamp. Her master was gayer than usual; Adie's voice had charmed him to a better mood; and the woman, in her furtive watchful way, took note of it. They became silent when she entered; and as her listless step seemed always to deepen instead of breaking the hush, the noise of a rising wind outside resounded mournfully through the Court. It drove sharp rattling gusts of hail and sleet noisily against the windows; then lulled and rose again to fury. Martha said it was going to blow a hurricane, as she fastened the windows. "Let it blow; we are under warm shelter," responded Laurence carelessly.

"Ay, master; and them who have to bide it out of doors may bide it easily enough, if they have clean consciences," said Martha significantly.

He turned round to the fire, with a dark wrathful look on his face. Adie, who was singing to the child, had not heard this brief colloquy. At that moment voices below were heard, steps ascended the stairway, and Marsh and St. Barbe appeared at the door.

It was a rather oddly assorted company which sat round that Christmas supper-table. Laurence Royston and Adie, the courteous, coldly-polished old Frenchman, and the rough Curll; and finally, the round, rubicund, and honest Mrs. Parkes. Martha glided about with a cat-like velvety step, serving them; always at hand, but never obtrusive—a model of a waiting-woman with a face as blank as a shadow. The cold being carefully shut out, the old room looked and felt cosy enough; and when Curll had thawed into good humour, he ceased to remember his chilly walk out of the Barbican. The Frenchman also seemed in a state of ineffable beatitude, as indeed he always was, with good cheer before him. These two and Mrs. Parkes had the talk for some time to themselves; for Laurence was very silent, and Adie was disturbed to see him so depressed. By and by, however, he shook off the fit, and laughed with the rest, which his wife seeing, she also became at ease. Mrs. Parkes had the satisfaction of seeing her culinary labours duly appreciated and duly honoured; so that, when the Christmas bowl was set on the table, with all the accessories for the compounding of a drink which St. Barbe called *pomche divin*, it needed but that to raise her spirits to their utmost height. At any other time, she might have been considered as too exuberantly gay. Curll was to compound the bowl; and that being done, the health of young Laury was drunk,—by St. Barbe sentimentally, by the printseller enjoyingly, and by Mrs. Parkes tearfully. Perhaps Adie put up a brief

prayer as her lips touched the glass; and Laurence, without tasting, and almost unconsciously, set his down again.

"You do not drink, my friend Laurence," remarked the Frenchman gaily. "You must drink to your son—you must."

With a nervous hand Royston lifted his glass, and drained it; when he set it down again it rang on the table with the tremor of his grasp; but soon his cold, pale, blue eyes lit up, and a red spot of excitement burnt on each hollow cheek. It now became evident that Curll meditated making a speech; for he became restless and flurried, half-rose from his seat, ruffled his scanty gray hair, and with a hem, began. He hoped there were none present who had forgotten the former master of that house; he had not: he missed him daily. They were friends; they had been boys and men together, and friends always. He had loved Nicholas Drew for his virtues, and revered him for his genius; nobody had known him better, or appreciated him more highly. They anticipated what he had to say: this good old man lay in his grave unavenged. The toast he had to propose was, "A speedy capture and short shrift to his murderer."

During this exordium, Martha had been standing opposite her master, with her eyes looking at him from beneath the half-downcast lids, and in her hand a glass which he had handed to her to drink his son's health. As it was finished she lifted it to her lips and drained it, still watching him. Adie hesitated a moment, then swallowed a few drops, while her husband drank the contents of his glass hastily, and cried, with a sort of defiance in his tone, "To that I say, Amen." A few seconds of silence ensued, during which Martha glided to and fro, putting a few matters within reach previously to leaving the room.

"Let us have a game at cards," suggested Laurence hastily. "You like cards, St. Barbe? all Frenchmen have a taint of the gambler." The clockmaker agreed; and Marsh said that it was years since he had touched any thing of the kind, but he would join in. Adie did not like this; but there was an eager restless excitement in her husband's manner that she did not care to thwart. He asked her to find some cards. She replied at first that there were none in the house; then suddenly recollected that there was a very old pack, which had belonged to Nicholas, in her box, where she stored her treasures. Martha had not yet gone out, and she bade her fetch the little chest from her chamber.

"The cards, mistress,—must I get them out?" asked she quietly.

"No; you can bring the box here," was the reply.

The woman returned in a minute, saying it was too heavy to lift; but if Adie would give her the key, she could find what was wanted. With an ejaculation of impatience, Laurence started up, and fetched the box himself. It was of trifling size; and Mrs. Parkes suggested that Martha was good for nothing, if that were too much for her. The cards were produced, and the three men were soon earnestly engaged in their game. Adie and Mrs. Parkes sat on the long settle by the fire, talking, while the former carelessly turned over the contents of the box. Her fingers came in contact with the dead white rose, which she lifted out and smiled over thoughtfully.

Martha came up to her. "Shall I put the box away, mistress?" she asked, preparing to lift it up.

"No; leave it," said Adie; and taking another thing from it, she tripped behind Laurence Royston's chair, and laying one hand softly on his shoulder, dropped the other before him, asking in a whisper, "Do you know that glove, Laurence?"

He recognised it instantaneously, and started up from his chair with a terrible oath; his face was livid, his eye murderous. "I never saw it in my life before! Why do you come to me with such fool's questions?" he exclaimed. Then reading the startled surprise in the faces all around him, he added, "What is the glove to me? what should I know about it? take it away, Adie!"

He flung it over towards the fire, but it fell short upon the hearth, and was picked up by Mrs. Parkes, who examined it carefully. From the first moment of his outbreak, Adie never took her eyes from her husband's face; they dilated first with a pained astonishment, then darkened with a wavering mist,—a dull speechless agony. She had penetrated the mask which he strove vainly to retain upon his traitor countenance. Marsh laid on his host's shoulder a heavy grasp, and St. Barbe, passing round to the further side of him, whispered low in his ear a few emphatic words. Royston's eyes flickered from one to the other, and then settled on Adie. "You have killed me with your silly love!" said he in a kind of mad rage; thus blindly changing the suspicion which had flashed across the minds of the two men into a dark certainty that he was Nicholas Drew's murderer.

They were the last words that for many months struck the soul of the poor Flower of Nevil's Court. A shrill passionate cry broke from her, which echoed and re-echoed through the haunted house; then she seemed to stiffen into a statue; all expression passed from her features, all speculation from her eyes; her hands fell as if volition were utterly gone from her, and without one word or one gesture, without even turning her head to follow their movements, she let the Christmas-guests depart, taking her husband with them. As he went out, Laurence looked back at her with a wild remorseful pity. Had he not done her wrong enough that his last words to her should be that cruel, cruel reproach?

Once out in the court, self-preservation, man's strongest instinct in most cases, prompted Laurence Royston to make one desperate effort to escape. The two men who had been his guests had loosed their grasp to let him pass down the outer stairs; and rushing to the archway, he, favoured by the darkness, contrived to elude their pursuit, and to disappear in one of the numerous narrow lanes abutting on Friargate. Thence to the open country, under cover of night, he made his way; and though a hue and cry was raised after him, he was supposed to have effected his escape from the kingdom, as he was never traced.

Poor Adie remained long in her unconscious state, blank and unimpressible as a bronze image. Martha watched and tended her and the boy with unremitting care and fondness, striving by many a little art to awaken her senses. She liked to sit in the open air, especially when the sun shone, gazing pitifully at heaven, and pulling to pieces flowers that people brought her from the fields; but she never took any notice either of her boy or Martha, or of any other person whom Christian charity impelled to visit her. She was regarded as one on whom God's chastening hand had been laid with signal heaviness; but still as one who suffered for another's sin.

When the dark days began to come round again, in the long stormy October and clouded November nights, there might occasionally be seen the figure of a man slinking along from shadow to shadow under the Minster walls, until he came into Nevil's Court. If all was still, he would hide in the archway, and listen for any one coming or going to and fro in the house; and sometimes he gathered courage stealthily to mount the old wooden stair, and peep in through the uncurtained window at poor Adie, sitting like a dark statue by the fire, Laury playing on the hearth, and Martha busy at the work with which she helped to maintain them. After a few minutes of this stealthy watch, he would glide away as noiselessly as he had come; and not seldom he would lie crouching like a miserable homeless dog in a corner of the court until the window was dark, and all the city was a-bed. His appearance grew more and more haggard and awful; and at last his strength was so spent, that any one meeting him might have thought it was Laurence Royston's ghost, but not that unhappy man in the flesh. One keen, stinging night he had trailed his steps to the archway, and there he fell, utterly spent with hunger, fatigue, and misery.

After lying for a few minutes thus, he staggered to his feet, to make an effort to see Adie once more, and climbed the stair clinging to the rail. Adie only was there; neither the child nor Martha; so he opened the door and went in, crying, "Adie, I am dying; let me die here!" and staggering across the floor, he fell at her feet, clinging feebly to her knees. At the sound of his voice she started up, looked at him eagerly, and sinking beside him, she drew his head upon her breast, saying with a pitiful yearning love, "Here, Laurence, here!" Martha came in, and regarded the scene with amazement. Adie bid her shut to the door.

"Say a prayer, Adie; God will hear you," gasped the dying man; and before the words were done he had gone to his account.

This event, startling and painful as it was, restored Adie to her right mind. At first she was questioning continually, "Is he forgiven? Did God hear my prayer?" But at length she was still, and left her cause in His faithful hands. She lived long, patient, gentle, full of good and charitable offices. The poor knew her; those who were sick and in misery knew her, and blessed her name; in the old long ago she would have been canonised as a saint; if ever suffering purified humanity to saintly holiness, Adie was thus purified. Laury lived to return her love, and to be a man of mark in his day and generation; but he and the Flower of Nevil's Court, and all the other personages named in this story, have been churchyard dust these many, many years; though the tale still goes, that in the dead of the Christmas night a wild piercing cry frightens out of the silence a host of mournful wailing echoes, and that the tramp of the footsteps in the corridor is to be heard whenever calamity is coming to any of those who dwell in the Haunted House.

AN OFFICE THAT KNOWS HOW TO DO IT.

We have had the romance of "the road, the river, and the rail," why not the romance of the Post-Office, with its threatening letters to unfortunate debtors, its missives of hope or despair to daring speculators, its cheering tidings to struggling tradesmen, that "business is becoming brisk;" its gladdening messages from the absent wife or husband; its holiday letters from the joyous schoolboy, with a postscript, "Be sure, and take care of the rabbits;" its dainty-looking confidential epistles from young lady friends, and last, not least, its fervent billet-doux from cruelly parted lovers, whose "words that burn" make one sometimes fear her Majesty's mail-bags may be fired by their inflammable contents?

There is ample food for romance here. Who cannot picture the various forms and faces as they bent above each sheet of paper? Who cannot see the radiant joy light up that fair girl's face, as she reads each message from her absent lover; or who can fail to trace the look of happiness that beams once more upon the pale countenance of the widow at the sight of her only child's well known writing? And there is enough of sorrowful romance, too, when the lawyer's epistle darkens some hitherto happy home, with the dread tidings, that ere long they must leave its sheltering roof, and the agonised father looks in speechless anguish on his patient wife, and helpless daughters, who, reared in luxury, must now feel with double bitterness the sting of poverty; or when the short formal letter—how different from what they once were!—crushes every hope within some woman's too trusting heart, and wrings from her the bitter cry, "Alone, alone!"

The wondrous facilities given by the Post-Office for the interchange of thought and opinion, the business transacted by its aid at opposite corners of the land, the messages of love, the outbursts of indignation, the walls of sorrow, which lie shrouded in those million envelopes, outstrip the fairy tales of childhood in interest.

The speed and excellence, too, with which all this is

done proves beyond a doubt that here at least we have an office that knows how to do it. As we shall see, it took time to find out this great official mystery.

Not until the Wars of the Roses were there any regular postmen; about that time common carriers began to travel with the mail. Our postmen are still called "letter-carriers;" and the words "post" and "carrier" are used by Shakspeare as synonymous. Edward IV., when at war with Scotland in 1481, is said to have established a system of relays of horses, by which despatches were conveyed at the rate of 200 miles in three days. The number of miles now daily travelled by railways, coaches, mail-carts, &c., in the service of the Post-Office, is upwards of 61,000.

Little more than a hundred years ago, the mails were conveyed by post-boys; and a surveyor of the time gives the following account of their doings at Salisbury.

"At this place, found the post-boys to have carried on vile practices, in taking the bye-letters, delivering them in this city, and take back the answers, and specially the Andover riders. Between the 14th and 15th inst. found on Richard Kent, one of the Andover riders, five bye-letters, all for this city. Upon examination of the fellow, he confessed that he had made it a practice, and persisted to continue it, saying that he had no wages from his master. I took the fellow before the magistrate, proved the facts; and as the fellow could not get bail, was committed; but pleading to have no friends nor money, desired a punishment to be whipped, and accordingly he was to the purpose. Wrote the case to Andover, and ordered that the fellow should be discharged, but no regard was had thereto; but the next day the same rider came post, run about the city, and was insolent. The second time the said Richard Kent came post with two gentlemen, made it his business to take up letters, the fellow instead of returning to Andover, gets two idle fellows, and rides away with three horses, which was a return for his master's not obeying orders, as he ought not to have been suffered to ride after the said facts were proved against him."

The same surveyor complains bitterly that the gentry "doe give much money to the riders, whereby they be very subject to get in liquor, which stopes the mails."

It did not take much to "stop the mails;" for we are told that when Mr. Harley (Lord Oxford) complained that an express to him had been delayed, the postmaster-general replied, that "it had travelled 136 miles in thirty-six hours, which is the usual rate of 'expresses.'" In these railway-days, one laughs at the then rate of "expresses;" and we, "the nation of shopkeepers," see and feel that there is a grander poetry and a deeper romance in our passion for progress and work than the sickly sentimentality of many will admit.

An amusing account of the early postmasters-general is given by Mr. Scudamore in a letter to Mr. F. Hill, contained in the report on the Post-Office for 1855. Between the years 1690 and 1720 Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Thomas Frankland were jointly the postmasters-general; and of them Mr. Scudamore says:

"They were evidently very active, energetic, and shrewd men. All letters and mandates bore the signatures of both the postmasters; but it seems probable that Sir Robert Cotton attended chiefly to the inland business, whilst Sir Thomas Frankland managed the packets; for in the Agents' Letter-Book there are frequent notices to this effect: 'Your business cannot be settled until Sir Thomas Frankland, who hath a fitte of the gout, shall be somewhat recovered.' This afflicted postmaster-general was a Yorkshire baronet of good estate, but Sir Robert Cotton was only a knight, and for all I can learn of no great estate, which will perhaps account for his immunity from gout.

The packets in those days, when war raged for so many years, and when every sea was covered with French privateers, gave the postmasters-general very great and constant anxiety. Their orders to the captains of such vessels are urgent, that they shall run while they can, fight when they can no longer run, and throw the mails overboard when fighting will no longer avail. Then comes a piteous petition from James Vickers, captain of the *Grace Dogger*, who, as he lay in Dublin Bay waiting for the tide to take him over the Bar, was seized by a French privateer, the captain of which stripped the *Grace Dogger* of her rigging, sails, spars, and yards, and of all the furniture 'wherewith she had been provided for the due accommodation of passengers, leaving not so much as a spoon or a nail-hooke to hang any

thing on,' and finally ransomed her to the aforesaid James Vickers for fifty guineas, which sum, with the cost of the other losses, our postmasters-general had to pay. . . . The postmasters-general were evidently continually troubled during the war by special consignments to them of goods and parcels, and even human beings, for whose safe transportation to their destination they were to be held responsible. So various were the articles intrusted to them, that I will jot down a list culled from a very few pages of the Agents' Letter-Book.

'Imprimis,—Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans, with a free pass.'

'Item,—Two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen.'

'Item,—Three suits of cloaths for some nobleman's lady at the Court of Portugal.'

'Item,—A box containing three pounds of tea sent as a present by my Lady Arlington to the Queen-Dowager of England at Lisbon.'

'Item,—A case of knives and forks for Mr. Stopney, her Majesty's Envoy to the King of Holland.'

'Item,—A box of medicines for my Lord Galway in Portugal.'

'Item,—A deal case with four fitches of bacon for Mr. Pennington of Rotterdam.'

Really, with all these cares upon them, and what with scolding an agent once because 'he had not provided a sufficiency of pork and beef for the prince;' again, because 'he had bought powder at Falmouth that would have been so much cheaper in London;' again, because 'he had stirred up a mutiny between a captain and his men, which was unhandsome conduct in him;' again, because 'he has not ordered the *Dolphin* to sail, though the wind is marked westerly in the Wind Journals,' whereas the postmasters-general 'admire,' what with bringing Captain Clies to trial, 'for that he had spoken words reflecting on the royal family, which the postmasters-general took particular unkind of him,' and reprimanding another 'for breaking open the portmanteau of Monsieur Raoul (a gentleman passenger), and spoiling him of a parcel of snuff;' what with purchasing new vessels, stores, and provisions, and 'ordering the old ones to be sold by *inch of candle*;'—with all these cares, one sees that our postmasters-general had enough to do. Their letters are sometimes plaintive enough. 'We are concerned,' say they, 'to find the letters brought by your boat (from the West Indies) to be so consumed by the rats, that we cannot find out to whom they belong.'

In 1635, Charles I. issued a proclamation to this effect: "Wherefore he doth now command his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a running-post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and London; to go thither and come back again in six days; and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post-town in or near the road." Six days from Edinburgh to London!! The mails between these two places are now conveyed in fifteen hours.

From about 1640 the Post-Office has been one of the settled institutions of the country; and in 1683 a penny-post was established by Robert Murray, an upholsterer, for London and its districts, and was by him carried on successfully for some years. This was the forerunner of Mr. Hill's plan of penny-postage; and of the complete success of the latter, some idea may be formed from the fact, that in the first year of its adoption the increase of letters was nearly *ninety-three millions*. In 1840, the year in which the penny-postage was established, the number of post-offices in the United Kingdom was 4028, the present number is 10,866; and the total number of officers and servants of the department is now 23,130. These facts prove the great blessing of our penny-post.

One cannot picture the disastrous consequences which would attend the loss of our postal arrangements; the panic in the warehouse and shop, the sorrow in the household if deprived of the visits of that most important personage, the postman. A very speculative character is the postman of your country towns and villages; and many a secret is intrusted to his keeping. Half-crowns at Christmas find their way to his pocket from shy maidens, whose stern guardians have forbidden the reception of the amorous epistles of some village Romeo, which said epistles the good-natured postman finds divers opportunities of delivering, unseen by older eyes, into the fair hands of the maiden herself. He studies the countenance of the tradesman as he gives him a letter

that has a marvellously lawyer-like look about it, and draws his own shrewd inferences therefrom. He watches the mother's face as she receives the neat-looking envelope, which he guesses "comes from Miss Helen as was married a bit ago;" and his rough tones grow gentle when the widow looks inquiringly at him, as he repeats the words that are so mournful to her now, "Nothing for you to-day, ma'am." He teases the little dressmaker, and asks if she works for gentlemen, as he supposes these letters are all upon business, and slyly wonders how long it takes to make a wedding-dress.

Much facility to the post-office and benefit to the public would be given by a little more care on the part of the public themselves. If letters were posted as early as possible, instead of being left until the latest moment at which they can be received, much hurry and confusion would be saved the Post-Office officials, and the letters would have a better chance of being correctly sorted and despatched. Misdirections, too, are generally the result of haste; and in many instances the servants of the Post-Office are blamed for carelessness and inattention when the fault is really attributable to other quarters. Recently a gentleman coolly informed the postmaster of a provincial town, that his was the worst conducted office within many miles of the place, because a letter which he had posted at the office in question had not reached its destination. In a week after the complaint had been made the gentleman had his letter returned to him from the Dead-Letter Office, he having addressed it High Street, London, instead of High Street, Birmingham, it being intended for the latter place. Badly sealed, and often totally unsealed letters, cause great annoyance both to officials and receivers of them. It will scarcely be credited perhaps, yet is nevertheless a fact, that letters, containing remittances to large amounts are frequently found unsealed. With the facilities given by the system of registration, one can scarcely refrain from the Yorkshire verdict, "Served them right," when such extreme carelessness leads to loss.

Of more unimportant letters, great are the numbers found open, from the servant-girl, who seals with cobbler's wax and her thimble for a crest, to Miss Anna Maria, who writes to her bosom-friend Matilda for advice touching a certain young gentleman, who has lately treated the said Anna Maria with heartbreaking coolness, entreating her dearest Matilda to counsel what is to be done in this dreadful emergency; and Anna Maria, in the depth of her despair, forgets to seal her letter.

Mr. Helps, in his finely thoughtful work, *Companions of my Solitude*, speaks of the opportunities of post-office officials of doing, in the spirit of their heavenly Master, little kindnesses to the stranger and the helpless; and as a class (with no doubt many individual exceptions) I believe few are more patient and kind in answering the thousand-and-one questions they are daily tormented with.

The writer knew a touching instance of "hope deferred" for long years, and at last realised. An old woman, whose youngest son was a soldier serving in India, called weekly at the post-office in the town where she resided for six years, her unvarying question being, "Please, have you had any letters from the Indies lately?" Month after month, and even year after year, went by, and no letter from her soldier laddie gladdened the mother's heart; but bravely she hoped on, and at last the long-looked for letter arrived. Most touching was the widow's joy, and a proud woman was she the day she posted her answer to the distant "Indies."

Among the recent improvements in this institution are the pillar letter-boxes, which are great conveniences to the stranger and the traveller, and are also the general dépôt for bits of orange-peel, nut-shells, ends of tobacco-pipes, &c., of all the mischievous boys of the neighbourhood. The alteration of the book-postage, too, is a great boon alike to authors and readers; and the division of London into ten postal districts greatly facilitates the delivery of letters in the metropolis and its environs.

Gigantic in extent, and admirable in detail, the postal arrangements of England lose nothing by comparison with those of other countries; for this, like her other vast institutions, is carried out with that energy and perseverance which has obtained for her the proud pre-eminence she has so long enjoyed.



VENTILATION: ITS VITAL IMPORTANCE AND EFFICIENT APPLICATION.

[First Paper.]

INTRODUCTORY.

DURING the last forty or fifty years, many important inventions and discoveries have been made that contribute much, not only to our commercial prosperity, but to our domestic comfort and convenience. Science has assiduously lent its aid to gratify our slightest wishes, as well as to execute our most extravagant demands. That our patience, for instance, may no longer be exercised in plying the flint and steel in order to ignite the tinder and produce a flame, ingenious machinery, conjoined with chemical agency, has been employed to afford an instantaneous light; and the trade of match-making, formerly practised only by the mendicant, has passed into the hands of the capitalist; the manufacture of one packet of these apparently trifling but really indispensable articles being, moreover, the production of no fewer than thirty different individuals. The electric telegraph and the railway-train have all but fulfilled the modest request of the lovers as to the annihilation of time and space; and the sun himself, in his capacity of artist, is ready on the shortest notice to complete their happiness by enabling them to exchange portraits. Many objects have been accomplished that seemed as unattainable as the philosopher's stone or the perpetual motion; while the inventors, during their progress, have been treated as visionaries, and assailed unsparingly by the shafts of ridicule. Several of these contrivances have arrived at their present state of efficiency only after repeated trials; a frequent cause of failure being, the attempt to do too much, and to dispense with the assistance afforded by the operation of natural causes. The awkward devices at first adopted to propel locomotive engines are a striking instance of this distrust in the co-operation of the physical laws; and the discovery that the weight of the engine produced sufficient friction on the rails to secure progressive motion—thereby obviating the necessity of the rack-wheels and other clumsy expedients resorted to—equally gratified and astonished the projectors. To the same cause may also be attributed the general want of success in the many efforts made to solve the important problem of ventilation; it being only within these few years past that the desideratum has been supplied in the discovery of a method remarkable alike for its efficiency and its simplicity, and of almost universal application, and for which we are indebted to Mr. Charles Watson, of Halifax, Yorkshire.

With respect to ventilation, however, neither the object itself nor the labours to attain it have been fully appreciated. Few have a clear conception of the pernicious influence of a tainted atmosphere. The poorer classes, indeed, have a decided aversion to the admission of fresh air to their dwellings; while many of those who move in a higher sphere look upon the discomforts attending their crowded assemblies as necessary evils, for which it has seldom occurred to them that any remedy might be applied. "So complete and all-pervading has been the ignorance of

physiology, even among the the best educated classes," says Dr. Andrew Combe, "that, in Edinburgh and almost every large town, we have instances of large public rooms, capable of holding from 800 to 1000 persons, built within these few years, without any means of adequate ventilation being provided, and apparently without the subject ever having cost the architect a thought. I have seen churches," continues he, "frequented by upwards of a thousand people, in which, during winter, not only no means of ventilation are employed during Divine service, but even during the interval between the forenoon and afternoon services the windows are kept as carefully closed as if deadly contagion lay outside, watching for an opportunity to enter by the first open chink; and where, consequently, the congregation must inhale, for two or three hours in the afternoon, an exceedingly corrupted air, and suffer the penalty in headaches, colds, and bilious and nervous attacks."

PAMPAS GRASS.

ORNAMENTAL grasses might be much more extensively used in the decoration of rockeries, fern-banks, and the fronts of shrubberies, than they are. The grasses are, in fact, a neglected race, now about to be rescued from their long oblivion by the skilful hand of Mr. Lowe, who is writing their history; and the efforts of cultivators, who are bringing some superb kinds into cultivation. Any one who may be strolling into Bishopsgate Street may see, at the warehouse of Mr. Clarke, opposite the Flower-Pot, a collection of the most renowned British grasses, beautifully prepared and named for inspection. Let any lover of the beautiful look over such a collection, and then say whether grasses ought not to be as assiduously cultivated for ornament as any plants that have showy colours.

At some future time we may find space for some remarks on the selection of grasses for ornament; we purpose now only to describe the properties of one of the family, which may justly claim to be considered the most noble of the tribe.

The Pampas Grass (*Gynerium argenteum*) is a perennial, a native of the Andes, where, in the Cordilleras, it is found at a height of 12,000 and 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should prove so nearly hardy as to bear the winter in the latitude of London, though a very severe winter would injure its beauty for a time. It has but recently been introduced to this country, and its introduction is entirely due to Mr. David Moore, the indefatigable superintendent of the Glasnevin Botanic



PAMPAS GRASS.

Gardens, Dublin. He received seeds of it in 1848 from Mr. Tweedie, who describes it as "the most showy plant of any class in this country (Brazil) when in blossom, appearing like white sheets hung on poles, and is seen at the distance of many miles."

In stature this grass rivals the bamboo, and is eminently fitted for garden decoration on account of its majestic and superb outlines. The leaves are hard, wiry, very rough at the edges, scarcely half-an-inch broad at the widest part, of a dull gray-green, and edged all along by sharp teeth. The flowers appear in October and November; they are in panicles of from two to two and a half feet long, of a silvery whiteness, and densely covered with long colourless hairs. When grown in the Society's garden, it attained to the following dimensions:

Height from ground to curve of leaves, 7 feet.

Height to summit of the plume of flowers, 11 feet.

Diameter of the tussock, 9 feet.

Length of one of the leaves, 8 feet.

Length of flower-plumes, 2 feet.

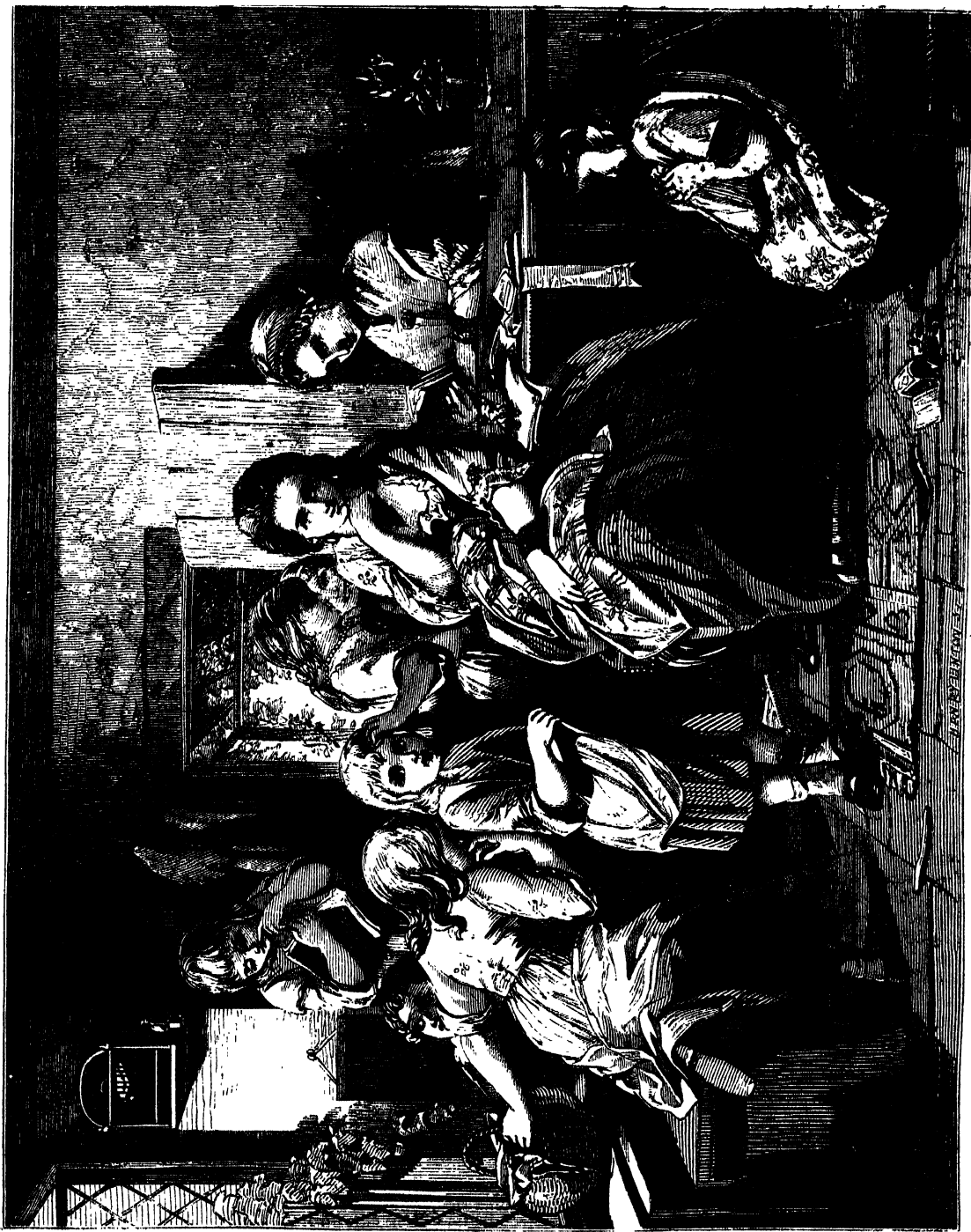
Number of flower-plumes, 17.

Such is the magnitude of this queen of the grass-family. Its elegance is more noteworthy than its size; every one of its long thong-like leaves curling gracefully from the centre to the circumference, forming a thin but huge tuft that defies the pencil of the artist to do justice to it. Add to this the glittering whiteness of its panicles, which dart into

the air on slender stems far above the pendant tuft of foliage, and shake their thousands of bright scales in the sunshine, like the work of some ogre silver-smith. As an ornament to a well-composed scene of rock and shrub, nothing can equal it; but it wants room, and must be supported by fine masses of shrub, or half its beauty would be wasted.

The cultivation is not difficult. The seeds should be sown in March, in well-drained pots, filled with peat and loam, and then plunged into a gentle hotbed. As soon as the plants are up, give them greenhouse treatment, and pot them off singly as soon as they are large enough. Grow them on till the middle of May, never letting them flag for want of moisture,—they must, indeed, have plenty,—and turn them out into the open ground, in a compost of loam, leaf, mould, and a little old dung. The compost should be rather stiff. Mr. Tweedie says, that in Brazil it arrives at greatest perfection in a cool clay-soil. Strictly speaking, it is a river-side sedge; hence it must have abundance of water all through the summer. Those who wish to save the trouble of raising seedlings, can have strong plants ready for putting out.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XIV.

PAINTED BY M. S. CHIDDLE.

THE SISTERS' SCHOOL.

THE SISTERS' SCHOOL.

FROM CRABBE'S "TALES OF THE HALL."

"With hair uncomb'd, grimed face, and piteous look,
Each heavy student takes the odious book;
And on the lady casts a glance of fear,
Who draws the garment close as he comes near;
She then for Lucy's mild forbearance tries,
And from her pupils turns her brilliant eyes,
Making new efforts, and with some success,
To pay attention while the students guess,
Who to the gentler mistress fain would glide,
And dread their station at the lady's side."

In one of Crabbe's downright homely tales the plot runs thus: Two sisters of contrasted characters,—the one, Lucy, brilliant, and the other, Jane, mild,—lose a little fortune by some swindling British Bank of the author's day; and with the cash lose each a lover. The one, Jane, dismisses the man herself, whose calculating prudence and vanity, and half-condescension, wound her earnest nature to the quick; while the other, the showy sister, has the additional pang to find her betrothed take a like advantage of her poverty, being, in a word, a rascal, and who is discharged with but little ceremony. Both dismissed and the fortune gone, the forlorn ladies set up a school in their native village, to the conduct of which the severe practical nature of Jane devotes itself, while Lucy's feebler heart runs over with disgust at the coarse task set before her; hence the passage quoted, and the picture. Jane sits behind examining her clownish pupils, and with a faint look of affectionate reproof regards Lucy; she, lost in abstraction, pays little heed to the inattentive and dirty boy, who, taking advantage of this, obtains a refresher for his memory from the girl in front. Lucy's action, as she gathers her gown from contact with the young clown, is characteristic and full of studied grace; her robes, poor as they are, fall round her in sweeping masses; the pattern is large, showy, and full; her braced and bare arm and unshrouded bosom, with the heavy pendants in her ears; in short, all of her—her hair, her pose, her dress—tell of the vain and foolish woman, too absorbed to attend to her duties, but well alive to all her person required for decoration.

The close-drawn kerchief and white cap, with the demure and puritanic air of Jane, tell the tale of the opposed character, bending itself to its labour, and cheerfully undergoing all for duty. Notice how well the artist has given the easy firm grace of her attitude, and the clear good expression to the features of this girl.

The whole picture contains much excellent design, which is so well considered, that the tale almost tells itself. Within the picture are other incidents so obvious as to need no pointing out from us. As a piece of scientific composition, this work has seldom been equalled by a lady, and does Mrs. Criddle high honour for her achievement in so recondite a branch of art.

L. L.

THE SIEGE OF JEZEERAH: AN ADVENTURE IN KURDISH MESOPOTAMIA.

It was in November '54. After the summer's campaign of the Turkish army before Kars had ended in the Russian triumph at Kuruckdereh, I had journeyed away into Persia, with the purpose of smuggling myself into Daghestan—the country of Schamyl—along the south-western shore of the Caspian. Failing in this, I had passed westward through the mountain-wilds of Kurdistan Proper into Assyria; and, after a halt of several weeks at Mosul, was continuing my travel to the coast of Syria, to take shipping at Latakia, or Scanderoon, for Stamboul. At Mosul I discharged the servant who had accompanied me from Tabreez: he had broken down oftener than was convenient with fever and ague; and as my own familiarity with Turkish was now passable, I paid his caravan-hire back to his home, and bargained with the government Tatar (or postal courier) from Baghdad,

to pilot me on to Aleppo. I had already made trial of all the other modes of Asiatic travel,—by my own private animals, by post-horses, and by those of a caravan,—and now braced up my muscles for a spell by this, the quickest but most fatiguing of all. I need hardly say, that horseback is the only vehicle known to the traveller east of the Bosphorus, and that his choice lies between the four varieties mentioned. By the first, he can travel at what rate he likes; by the second, his progress is usually a couple or three stages of about five hours (fifteen miles) each, daily; by the third, he jogs on in slow company with the long train of laden mules or camels; whilst, with the Tatar, he ambles or gallops along, only halting to change horses, full twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Added, that roads, in our sense of the word, are as yet to be invented in Western Asia, and the reader may calculate for himself the amenities of a five or six hundred miles' journey *à cheval* at this last-named rate.

But six months' continuous saddle-practice in districts of country as rugged as any from Scutari to Astracan had hardened sinew and muscle; and it was therefore with but small fear of fatigue that I rode through the Giumruk-Kapou (custom-house gate) of Mosul on that wet November morning, and, in company with Hassan Agha, the courier, and the twelve or fifteen Arab horsemen who formed our escort, crossed over the bridge of boats that spans the broad and rapid Tigris, on our way to Diarbekir. Over the river, our course lay due north along the base of the great mound of Kouyounjik, the largest of the Nineveh tumuli; then across the broad undulating plain that stretches away past Khorsabad to the mountain-range of Jebel Bekhe, northwards, and east to far beyond the Zab. Passing through the narrow and rugged defile that leads up from these great Assyrian plains to the valley of the Khabor, we reached the Kurdish town of Zakho on the second day, and there found Osman Pasha, the governor of Mardeen, encamped with a force of some six thousand troops, regular and irregular, and preparing to commence his march next morning on Jezzeerah, some couple of days' journey ahead. Soon after our arrival at the post-house, the Tatar waited on him with my letter of recommendation from the Pasha of Mosul; but the old savage gruffly declined to receive me; sending me, however, as a sort of softener to this discourtesy, a couple of anatomical hens and a dozen of eggs for dinner. To be even with him, I omitted to present myself at his tent before starting on the following day in company with himself and his armed rabble, and throughout the day's march took not the slightest notice of his presence. We halted that evening at Peshapoor, a village on the eastern bank of the Tigris, where the troops encamped, and the Tatar and myself again put up at the post-house. Having no particular wish to journey further in such company, I sent Hassan next morning to the pasha to request the needful convoy of horsemen, that we might proceed without longer stoppage; but Bluebeard again snubbed him, and ordered us to wait till it suited his sovereign pleasure to send us on. This compulsory halt, however, gave me an opportunity of seeing how his sultanic majesty's subjects fare under pashalistic rule in those remote Asiatic provinces.

Not only was almost every house in Peshapoor laid under heavy contributions of food for the multitudinous rabble (sheep being seized to what extent the marauders liked, and a perfectly exterminating crusade waged against the poultry), but the roofs of very many of the houses were pulled bodily off to supply fuel for the camp-fires. Feeble remonstrances were, indeed, attempted in some instances by the owners, but in every such case a lusty cudgelling speedily silenced the protest. A party of ragged rascals—Albanians they were—visited the post-house with a similar intention, and it was only by the energetic use of a heavily-loaded horse-whip that I succeeded in preventing the rafters from being pulled about our ears, and expelled the intruders. One of the scoundrels drew his dagger, and made a show of fight; but the suggestive "click" of a revolver speedily sent

the weapon back to its sheath, and its owner off after his fellows. The greater part of this day was spent in swimming the horses over the river, and rafting across the men and baggage. The former of these operations, which the breadth and rapidity of the current rendered a work of no trifling danger, was effected by the animals being taken to a point some quarter of a mile higher up the river than that to be reached on the opposite side, and then ridden in till carried off their legs by the stream, when the riders slid off into the water, and held on by mane or tail till the current swept man and horse across to the other shore. Some few venturesome dare devils kept their seats throughout the passage, with nothing but the heads of themselves and their chargers visible above the muddy and eddying surface of the stream. The rafts which bore over the men and *matériel* were constructed simply of tree-branches, lashed together with willow-twigs, and floated by inflated skins. On one of these frail vessels, which form the only vehicles of navigation on the Tigris from Diarbekir to Baghdad, myself and my saddle-bags were wafted across late in the evening. The pasha had crossed some hours before; and I found him squatted under a small open tent a few yards from the landing-place, before a huge brazier of bitumen that lighted up with its red glare the whole shore for a quarter of a mile on either side, revealing to the eye such a scene of yelling activity and wild picturesque contrasts of light and shade as no painter ever fixed on canvas. A "fancy portrait" of Osman himself, to be any way just to its original, would occupy more space than editorial economy permits; theatrical imagination hardly ever placed upon the stage a more Falstaffian type of hoggish sensuality, unredeemed by the smallest spark of intellect. In bodily size and shape, he resembled nothing within the range of my zoological knowledge so much as an over-grown turtle balanced on one end; whilst, facially, a low receding forehead, small gray eyes, overhung by the heaviest of brows, a huge mouth and ponderous under-jaw, betokened only lust, cruelty, and cunning. What I afterwards heard of his character quite proved the truth of this diagnosis. He was one of the few and fast-disappearing specimens of the old ante-Tanzimat régime who still believe that "through unbelievers' blood lies their directest road to heaven." Fortunately for Turkey, these human relics of her "good old times" are passing rapidly away, and their places being occupied by a class who, sceptics though they be, are more likely to postpone for a time the final break-up of her rotten and tottering existence as a Mohammedan power.

Landing thus under his nose, I could not avoid entering the tent and offering Osman a salute, to which the old savage merely answered with the mean-nothing "*Hosh gelden*" (welcome), and soon after rose and withdrew into a large pavilion behind, without adding another word. The civility of an officer of the regulars, however, procured me partial shelter that night under an old sieve of a tent, which kept out a portion, at all events, of the rain that fell in torrents; and to the same individual was I indebted next morning for a temperate meal of water-melon and black bread. When the storm had passed, the Tatar again applied for permission to proceed, but was answered with a peremptory order to wait till the following forenoon, when the whole encampment gradually got into motion, and we journeyed on to a village some four hours nearer Jezeerah. Here we were again detained a couple of days, in spite of my lively protest, and would have been kept still longer had I not boldly beard the old lion in his den, and, in presence of the crowd of petty chiefs in attendance, threatened him with the active vengeance of Lord Stratford and the whole posse of the Foreign Office, if he did not at once furnish the needful escort, and suffer us to proceed. This new style of speech and manner—so different from what I had up to this point employed—carried the day; for the old despot, whom it at first astounded, then sent into a towering passion, and at last fairly floored, judged that one who could venture on the use of such rhetoric must be a

vastly greater personage than he had supposed, and accordingly, without further delay, ordered us a mounted guard of some twenty Abyssinian irregulars. Numerically, such an escort as this was imposing enough; but, when I say that out of the whole score not more than seven or eight were armed with even the usual completeness of such troops, some notion may be formed of their value; their courage being even taken for granted, which is saying much—in an emergency. A couple of them had matchlocks, but no ammunition; one, who rode beside me, boasted a pair of rusty pistols, of which both were flintless; whilst the sole armament of another was an old sabre, firmly tied into a scabbard that had once covered a blade of much larger dimensions; and so was it with the weapons of six or eight of the remainder. Under such "protection," we finally left Osman and his horde behind us about noon, keeping well out towards the edge of the desert, to avoid the neighbourhood of the insurgent villages. Abdullah, who commanded the escort, indeed, protested against all such caution, declaring that, with *him* at their head, his score of men could make mince-meat of all the Kurdish rebels from Bashkaleh to Mardeen; and, in proof of this, he and they charged and routed whole hosts of (imaginary) assailants ahead, behind, and on either side of us as we cantered on over the unpeopled plain.

Shortly before sundown, our course approached the neighbourhood of the outlying villages, the whole of which were Kurdish and committed to the insurrection, when we observed a regular turn-out of the male inhabitants of one of the nearest, hastening towards us, armed with matchlocks, and yelling like demented demons as they came on, *Dhouschmanler! dhouschmanler!* ("The enemy, the enemy!") shouted the Tatar; *T'hôlda! t'hôlda!* ("To the desert, to the desert!") roared Abdullah; and, enforcing the precept by example, off galloped the valorous exterminator of rebels, with his obedient rabble at his heels. For a while the dismayed Hassan, myself, and our couple of *surrâdjers* (mule-drivers) tried to make way with the baggage-horses from our rapidly advancing assailants; but one of the laden animals falling, and the others being unable to move at all quickly over the stony plain, some forty or fifty of the Kurds soon reached within half musket-shot, and began peppering away with most unpleasant approach to precision of aim. One bullet struck the Tatar's horse in the neck, inflicting a slight flesh-wound, which at once determined that worthy to provide for his own safety, and let Abdul Medjid's mail take its chance; and off he scampered desertwards too. Though by far the greater half of my own worldly property was contained in the precious saddle-bags which formed my share of the general baggage, I never felt less disposed to an unevenhanded fight in my life; so, after one or two fruitless shots from my revolver, I abandoned wardrobe, cash, pack-horse, and every thing else to the mercy of the robbers, and headed away after the Tatar and our "guard" as fast as my jaded steed could carry me.

The short eastern twilight had already deepened into night, and, in the gathering darkness, I could discover neither one nor other of the party. At last, after a full half-hour's ride out into the untracked waste, the flash and report of a couple of pistol-shots—fired by Abdullah to signal their whereabouts—guided me to one of the countless mounds that, like huge mole-hills, stud the entire face of these Mesopotamian plains, behind which I found the whole pack of runaways, preparing to return to the pasha's camp. This we succeeded in reaching shortly after midnight; Osman and his force having advanced some three hours (nine miles) nearer to Jezeerah than where we had left them in the morning. Lustily did the old fellow abuse the poor Tatar for our misfortune; then he showered maledictions on Abdullah, and ended with strong language as to the mothers, wives, and daughters of all Kurds in general, and of those of Babila—the scene of our spoliation—in particular.

On the following morning, being unable to procure a guide back to Mosul, I had no choice but to accompany the

force in its march on Jezeerah, some couple of hours off; and here began a series of farcical absurdities which, if fun passed current with the tailor, would have repaid me for all the personalities I had lost. Jezeerah lies in a deep valley on the western bank of the Tigris, the waters of which insulate the town during several months of the year, when the divided stream is crossed by two crazy bridges of boats and an equally dangerous one of stone. The place itself is surrounded by a ruinous circular wall, and would not occupy a single company of European troops half-an-hour in capturing it at any season of the year. This place was the head-quarters of a formidable insurrection, headed by a young Kurdish chief named Yezdinshier Bey, the nephew of the still more powerful and notorious Bedlur-Khan Bey, whose massacre of the Nestorians has been so graphically described by Mr. Layard. Yezdinshier himself was at this time inside Jezeerah, and his capture, rather more than the reduction of the town, was the object of the advancing pasha and his six or seven thousand troops. With this view, on our reaching the high plateau overlooking the town and river, the mounted portion of the force was despatched to cut off retreat into the mountains by forming a close cordon between the latter and Jezeerah; whilst the two companies of regular infantry and the rabble of match-lock men on foot opened a musketry-fire on the town itself, at a safe distance much beyond effective range. Two of the four field-pieces that accompanied the expedition were next brought to bear on the walls, at a distance of some eight hundred yards *with grape*, under the management of an infantry captain, unaided by a single regular artilleryman! This style of practice proving inefficient, the sapient gunner then tried shell, but with no better success; for every shell either burst long before reaching the walls, or, if by odd chance one reached them, exploded harmlessly amongst the gravestones of the large burying-ground within. After a couple or three hours of this kind of assault, the operations of the day ended, and the assailing rabble "hung up their arms" for the remainder of the afternoon and evening; some praying, others baking bread, whilst the rest were variously engaged in pounding coffee, or drinking it, smoking, or singing their dirge-like songs round the camp-fires till midnight. Kurds, Turks, Yezcedies (devil-worshippers), Albanians, Abyssinians, and Arabs,—they formed as motley a *mélange* of human rascality and cowardice as the moon ever shone upon within a similar space of ground.

Next morning, the infantry-artillery captain recommenced his shell-practice with results similar to those of the preceding day. I happened to be standing by one of the guns, and, noticing the poor fellow's embarrassment in the management of his pieces, volunteered a suggestion on the cutting of the fuses. My interference soon reached the pasha's ears, and the result was, a prompt and pressing request that I would supersede the captain, and assume the direction-in-chief of the siege! The rich absurdity of the whole affair, coupled with its affording me the recreation of amateur gunnery at the expense of Turkish ammunition, and possibly of Kurdish limbs, was a sufficient inducement to comply, in spite of all the surly incivility I had met with at the old vandal's hands; and I accordingly consented, on condition that an entirely new scheme of attack should be adopted. Osman was at first unwilling to commit himself to the acceptance of such terms, but finally yielded; and I then proposed, that instead of idly vapouring away with musketry and grape-shot against the walls from an impossible distance, the four guns should be placed in position before one of the town-gates at short point-blank range, and that on the gate being blown open, the place should be regularly stormed by the two companies of infantry. To the last clause of this proposal the infantry *bimbashi* (major) offered warm opposition, declaring that mounted bashi-bazonks were the proper troops to employ for the storming business; but his objection was finally overruled, and Osman, consenting to my plan of assault, betook himself to a high breastwork of stones in the rear, from behind which he

could safely watch the progress of operations. A party of volunteers dragged the guns down to a point within some four hundred yards of the gate chosen for breaching; whilst the rest of the many-tongued cut-throats who formed the besieging force ceased their independent tactics, and clustered along the heights to witness the speedy reduction or demolition of Jezeerah. A shower of musket-bullets, badly aimed, saluted us at the guns, from the crowd of townsmen who manned the walls, as we proceeded to load with substantial round shot. Bang! went the first discharge, the metal missing its mark, and burying itself in the graveyard beyond. The second, third, and fourth followed, little better in aim, much to the noisy dissatisfaction of the crowds behind me, and the defiant joy of the besieged. But this had given us the range; and of the second round only one shot missed the wall, two striking the gate in its centre, and the fourth shattering the upper lintel. Loud, long, and wild were the applauding cheers that now greeted us from the rear; even the old pasha becoming brave for the moment, and mounting to the top of his sheltering parapet to clap his fat palms in approbation of the gunnery. Simultaneously, however, came a volley of musketry from the walls, which killed a couple of my assistants and wounded three others; whilst some of the bullets "pinged" away beyond us to the hiding-place of the pasha behind. The old monster was in the very act of adding a sort of pirouette to his manual gesticulation, when one of these long-range messengers passed through the ample *seat* of his many-folded pantaloons, grazing the nether convexity *en route*. Over he tumbled like a knocked-down nine-pin, into the arms of his attendants, who broke out into the usual shout of *Allah! Allah!* as the old arch-coward fell. In less time than I take to write it, I was left alone at the guns with the couple of dead and the three wounded men mentioned, every one thronging to the supposed death-ground of Osman. It was soon found, however, that his adipose excellency had been more frightened than hurt; but all the peris in Paradise could not have held him within range of rifle-shot five minutes after his recovered nerves enabled him to move back to the remote safety of his pavilion. His retreat thus made good, we went on with the firing, but discovered after a few additional rounds that a strong stone buttress had been raised behind the demolished gate, thus rendering ingress at that point impossible. The guns were then turned upon the crowds that lined the walls, and after a few well-aimed enfilading shots, the musketry-fire from that quarter was silenced. In the meantime, the counsel of the infantry *bimbashi* had evidently weighed with the pasha. A host of mounted bashi bazonks, impatient for the fight, had already been despatched to the opposite side of the town, where a long low gap in the wall, which had been very hastily barricaded, offered a chance of entry by a rapid and well-supported dash. The lowest part of the breach was, indeed, some three feet above the outside level; but, as Kurdish horses will scramble over any thing, it was urged by the *bimbashi* that a storming party *à cheval* had every chance of success. Finding Osman bent on making trial of the suggestion, I had the four guns brought round to the intended point of attack, and after a few discharges of grape had cleared off the crowd of townsmen gathered for the defence of the spot, the storm of bashis swept on with couched lances and discordant yells to the assault. The besieged, however, were prepared for them, and poured in as they approached within short range a volley of musketry that emptied at least fifty saddles before even a single horseman had reached the walls. This sudden and well-timed check threw the whole crowd of assailants into disorder; and, before they could rally, a second discharge from the walls completed the repulse. Save himself who could, was the cry; and within ten minutes from their first advancing cheer, not a man or horse, save the dead and wounded, of the attacking host remained within rifle-shot of the town. Short work was made of the wounded; hardly was the ground clear of the assailants, before the townspeople

swarmed out into the open plain, and with a rapidity that no Chinaman could have excelled, lopped off the heads of every single man, dead or dying, on the ground; after which they rifled the whole, and retreated with their bloody booty into the town. With the exception of a few round shot aimed at scattered groups at various points within and along the walls, we of the attack did nothing more that day. In the evening the old pasha invited me to dinner; but all the fun of the past morning and afternoon had not banished the memory of his previous incivility, and I accordingly declined; Hasean, the Tatar, engaging to forage elsewhere.

During this second day's operations, a mounted Kurd, decked out in the "loudest" of colours—crimson cloak and turban of red, yellow, and black—had been conspicuous for his reckless bravery and energy in conducting the operations of the defence. Wherever the courage of the wall-men seemed to flag, there he turned up, infusing fresh vigour and animating to renewed activity. As he galloped from point to point, the yellow flag he waved was greeted with the cheers of the besieged; but who or what he was none of us "outsiders" could tell. On the morning after the repulse just narrated, he again made his appearance, caracoling with his yellow pennon from point to point as before. Innumerable rifle-shots had been sent after him on the previous day, but only to the waste of so much powder and lead; and, accordingly, old Osman now resolved to try his vulnerability with a six-pounder field-piece. I declared my inability to hit him; but no excuse would be accepted, so we double-shotted the whole four guns, and laid them for the line of his usual ride. The yellow flag was soon espied approaching, at a rapid canter, the open ground of the grave-yard. Flash and bang! went a couple of the field-pieces, as he came within point-blank range. The shots from both went over him; but, striking the ground a little beyond, *ricochetted*, and ploughed through a group of the townspeople some couple of hundred yards further on. Defiantly on came our mark, seemingly proud of being thus singled out for a special cannonade. Shot No. 3 went "nowhere," but the fourth and last covered him with a cloud of dust, and knocked over a poor buffalo that happened to be grazing peacefully half-a-perch off amongst the graves. Considering this last result to be gunnery of a high order, the crowds behind made the welkin ring with applauding cheers. Directions then came from the pasha to turn our metal on the principal mosque of the town, his orthodox excellency falling back on this last resource of baffled strategy in hope that, to save the sacred edifice from destruction, the *mollahs* (priests) would bring their rebel townsmen to repentance and capitulation. Against this easy and conspicuous target I banged away, *con amore*, for some dozen of rounds, at the end of which, the gallery round the minaret having been knocked away, and the dome "hulled" in several places—the old infidel, probably awakening to the scandal of suffering a *giaour* so to desecrate a temple of Islam, sent orders to cease firing. Simultaneously a huge white flag was waved from the town-wall, and a few minutes later a deputation, consisting of a *seyd* (green-turbaned descendant of the prophet), the *cadi*, and a *mollah*, entered the camp to propose terms of surrender. Yezdinshier, they said, had escaped to the mountains two days before, leaving Jezeerah in the hands of a lieutenant, who now offered to lay down arms and admit the pasha on the condition of a general amnesty. These terms, however, Osman refused to accept, insisting on a complete evacuation of the place before he moved a yard nearer the walls. The deputation then left, to consult their "constituents;" the old boaster apprising them that, unless his offer were accepted before noon of the following day, he would demolish the town, and hang every tenth man, woman, and child found inside its walls, commencing with themselves—the *seyd*, *cadi*, and *mollah*.

Having myself had enough of the adventure, and seeing no immediate prospect of its termination, I bargained that

evening with an independent bashi-bazouk to guide me back to Mosul. We left the camp privately about midnight, and after a four days and nights' journey down the banks of the Tigris, I reached the hospitable gate of the English consulate, moneyless, clothesless, and worn out with fatigue. On the second day after our flight from before Jezcerah, the townsmen made a sally *en masse*, routed Osman and his entire host, and captured tents, baggage, and every thing else, the old pasha himself having a narrow escape from falling into their hands. Some weeks after, when I had crossed the north-eastern spur of the desert under the care of an escort of the Shammur Arabs, I met him at Nisibin, when he expressed touching regrets that he had not closed with the first offer of capitulation. "For," said the old monster, "once master of the place, I could have massacred the sons of dogs as I liked; but, no matter, inshallah! I'll be wiser again." I passed on to Diarbekir, thence across the top of the desert by Orfah, and over the main stream of the Euphrates at Birejik into Syria; by Aleppo and Antioch to Scanderoon, and thence by steamer to Constantinople and the Crimea. Since then I have journeyed into other parts of Asia, but nowhere have I encountered at once so much of the annoying and the laughable as during that memorable fortnight before JEZEERAH. M.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

THE contrast of the East and the West has been a fruitful subject for speculation. Let us now glance at a recent illustration of the theme, which in itself contains a whole history.

We were at war with Persia; and a special ambassador was despatched by the shah to negotiate a treaty of peace. How this ambassador travelled, and how he fared before he arrived at Constantinople, it is not our object to inquire. But at that port he gave himself into the hands of the great magician "Steam," the principal servant of Western civilisation; and in the face of adverse winds, and independently of tides and currents, he is transferred in a few days from the shores of the Bosphorus to the coast of Provence. He lands at Marseilles; and an occasional stare at his oriental costume, as he passes from the floating palace called a steamer to the stationary one called an hotel, is all that indicates to him that the subjects of the emperor of France are aware that an envoy from the "king of kings" has alighted on their shores. But though no imperial *cortège* crowds around him to invest him with importance, and no imperial orders fly through the country to extort from unwilling subjects a night's lodging and a meal for the guest of their ruler, he finds himself surrounded by every comfort and luxury that man can wish for, science can invent, and art can create. Having rested from a voyage which has not presented a single hardship, except, perhaps, the tribute which that old conservative Neptune persists, in defiance of the modern triumphs of civilisation, in exacting from all landmen who commit themselves to his element, the ambassador starts for Paris in a commodious saloon, with cushioned divans and mirrors and many other appurtenances of comfort and luxury, and through which hot-water pipes diffuse a genial warmth, in spite of the snow and frost without. Again steam, who realises the fabled miracles of the wishing carpet so famous in oriental tales, speeds him on his journey. On the train flies, like an arrow shot from a bow, across rivers, *through* mountains as through plains and valleys, past cities, villages, and hamlets, without his ever having to displace himself from his cushioned seat. When a short halt is made, comfortable apartments,

blazing fires, and tables spread with the richest dainties, offer change and refreshment, not only to the friend and envoy of the mighty shah, but to every obscure individual travelling in the same direction; for private enterprise, that other trusty servitor of western civilisation, takes care of small as well as great. Some hours suffice to carry him over the hundreds of miles that lie between the shores of the Mediterranean and the French capital, where neither the lions of the Boulevards or of the Jardin des Plantes set themselves in motion to meet him. Imperial carriages perhaps convey him to the Tuileries; and there no doubt his oriental tastes and prejudices are soothed by some of the pomp and ceremony so dear to Asiatics; but the Parisian world hears of his arrival only through the press, and the news creates no commotion, except it be in the imagination of some youthful belle, whose tastes for *cachemires* and jewellery have developed in her a decided predilection for eastern princes.

Once more steam whirls the eastern envoy into new regions. Twelve hours, and the scene has shifted from the capital of France to the capital of England, from the sunshine of Paris to the fogs of London, from the city of pleasure to the city of trade; but here, as there, he passes in unnoticed, a unit among hundreds of thousands too much accustomed to a life of endless variety, of constant changes, and of great events, to heed the arrival of an ambassador from "the pole of the earth," come to put an end to a war possibly fraught with danger to our Indian empire. On the very day of his arrival, Feruk Khan appears before the English public as the last invited guest at a Lord Mayor's feast, so signal a victory has the nonchalance of western manners gained over the rigid propriety of eastern etiquette. At the Mansion House he sees the men who rule the British empire in the name of the sovereign lady, to whom he has not yet been presented, and hears them in an after-dinner speech justify their governmental acts to a miscellaneous assembly of their countrymen of various ranks and classes, all meeting here on a footing of equality; while the latter mark their approval by thumps upon the table that make plates and dishes dance. Here also he has an opportunity of seeing the beautiful daughters of England, joining not only in the public conviviality of the other sex but in their political conversations, and probably realises for the first time how it is that the mightiest kingdom of the earth is ruled by a woman. At Lord Mayors' banquets lions are appreciated; and here the shah's ambassador may for a time have felt himself of consequence; but as the novelty of his costume wore off, he ceased even there to be an object of general attention, and two days after his presence in the country was forgotten.

Now let us look at the East. Towards the close of the reign of Louis Philippe, the French government, wishing to recover some of its lost influence in Asia, despatched an embassy to the Shah of Persia. A French ship of war conveyed the ambassador and his suite to Trebizonde. Hence, having secured two hundred mules and horses to convey themselves and baggage, the mission set out in the month of December on its land-journey through Armenia to Teheran and Ispahan, passing through a country covered throughout with snow to a depth of from five to six feet; across mountains, where the wolves and the bears only have tracked a path; through roadless plains, over which dull silence reigns; through trackless forests, where their path is constantly crossed by frozen torrents. By day the caravan moves on slowly and painfully, pack-horses and mules now sinking into the snow, now stumbling into a ravine, now rolling down a precipice; while the cavaliers are obliged to alight from time to time to thaw their frozen limbs, or to avoid the perils which threaten them as they pass along ledges of slippery rock, bordered by yawning abysses, and the mountain-storm drives the snow into their faces and renders them almost blind. At night, halts are made in wretched hamlets, where miserable stables serve man and beast alike for resting-places, or where an imperial order

extorts for the foreign *elchi* (ambassador) a reluctant hospitality under the squalid roofs of the surly inhabitants, who find it hard (and who can wonder?) to remove from their hearths, where a smouldering fire of cow-dung affords some slight degree of warmth and comfort, to make room for a troop of insolent strangers, though they may be the guests of the sultan. But what is wanting as a general rule in point of ease and comfort, and the common decencies of civilised life, is made up by occasional pomp and ceremony, and intervals of Capuan luxury. When the ambassador passes from one pachalic into another, or approaches a town of some importance, he is welcomed with military honours, and escorted to his temporary dwelling with every mark of deference and respect, the whole population of the district or the town gathering along his path to witness his triumphal entry. At Erzeroum, Hafiz Pacha has prepared for him apartments, with rich carpets and soft divans, and fireplaces well supplied with wood, which diffuse a genial warmth, to which the weary travellers have long been strangers; and for their consumption during the five days they purpose spending in the Armenian capital, he has provided 6 oxen, 12 sheep, 1000 eggs, 60 fowls, 100 pounds of coffee, 30 pounds of honey, 3 jars of wine, 200 pounds of tobacco, 200 pounds of butter, and sugar, wax-tapers, &c. in equal abundance. At Bayazid, perched like an eagle's eyrie upon its rock, the pacha is absent upon a foray against some predatory Koords; but his son receives the ambassador with the prescribed pomp, and domiciles him in his father's splendid serail, built of beautifully sculptured marble, ornamented with fresco-paintings and rich gildings of exquisite taste, and furnished with the voluptuous magnificence peculiar to the East. Three miles from Bayazid commences the Persian frontier. Here the son and nephew of the governor of the district, at the head of a brilliant troop of cavaliers, dressed in a curious costume, half-Oriental, half-European, await the arrival of the mission to welcome the ambassador in the name of the shah; to assure him that "all that he beholds is his;" and to serve him as guides and escort during his progress through the Persian territories. But although this royal escort can command every where the respectful submission of the people to the wishes of the foreign *elchi*, it cannot change the condition of the country and of the inhabitants; and for three more mortal months the jaded wayfarers have to encounter fatigues and privations of all kinds, before they come in sight of Teheran.

At some distance from the gates of the royal city a new escort comes out to meet them, and to perform the ceremony called by the Persians *istakball* (literally, "the going out to meet"). Heading the cavalcade are the principal officers of the *begler-bey* (civil commandant) and of the *serdar* (military commandant) of the city. Invited by them, the ambassador dismounts at the entrance of a magnificent tent of crimson-cloth, richly embroidered with gold, where a collation awaits him. This over, the whole company, in procession, set themselves in movement towards Teheran, the horsemen in advance having to break a way through the surging sea of human beings who have thronged out of the city to welcome the *elchi*. Here are dancers, musicians, and mountebanks, the latter disguised in various fantastic ways, and dragging along in leashes, or carrying on their shoulders young tigers, bears, or monkeys. Next to these are wrestlers, naked down to their waists, describing circles in the air with huge clubs, and writhing in strange contortions, which throw out in relief their powerful muscles. Then come the pastrycooks, the fruiterers, and the confectioners of the bazaars; the latter break vials full of sugar-plums at the feet of the ambassador's horse, and the former offer their cakes and fruit for his acceptance. Water-carriers, laden with enormous casks, sprinkle the road as he proceeds; and intermingled with all these are thousands of idle spectators, come out to witness the show. Even the very lions of the shah are brought out by their keepers to welcome the shah's guest; and above the roar of the animals and the hum of the multitude is heard the piercing *Jâ-ali* of the

dervishes. These fanatics, armed with long sticks or massive clubs, garnished with iron-spikes, and distinguished by their long hair and the skins of wild-beasts that cover their shoulders, excite the multitude by their wild cries and frantic gestures; and thus accompanied, the ambassador of France enters the capital of Persia amid the din of artillery and the shouts of the population.

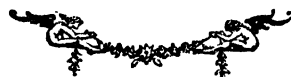
But the Shah of Persia has gone to Ispahan; and thither, after five days of rest, the French ambassador and his suite follow him. At Ispahan the same ceremonies await them. Three hundred splendidly-attired cavaliers receive them at a short distance from the city. Nobles of the highest rank compliment the *elchi* in the name of the sovereign, and offer him refreshments under splendid tents; and surrounded by thousands of the population, in addition to his royal guard, and preceded by a double file of *nazakchis*, or heralds, clad in trailing robes of crimson, and turbans formed of red shawls, he enters Ispahan with the same pomp as he entered Teheran.

Three days must elapse—thus Persian etiquette will have it—before the foreign *elchi* can be admitted into the august presence of “the pole of the earth;” but the fourth day having been declared propitious by the astrologers who have been consulted, it is fixed for the presentation. Horses are sent from the royal stables to convey the envoy and his suite to the court. Preceded by a guard of soldiers, and by a host of officials of various grades, he repairs to a small kiosk adjoining the royal residence, where the Minister for Foreign Affairs does the honours of the pipes and tea, without partaking of which no guest must leave the royal palace, but which mark of hospitality the etiquette does not allow the shah himself to offer. Next, the *mirza* conducts the legation through a long gallery into the little palace of *Hapht-Dest*. Lead on by the grand master of the ceremonies they then enter a spacious garden, and advance up a long avenue lined with soldiers formed *en haie*, who present arms as they pass. At the bottom of the garden is a pavilion, in which the shah awaits them; and as soon as they come in sight of this the grand-master intimates that a profound obeisance must be made, though as yet the august object is quite invisible. At length the pavilion is reached, and the “star of stars” breaks upon their sight. The prostrations of the Persians, and the profound salutations of the Europeans, of course recommence. Introduced into the interior of the pavilion, the members of the embassy are ranged according to rank along the wall opposite to the shah; two more obeisances are performed, the master of the ceremonies pronounces a few words of introduction, and the shah makes a sign to the *elchi* to be seated. The rest remain standing.

The apartment in which the reception takes place is a small saloon, divided into two equal parts by a stream of running water, forming in the middle a basin with a fountain, and the walls and ceiling of which are richly decorated with paintings and gildings. The shah is seated in an arm-chair inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and gold, and placed on an *estrade* within a niche. His costume consists of a tunic of crimson cloth embroidered with pearls, and fastened round the waist by a belt glittering with jewels. On his head he wears the black sheepskin cap that denotes the Kadjar dynasty, but this is encircled with a coronet of large diamonds, surmounted by an *aigrette* of the same precious stones.

Persian etiquette requires that the ambassador shall speak first. He does so through the medium of his interpreter, who pronounces a speech richly interlarded with oriental tropes and compliments, to which the shah, evidently pleased, gives a brief answer. The credentials of the ambassador, inscribed on superb vellum, enriched with many-coloured scrolls and golden arabesques, and enclosed in a magnificent silken bag embroidered with gold, are then handed to one of the secretaries, who, holding the precious burden with both hands, ascends the steps of the throne, and deposits it at the feet of the shah. The various members

of the legation are next presented, and the embassy withdraws, walking backwards, and making profound obeisances from time to time. The last *salamaleks* are performed outside in front of a window, through which the shah may still be seen sitting motionless on his throne.



POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

A HIRED HORSE TIRED NEVER (Scotch).—That is the user's creed, but not the owner's; for few are so tender of other people's property as of their own. “A hired horse and one's own spurs make short miles,” says one German proverb; and another declares that they soon outstrip the wind.

HAVE A HORSE OF THINE OWN, AND THOU MAYST BORROW ANOTHER'S (Welsh). “People lend only to the rich” (French),—*On ne prête qu'aux riches*. “People don't give black-puddings to one who kills no pigs” (Spanish),—*A quien no mata puerco, no le dan morulla*.—In Spain it is usual, when a pig is killed, to make black-puddings, and present some of them to one's neighbours. There is thrift in this interchange of civility, for black-puddings will not keep long in that climate, and each man generally makes more than enough for his own consumption. “To one who has a pie in the oven you may give a bit of your cake” (French),—*A celui qui a son pâté au four, on peut donner de son gâteau*.

W. K. KELLY.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

WE give this week a portrait which will be every where prized, because the claims of its original are every where felt. Dr. Mackay has a double title to public gratitude. He is not only one of our best known poets, but he is foremost amongst those who have held the poet's inspiration to be a trust. In his strains of varied music, whether they touch us by pathos, rouse us by their manly truth, or cheer us by their genial faith in our future,—we can recall no single note that vibrates from a morbid string, or that does not ask its response from our moral sympathies. Those “Voices from the Crowd” and “Town Lyrics,” which have had such wide echoes both here and in America, could only have issued from a mind in which the uses of imagination were linked with its delights. Possessed of qualities that appeal to a refined and subtle taste,—qualities felicitously shown in the *Salmandrine*, *Egeria*, and in the exquisite pictures in *A Lump of Gold* and *Under Green Leaves*,—Dr. Mackay, in his poems of more social and political significance, has expressed the sympathies that come home to the people.

Dr. Mackay is now on the eve of a visit to the United States. We doubt not that his works, widely known there, will win for their author a cordial greeting. He proposes, we believe, to lecture to our transatlantic brethren on “Songs, Popular and National.” No one could be better adapted for such a task than one whose emotions flow naturally into music. There is a rumour, too, of another and novel entertainment from the same source, namely, the public reading by the poet of an unpublished narrative-poem. We hope so attractive a feature in his programme will not be confined to America, but that we shall have the benefit of it on his return.

It is satisfactory to add, that Dr. Mackay retains his connection with the *Illustrated London News*, which has prospered so signally under his auspices; and that, after a brief absence, he will again devote himself to the interests of that journal. Meanwhile he takes with him our fervent good wishes, and will meet with a welcome as warm in the land to which he is bound.



CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. FROM A MEDALLION BY A. MUNRO.

GREENHILL HALL.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.
IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

SOME years ago, there resided in the north of England a family of the name of Lupton—the Luptons of Greenhill Hall, they were called; they were Quakers, though for convenience, I shall omit their characteristic phraseology; and for centuries the family had inhabited the same venerable old mansion. Their residence, however, scarcely fulfilled the idea of a mansion; it was something between a farmhouse and a manor-house. There was, for example, no carriage-drive up to the door; but a small white wicket, which opened into a garden, or rather a court, with a large plot of well-mown turf on each side, divided by a paved walk to the porch. The house was gabled, and consisted of only two stories; the windows were latticed, the rooms low, the ceilings and cornices beautifully carved, and there was a hall of considerable dimensions that no antiquarian who came into the neighbourhood omitted to visit. The walls of the court and the house were covered with a luxuriant growth of ivy; and a long grove of fine old sycamores led from the extremity of Mr. Lupton's enclosure, in that direction, straight up to the wicket.

From the court there was no inlet or outlet but this one wicket; the back entrance, for servants and tradespeople, was behind the house, and it was reached by a path which turned off to the right, outside of the little gate. Mr. Lupton farmed a considerable quantity of his own land; and on each side of the sycamore grove extended a wide expanse of pasture, which was called the Park, and was bordered by plantations of young wood; in the rear was a large walled garden, with dairy, stables, and outhouses. The farm-buildings were situated about a quarter of a mile from the house, and all around the land was divided into fields in a high state of cultivation.

In short, nothing could look more prosperous, comfortable, and well-to-do, than the whole estate; and the owners were thoroughly in accordance with all that surrounded them,—worthy, sensible, plain people, respected by their neighbours, high and low; and, from their easy circumstances and ancient family, holding a very good standing in the county.

I have been rather particular in this description; but it will presently be seen that these details are not unimportant or irrelevant to what I have to relate.

Though belonging to the Society of Friends, these good people by no means shut themselves out from the world; they hospitably entertained their neighbours, and visited

"I asked some folks in a dog-cart, as had been to the races, I s'pose, and they told me I war to take the first turn to the left, and then go straight on till I comed to a village, and that Mr. Lupton's war half a mile beyond the village, and that I should know it by a long avenue of sycamores; they said I couldn't mistake it, 'cause it war the only gentleman's house near. It be easy to find, you know, sir."

"Well?" said Mrs. Lupton, whose wonder was excited to the last degree.

"Well, ma'am, I druv hard, for I didn't want my master to know I'd taken up a back fare; and when we got near the house,—just to about that third tree, ma'am,—I heard her say, 'Stop!' and afore I could get off my horse she had opened the door, and jumped out. 'Never mention this whilst you live,' says she, in a stern sort of way, and she gived me another guinea; and then she waved her hand, as if bidding me be off. So I turned my horses' heads, and druv back with a light heart, for I war young then, and I never had so much money afore; but it brought me no luck, for I lost it all, and my place too."

"How did you lose it?" asked Mr. Lupton.

"Well, I don't know, sir. I don't know whether I war robbed, or whether I lost it out of my pocket. I war so pleased, that I stopped at the Bull to take a glass, and I'm feared I took a leetle too much; for when I got back they said I war drunk, and my master turned me away; and sin' that I've been driving for the Lion at Chesterfield."

"And is that all you know about the lady?" asked Mrs. Lupton, considerably disappointed.

"That's all, ma'am; I never seed the lady afore nor since."

"And you've no idea who she was?"

"No, ma'am; I thought she war a friend of the family, belike."

"No," answered Mrs. Lupton. "The truth is, she was quite a stranger, and we have never been able to learn who she was, nor where she came from."

"I've often thought on it since," said the man. "She war a beautiful young lady, and dressed beautiful too; but, somehow, I warn't comfortable when she spoke to me. I've often told it to my old mother; and she says she shouldn't be surprised if she war something *no canny*, as they say in the North, and that's why I could never find the gold; but them's nothing but old wives' tales, ma'am, I s'pose."

"I suppose so too," replied Mrs. Lupton, half-inclined to adopt the old lady's conjecture.

"I war rather curious about her too," rejoined the man; "and when I'd turned my chaise round, I stood up on the footboard, and looked over the top of the chaise, to see what she was a-doing; and I seed her open that 'ere wicket, and walk up to the porch."

"And where did she go then?" asked Mrs. Lupton.

"In at the door, I s'pose ma'am, for I lost sight on her all in a minute."

"Well," said Mr. Lupton, "I'll send somebody to show you into the house." And having directed his servants to give the man some refreshment, he and his wife returned to their friends, and, by way of excusing their absence, told them the history of the White Lady. "And I almost wish," said Mrs. L., "that we had not heard the man's story; for it has only left us more perplexed than ever."

Six years more slipped by, and the White Lady and the post-boy survived only as a tale for a winter's fireside; when it was rumoured that the great-grandson of old Sir Theobald Maxwell was coming back to inhabit the Grange. Old Sir Theobald was a sort of myth in the neighbourhood. For years nobody precisely knew why, but to the minds of the peasantry around his name represented an impersonation of every thing that was violent, arbitrary, despotic, and cruel,—a father or a husband "like old Sir Theobald," or "as bad as old Sir Theobald," was a comprehensive condemnation that every body understood, though not one could allege any foundation for their fixed belief that "old Sir Theobald was an awful man."

This entire ignorance was not only owing to the many years that had elapsed since he had run his career, but also to the total absence from the county of every member of the family, and the entire cutting-off of all connection with the Grange. Nobody now knew why or whither they had gone, or even whether any of the family were in the land of the living; that is, the generality of people did not. Those who read the newspapers might learn that there were Maxwells in India, and amongst them a Sir Thomas Maxwell; though few know, or cared to know, whether he was a descendant of old Sir Theobald, or claimed his parentage across the border. The Grange had been let to successive tenants, on leases for longer or shorter periods, and the rents had been received by agents, who were responsible to somebody in London. In short, except for the use, or abuse, they made of his name, old Sir Theobald and his family were utterly forgotten. So when the news arrived that his great-grandson Sir Thomas was coming home from India to inhabit the Grange, people were almost as much surprised as if they had heard that Sir Theobald himself was about to reappear.

However, if the new baronet was to be judged of by the symptoms that foreran his arrival, he was likely to prove a very different sort of person to his ancestor; for the Grange, which was a large, solemn, dreary, nay, ghostly-looking mansion, was converted, under the direction of a skilful builder, into a cheerful, habitable, handsome house; and the formal garden, with its high hedges, clipped yew-trees, and stone-basins, was extended into a fine pleasure-ground, with flowers, lawn, and lake.

When the place was completed, several servants appeared, and an upholsterer came down from London, who superintended the arrival and arranging of the new furniture, which was entirely in keeping with the taste that had directed the other alterations; and at length, when all was ready, Sir Thomas came himself, bringing with him a wife and a family of children, varying in age from ten to twenty. The preparing of flags, and the weaving of laurels, and the practisings of the village-band, that preceded this eventful day, kept the neighbourhood in a state of excitement; and when they galloped through the village,—Sir Thomas and my lady in the first carriage, and two others following with the young people,—the cheers that deafened them testified to the heartiness of their welcome, and the hopes their return had awakened; for it was certainly not the recollection of past benefits, but the prospect of favours to come, that inspired these eager manifestations.

This enthusiastic reception, such as is apt to await the arrival of people, good and bad, who travel with four horses, was apparently not erroneously bestowed on this occasion; for no sooner was Sir Thomas settled at the Grange, than he gave a grand entertainment, to which all the country round was invited, high and low. Oxen and sheep were roasted, barrels of beer tapped on the lawn, tents were erected, and the whole house thrown open to visitors. To these public entertainments succeeded a series of more private and select ones; dinners and balls followed each other, for Sir Thomas said he had a long debt of hospitality to pay, and that he wanted to make acquaintance with his neighbours.

Amongst the rest, Mr. and Mrs. Lupton were frequently invited; and one day, as Sir Thomas and Mr. L. were sitting together over their wine, and no other guests were present, the former, alluding to his improvement, and the cheerful aspect they had communicated to the place, said, "Yes, I think we have dislodged the ghost at last."

Mr. Lupton laughed, as most people do at mention of a ghost, though, I confess, I never could exactly see why. "Yes," said he, "it was just the place for a ghost; but I don't think I ever heard of the old house being haunted, though I wonder it has escaped the imputation."

"Has it escaped?" asked Sir Thomas.

"I believe so," said Mr. Lupton, surprised at the earnestness of the question. "I never recollect hearing any thing of the sort."

"Well, so much the better," answered Sir Thomas; "but I am surprised you never heard of the ghost."

"Never," said Mr. Lupton. "What's the story?"

"Don't you know the cause of our family's expatriating themselves? You've heard of my great-grandfather, old Sir Theobald?"

"Of course; he died in India, I believe."

"Is it possible you are unacquainted with the tragedy that connects your family and ours? I know that the thing was hushed up in a way that such things can't be hushed up now; but I was not aware the secret had been so well kept."

Mr. Lupton's curiosity was of course vividly excited; and to satisfy it, Sir Thomas proceeded to relate what follows:

The Grange family were a branch of the Scotch Maxwells, who had brought from over the border more pride than pelf. As Sir Thomas said, they were half savages, with an interminable genealogy and barren rent-roll, who inhabited a ruined tower, whence they looked down with contempt upon all the world, except a few Scotch families of equally ancient blood. A sister of Sir Theobald's father had, to the disgust of her relations, married a prosperous Englishman; and when he died, he left this place to his widow, and she bequeathed it to her brother, on condition it was never to be sold; for she respected her husband's memory and wishes, and she knew well enough, if left free to do so, the estate would be quickly turned into money to repair the broken-down fortunes at home. Sir Theobald was the second son, and the favourite of his father, the first possessor of the Grange; and when he died, he left it to him, being on very ill terms with his heir. This heir, the elder brother, was already married; but his two sons died young; and being therefore indifferent about his successor, he left the Scotch property so deeply in debt, that Sir Theobald, on inheriting the baronetcy, gave up the remnant to the creditors to make the best they could of it, and took up with the Grange as his permanent home.

By this time he was drawing towards middle age, and the impression he made on his arrival does not seem to have been an agreeable one. Tall, gaunt, high-shouldered, and hard-featured, such were his outward characteristics; and he had not been long at the Grange before certain manifestations, of what was within this rugged exterior, confirmed the unfavourable opinion. He brought with him from Scotland a wife and two sons, over whom, it was soon perceived, he exercised a barbarous and despotic tyranny. The lady, who bore the remains of considerable beauty,—for they were but remains, although she was some years younger than her husband,—appeared utterly broken in health and spirits, and to have but one interest or object left in life, which was to shelter her sons from their father's harshness and cruelty. It was a miserable household; servants could not abide it, and invariably gave warning at the end of the first quarter. After a few attempts at visiting, the gentry relinquished the attempt, and at last tacitly agreed to leave the tyrant and his victims alone; and thus, shut up with their own wretchedness, the name of "Old Sir Theobald Maxwell" became a by-word in the neighbourhood.

One morning the world outside this abode of desolation were startled by hearing that Lady Maxwell was very ill; a physician was sent for, who pronounced her past hope; she died, and was buried; and every body said her husband had broken her heart, and that it was a worse murder than if he had shed her blood; and so it was, no doubt. Every body, too, pitied the poor boys, and wondered what on earth was to become of them now their protectress was gone.

But the mother had asked herself this question, too, and bethought herself how she could extend her protection beyond the grave. Achilles had a vulnerable heel; and Sir Theobald, case-hardened as he was, had one accessible spot,—he was, what is called, exceedingly superstitious. From his infancy he had heard of apparitions, haunted houses, second sight, and all those phenomena which, on whatever

foundation, were currently believed in some years ago amongst the sequestered regions of his native country. There were legends in his own family that, if not avowedly, were secretly credited by the members of it; and there was a room in the old tower of Glengree that nobody ever slept in. Lady Maxwell, well acquainted with this penetrable side of her husband's character, took advantage of it for her children's defence. Under the threat of haunting him if he did not comply with her wishes, she extracted a promise, when she was dying, that he would immediately send her boys to school; and, as soon as they were old enough, let them go to India, where she herself had relations,—as far as possible from their home; that was their only security. He promised, and he kept his word. She was no sooner laid in the earth than they were sent away to an academy; and every body rejoiced to see the poor boys released, before their health was ruined, and their spirits broken, by their father's tyrannical rule.

THE SILVER FAN.—AN ELIZABETHAN LEGEND.

By G. W. THORNBURY.

Frothing up liquid silver

The jetting water mounts;

It leaps in crystal bubbles

From a hundred marble fountains.

In the broad palace-gardens

The strutting peacock ran,

Waving the emerald circles

Of his resplendent fan.

With cloak of golden tissue,

With jewelled cap and plume,

With rustling scented mantle

Paced sprightly page and groom,

Holding the train of velvet

Behind Sir Walter's bride,

Waving her fan of silver,

Her head thrown back in pride.

Past countless lines of windows,

Through gateways, courts, and doors,

The laughing gay procession

With soft low music pours,

Till through a small low postern,

And up a winding stair,

They reach the "Maiden's Turret,"

And breathe the fresher air.

Below them spreads a region

Of valley, lake, and hill,

Broad meadows of gold, where cattle sleep

In the blue vapour still.

O far beyond the city,

Bright in the sunshine, lay,

Its towers and steeples glittering

In the full blaze of day.

Up rose the sound of voices

From garden, field, and court;

The gardener's ceaseless hammer,

The pages' noisy sport,

The ploughmen whistle yonder,

The jesters run and shout,

The birds from May-flower bushes

Spread music all about.

The talbots on the gateway

Turned golden in the sun,

Over the scutcheon'd dial

The boding shadows run;

The flag on the old clock-turret

Shook fluttering slowly forth,

Flapping in lazy splendour

In the breath of the half-lulled north.

The lady from the turret
Looks down on the massy keep;
Far in the moat beneath her
The water-lilies sleep.
The lady laughed to see the doves,
That in swift circles flew,
Scarce settled ere a second cloud
Of white from the dovecot blew.

In sport at the circling flyers
She struck with her silver fan,
The work of some dusky fingers,
In the heart of the far Deccan.
It fell from the hand of the lady,
O'er the wall five fathom down;
She looks at her crowd of gallants
With an inquiring frown.

They all, half 'mazed and silent,
Peer over the long gray wall,
Where, far below, the moat ran dark,—
A good five-fathom fall.
That moment cap and mantle
Willy the page let go,
And down flew from the parapet
Into the moat below.

She had not time a single sigh
To breathe for the silver fan,—
No time to say, "In all my train,
I know no lion man;"
When faster than a lark returns
To its remembered nest,
Willy the page sprang over,
Shaming *indeed* the rest.

They hear a splash, and looking,
Saw Willy sinking down.
In a moment he rose laughing,
Breasting the waters brown:
Shaking the trails of long green weed
That to him dripping ran,
Over his head exulting
He waves the silver fan.

Over the drawbridge running,
And through the postern-door,
Light as a young fawn bounding
Over a mossy moor.
"I hear him breathing loudly,—
I see his dripping hair."
And now, all flushed with pleasure,
He races up the stair.

Through a crowd of eager faces
Willy the diver breaks,
And in his hand exulting
The silver fan he shakes.
He kissed his lady's mantle,
Down at her feet he kneels,
Then, faint with toil and travel,
To a stone seat he reels.

She smiles with proud contentment,
As if a life were naught,
And every danger well repaid
By the smile that nobles sought.
He staggers to the parapet,
Leans head upon his arm,
The train sweep off exulting,
And leave him resting calm.

But one who, curious, lingered
Strove to arouse him then
(He must have been of softer heart
Than all the other men).

Too late; indeed already
The brave lad's soul had flown,
And was already standing
An angel at God's throne,



VENTILATION: ITS VITAL IMPORTANCE AND EFFICIENT APPLICATION.

[Second Paper.]

CIRCUMSTANCES, even of the most appalling nature, make little impression on the public mind. The fate of the prisoners in the Black-hole at Calcutta; the occasional instances of suffocation in vessels at sea, when, during a storm, the passengers have been shut up for a few hours under close hatches; the cases of fever, and other diseases arising from bad ventilation, in emigrant vessels; and the constantly-recurring instances of death from the use of burring-charcoal in sleeping-apartments, and all such like calamities, are generally attributed to causes beyond the ordinary course of events.

It is only from a knowledge of the chemical properties of the air we breathe that a correct idea can be formed of the importance and necessity of proper ventilation. Now the fact is well known, that in places where a candle will not burn an animal cannot live. Any person, therefore, may, by a simple experiment, convince himself that air, after it has once passed through the lungs, becomes unfit for supporting combustion, and consequently cannot a second time perform the same function in the process of respiration. To those who may not have minutely observed the manner in which gases are collected, we may explain how this may be performed without the apparatus generally employed for that purpose by the chemist.

Place a tumbler in a basin of water, in such a way as completely to expel the atmospheric air; invert it, and raising its edge to within a little of the surface of the water in the basin, introduce, through a small tube,—such as the shank of a tobacco-pipe,—air that has been retained for a short time in the lungs. Remove now the tumbler from the basin on a plate, with the mouth still downwards; and having turned it up, without allowing any of the respired air to escape, plunge into it a lighted taper. It will immediately be extinguished; and so, in like manner, would any animal expire if confined to such an atmosphere.

The breathing of pure air, therefore, is not, as many seem to think, a luxury that may be dispensed with, as some abstain from wine or tobacco; but is absolutely necessary for the preservation of the health, and even of the existence of man.

It has been computed that at each expiration a man passes through his lungs about 31 cubic inches of air. Allowing, on an average, 18 expirations a minute, this will amount to nearly 20 cubic feet an hour (upwards of 120 gallons). The flame of an ordinary gas-burner vitiates, to the same extent, three times that quantity in the same time. Were four persons, therefore, to be shut up in a room of ordinary dimensions,—say 14 feet square by 10 feet high,—with two gas-jets burning, they could not, under any circumstances, live longer than ten hours, and would, in all probability, die much sooner. Such an apartment so occupied would require, according to the numerous and carefully conducted experiments of Dr. Reid, 100 cubic feet of fresh air per minute, which would renew the whole three times every hour. In the open air, the products both of respiration and of combustion are floated away imperceptibly by a

simple and beautiful arrangement of nature. All gases, in common with other substances, being expanded by heat, have a tendency to rise in the atmosphere. The air in passing through the lungs acquires a temperature of from 30° to 40° above the surrounding air; that in contact with gas-jets, about 400°. These products, therefore, though consisting chiefly of the heavy and suffocating gas termed carbonic acid (or choke-damp), are sufficiently rarefied to ascend, and give place, when unconfined, to a current of fresh air. An adult human being, according to Faraday, evolves daily from the lungs no less than 13½ ounces of carbon, a horse 70 ounces, and a milch cow 70 ounces. Nor are these results to be regarded as extremes, but the average results of many experiments. Carbon combines with oxygen in certain proportions to form carbonic acid. Plants absorb this gas by their leaves, fix the carbon, and set free the oxygen, or vital air, with which it has been combined; and so admirably is the balance of atmospheric composition maintained, that the amount of carbonic acid scarcely varies in any part of the world,—constituting one part in a thousand of atmospheric air. Many other impurities are rendered innocuous by an active agent called ozone, whose mysterious character and operations have only recently been unveiled; but which, as the companion of electricity, pervades all space, tendering its good offices where necessary, and making even the thunderstorm subservient to the purposes of purification.

In buildings of every description, whether for public assemblies or for private dwellings, this spontaneous ventilation is of course checked; and in extreme cases, where proper means have not been supplied for the escape of the noxious gases as they ascend, the inmates have to inhale an atmosphere rendered every moment more impure, not only by the products of respiration and combustion, but by animal effluvia of a most offensive and poisonous nature.

"An instance," says Dr. Combe, "of the noxious influence of vitiated air, which made a very strong impression on my mind, was during a three hours' service in a crowded country-church in a warm Sunday of July. The windows were all shut, and in consequence the open door was of little use in purifying the atmosphere, which was unusually contaminated, not only by the respiration and animal effluvia proceeding from so many people, but by their very abundant perspiration, excited by the heat and confinement. Few of the lower classes, either in town or country, extend their cleanliness beyond the washing of the hands and face. Hence the cutaneous exudation of such persons is characterised by a strong and nauseous smell, which, when concentrated, as it was on this occasion, becomes absolutely overpowering. Accordingly, at the conclusion of the service, there was heard one general buzz of complaint of headache, sickness, and oppression; and the reality of the suffering was amply testified by the pale and wearied appearance even of the most robust."

Who can wonder, then, at the lassitude and disease that result from continually breathing the pestiferous atmosphere of crowded or ill-ventilated apartments, or can fail to see in the squalid countenances, sunken eyes, and languid movements of those who inhabit them, the bad effects of shutting out the external air?

But as air, or any other gas, when received into the lungs, comes almost directly in contact with the blood, and does not, like an article of food, undergo any chemical preparation before it acts on the system, such impurities as may be introduced along with it are necessarily the more deleterious. For this reason, the vapour of alcohol, ether, or chloroform, when inhaled, speedily intoxicates, though a much larger quantity, taken in the liquid state, produces comparatively little effect. The breathing of carbonic-acid gas, or of sulphuretted hydrogen, causes immediate death; yet the former is the ingredient that gives to champagne and soda-water, &c. their agreeable pungency, and the latter is that which imparts to many mineral waters their characteristic medicinal properties. In our next Paper, we shall, after a few more observations on the necessity of better ventilation, introduce to the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE a new and improved mode.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES.—My theme is "Dress,"—very important, is it not? and very practical. Quite aware am I that sages would revile my subject as contemptible, and prudes sneer at it as weak. Well, let them do so. I mean-while dare to opine that they are both wrong, very wrong; for all the philosophy in the universe cannot prevent its having its *due*, nay, I admit, too frequently its *undue*, weight. Let us therefore consider how much of our serious attention it may justly deserve, without becoming the all-engrossing subject of our lives.

Very certain it is that *Dress* acts frequently as a reflex of the mind. Thus vain frivolity, careless slovenliness, cold formality, selfish extravagance, or modest elegance, are often detected at a glance.

As a rule, dress is beautiful according to its *appropriateness*; and it is precisely in this particular that our neighbours the French have the advantage over us. A young French maiden dresses with far greater simplicity than our English girls. After marriage, the style of her dress alters; and, as age advances, the Frenchwoman so adroitly arranges her costume, that, without *assuming youth* (at all times a most unsatisfactory process), she artfully contrives to conceal the ravages of time, and, in most cases, presents a pleasing exterior.

A dress, to be *comme il faut*, should not only be adapted to the *age* and *style* of the wearer, but should also be suited to the occasion for which it is required; and should, moreover, bear some proportion to her circumstances. Extravagance in dress, and a servile imitation of the costly follies of the class immediately above, or merely *richer*, is one of the growing evils of the day. O that young ladies would believe that the greatest simplicity is not only compatible with the most exquisite refinement, but is generally the test of it! O that they could comprehend how that, in these days of hoops, gauds, and semi-masculine attire, a young lady dressed with feminine simplicity is a real refreshment to the visual organs!

As a rule, believe me, people of taste carefully eschew extremes, as nothing can be so decidedly objectionable as a *fast young lady*. Thus the pretty simple little bonnet setting round the face, though it may disclose some considerable portion of the hair, is *never* absolutely hanging at the back of the head of a well-dressed person, while the deep curtain gives a draped and graceful appearance to the whole. Artificial flowers and feathers should be used with *nice* discretion; and then only of the very best quality. Nothing is so unbecoming as overlaid finery, except, indeed, it be faded tumperry; the latter, though more obviously disgusting, is scarcely more objectionable than the other. Hats next come under discussion. They are both graceful and appropriate for young girls, to whose rounded features they are peculiarly suited. They are elegant and convenient for equestrians, comfortable for long country rambles, or seaside excursions; but that they should be adopted as a matter of taste for ladies of maturity, independently of these considerations, can, I fancy, only be lamented as "a folly of the day," for they are singularly unbecoming when the blush of youth is past.

Jackets are so multiform, some so frightfully masculine, others so graceful and convenient, that one can but urge, as a general rule, a strict avoidance of any thing fast. Depend upon it, dear young ladies, a woman to be lovely, must be also womanly.

And now we come to hoops. What can possibly be said, think you, in favour of such ugly, graceless, dangerous appendages? It must be obvious to every tasteful person, that dresses should float gracefully round the figure; certainly they should not cling to it. But can any thing be more disfiguring than the host of perambulating wine-casks,—stiff, hard, and rigid of outline,—at the extremity of which the skirts may be seen to flutter in and out with every gust of wind. O, ladies, ladies, why not at once discard these horsehair and whalebone

abominations? To wear them is to take a retrograde step in civilisation.

And now, my dear young friends, before I again bid you farewell for a time, let me urge upon you the propriety of suiting your attire to the occasion. Can any thing be more absurd than Parisian flowers, thin boots, delicate tinted gloves, and dresses of fairy texture, for the early seaside stroll, or the woodland ramble? These things, however beautiful in themselves, are inappropriate, and argue a weak and extravagant disposition; whereas a stronger and simpler dress gives one the idea of justness and real taste. I trust I have not intruded too long on your time and patience; but I feel that I have not done justice to the importance of my subject. And, however the sage may smile, and the prude may sneer, depend upon it, very much of the comfort, well-being, and happiness of your families depend upon the propriety, neatness, and modesty of your dress.

M. H. D.



FRIITILLARIA MELEAGRIS.

FIELD RAMBLES IN SPRING.

MY DISCOVERY OF THE FRIITILLARIA (*Fritillaria meleagris*).

WHEN the spring vegetation first begins to appear along the banks, cleaving its passage to the renewed light and warmth, like an array of green lances piercing the brown weeds of the last year's vegetation, then my spring rambles commence, and every sunny day brings into life new objects of interest. I know the spots where my floral friends flourish for their short bright season, and I seek them each again in their well-remembered nooks.

It is a delightful pleasure to welcome them again after their long absence, and an additional zest is seldom wanting in the accidental discovery of new treasures.

Accident or fancy sometimes leads me into new paths across fields previously deemed inaccessible, which to a botanist yield all the charming excitement of a *trug terra incognita*.

A sudden thunderstorm is not a bad incentive to discovery; when a short cut to shelter becoming the absorbing idea of the moment, by-paths are ventured upon which at other times would be rejected as unpleasant impossibilities.

A few days since, tempted by the warmth and brightness of the afternoon to take a ramble, the sky in the west became suddenly darkened, thunder rumbled in the distance, there was the ominous rustling of a sudden wind among the branches and young leaves, and forked lightning began to play on the dark clouds with threatening brilliancy. Just as I was trying to detect a short cut home a country lad passed me at full speed, and to my hurried question respecting the path I should take, pointed, without stopping, to a road through a farmyard, and then three fields (he said) would bring me into Moss Lane, which I knew. Following these directions, I had already passed the farmyard and part of the first field, totally forgetful for the moment of the interests of botany, when my attention was suddenly riveted by a broad expanse of dusky crimson which covered nearly a third of the whole meadow. Think-

ing no more of the storm, my botanical curiosity was excited, and in an instant I was in the midst of the richly tinted mass, which turned out to be a profuse growth of that somewhat uncommon native plant, the *Fritillaria meleagris*; the flowers stood as thickly as buttercups and daisies in an ordinary pasture, so that in a few moments I had gathered as many as I could carry home; and my bouquet was much improved by the addition of a white variety of the same flower which grew along with it, though not in such profusion.

This beautiful wild flower much resembles a tulip in shape; but instead of presenting the cup-like character of that glorious flower, it assumes a bell-like aspect, from its gracefully drooping character, which has obtained for it the epithet of *modest*.

The name of the genus *Fritillaria* is derived from *fritillus*, which signifies a dice-box; no doubt originally conferred in accordance with the general aspect of the flower, the markings of which consist (as may be seen in the en-

graving) of a singularly regular series of checkers (generally of two shades of a purplish-crimson).

There are twelve varieties of *Fritillaria*, all of them exotic, with the exception of *F. meleagris*. The specific name *meleagris* also refers to the peculiar markings of the flower. It is both the Greek and Latin name of the guinea-fowl, and has evidently been given to this flower from the resemblance of its markings, to the rather minute and regular speckles of the feathers of this bird. From this circumstance, it is called in many parts of England, the "guinea-hen flower;" its curiously checkered corolla has also obtained for it other equally expressive popular names, such as the "checkered daffodil," "snakeshead-lily," &c.

The delicate pencillings of the petals of this flower, suggest to me that Cowper must have had it in view, when he penned the following lines:

"Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God.
Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain
Of His unrivalled pencil."

The day after the storm, I was again on the scene of my discovery, furnished with a capacious black leather bag, and a long sharp knife, with which I succeeded in cutting through the turf round each plant to a sufficient depth to bring up the little bulb safely embedded in the rich loam in which it was growing without the slightest injury; and several well-furnished patches already decorate some of the favourite borders of my garden. Groups of this flower planted in front of shrubberies have a very pleasing appearance, and in such situations they will thrive well; for though, in their natural state, they prefer the sunny centres of open meadows, as garden flowers, they are not at all injured by the shade or drip of trees.

I look forward with pleasure to succeeding springs, when I shall see my freckled beauties which I have so carefully transplanted, appearing in due season in their new garden-home.

G. C. H.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XV.

PAINTED BY J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A.

LIFE AND STILL LIFE.

AU SIXIEME.

LIFE AND STILL LIFE.

AU SIXIEME.

By J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A.

WE have in England no apt representative of the Parisian *grisette*, who, although strictly a milliner, is not, as our milliners are reported to be, of a dolorous order of sorrow-stricken creatures, grinding life and soul through the weary day, and half the night, for the wretchedest pittance that man, or rather woman, pays to a fellow being. The Parisian *grisette* is of a somewhat different class, influenced thereto by climatic and national qualities, which very much ameliorate a position such as hers; she is, in fact (or rather we are here presented with a particular example to that effect), precisely such a personage as the world suddenly became interested in on the production of Eugène Sue's famous character of Rigolette; a happy, light-hearted, pretty, pure, young damsel, living on a little and easily contented, cheerfully pursuing her avocation under much difficulty and many privations, always gay and with a bird-like heart chirping and singing, and in nothing more happy than when assisting a friend in distress.

Such is the character which Mr. Horsley presents to us: the cap-mould, upon which is a splendid head-dress, is the "still life," while she herself is the "life" of the picture. Through the window we catch a view of the roofs of the Tuileries, and thereby a hint that at least equal happiness is to be found in a flat *au sixième* as in the grandest palace in France.

The painter indicates the fair artist's pure tastes by the introduction of the bouquet of flowers, which in Paris even the poorest may purchase at the *Marché aux Fleurs* for a trifle, that would astonish a Covent-Garden dealer in the same; hence few who care for those natural luxuries need deny themselves the purest of all pleasures of the eye.

Although poor, the apartment is not desolate, because the spirit of the owner fills it with content,—the purest light. The worn table-cover and the neighbouring sleeping-place tell the whole tale of the domicile and its affairs, which we may therefore leave to the reader's discrimination. L. L.

LITTLE SELAK; OR, THE LIFE OF A RIVER.

ALL streams lead a charmed life. Their existence combines the spiritual with the material, the supernatural with the homely, the caprice of romance with the routine of every-day practical utility. They have uprooted forests, or undermined mountains, or devastated fertile plains, driving man and beast before them; and then, like Sampson, they submit tamely to grind in a mill. We learn from our forefathers the tradition of their primeval duration, we watch their ceaseless flow, we note the phenomena of a perpetual motion and a never-failing supply. They, the life-blood of the living earth, never stagnate in their arteries. Their surface may be ossified into solid ice, their superabundance may disappear in shapeless and invisible vapour; still on they glide continuously without the slightest temporary check to their actual progress towards their final goal, the ocean,—at once their mother and their grave, whence they rise anew in never-ending resurrection. In a spirit of contrariety, they both serve man, when they are good servants, and they rebelliously defy him, when they are bad masters, shaking off at their will his bridges of boats, his dikes, and his dams, as easily as the wild horse snaps a halter of rotten tow. All streams, I repeat, are things to marvel at, without considering what an extraordinary form of matter is water itself; they are wonders universally, from Amazon with her thousand tributaries, from La Plata with her colossal gulf-like mouth, from Rhine with his hurrying mass of waters pushed forward by pressure from his icy springs,—to the merest brooklet, the tiniest burnie, that wells from a hill-side or leaps down a rock.

Leaving to others the giant rivers which majestically sweep across whole continents, I will follow out a recreative course, lately begun, of the study of Nature's minutiae by playing awhile with one of the smallest of streams,—a little Tom-Thumb river, a watercourse you might examine with a pocket magnifier,—who has often fascinated me with his pleasant and sprightly wayside companionship. In fact, he is a sprite, a water-goblin, of more importance than you would fancy to look at him, and in despising whom you will make a great mistake. His name is, sometimes, Slack. M. Thiers, in his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, more grandly styles him Selaquo. Before Monsieur Thiers was born or thought of, he was written Selak by learned clerks. In familiar brotherhood, I shall therefore call him Little Selak. Do you find him in your gazetteer? What is Little Selak? And where? I will give you a clue to his local identity.

A pair of lovers, wandering in the north of France by the side of a narrow rippling stream, christened the, to them, enchanted spot La Vallée Heureuse in the overflowing happiness of their amorous hearts. But a title given to a place under such rose-coloured circumstances cannot be received as definitely fixing its intrinsic merits; for many and many a gloomy dell, if we have but those we love beside us, becomes the abode of cheerfulness and joy. La Vallée Heureuse is not adorned with those gorgeous and luxuriant scenic details which make the fortune of fictitious vales. No birds of brilliant plumage glance through the perfumed air; no ripe ungathered fruits drop untasted to the ground; no flowers of exotic fragrance arise under the beams of a never-clouded sun. The atmosphere is not of that balmy temperature which renders unnecessary any dwelling of more solid structure than a jessamine bower. Neither the Prince of Abyssinia, nor the much more business-like Sinbad the Sailor, would mistake our valley for any of those romantic dales which had been the subject of their contemplation. Still it is a happy valley, and the reason why is very remarkable. In compensation for the absence of many other charms, the Happy Valley is a busy valley, Little Selak being the busiest of all. But who made the valley, and who made it so busy? Little Selak did both, say I. We will allow geological theorists to decide in other cases whether it is the streamlet that makes the valley, or the valley which attracts the streamlet; but we generally find those elements of landscape in the shape of inseparable and bosom-friends. I have been on intimate terms with two or three eccentric valleys which had streamlets running under instead of through them. But here, I obstinately assert, Little Selak courts the valley because he delights in his own handiwork.

In infancy Selak was cradled on high table-land, where he sucked in the dew like mother's-milk, and was rocked by winds from every quarter. His lullabies were, now the deep-toned chorus of the waves of the sea, now the mutterings of the wintry forest. His childhood was overawed by superstitious tyranny, vestiges of which still remain. Yonder, to the right, on a grassy hillock, a few gray lumps of rock are visible. Look at them again, and they fix your attention by that fearfully old, time-worn, hoary look which belongs to no other than Druidical remains. Approach them, walk amongst them, around them, and over them. You will see some sixty or seventy stones, indicating obscurely an original arrangement in concentric circles, and lying upon what seems an artificial mound of slight elevation; but as to object, architecture, or epoch, they refuse all answer to your most urgent questions. You may as well entreat a dead man's skeleton to give you the history of the living individual. They are not, like most other Druid monuments, blocks of solid granite, but mere lumps of coarse soft marble of the neighbouring quarries. The winds have so rasped them, the rains have so melted them, and the frosts and snows have so severely bitten them, that even their outward form cannot now be depended on. What horrors little Selak witnessed amongst them during their days of power

he cautiously abstains from revealing now; but Druidical tales of terror have since been succeeded by the unhealthy growth from a more merciful faith. Inquire their history of the peasants of the place, and all difficulties vanish at once, all doubts are immediately solved. This mysterious cluster of stones is called the "Noces," or the Wedding-Party. One day, during the dark ages, monsieur the curé happened to be carrying "the Bon Dieu," or the sacramental wafer, to a sick man who lay at the point of death. On his way he passed this wedding-party, who irreverently continued their fiddling, dancing, and merriment, instead of falling down on their knees as they were bound to do in the sacred presence of the host. As a proper punishment for their impiety, they were instantly changed into so many stones. Although the fact is acknowledged to have occurred long before the oldest inhabitant came into the world, it still remains incontrovertible; for, if you break a piece from off any of these petrified holiday-makers, you will find that he or she retains internally the colour of flesh, and even a slight odour of the same. Nobody dwelling in the nearest village—Landrethun—seems to be aware of the effect produced by blows or friction on ordinary pebbles of quartz which have never been suspected to be of human origin.

Little Selak winks his blue eye wickedly when he listens to such traditions told by elderly crones. Here he still is a laughing youngster. I frolic with him, I jump over him, I bestride him triumphantly, and take up samples of his quality in the hollow of my hand. With a full-sized bucket I could almost throw him out of his bed. That, however, would be unkind treatment; for he most good-naturedly shows me his playthings and the pretty live pets which delight his early days. He gives me a little tuft of water-moss or conferva, telling me to look at it with my clear-sighted Amadio microscope; and then I behold bundles of crystal rods beautifully decorated inside with spiral and interlacing fillets of green. And then, up and down the rods there run living creatures, transparent as glass, searching for their prey, whatever that may be. I look again and again at the magic drops which Selak lets me take at will; and the more I look, the more I wonder at the riches of his miniature menagerie. But while I am staring with all my eyes at the palpitating hearts of cyclop water-fleas, and the fragile shells of cyprides, the largest no bigger than a mustard-seed, sly Selak has stolen away. He is bent on mischief; he is up to his old trick of staining linen with rusty spots. On one occasion he maliciously spoilt a housewife's whole wash which she had spread out to bleach upon the stones. She showed it to her learned friends, who pronounced the presence of iron-moulds—and of iron itself! Search was made for the culprit metal, who is not entirely unearthed to this very day; a strict investigation into the facts continues still. That was not all. Selak tossed out upon the roads a heap of rusty-looking stones to mend them with, of whose properties he himself had a slight suspicion. After Bonaparte's wars, in time of peace, he set some idle Frenchmen to work who could just then be spared from throat-cutting and cannon-firing, and the result was, that he converted these stones also into iron. Cunning Selak has furnished his tutors and guardians with plenty of troublesome work to do.

Another day, after a heavy tempest, he got into a passion at the thorough drenching it gave him. He was wet to the marrow; so he vented his rage, like a hot-tempered child, on the walls of his bedroom. He struggled against them, he foamed at the mouth, he threw great stones at them, and pushed with all his might, till he laid bare the commencement of a marble-quarry. You have heard of the famous French paved roads, so useful across alluvial plains, where not a pebble is to be had. Well, Little Selak has thrown those *pavés* broadcast far and wide over districts where his name was never heard. Selak has thus presented to his countrymen innumerable churches, town-halls, bridges, châteaux, trottoirs, tombstones, and even stone drinking-troughs for cattle,—all dug out from treasured stores which he was

the first to bring to light. If Selak made the valley, has he not also made it a busy one?

Generally, man takes a great deal of pains to show what changes he and his tools can work in the primitive appearance of his native planet. Hereabouts, on scattered spots within the range of vision, the earth seems to have been turned inside out. Countless tumuli stud the landscape, as if thrown up in hasty desperation to cover the slain in some wide-spread battle. Hillocks, mounds, deep hollows, and irregular rampart-like banks, some in naked barrenness, others slightly sprinkled over with stunted plants and thread-bare shabby grass, are the result of numberless diggings made and making for the erection and embellishment of populous cities, which almost owe their material existence to the contributions vouchsafed to them out of Selak's domain. Mark, too, those three separate sets of men, who, sheltered from the wind by three screens of straw, are inserting long-shanked corkscrews into the ground. They are boring to ascertain whether iron-ore is to be found beneath their feet or not. Further on is a deserted quarry (because better ones have been found elsewhere), with a pool of limpid water at the bottom, which common report has peopled with eels. Iron and stone are surely helps to prosperity. Little Selak takes us by the hand, and we soon reach a spot where his *protégés* are really doing business. We have pile after pile of ochry-yellow ore, which gangs of men are breaking up into convenient bits for carting away; we have hole after hole, which, by windlass, rope, and stout wicker-basket, are emptied first of earth and rubbish, and then of ferruginous treasure. All this happy healthy employment has arisen from the freaks of a capricious little brooklet. Admire the neat tiled roofs of those new-built cottages; they are part of the growth of Selak's Happy Valley. Even we wanderers reap the benefit; for step into this wayside cottage, largely patronised by the miners and their friends, and taste what a capital slice of bread-and-butter and what a fresh pint of cool brown-beer they will give you, in what would otherwise be an empty desert; or, if you prefer the country-fashion, try a cup of their black, strong, smoking coffee, qualified by two-sous-worth of brandy.

Little Selak dances along to keep pace with our invigorated steps; and after a pace or two onwards, he suddenly shows us a scene of real beauty. We must come before long with our photographic apparatus, and carry away a series of stereoscopic pictures. There is a deep dell, in which Selak plays at hide-and-seek, winding through a wilderness of rocks and verdure. There is a large irregular country-house, the Château de Haut-Barreau, commanding a green slope that rises from the valley. There is a wild, tangled, natural pleasure-ground, composed of ivy-clad stone and tender hazel-twigs. There are bold perpendicular cliffs of naked rock, at the bottom of which innumerable men and boys, all Happy-Valleyers, are employed about work which never fails them. There are blasters cruelly boring the stone, to blow it up with gunpowder as it quietly reposes in its native bed; there are masons chipping away at the rocks already detached, and fashioning them into steps, key-stones, corner-stones, arches, and the thousand-and-one forms which builders require. Note the very comfortable seat they use,—a one-legged stool, strapped behind them, looking as if they had once sat upon an enormous mushroom with a top so glutinous that it stuck to them ever after. It most conveniently allows them to turn whichever way their work requires; and gives a hint worth the serious consideration of those energetic pianists whose skips and arpeggios have reached the limits of possibility. Pleasant parties of busy stone-cutters are seated in sunny nooks, chatting as they shape the approximately cubical pavements which are destined to travel by cart, barge, canal, and rail, far far away from home. There are but few sea-ports, inland towns, docks, locks, and roads in the north of France which have not to thank Selak's Haut-Banc quarries for some important tribute to their construction. We judge of a workman by the quantity of his chips; you may

guess the amount of Haut-Banc stone sent away by the mountains of rubbish left behind. How beautiful, too, is the colouring of the scene! Eyes which can appreciate the harmonious meltings into each other of grays, yellows, browns, and greens, will here enjoy a chromatic feast not easily matched. Ruddy tints intermingling with cold ones are scattered with a boldness which few artists could conceive beforehand. Observe that bright mass of pendent vegetation, with the hawthorn growing out of the face of the rock. If I were a bird of the Happy Valley, I would go and build my nest in that very bush.

Little Selak leaves us for an instant to whisk round a jutting promontory, and a rosy young stone-chipper, seeing we are strangers, advances to do the honours of his quarry. With a piece of cloth, which he holds in his hand, he first wipes our shoes, and then laughs in our faces; the plain French of which, interpreted, is, "If you offer me a half-franc to drink your health, or even a whole one, I cannot be so rude as to refuse it." We do not mind paying a small silver-coin in return for a good-natured and civil reception; and so, young gentleman, take that for your pains. Do you also try to be a tip-top workman, and to earn your three or four francs a-day.

Here we might take to the high-road which winds to the left round that thicket of hawthorn, and so leads you out of the Haut-Banc quarry; but Selak still beckons us to descend the valley by a path to the right which our shoe-wiping friend has indicated. But diligences, carioles, and cabriolets, are useless alike in following the freaks of our water-sprite. You must descend from your carriage, whether chariot or cart, and trust to your own private ten-too conveyance. You cannot even ride through the glen, unless, with Taffy the Welshman of nursery-fame, you are in the habit of excursioning astride on goat-back. Along the grand imperial road you see nothing of the Happy Valley; you do not even suspect its existence. It lies modestly retired, like Eve, who *would* be wooed, and conscious of her worth. A great point of resemblance which exists between the haunts of Little Selak and the Johnsonian retreat of Rasselas is, that both are effectually secluded from the world; the one by ramparts of unscalable rock, the other by the all-powerful force of habit: it simply lies out of the beaten track, and men are accustomed to follow the old one. O ye sheep-like highway travellers, who never dare to set your foot in a place unless some bell-wether tourist has gone there before you, how little do ye know of the rapture of the bold adventurer whose courage has put him in full possession of the unhackneyed charms of some virgin-spot!

After a dozen steps, we are silent with admiration. There is a whole month's work for the most untiring sketcher only to skim the cream of the scenery. More mountains of purple-tinted rubbish; more gray buttresses of ivy-clad stone; a deep narrow dell, flooded with sunshine, and secure from the winds that rage overhead; cottages nestling against grassy slopes, on which cows are grazing at giddy heights; and the brawling Selak gambolling at the bottom, with nothing but a few stepping-stones to thwart his current. The very air is saturated with quiet and peace. It is almost a relief to the sleepiness of the picture to watch that mischievous goat as she breaks loose from her tether, and then climbs to the roof of the cottage to browse on the ivy which so luxuriously covers it. It is a wholesome recal to worldly feelings to find a tobacco-shop established in the Happy Valley's heart. We are delighted, too, to notice the "Tivoli" of the dale, where at all times footsore and fainting folk may be resuscitated as far as wine, beer, and brandy, will do it; and where ladies and gentlemen on state occasions may exercise those pleasurable muscles which are brought into play by the act of dancing. And the rolling smoke, which we now and then catch sight of from the distant chimney of Pinart's foundry, tells us that hundreds of men earn good and steady wages there; and, above all, that the Happy Valley is a vale, not of dreams, but of realities.

Dance along, unthinking Selak; you will soon be made

to do a little work. Dams and reservoirs collect your waters, and compel you to turn three several marble saw-mills. You are pitched headlong upon an overshot wheel, and you thereby set in slow motion, backwards and forwards, four clumsy wooden frames, each furnished with twenty saw-blades. The blades have no teeth, and look as blunt as iron can be; but by the aid of sand, and the lading-on of water, you contrive to cut at once eighty slices of marble which are not thicker than some bread-and-butter I have seen in my early days. These serve for in-door pavements; on others, a man may get his epitaph inscribed, or build himself a chimney-piece to warm his toes at. Stouter slabs, cut by a single blade, will serve as foot-bridges to cross Selak's own stream, or as blocks wherewith to stem its course.

Our pigmy rivulet has his tributaries, too, who all add to the general welfare of the Selakite vale. Little as he is, his minor sisters pour each their respective share into the fraternal lap. They are mere tiny threads of water which rapidly escape from beneath your footsteps, to hide themselves behind a hedge, or creep under the shadows of the long grass and rushes, seeming almost to apologise for their insignificant aspect; and yet their dowry is far from despicable. Coal, for instance, is a comfort to chilblained children, and convenient in the capital cooking-stoves that are here called *cuisinières*, or *woman-cooks*. Now one of Selak's little sisters has a respectable store of bright black-looking lumps closely covered up under her basin. The Valleyers for a long time past have already obtained a small supply, which might doubtless be greatly increased in quantity, if the mines were but worked with greater skill than you sometimes see employed by elderly females in their excavations with a fire-shovel in a gravel-pit. If a council of stern fanatic inquisitors would but put the Selak sisterhood to the question,—to torture by wedges, pulleys, and screws, to exhaustion by pumps, and scaldings by steam,—it seems scarcely possible that they should keep much longer the secrets relating to their hidden funds.

One valued item of liquid treasure furnished by an infant member of the family is open to all who choose to use it. Not far from a village called Retz, and enshrined beneath a marble-altar and embosomed in a wood, there rises a miraculous and medicinal spring, in the miniature chapel of Saint-Godeleine. To doubt its efficacy in the Happy Valley, is to expose yourself, not to martyrdom, but to the certainty of being taken for a very great fool. The medical men roundabouts mostly give the saint fair play. "In obstinate cases of fever," says a learned M.D., "I send my patients to Saint-Godeleine's spring. I tell them to make their vows and pay their devotions, and then to drink off a tumbler of water with the addition of a draught which I give them before they start on their pilgrimage."

Take, then, the good the gods provide thee. Saint-Godeleine's well flows beside thee. Taste the unsophisticated liquid; it is simply nasty, with none of the piquancy of most chalybeate waters. Saint-Godeleine, as every body doesn't know, was an ill-used lady of the tenth century, who spun in private to maintain the poor. Her husband brutally caused her death; but she first struck her distaff into the ground in a little wood close to her residence, and out there spurted a spring of water, which has been antifebrilely-virtuous ever since. Her effigy (about ten or twelve inches high) occupies a little chapel which was last reconstructed in 1829. The building is thickly overshadowed by beech-trees; but a little turret, with a tuft of green poly-pody growing upon it like a vegetable plume, is the handsomest external feature it possesses. The interior contents seem, to English eyes, more fitted for the era of Saint-Godeleine's existence on earth, the infancy of human belief, than for the daring doubters of the nineteenth century. The door, left constantly open, shows confidence in the faith and good behaviour of pilgrims and visitors; and also a philanthropic liberality in allowing such a healing fountain to be accessible to all comers, instead of selling the mixture,

sealed and stamped, in bottles at prices varying from three and sixpence to a guinea.

Enter; immediately before you is an altar of brown oolite marble, very like a small chimney-piece, having a semicircular hole at the bottom where the ashes fall into the fender. In this hole rises the water which (with faith) cures the drinker. The little brooklet, as it oozes away outside the chapel, is nothing but the scantiest fillet of water. If votaries were to multiply greatly, they would soon imbibe it faster than it flows. *Nota bene*, the trees that overhang and surround the shrine are bound round and twisted with countless scraps of cloth, ribbon, lace, and even garters. Their arms and branches are bound in this way by ailing suppliants, *in order to bind the fever there!* The unfortunate clump of beech-trees is, in point of fact, the wooden scapegoat of the Happy Valley whereon outlying invalids come to lay their fevers,—the recipient of the maladies of all who visit it. Do you remark, however, that the health of any individual shrub seems to be much the worse for the transfer? although universal testimony states that the patients are cured infallibly.

The saint herself is a dwarf image of indefinite form and feature. Her altar is garnished by curious votive offerings, some of which are beyond my comprehension, especially as they are mostly valueless. They must be intended rather as a complimentary acknowledgment than as any payment for services received. For instance, our Lady of Loretto,—and many other ladies besides,—would feel herself insulted were any devotee to approach her shrine with a present of codfish-sculls or cuttle-fish bones. Besides these, there are little framed prints, crosses of stick, a crutch, walking-sticks, and scraps and shreds, 'to bind the fever,' within doors as well as without the chapel. All are fast mouldering away with damp, the funds of the temple being far from prosperous. Saint-Godeleine's last new cap, gown, and veil, presented to her as the honorarium for the temporary cure of an ailing little girl, are now completely rotted and gone.

The fortunes of streams, like the fortunes of men, are liable to have their ups and downs. Sober Selak, after quitting the Happy Valley, has still a valley to call his own; but it has not always been a happy one. Between him and the sea lies an extraordinary tract called the *garenne*, or the warren, composed entirely of shifting hills of sand. It is so extensive in area and so unlevel in surface, that to traverse it is no easy task. "Take care you don't lose yourself," said a sportsman one day, when he saw me entering this isolated wilderness. "Never fear," said I; "I am sure of my direction." I did lose myself nevertheless, and only found myself again by following the sun, soon to set in the west, which I knew would lead me down to the sea. A night-walk across it would be rather perplexing. I can quite conceive a party of young children strayed there in broad daylight, and perishing of fatigue if no one went to look them up. The *garenne* has a vegetation peculiar to itself; the most valuable species being the marram grass, which is planted and protected by the local powers. It has also a fauna of its own, which might form the subject of a nice little natural-history book. There are rabbits in plenty; a variety of curious and beautiful snails; there is also a toad which I never saw in England. It burrows in the sand; and as you climb up a hill, it peeps out of its hole, and stares at you with a sort of "Pray, what's your business in my warren, sir?" The sands blown from this arid desert have often choked up the mouth of poor little Selak; stopping his circulation, and driving him backwards to flood the meadows and spread ague and fever throughout the country. The stream—once so merry, but now fallen into trouble—is assisted to make his escape into the sea by means of tapping him for the dropsy in his latter days. A long straight cut and a sluice-gate help him to hobble and limp along as far as an abomination of desolation called Ambletuse.

So good-by to little elderly Selak, who calmly prepares to take his departure; but at the point of embouchure, which is his watery grave, he entertains us with a farewell display

of a species of agriculture which has been proverbial from the days of Virgil downwards as emblematic of "labour in vain." It is not the attempt to wash a blackamoor white. Let us follow the rivulet to the very last, as he lies spread out flat upon the beach. It is low-water, and we are at the epoch of spring-tides, namely, a day or two after the full or new moon. You see the strand is covered with furrows; and as we advance to the water's edge, we catch half-a-dozen men and women in the profitable fact of ploughing the sandy shore. Look at that bright-eyed young lass, with her golden drop-earrings and her neat-fitting cap, her legs encased in dark woollen stockings and her feet sensibly shod with wooden shoes. Her petticoats are prudently short; a small canvas-bag is slung over her apron. Her hands grasp a garden-tool, which in England would be called a hoe, and in ordinary French is known as a *brague*, but here is designated a *charrue*, or plough. With this firmly pressed on the level sand, she walks steadily backwards, ploughing the surface. As the wind and tide happen to be to-day, her labour will not be so unproductive as you imagine, and the crop will be gathered more rapidly than if it were forced by the best-advertised patent manures in existence. I will tell you in confidence that that robust good-natured looking girl is searching in this barren soil for the daintiest dish which has ever appeared on Little Selak's breakfast-table. We approach; the plough moves steadily on. After a yard's length or more of furrow, her red right hand darts at her writhing prey. She has caught it! It is a delicate silvery fish. On with the plough; more quick-writhing victims are upturned; the canvas-bag bears a respectable burden. You wish to help her, do you, and to save her the trouble of picking up her game? Be quick, then, in your motions, or you'll be sure to catch a blank. There! The fish is gone; you have lost it. Where is it? Deep in the sand by this time. No mole can burrow so rapidly and effectually. And there is another; you have contrived to secure *that* before it has interred itself. And no wonder either! Its head—see!—is amputated by the plough. These "beasts" (as the French call every living creature) lie in the sand with their heads uppermost and their tails downwards. Like Ben Jonson in Westminster Abbey, they prefer to be buried in a perpendicular position. Hence the number which are decapitated in the process of catching them, without, however, thereby losing their liveliness. Hold, maiden, enough! The bag is half-full. There are already more than we can eat at a meal. You will continue, nevertheless, to plough for *hamiques*, or sand-eels, as they will be welcome bait to the fishermen. Be it so; we will linger to see the last of Little Selak, while our sea-side Ceres gathers in her harvest, and is amusing herself to her heart's content by reaping where she has not sown.

E. S. DIXON.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE EIGHTY-NINTH.

[Third Notice.]

SIR E. LANDSEER maintains his noble reputation this year by three pictures: No. 77, "Scene at Brae Mar—Highland deer, &c.," a large picture, whose qualities it is superfluous to praise, representing a magnificent stag standing with others backed by mist, on the brow of a hill, looking grand defiance to the hunter. No. 93, "Rough and Ready," a portrait of a favourite mare, in a stable yard. The humour of the picture is, that a fussy hen, who has just laid an egg, calls attention to the important fact by loud cackling; the mare looks at the marvellous production rather askance, scarcely seeming to think its importance requires such loud announcement. The expression of both animals is admirable. More striking, but not more excellent, are the expressions of a bull-dog and his wife, who, under the title of "Uncle Tom and his Wife, for sale," No. 845, attract universal attention and admiration. Chained together against a wall, the hapless canine pair await a purchaser; the tearful dolour with which the lady

looks at her better half is most pitifully comic. A very significant 'cow-hide' hangs near.

Mr. Ansdell appears in great force with "Ploughing—Sevilla," No. 597, a Spanish peasant ploughing with the clumsiest of implements, and in the laziest of ways. We think never were oxen better painted than are the two great creatures who sullenly drag the plough through the stiff land. There is something grand in the sober and steady way of their doing this, and in the rich powerful colour the whole picture has. The latter quality is most remarkable in all this artist's works now here, particularly in "Mules drinking," No. 856, a group of mules in their Spanish trappings, which is very expressive and characteristic. "The Water-carrier—Sevilla," No. 534, is a worthy companion to those works.

Mr. Stanfield's works are always remarkable for the scientific truth with which he draws the sea, either when in motion or at rest. His great waves hurl and cast themselves with strong force in "Port na Spania," No. 204, the scene of the destruction of part of the Spanish Armada, which he has localised most effectively by introducing the incident. In No. 308, "Calais Fishermen taking in their Nets—Squall coming on," the crew of *La Bien* of Calais, with that praiseworthy caution which distinguishes them, hastily secure their property, and another hour will see the lumbering craft, sails still on the mast, bumping the lee-wall of the basin before Hogarth's Gate. In this picture the water runs in great swelling rolls, characteristic of the turbulent rather than violent Straits of Dover. In No. 61, "Fort Socoa, St. Jean de Luz," the water breaks sharply on the beach, and is as perfect in form as before. No. 371 is named "Salerno," where the Mediterranean lies calm and blue. Mr. Stanfield's knowledge of sky-effect is only surpassed by that he possesses of water-forms. In each of these pictures is a different atmospheric phase: they would be absolutely perfect did they contain more colour, in a general sense, and more variety of the same in each example. In No. 204, a piece of verdure on the slope of the basaltic cliffs is really not green enough; and in No. 571 there is deficiency of colour, considering the climatic difference between the Irish coast and that of Italy. Almost equally true in form, and much more various in colour, are Mr. E. W. Cooke's pictures; his system of wave-painting is especially remarkable: their reflections, their dead colours, and their changeful transparencies, show how deeply he studies their characteristics. If the reader will refer to No. 442, "Morning, after a heavy Gale," he will see precisely what is commented upon by noticing how the water, in any of those great wave-troughs, has numerous reflections from the sky, other parts of the sea, and objects within range. This, too, is a method, not only of infinite value in getting variety of colour, but in most truthfully representing form. A more impressive picture than this is seldom seen: it is just after daybreak, and a great storm has wrecked an Indiaman of heavy burden on the north sand-head of the Goodwin; signal-guns from the beacon-vessel call a life-boat and pilot-sloop to assist; they bear up, and are receiving information from the crew of the beacon, which, steadfast in all this trouble, faces the waves, with spare anchors and sand-spoons at bow, and on her side the word "Goodwin," which looks ghastly in the morning light that the waves, churned white in the direful night, reflect with a strange pallor under the dun and lurid sky. No. 28, "A Crab and Lobster Shore," is one of those peculiar phases of nature which are rarely painted, showing a part of chalky coast, with rough disintegrated boulders and flint-stones upon the shore. This picture, although lacking variety of colour, is extremely interesting.

Mr. Creswick's pictures, although sometimes a little monotonous, are always interesting and beautiful. His (No. 219) "Autumn Morning—when brook and river meet," is one of the freshest and most delightful of these. Over a little hill, on a river-bank, a horseman rides after his cattle; his figure catches the clear rays of light, and is surrounded by the brightness of the dawn like a halo. The scant-leaved

and autumn-tinted trees, hang over the still waters to be perfectly reflected, and, Narcissus-like, see day by day their glory swept away, as the calm river carries off leaf after leaf. No. 294, "Parted Streams," is equally pleasing, with its effect of mellowed light, and trees mingling their gray and brown and green in one harmonious whole. No. 54, "A Salmon-leap," is almost as excellent as either of these.

Mr. Redgrave exhibits four pictures: No. 62, "The well-known Footstep,"—a cottage-gate, up the path to which a soldier approaches,—is bright and cheerful in colour, touching in sentiment, and forms altogether a charming work. No. 189, "The Cradle of the River,"—a spring rising still and silent in a wood,—although a little over-green, is pleasant and true. The picture by this artist which pleases us most is "The Harvest-field," No. 514, a delightful and genuine study. Mr. W. Linton's picture, No. 572, "Derwentwater," is excellent, as his works always are; the best we have seen for some years.

Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., has three pictures,—No. 41, "Interior of the Duomo, Milan;" No. 88, "The Piazza Navona, Rome;" and No. 418, "Interior of the Church of St. Gommaire, Lierre, Brabant,"—of which the first is an effective and impressive work, more than usually elaborate, and powerfully coloured. He does not affect in any of his paintings to give absolute individuality of detail and colour in the scene chosen, but contents himself with a generalisation of effect in monotone; a practice to be regretted, we think, because much of the true character of the building must be lost by such a procedure.

Mr. Faed's picture, No. 264, "The First Break in the Family," has, it is easy to perceive, numerous admirers; and whatever faults might be found with it, as regards solidity of style and truthfulness of light and shade, there is no doubt that it suggests a touching story, which is also touchingly told. Although a little black in colour, Mr. G. B. O'Neill's "Last Day of the Sale," No. 541, has much spirit, expression, and variety of character. Mr. H. O'Neill's "Pic-nic," No. 344, hardly does justice to the painter of the "Wanderer's Return," a truly admirable picture. Mr. C. Lucy's picture, No. 16, "Burial of Charles the First," is more than usually interesting and vigorous. His admirable drawing and solid qualities of design and painting are perfectly shown here. We recommend it to the reader's careful examination, as full of expression and truth. No. 601, by P. H. Calderon, "Broken Vows," has some excellent qualities, which further practice may develop into much artistic power. A maiden stands with her back to the wall, against which she is convulsively supporting herself, while she checks all outward manifestation of her anguish at the sudden discovery she has made, in overhearing from the other side of the wall the treachery and faithlessness of her lover. The forms of the latter and the lady he is addressing are just seen through a break in the top of the fence.

L. L.

REMARKS ON THE "MEMORIALS, SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY, OF ANDREW CROSSE THE ELECTRICIAN."

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Men of science are seldom poets, and not always philosophers, in the more extended sense of the word.

Andrew Crosse, of whom these *Memorials* have recently been edited by his widow, together with large contributions from his letters, important notices and explanations of his experiments, his unreserved opinions on politics, morals, and religion, was also a poet of wide range of thought and great vigour of expression. The volume, which contains evidence of this, will be consulted by all the philosophers of the age, and by such of the poets and their readers as can be induced to believe that there may be something more and better in poetry than the strange and the fantastic.

The early life of Andrew Crosse is described by his

learned, scientific, and eloquent widow: "In early life," says she, most truly and philosophically, "time, place, and circumstance contribute to form the future destiny. Imagination is the great architect of character; and to the impressions of infancy can be traced the tendencies of after-life. A birthplace is more than a name. It environs our childhood, and often serves to develop a poetic temperament, and a love of the beauties of nature, which otherwise might have lain dormant."

The birthplace of Crosse is then described.

"The undulating grounds are tossed together as if by some freak of nature, and the house itself is shadowed by lofty trees, through whose branches the winds never cease their sad music. The gigantic limbs and knarled roots of the old beeches in the avenue strike one with admiration and with melancholy. The still vigorous trees, the growth of centuries, seem to mock at the short life of man; succeeding generations walk beneath the same shadow, and the narrow vault near by receives them successively, and their place knows them no more but as name-links in the old pedigree. Yet who is there can live within the walls where his forefathers have dwelt without feeling in some sort more than commonly united with the past?"

He had long held liberal opinions, and professed himself a republican in principle, though he had been high-sheriff of Somerset. His views of the political changes of the day rendered him excessively unpopular.

All violent antagonism of principles gives birth to a new order of things; what is good in it comes not to the age which suffers, but is developed in the maturity of the future. The time of our birth is never without its influence.

There is a curious anecdote of Crosse in p. 22, showing how early he began his experiments. This was at the school in Bristol.

The wise biographer of her husband makes this observation in p. 26: "It appears that all great minds peculiarly feel the shortness of human life; it is not the fear of death, but they are oppressed with the sense that time—that no time—is enough for them."

In p. 28 is a most interesting letter from Mr. Broderip, dated 20th of February 1857. It shows the early bent of Crosse to electricity, and his generous and manly character; it was in the last century. Speaking of Oxford in the year 1802, and the habitual drunkenness of the student, he says: "Most likely he falls in with ill-advisers; and no one feels any shame but the false shame of doing right." "A shadow was on his house," says his widow; "his mother was lying ill. The bells of the village-church rang out a merry peal to celebrate his majority; but he indignantly stopped them, and passionately asked how they dared to ring when his mother was ill. 'What,' said she, 'shall I not hear the bells rung for the coming-of-age of my eldest son?'"

He was like the discoverer of a mine of precious stones; he knew the value and properties of the rough-looking mineral which he brought to light, but he left to others the duty of polishing and setting the rare gem in the regalia of science, or applying it to the purposes of utility. We must accept each man as he is. One mind may be fitted for analysis, another for synthesis, another, without an atom of originality, may ably generalise a confusion of facts; all do good service. In p. 44 are some twelve good verses, "Silence and sleep" down to "creeps slowly on." In p. 58 are some fine reflections on Greece and Italy, on Rome and Venice. He was fond of animals, as every good man is, and many who otherwise are not good. "I think," says he, "I could tame every animal in creation, except my own species." Added, are some beautiful lines on a red deer, turned out before the stag-hounds on Bloomfield Hill; and others yet more beautiful on "My Dog." His poetry is not always elaborate. It was his opinion that elaboration is injurious to poetry; this is among the few opinions in which he is erroneous. Elaboration is only injurious to what is unworthy of it. *Labor improbus* makes bad worse. In p. 96

is a sentence worthy of Bacon or Milton. "Is there one man, however poor, however abject, crawling on the face of God's earth from whom we ought seriously to shut it out? to keep him in ignorance of the glories by which he is surrounded, and of the capacity for enlarging them? to prevent him from digging for that treasure which he has a right to possess in common with his kind? to chain his intellect, but set free his limbs? to allow a being endowed with superior intelligence to veil his best faculties in sleep, or, if awakened, to be used only for the furtherance of mischievous propensities?" There are many other sentences as philanthropic as this. "*You have immense influence in the county,*" said a brother magistrate. "I despise all influence," said Mr. Crosse. "I don't think I possess any; and, if I did, I would not exert it. I only desire the good of my fellow-creatures."

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

To us who look on the political machine from the outside, more than one significant change in its working is apparent. Of these, none is more obvious than the rapid decline of party,—the extending fusion of principles and classes. With very few exceptions, it is difficult to point out any essential variance between the mottoes adopted by Lord PALMERSTON and those which are inscribed upon the banners of Lord DERBY and Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Gradual Progress is the watchword of all three; and although more or less latitude of construction may be given to the principle, according to the bias of each leader, we do not believe that under the auspices of any of them there would be any striking difference in the results of legislation.

The fact seems to be, that when the broad principles of civil and religious freedom are once secured, they engender a force which bears away on its current all sections of intelligent men, and that the function of parliament must eventually consist, not in discussing those principles, but in administering them. It is our national faith in the security of progress, not our indifference to it, that produces the political calm now every where visible. Hence the difficulty of getting up a cry. There is no eddy in the tide, because it encounters no rock. Men do not plant cannon against the fortress which yields to their flag.

In this country, we apprehend, the office of parliaments will become more and more confined to questions of pure administration. Principles being universally granted, that they should take effect is a "foregone conclusion."

But it becomes of the highest importance to remember, that the fact of general consent as to principles of government imposes new duties upon man socially and individually. Institutions are, after all, only the scaffolding by which the edifice of social life is to be reared. The scaffolding being tolerably adjusted, the question then comes, What of the building?

If, in a word, we enjoy settled liberty of thought and person, and an ever-extending power in the management of affairs, how are those benefits to be applied to our social and individual condition? Is the new generation, for instance, to be educated for its growing responsibilities? and, if so, what class of educator do we need? Are we to be for ever content with the mere professor of dry facts, the repertory of tables and statistics, and never to claim that better genius, which not only supplies facts, but evolves faculties, which, while presenting objects to the memory, draws forth the reason that can apply them and the conscience that hallows the reason—the instructor who leads out—educates—the man?



CHILDREN. BY A. MUNRO.

The standard of the professed educator must no doubt be raised. In a yet wider sense, the divine, the poet, the philosopher, the novelist, the artist, are educators of the people. At a time when politicians have well-nigh accomplished their work as founders of institutions for man, those intelligences who are the trainers of man himself demand, and must find, more earnest attention and recognition. We do not hesitate to say, that more of that which goes directly to the elevation and to the happiness of human character, to the development of human sympathy, courage, and independence, is to be found in the poems of TENNYSON, LONGFELLOW, and others, and in the writings of such men as DICKENS, BULWER, and THACKERAY, than in all that has been effected by legislation during the period of their labours. Nay, some of the best tendencies of legislation itself have been unconsciously derived from the influence of contemporary literature.

Doubtless, were his functions fully realised, the highest educator of all would be the divine.

Not long since we expressed our regret, that out of many spiritual teachers whose piety and earnestness could not be questioned, there were so few who appeared to connect religion with our daily interests and vocations. We urged that Christianity had its bearing in the widest sense on the life that now is, as well as on that which is to come; that the devoteism which divides the sanctity of faith from our general faculties and pursuits is not the healthiest phase of Christian character; that religion is more truly honoured when developed in the world than when abstracted from it. We complained, but not without hope; and, indeed, we see

many signs of a growing disposition on the part of our clergy to blend spiritual with secular interests. Why, indeed, should not those truths, which are rightly regarded as the basis of all others, be applied to reason, imagination, and practice,—to philosophy, poetry, politics, and trade? We see no better means of elevating a nation than the elevation of individual men. Christian teaching is the one engine by which such results may be produced, when, instead of ignoring the ordinary impulses and powers of man, it shall lend to them its inspiration and control.

Such interests as we have mooted are those which must gradually rise on the ruins of party strife. Legislation, we grant, has yet much to do, even in the administration of those political truths on which men of all sections seem now agreed. Moreover, it has not only to develop such truths for the future, but to guard from encroachment the liberties which are already won. Still, we think that in principle, if not in detail, the career of British politicians, as representatives of opposite theories of government, is well-nigh closed. Should this prove so, it could only be matter for congratulation. Those who have laboured at the framework of institutions may rejoice, if they have so nearly finished their task that men may turn awhile from the laws that affect their condition to the truths that better their lives.



GREENHILL HALL.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPEY," ETC.
IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

BUT Sir Theobald was alone now; and one might have thought such an ungonial being would have recognised by this time that he was not fit to live with any other human creature, and that the bear would have retreated finally into his den, to sulk and brood alone; but unhappily it was not so; he resolved on a second marriage, and was not long deliberating on his choice. The young lady he selected for his bride was called Emmeline Larpent. She was the daughter of his attorney at Doncaster; and he had chanced to see her one day when business took him in that direction. To see her was to admire her, for she was a lovely little fairy, just home from school; innocent, joyous, and utterly inexperienced, although there was a sort of boyish and girlish intimacy, born of balls and picnics and junketings between her and young Arthur Lupton, who was an articled clerk in her father's office, and whose family were not then Quakers.

When Sir Theobald made up his mind to marry this young lady, it is not to be supposed that he thought it necessary to recommend himself by any process of courtship. On the contrary, he rode over to Doncaster one morning, put up his horse at the Black Bull, walked straight into Mr. Larpent's office, and asked him for his daughter's hand as he would have asked him for his bill. Mr. Larpent hesitated, for few were ignorant of the baronet's character; but then he was ambitious, and much poorer than the world thought him. He was flattered, too, at the idea of his daughter being Lady Maxwell of the Grange; but—there certainly was a *but* in the case.

"In respect of settlement," said Sir Theobald, speaking with a broad Scotch accent, "ye ken weel there's na entail; and aw shall gie her leddyship a handsome dower and alimony, and settle the estate on her heirs."

"But your sons by the first marriage, Sir Theobald?" suggested Mr. Larpent.

The baronet snapped his fingers, and made *a mou'*, as he would have called it. He did not condescend to any other reply. He had fulfilled his promise, and was in no fear of the ghost; he had not bound himself to provide for his sons, and it afforded him infinite satisfaction thus to be revenged on his wife, and defeat, in some measure, her motherly intentions.

This was too much for the lawyer. Sir Theobald was fifty years of age; his daughter not seventeen, and must outlive him, of course, when he should have the sole management of the estate for his grandchildren, and so forth. Thus men reason, or unreason. He did not remember that he was probably consigning his daughter to an early grave, and that the baronet, with an iron constitution, was much more likely to live than he was himself. So "men think all men mortal but themselves."

Moreover, Sir Theobald demanded no fortune with his bride,—he knew the state of affairs too well,—but only that whatever her father had should come to her at his death.

When Mr. Larpent told his daughter that she was to marry Sir Theobald Maxwell, she pouted her rosy lips; for she thought of young Arthur Lupton, and how she liked to dance with him, and how merry and pleasant he was at the picnics; but when her father reminded her that she would be addressed as "my lady," and drive her own carriage, she yielded. She had been at school till within a few months, and had heard little or nothing of Sir Theobald, and she had never seen him to her knowledge; she was but a child, and was unusually childish for her years. It is therefore not to be wondered at that she offered no opposition to her father's will, and that a letter soon arrived at the Grange, announcing the young lady's acceptance of the proposal. Then came the glow of preparation, and the pleasing occupation of buying new dresses, and having them made;

whilst Sir Theobald, perhaps conscious that the less he exhibited himself to his bride the better, instead of hastening over to pay his *devoirs* to her, wrote to Mr. Larpent to say he was going on urgent business to London, desiring him to draw up the deed of settlement, as agreed between them, and have it ready for signature when he returned.

In all probability the father did not regret this want of *empressment* on the part of the lover. Parents who sacrifice their children in this manner do not want to be reminded of their cruelty by the struggles of their victims. Mr. Larpent struck a balance of the advantages and disadvantages of the match; and, by a process of self-delusion, gave the preponderance to the first. Whilst he saw his daughter, with an unfaded cheek and bright eye, gaily occupied with her marriage outfit, and the clerks in his office busy over the parchments which were to make her mistress of the Grange, his conscience was tolerably easy; but he secretly dreaded the first interview of the betrothed couple, and had a presentiment that difficulties might arise even after the outfit and the deed were completed.

Every thing was ready, when a letter arrived from the baronet, saying, that he had been detained longer than he expected in London, but that on a certain day his two sons were to set sail for India; that on the ensuing one he should start on his journey homewards, and he desired every thing might be ready for the marriage, which he intended should be solemnised on the third of April.

It was now the latter end of March; every thing *was* ready; and to prevent his daughter, and perhaps himself, from thinking too seriously of what was about to happen, he opened his house to his friends, and gave a ball, at which all the silly girls of the neighbourhood called her "my lady," and said they envied her luck; whilst their elders looked on her with compassion, called her "poor lamb!" and wondered how her father could have "the heart to do it."

The young men generally envied Sir Theobald, and were indignant with Mr. Larpent; but there was one who took the thing deeply to heart, and that was Arthur Lupton. Emmeline had had a simple preference for him, which might possibly, with time, have ripened into a serious attachment; but Arthur really loved her, much more than he had been aware of himself, till he heard she was to be given to another. Then,—whether because we prize more what we are about to lose, or because pity melted his heart and heightened his affection,—he learnt the extent of his own love and despair. He well knew the misery to which the poor girl was consigned by the impending marriage; for, his family living in the neighbourhood of the Grange, the character of Sir Theobald was familiar to him, and he had often heard the sufferings of his late wife discussed and lamented. But what could he do? How was it possible to prevent the sacrifice? He could not sleep at night, nor do his business by day, for thinking of it. He was a mere youth of nineteen, with a salary of fifty pounds a-year, the youngest son of his father, who had several. Even had the baronet been out of the question, he was aware that Mr. Larpent would never have accepted him as a suitor to his daughter. Of course his entertaining such an idea now would be considered a great offence and presumption; and he had no reason to hope that even the young lady herself would be willing to sacrifice her rank and title for him and his fifty pounds; though, being a good-natured girl, she did appear to be sorry for him, for his misery was too evident to escape her notice. With a pale cheek and hollow eye,—for he had lost his appetite and his sleep,—he attended her to all the festivities that preceded the wedding; the respectability of his family and his youth precluding the idea of danger, in the father's opinion, and rendering him a desirable and safe escort; and whilst she tried to console him by sisterly regard, he sighed and shook his head, and hinted that there was nothing left for him but an early grave.

"If I thought you were to be happy, Emmeline; but I know him better than you do; he's a tyrant to every body about him."

"O, if he's cross, I shall come back to papa."

"That's more easily said than done; women can't leave their husbands when they choose."

"Why, he won't look me up, will he?" said Emmeline laughing.

"Well, he might even do that; I wouldn't answer for him."

"I'd get out pretty soon, I warrant," answered the thoughtless girl.

"Well, Emmeline," said the poor boy, seeing he could make no serious impression on her inexperienced mind, "remember, my father and mother live at Greenhill Hall; they will be your nearest neighbours, and if you want any advice or assistance, I'm sure they'll be the best friends you can have,—that is, if your husband will let you have any friends."

"I shan't ask him," said Emmeline, in a tone of defiance.

"Ah, Emmeline, how little you know! However, my mother is one of the kindest women that ever lived; and if it's only for my sake, I'm sure she would do any thing for you. It would be a comfort to me, when I'm in my grave, if I could know that my mother was watching over you here on earth. I shall be watching over you, Emmeline."

"Well, between you all, I shall be well taken care of," said Emmeline. "But now don't fret so, Arthur. I shall often drive in my carriage to see papa,—it is only fifteen miles; and when you go to Greenhill you'll come and see me; besides, you'll soon forget me, and fall in love with somebody else."

"Never!" returned Arthur indignantly. "I'm miserable enough; don't insult me, Emmeline."

So they talked, as girls and boys do talk occasionally, in a remote corner of a drawing-room, or amidst the clatter of fiddles and feet, where their conversation was interrupted every now and then by having to wheel round some couple who came coursing down the middle of a country-dance.

Ships do not always sail at the period appointed; and Sir Theobald was detained in London longer than he had anticipated. He had by letter announced this delay inevitable, as he described it to Mr. Larpent, desiring him to send the deed of settlement to the Grange, in order that he might look it over before he signed it. It was possible, he said, that he might not be home till the day before that fixed for the wedding; if that were the case, he would bring the deed with him, and they could attach their signatures before the ceremony took place.

This prolonged absence and utter neglect of courtship was rather remarkable; but, strange to say, none of the parties immediately concerned complained of it. The bride did not, for she rather dreaded than desired the arrival of her lover, not because she was exactly afraid of him,—for she had no doubt of having every thing her own way,—but from a feeling of girlish shyness; she was marrying a carriage and a title, and rather shrank from the appendage that was to accompany them; and this indifference arose, not from an interested or ambitious mind, but from a childish and undeveloped one. Mr. Larpent did not, for the reason already indicated; he had his secret misgivings, and thought the less she saw of her bridegroom the better; and Arthur did not, for ardently he wished the bridegroom might never come at all. The little public of Doncaster made their comments on all parties, but with the insincerity that generally prevails in society, they openly congratulated and flattered both the father and daughter, whilst they secretly pitied one and condemned the other.

"Papa," said Emmeline, "as poor Aunt Thomas is too ill to come to my wedding to-morrow, I should like to go to Redlands this morning, and take leave of her. Could you spare Arthur to walk with me?"

"Yes, I think I can," replied Mr. Larpent; "for there won't be much done to-day in the office, I suppose. I promised him a half-holiday, and it may as well be a whole one, I fancy."

Aunt Thomas lived about four miles from Doncaster; and soon after breakfast the young people set off on their long walk, naturally taking the by-road, through fields and lanes, in preference to the turnpike. Poor Arthur was all melancholy and sighs; and as for Emmeline, little as she anticipated her fate, and obscure as her idea was of what she was about to undertake, even she did not feel very cheerful, now that the period of this great change in her situation was so near. They walked on silently, arm within arm, Arthur intensely conscious that that dear arm would never be pressed to his side again, and Emmeline unconscious that he was pressing it at all, her mind being entirely engrossed with her own affairs,—as how she should receive her bridegroom the next morning, what he would say to her, how she should feel during the ceremony, and at that still more awful moment, when she should step into the carriage and drive away alone with him. Her heart sank a little when she thought of that, and of leaving her indulgent father and happy home, where she did exactly what she pleased, to live amongst strangers in a home unknown; but then it was to be her own carriage, and a splendid home, and she would be called "my lady," and there was not a girl in Doncaster who did not envy her.

They partook of an early dinner with Aunt Thomas,—a simple woman, living in retirement and obscurity,—who knew nothing of Sir Theobald, and was therefore elated at her niece's elevation; and then, after receiving the warmest congratulations and blessings, the young people departed to walk home.

As they approached to the end of this walk, which was to be their last, Arthur, who was bursting with grief and jealousy, and had been irritated by the old lady's ill-timed rejoicings, addressed his companion as "Miss Larpent."

"How cross and disagreeable you are, Arthur!" said Emmeline. "What's the use of it?"

"I'm not cross, but I must learn to keep my distance; there's a great way between a poor clerk and a baronet's lady."

"Stuff! Do you think I shan't be just the same to you, Arthur?"

"You can never be the same to me, Emmeline," replied the young man, his heart melting with a word of kindness. "O, Emmeline, you little know how wretched I am; if you did, you'd pity me."

"Well, dear Arthur, and so I do pity you; but if I hadn't married Sir Theobald, you know well enough papa would never have let me marry you, because you're no fortune; and papa thinks so much of money. I'm sure I wish you had had plenty of money, and then—" She stopped suddenly, blushing at the recollection that she was going too far.

"What then?" said Arthur eagerly, and in the excitement of the moment throwing his arm round her waist; "don't stop, Emmeline. What then? Would you have been mine?"

"Well, you know, Arthur, I ought not to say so now; but—O, take away your arm, sir! There's a man looking at us over the hedge." The young man snatched away his arm, and they both felt rather disconcerted.

The hedge ran parallel with the highway; and the man was Sir Theobald Maxwell, who was riding on the turf that bordered the road. He had returned from London a day earlier than he expected; and finding something to be corrected in the deed of settlement, he had ridden over to Mr. Larpent's to get it altered, intending to take that opportunity of paying his respects to his bride, and he was now returning.

"I am very sorry Emmeline is not at home," said Mr. L. "She's walked over to see a sister of mine at Redlands. I should not wonder if you met them coming back. I sent young Lupton with her—the son of your neighbour at Greenhills."

The path where he was riding being lower than the field, Emmeline had seen little more than the eyes of the horse.

man; and having no distinct recollection of his features, she did not suspect who it was. But Arthur, who had seen him several times, recognised Sir Theobald at once; and it would be hard to say whether he felt more pleasure or pain at the idea of the baronet's having witnessed the little love-passion, if it may be so called, above described. On the one hand, it gratified his jealousy and spite against his rival, whom he would have gladly risked his life to wound or slay; but on the other, he apprehended that he might make a complaint to Mr. Larpent of what he had seen, and that Emmeline might get into trouble with both her father and husband. Not to alarm her, or excite her anger against himself, however, he kept his discovery quiet, and made light of the accident; but when they got home, and Mr. Larpent told her he had been there, the truth struck her immediately.

"Good gracious! what will he think?" she said to Arthur. "What a foolish boy you are!"

"I don't care what he thinks," answered Arthur defiantly.

"But I do, though; and if he tells papa, you'll get it, Mr. Arthur, I can tell you."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE praiseworthy endeavours of the Society of Arts to elevate the position of literary and mechanics' institutions—by taking them into union, and in some measure causing them to fulfil the duties of educational colleges—are bearing their fruits in the increased number of candidates who have this year presented themselves as competitors, through examination, for the certificates and prizes offered by the Society. Last year the number of candidates was only 52; this year there have been no less than 230. Three of the successful candidates of last year have obtained public appointments; one, Charles Chambers, as an assistant-observer at the Kew Observatory; and two others, Robert Abbott and William Matthew Tayler, situations as clerks in the Privy-Council Office. Lord Granville, Lord President of the Privy Council, and one of the Society's vice-presidents, having five vacant clerkships at his disposal, gave the Society of Arts the privilege of nominating two of its successful candidates to compete for these situations. They were successful against twenty-two competitors.

In one of our previous records of scientific progress, we described the new substitute for the diving-bell, the *Nautilus*. Continued experience testifies to the utility of this machine; and the Council of the Society of Arts, in order to mark their approbation of it, have awarded a silver medal to Major H. B. Sears (U.S.), its inventor. Other silver medals have been severally awarded to Mr. Christopher Binks, for his paper on some new methods of treating linseed-oils and other drying oils, for improving their drying properties in their application to paints and varnishes; and on some combinations and phenomena that occur amongst the elements engaged in the manufacture of iron, and in the conversion of iron into steel:—to Mr. Robert Temple, Chief-Justice of British Honduras, for his paper on "British Honduras; its History, Trade, and natural Resources;"—to Mr. Edward G. Squier, for his paper on Central America, and the proposed Honduras Inter-oceanic Railway:—to Mr. F. Bashford, of Surdah, East Indies, for his paper on experiments with silk-worms, with a view to improve the present silk-yieldings in Bengal:—to Mr. J. B. Smith, M.P., for his paper on the means to be adopted for obtaining increased supplies of cotton.

Our learned and versatile peer, Lord Brougham, has recently been stimulating French mathematicians to examine some paradoxical consequences which result from applications of the differential calculus. Beyond a mere chronicle of the circumstance, we need indicate no more. Those of our readers, however, who wish to pick a hole in that part of mathematical science which arrives at its results through the instrumentality of "ghosts of departed quantities," as Bishop Berkeley called them, may find the arguments and

illustrations of Lord Brougham set forth in volume xlv. of the *Comptes Rendus*.

The Admiral du Petit Thouars, whose remarks on Peruvian mummies we noticed some time since, has recently been followed in that field of observation by M. E. de Rivero, who has transmitted a paper on the subject to the Parisian Academy of Sciences. According to his discoveries, the mummies of Peru are not all the product of an artificial preparation; that in many instances natural conditions of soil and climate have sufficed to give them their present appearance. Of the Peruvian mummies, it would appear that none of the inhabitants—save the bodies of the great Incas—were honoured by artificial embalment; the operators employed in this office being termed *camatus*. As to the process employed, nothing certain is known. The heart and viscera being removed, were preserved in vases deposited in a temple at four or five leagues distance from the town; whilst the body, placed upon a sort of throne, was deposited in the Temple of the Sun, at Cuzco. This ceremony was always attended by human sacrifices; which, however contrary to the usages of Mexico, were always voluntary, the individuals sacrificed belonging to the Incas themselves. Many former writers have described a certain flexibility which Peruvian mummies possessed. M. de Rivero is unable to confirm this statement; no traces of such flexibility having come under his notice.

In Toxicological science, M. Blondlot has recently communicated to the Parisian Academy of Sciences some remarks relative to the discovery of arsenic in organic mixtures. Considering that arsenic has long been the popular, one may almost say the *household*, poison during many centuries, in France no less than in England, it is not a little strange that a latent fallacy equal to that pointed out by M. Blondlot should have been unperceived so long. MM. Danger and Flandin indicated that when a mixture of arsenious acid and organic matter had been fully carbonised, and the carbonaceous result exhausted by hot water, the fluid would be an arsenious solution, from which arsenical stains might be obtained by the usual process of Marsh. For this result to be invariably obtainable, and to the full extent of the arsenic present, it is necessary that the latter should not exist in the form of sulphide. M. Blondlot proves, if his experiments be substantiated, that if the organic matter involved be perfectly fresh, and if, therefore, no sulphide of arsenic have arisen on account of decomposition, in the way long since pointed out by Herapath,—still the action of sulphuric acid on the organic matter may give rise to the generation of sulphide, and therefore the process of MM. Danger and Flandin may fail. As the practical result of his deductions, he states the necessity of subjecting the charred mass, after exhaustion by boiling water, to the solvent agency of ammonia solution, to dissolve out the sulphide; then evaporating the ammoniacal solution to dryness, and treating the residue with concentrated nitric acid; so as to generate arsenic acid, which substance readily responds to Marsh's test.

Photographers need not be told that for excellence there are no object-glasses which can compare with those prepared by Voigtlander; unfortunately, however, the size of these celebrated lenses has hardly kept pace with the increased and increasing size of photographic objects. This shortcoming is about to be remedied. Photographers will hail it as a great boon. In the production of positive impressions M. Joseph Sella communicates some new information to the editor of the French journal *La Lumière*. Premising that ordinary positive proofs have not only the objection of being unstable, but also of being somewhat expensive, on account of the nitrate of silver involved in their production, M. Sella states, how these defects may be obviated by his own process; which is not only more rapid of execution, more easy, more sure, but it always yields the agreeable black tint so much desiderated by artists, in the greater number of cases. The colour is due to the presence of pyrogallate of oxide of iron, which forms a sort of ink,

imbibed by the surface and the substance of the paper. Guided by the indications of Mongo Ponton relative to bichromate of potash, M. Sella considered that he ought to obtain coloured photographic images by exposure to light under a negative proof a sheet of paper, treated by bichromate of potash; washing the paper in water to dissolve away the preserved parts from the contact of light, and afterwards plunging the paper thus treated into a decoction of colouring matter,—for instance, madder, campeachy wood, cochineal, &c. These speculations were fully borne out, and very curious coloured images resulted. By treating these images with chlorine-water, or more simply, by a very dilute solution of bichromate of potash, coloured images on a white ground were produced; but when M. Sella desired to obtain images of still greater intensity, he tried the effect of bringing sulphate of iron in contact with the orange-coloured image produced by light on the bichromate before passing the paper through the colour-bath. He thus obtained, as he expected, a greater intensity of design; but following out the details of the operation, he was surprised to discover, that in addition to the reaction between the image and the colouring matters, there was a special coloration due to the presence of oxide of iron; and remarking that the colouration was due to mechanical attraction between the colouring matter and the paper, he thought that by employing gallic or pyrogallie acid a black impression might be generated on a white ground. These anticipations were also realised.

The detailed instructions for performing this process, apparently of so great importance, are as follows: The white paper having been soaked in a saturated solution of bichromate of potash, is dried, firstly, by suspending it from a thread, afterwards by pressure between the leaves of a blotting-book.

When used it is to be exposed about half the ordinary time, when all the details of the negative will be made fully apparent. The picture is next soaked in water until the yellow tint which it possesses is removed (this takes about half-an-hour); the water should be changed three or four times. The picture is next to be plunged, during three or four minutes, into a filtered solution of protosulphate of iron; composed of five parts sulphate to a hundred parts water, and subsequently washed in a water-bath, frequently renewed. It is to remain in the bath for at least half-an-hour. After this operation, the paper is immersed in a solution of gallic acid, or even pyrogallie acid, the concentration of which may vary within wide limits. Development of the image takes place in a few minutes. It presents a fine black tint, bordering on violet,—the very tint, in point of fact, which photographers generally strive to obtain.

In zoological science we have to mention the discovery of a new species of cat in the Great African Sahara. The advent of this feline stranger to Christian society is referable to some recent explorations of Captain Loche. He reports it to be the usual domestic cat of the Sahara Arabs, and merits to be well known for various reasons. Not only is its fur very peculiar, but its discovery tends in some measure to throw light upon the pedigree of our own domestic cats, concerning which very little indeed is known. That they have a specific descent of their own, and are not mere civilised children of the animals termed wild cats is, we believe, the common opinion now-a-days; nevertheless the knotty question now remains for solution, Where, and whence, and from whom came they? Captain Loche proposes that the new *carnassier* shall be introduced to civilised zoological circles by the name and style of *Felis Marguerite*, from the *chef d'escadron Marguerite*, who accompanied the exploration.

M. St. Claire Deville (the same who first produced aluminium on a large scale) is a very Torquemada amongst the metals. Stretched on the torture-rack of his laboratory, metals the most stubborn and unyielding are obliged to stuncumb and own the chemist their master. The last feat of M. St. Claire Deville, in conjunction with M. H. Delvay, is

that of working native platinum by the dry way. Hitherto, as perhaps most people who read this announcement are aware, that very useful metal platinum has resisted all attempts to work it by fire. It has had to be dissolved out of its native combinations by chlorine, precipitated by sal-ammoniac; and, in short, has only been forthcoming in a metallic state after some of the most delicate manipulations of the laboratory have been applied to it. MM. St. Claire Deville and Delvay now announce that they can not only obtain platinum in the dry way, but all the platiniferous metals. They promise details, which we shall await with curiosity, taking care to transfer them to our scientific corner.

Dr. J. B. Trosk, U.S., has brought before the notice of the Californian Academy of Natural Sciences, at San Francisco, some interesting remarks concerning the earthquakes which occurred in California during the year 1856. The total number during this period, it seems, is sixteen; of which number thirteen were observed between sunset and sunrise; and the shocks were so exceedingly slight, that the first intimation of their occurrence in most of these cases was communicated to the Californian public by local newspapers. Though the whole mountainous ridge extending along the western coast of America, both north and south, is volcanic in its character, and has a bad reputation for its frequent earthquakes, yet, according to Dr. Trosk, the latter occur very rarely, in comparison with former times. The same remark would also seem applicable to the whole Pacific region, to the whole of Oceana, and most of the islands which skirt the Chinese coast; whilst simultaneously, to the west and north-west, beyond the fifty-fifth parallel, both volcanic phenomena and earthquakes have increased in their violence.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

SHE sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast;
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past,—
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
O those happy, happy moments,
They but deepen her despair!
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there.

There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief;
But her wavering thoughts will wander,
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been;
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there.

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow;
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe.
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the Voice that hushed the sea
Stills her spirit with the whisper,
"Suffer them to come to Me."
And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
And she sees her baby there.

R. S. CHILTON, *United States.*



THE SMALLER FOREIGN CAGE-BIRDS.

AVIDAVATS, WAX-BILLS, CUT-THROATS, ETC.

Of late years, the importation of those beautiful little creatures,—Avidavats, Cut-throats, Wax-bills, Spicebirds, Zebra Parakeets, &c. &c.,—has increased fourfold. Nor is there any reason to believe that this new and elegant "fancy" is likely to die out. One can only regret that such lovely little pets are not gifted with song. Nature, however, is inexorable on this point. *If* they sing, it is "small."

The care that is requisite to keep such delicate creations well and hearty, few people can imagine. Hence the frequency of their loss by death. Extreme cleanliness is the starting point.

Cramp, cold, and asthma, are their great enemies. The season of moulting, too, tries them not a little. Warmth is then indispensable.

To guard against these, they should always be placed in suitable cages of wire, of an oblong shape and fair proportions. They love cheerfulness, and therefore require plenty of light. Besides, *we* want to see *them*.

What is to be specially guarded against is draught. They must, therefore, be placed beyond the action of cross currents of air, and kept in rooms of an equable temperature. This is very important.

Their food, canary and millet (occasionally bread-and-milk), must be given fresh daily; also, clean spring water *twice* daily. Cover the tray deeply with red gritty gravel; that is, gravel *not* finely sifted. They eat the grit to assist digestion.

In summer, their cages may be placed on the lawn, or suspended on a tree. They dearly love to watch the free denizens of air sporting in their native liberty. It keeps them in a state of constant activity.

Some of the Avidavats and Wax-bills are quarrelsome, especially at the season of moult. In such a case, reduce their numbers. Keep them in pairs only, giving each pair a cage to themselves. If once they proceed to blows, and draw blood, the taste of that blood will be fatal to your establishment. They will destroy each other, few feathers remaining to tell the fearful tale.

In winter, I advise (by all means) that their open wire cages be laid aside *for longer and narrower cages, open in the front only*; the sides, top, and back, being of mahogany. This will keep them snug, warm, and nicely private. Hang them facing the window, so that they may have a view of what is going forward; and, by all means, play them a tune or two, daily, on the piano.

Ripe fruits—such as a juicy pear, a melting peach, or a nectarine—are an immense treat to these little rogues; but the colder salads should be sparingly administered.

Nothing is easier than to tame these feathered divinities, and mould them to your entire will. Their affection is unbounded; but remember never to slight them. They are sensitive—very.

I have ascertained that the Zebra parakeets *do* breed; and I know a lady who has succeeded (in London) in rearing a brood of them in a cage. Such a lovely collection of little "Lizards!"

The Avidavats and Cut-throats, when in aviaries, frequently make nests, and lay eggs; but I am not aware of any instance in which the eggs, after being incubated, have come to maturity.

All people who have a desire to *enjoy* the society, and learn the *natural history*, of this interesting tribe, should

have a small aviary built for their especial use. I have one in my mind's-eye, whose inmates thrive famously. The proprietor thus writes me:

"The Cut-throats have built and laid eggs; but some workmen outside the aviary disturbed them, and they have forsaken their nest. They have since nested *again*, laid, and sat. No produce. This has disconcerted them.

The bronzed Manikins, and the Weaver-birds, have made several nests; but they have deposited no eggs.

All our little inmates are very healthy. In March last, our Bishop-bird was habited in a gay and brilliant dress. It had a splendid bright orange ruff round its neck, the lower part of its body being covered with feathers like the finest black-silk velvet, and wings and tail fringed with bright orange. It is *now* changed in appearance to the female Weaver-bird.

The Avidavats have moulted *four times* during the past year; and each moulting produces a differing change in their appearance.

The male Weaver-bird becomes greatly altered in moulting. The feathers on the top of its head, and lower part of its body, become *pink*. The face has now the appearance of a black mask, and it has a dark crimson bill.

The only change in the female is, that the bill from red has changed to yellow.

The Cardinal, in moulting, underwent no change in his appearance. Neither did the Spicebirds, Cut-throats, Java Sparrows, Bronzed Manikins, Sholl-Parrots, or Harlequin Bishop-birds.

The plumage of the Wax-bills has become lighter in colour, with a beautiful pink underneath.

The Indigo-birds have become more intensely blue, intermixed with slate-coloured feathers.

The feathers on the wings and back of the Widow-bird changed from the appearance of black-silk velvet to a brown colour mixed with black."

These very interesting "Notes" will afford some little idea of the pleasure derivable from a study of Foreign Birds, more particularly when located in an aviary.

I am decidedly hostile to placing so much beauty in such prisons of wire as those now in use. The inmates exist rather than live. As for happiness, that is out of the question.

A flight in a spare room would afford these aerial creatures a rare treat. *This* might be readily managed.

Any thing but incarceration, and a lingering life of torture.

WILLIAM KIDD.

VENTILATION: ITS VITAL IMPORTANCE AND EFFICIENT APPLICATION.

[Third Paper.]

If, therefore, articles of food and of medicine, salubrious and highly beneficial in themselves, become thus hurtful when wrongly applied, the extraneous, and often poisonous, matter with which the atmosphere of many workshops and factories is loaded must operate with increased virulence. Many of these cases admit of no mitigation, and can be met only by an entire removal of the cause of complaint. The frightful and loathsome disease of the jaw-bone, to which persons engaged in the manufacture of phosphorus-matches are liable, having baffled all the remedies proposed for its relief or cure, has been most effectually prevented by good ventilation and personal cleanliness.

In private dwellings, there is seldom any special means of ventilation provided; and in the absence of fires, the vitiated air finds an exit only through chinks in doors and windows, and other accidental communications with the external atmosphere. In churches, theatres, workshops, and buildings of a similar description, it is obvious that the purity of the air cannot be maintained by supplies from sources of so adventitious a character. Various methods have therefore been devised for the attainment of this important object—such as injecting fresh air, and drawing out the vitiated, by means of furnaces, air-pumps, fanners, steam-jets, &c.; but all of these necessitate constant attendance, expense of fuel, and complicated machinery.

The practice of ventilation by artificial heat has long been employed in mines, but it does not appear to have been

adopted for ventilating crowded rooms till 1723, when Dr. Desaguliers employed it in ventilating the House of Commons. The operation of his system, however, was defeated by the stratagems of an old lady who had the management of the fires, and who did not like to be disturbed in the use of the rooms she occupied over the house. A fan was then substituted, and placed over the ceiling for the purpose of sucking out the vitiated air; and during the sitting of the House a man was kept constantly at work turning the wheel. Various plans were subsequently tried, with indifferent success. In 1810, Sir Humphrey Davy having been requested to furnish a plan for warming and ventilating the House of Lords, sent in one identical in principle with that of Desaguliers; and in 1820, the Marquis of Chabannes, who had previously ventilated Covent Garden Theatre by a system somewhat similar, was intrusted with the warming and ventilation of both houses. The method latterly employed by Dr. Reid, though ingenious in theory and effective in practice, has been found objectionable, chiefly on account of the great space required for the apparatus, and of the inconvenience experienced by the members from the particles of dust carried up from the hair-cloth carpet by the current of fresh air admitted through the perforated floor. This system of ventilating has been extensively adopted in France, and has been applied to schools, theatres, prisons, and other establishments. In a table given in the *Dictionnaire des Arts et Manufactures*, stating the characteristics of the principal methods employed in France and Belgium, the system cited as the most efficient and most economical is that adopted at the Maison Mazas, a prison consisting of 1225 cells, and constructed on the plan of central inspection. The ventilation is effected by means of a high chimney, in which, during winter, a sufficient draught is produced by the smoke from the heating apparatus, and, in the summer months, by a large fire kept constantly burning at the bottom of the shaft. The fresh air is admitted from the corridors by an opening near the ceiling, while the foul air is conveyed away along with other impurities through a soil-pipe, acted upon by the draught of the large chimney; the whole air of each cell being renewed in the course of every hour, with the utmost regularity, and without any disagreeable currents. The daily expense of coal for the purpose of ventilation is 248 francs (about 1*l.*).

But it is needless to enter into a description of all the different plans suggested for the ventilation of public buildings; we may only state that, after a minute inspection of those which have come under our special notice, and a careful and impartial consideration of all that has been written on the subject by the most approved authors, we unhesitatingly give the preference to the system devised by Mr. Charles Watson, of Halifax, and which is already extensively known over Britain, and highly appreciated by some of the ablest architects and the most eminent men of science.

Mr. Watson's apparatus is so remarkable for its simplicity, and its mode of operation is so subversive of preconceived notions as to the nature of ventilation, that some theorists have been inclined to look upon its marvellous effects with as much suspicion as the churchmen of the seventeenth century regarded the heretical telescope of Galileo. His discovery is nevertheless a great fact, and, in our opinion, forms an epoch in the history of ventilation. The principle on which it is founded may be illustrated by a simple experiment. Mr. Watson employs for this purpose a glass vessel resembling the receiver of an air-pump, about seven inches in diameter, and ten inches high, with a tubular neck about six inches long and two inches wide. The lower edge is placed in a shallow groove, which passes round the circumference of a thin plate, and which may be filled with water in order to prevent the admission of air from below. When a lighted taper is introduced into this vessel, it very soon exhausts the combustible principle of the included air, and notwithstanding the comparatively

large opening in the top of the receiver, ceases to burn. If however, before the taper has quite expired, the funnel is converted into two semi-cylindrical tubes by means of a thin division, a double current, in opposite directions, is immediately established, a copious supply of pure air flows in by the one, and the effete products are expelled by the other; the dying taper meanwhile speedily revives, and soon acquires a full and steady brilliancy. When the tubes slightly differ in height, as in Watson's Syphon Ventilator, the cold air is invariably found to enter by the shorter one. The experiment may be satisfactorily performed even with a common water-bottle, and a slip of pasteboard as a diaphragm. The existence of the opposite currents is rendered visible by holding a smoking paper over the divided funnel, when the smoke is seen to pass down through the one channel, and to ascend and escape by the other.

Mr. Watson rightly inferred from this experiment that if he could establish these spontaneous double currents to and from the open air through the ceilings of our schools, churches, dwelling-houses, and halls, he would revive the drooping spirits of their half-suffocated inmates in the same manner that brilliancy was restored to the expiring taper. He has perfectly succeeded in this; and no small part of the merit of his principle is, that these currents, while shown to exist, operate quietly and constantly, and maintain a sweet and wholesome state of the air without those dangerous and disagreeable draughts that render most other modes of artificial ventilation so objectionable.

The ventilating apparatus consists simply of a divided tube as above described, generally placed on the roof, and forming a communication between the ceiling of the apartment to be ventilated and the external atmosphere. It may, however, be adapted to almost any situation, and has been applied to buildings of many floors or flats, with uniform success, and even to the basement story of buildings, as in the kitchen of the General Post-office, London. It is surmounted by a cowl or weather-cap, so judiciously adapted that it allows free scope to the action of the tubes in whatever direction, or with whatever violence, the wind may blow. A regulating valve is placed in the lower part of each of the divisions, both of which are opened and shut simultaneously by a single cord, thus diminishing or increasing at pleasure the amount of air to be withdrawn or admitted, to suit the season of the year, the number of persons, &c.

It must be remarked, that tubular openings in the ceiling, if undivided, afford no relief. The efforts of the cold air to rush in, and the hot air to get out, appear to neutralise each other, or the cold air falls down with an intolerable current on the heads of those who may be under the openings, with the effect of condensing and rendering more concentrated the poisonous products that have been generated. When the tubes are divided, however, the result is altogether different. In one or other compartment the cold or the hot air acquires an ascendancy, the one entering in a genial and refreshing current to vivify and invigorate the occupants, and the other escaping into space to redistribute innocuously its elements. Such is the probable rationale of Mr. Watson's system, the efficiency of which, under the modifications of application which his great practical experience has enabled him to discover, is unquestionable.

If extensive application and unqualified approval of a system be a test of superior excellence, Mr. Watson's may claim the pre-eminence; the benefits it confers having been appreciated wherever it has been introduced, in the palace of the sovereign as well as in the workshop of the artisan or the crowded factory. From the testimonials Mr. Watson has received as to the beneficial effects produced by his ventilators, one might almost regard him as a second Howard, making a progress through the land, administering relief to those who are doomed to breathe a pestilential atmosphere, and who were considered beyond the reach of the great philanthropist. In one place, a weaving shed, "that otherwise would have been unfit for use during a great portion of the

year, is rendered quite comfortable for the workmen;" in another, a combing shed, in which "the work-people had frequently to be taken out in a fainting state, is so ventilated that such a thing rarely or never occurs." At a paper-works, "in one of the rag-rooms, where nearly sixty women are employed, there were frequent cases of fainting from the closeness of the air.

DIAPHANIE.

THE ART OF IMITATING STAINED OR PAINTED GLASS.

AMONG the amusements of a somewhat artistic character that have been invented as agreeable pastimes, by means of which home-decorations may be devised and executed, none can be turned to more useful account than the process termed *Diaphanie*, by means of which the effect of richly-painted windows may be so closely imitated as to deceive even a tolerably critical eye. Many a dreary window looking into a close back yard, or from a staircase on to a huge perspective of blackened or blackening chimney-pots, may be converted into an agreeable and even richly ornamental feature by this process, which has the additional advantage of being very simple and very economical.

The materials may now be procured, as the new *soi-disant* "art" is at present the fashion, at nearly every print-shop; our own having been purchased in Oxford Street, at (or near) the corner of Argyll Street.

These materials consist in a collection of subjects, some pictorial and some purely ornamental or decorative, richly printed in transparent colours, or coloured after printing with colours equally suitable, and of the necessary varnishes, &c. for completing the operation. The process simply consists in first affixing such coloured prints to the inner surface of the glass, by means of an adhesive material prepared for the purpose, or simply by thin *starch*, which is by some considered still better, and then varnishing the subjects with a strong transparent varnish, both for the purpose of rendering them still more "diaphanous;" and also for their preservation, as after this last process they may be "washed" with the same ease and safety as painted glass itself. It is needless to dwell at greater length upon the mere process, which is extremely simple, and for which full directions are furnished at all places where the materials are sold. The great matter is to apply this method of decoration in an artistic manner.

It has been stated that the subject materials to be most easily procured are figure-subjects of suitable size, and in forms likely to be most generally useful; and also in ornament, such as borderings, centres, corners, &c., in great variety. Nothing would be easier than to stick a figure-subject in each pane of the window to be decorated, merely putting a border round it, and perhaps filling the upper panes with ornament only. But this would hardly give a new character to the window, which would still consist of its



nine or twelve dull routine squares, the enrichment in no way disguising its common or ordinary character.

Let us see, however, whether it be not possible, with a mere repetition of some half-dozen or so pieces of ornament, to construct a design which shall be at once pleasing in itself, and have a tendency to give altogether a new character to the old square-paned window! In constructing the design shown in the engraving, only four principal patterns were used,—a large ornamental circle, a smaller one, a portion of a border, and a corner-ornament. Of the large circular ornament seven copies were required; of the smaller, six; of the portion of border, ten pieces; and of the corner-ornaments, two. In order to disguise the quadrangular formality of the square panes, the large have been placed, as it were, across them, by dividing the pattern, the line of the framework passing up the centre of the circular device, and being to a certain extent lost in its intricacy. In a similar manner the smaller circles are made to break the effect of the transverse lines; and the external border

by narrowing the outer panes, and converging at the top, still further destroys the offensive repetition of the routine squares.

It will be seen that in some instances the circles have been decreased or enlarged by taking away or adding a line to make them fit the design: this is very easily managed, as in the prints there is generally paper enough to spare on which the extra line may, with very little artistic skill and some care, be drawn, while the cutting away is obvious enough. The smaller squares and ornaments, which in one or two places vary and complete the design, are not, strictly speaking, necessary, but they add to its completeness, and are such as may easily be selected out of an ordinary collection, or painted by hand; the proper materials being of course employed. With a very little super-addition of original design, indeed, some very remarkable compositions might be produced.

If it should be thought desirable to obtain greater variety in such a composition as that in our illustration, the quatrefoil ornaments of the four central circles might be cut out, and small circular figure-subjects introduced, many of which may be found very suitable for the purpose, both in style and colour.

It should be noted that the style of ornament selected for our composition is that of the stained-glass work of the twelfth century; one less hackrified than that of the later periods of Gothic, or the well-worn cinque-cento. Care should be taken not to mix styles in compositions of this kind, as the most mongrel and detestable effect would be produced by heterogeneous mingling; and even with well-selected and perfectly homogeneous materials an affair of this kind may degenerate into mere patchwork, if a due attention to general design, both in form and distribution of parts and colours, be not tastefully observed.



D. Maclellan

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WATKINS

MACLISE.

A VALUED contributor, James Hannay, maintains, with even unusual elegance and force of argument, that all men who have made themselves great are the descendants of the great of former ages; that they are the sap of an old and noble plant, rising through the accumulated *débris* of centuries of ruin, thus vindicating and proclaiming the rights and powers of long descent. However this may be, the idea must, we fear, always remain one of belief merely, and unprovable by fact. Certainly it is so in the present case, though the quality of the race does seem vaguely shadowed forth in our brief knowledge of Mr. Maclise's ancestry. More than a hundred years ago, one of the family was wounded at Fontenoy, while another fought for the Stuarts under Prince Charles. The father of the artist held a commission in the regiment of Elgin Fencibles, and, while quartered at Cork, married a lady of good family in that city. The offspring of that marriage was three sons; the renowned subject of this paper, a brother distinguished as a surgeon, and a third brother, who has attained rank in the army.

Daniel Maclise was born in Cork, January 25th 1811. We do not find any particular record of that wonderful precocity and adaptiveness to the future course of fame, upon which papas and manumns dilate so fondly; but in place thereof, a steady and much more serviceable devotion to study, which carried him onwards through those shocks and difficulties which beset a man striving to rise above the level of his birth into the clear air that blows about the eminences whereon stand clustered the great men of every age, and whence they may look with some sort of prescience upon the progress of the race which they are destined to elevate and adorn, and maybe discern something of the means of guiding which are in the hands of the Most High.

It is clear that although we do not hear of Maclise as an infant prodigy, yet in very early youth he had attained sufficient skill in drawing to attract the notice of strangers; for we have the assurance of the editor of the *Art Journal* that, in 1820, he remarked a bright-eyed handsome boy drawing in the rooms of the Society of Arts at Cork; and this gentleman proceeds to felicitate himself, as he well may, upon having in some measure prophesied the future celebrity of the student, who was no other than the present Daniel Maclise, R.A., &c. The next attainable fact represents him as quitting a banking-office at the age of sixteen. This would seem to indicate opposition to his professional progress from some cause or quarter with which we are unacquainted; for it could not be expected that the energetic and promising youth, who had already won credit for himself at so early an age, would voluntarily abandon that course which his natural genius had so clearly marked out. If the reader will turn to the portrait, he will perceive that it is not that of a man who would at any period of life readily diverge from a set and success-promising resolution, but rather of one who, with the keenest hopeful firmness, would cut out a path through a forest of dangers and difficulties.

This interval was not, at any rate, of long duration; for he is next discovered drawing portraits of the officers of a light-dragoon regiment (the 14th, we believe) which was stationed in his neighbourhood. It would be not a little interesting to meet now with some of these early labours. We should expect to find all the immaturity of those splendid powers which have since distinguished their possessor, as well as some of that clear scientific accomplishment in drawing which marks his works,—accomplished, not because graceful only and very pretty, as is too common, but full of incipient knowledge of the facts of nature herself, therefore learned and accomplished in the true sense of the word; with this, much of that firm, hard, somewhat over-resolute character, to which not a few of the faults of his works are due, and which will not fail to be remarked as the feature of the man. We have a theory,—no new one, however,—that there may be discerned in the personal appearance of a man the peculiar

qualities of his works: how the subtle, penetrating, and luxurious mind of Titian is evidenced by his noble, keen, and discriminating face, that has its best exponent in his pictures, which are the workings-out of those characteristics in magnificence and completeness; how, also, the firm regardful eye and genuine English face of Hogarth are but the predications of what we find in his works,—their wisdom and their humour, which, although not without coarseness, is ever tempered and directed by a purpose looking to the end.

The *physique* of no man could better represent his mental capacity than does that of Maclise; for, standing nearly six feet two inches in height, his figure spreads out broad and grandly to a perfect human development, surmounted by such a head as the portrait shows. Years ago, when he was in the early prime of manhood, it was said there was not a handsomer man in London; and now there are few whose intellectual appearance is more striking. About the whole aspect there is something knightly and chivalric:

"A feudal knight in silken masquerade;"
or,
"—— like a modern gentleman of stateliest port."

Just when the last faint traces of feudality are being swept away by the new phases of the times, up rises a painter whose mission seems that he should present to us the glories of the departing system at their brightest, their noblest aspect in chivalry, in order, it would seem, that what was fair and true about it might be exemplified to coming ages, as far as painting could present the thing. For Maclise is essentially a romantic painter; chivalry is his great theme. The romantic character must be carefully discriminated from the Gothic spirit, of which Albert Dürer was probably the culmination: for the first deals with gallant and brave deeds, pays homage to fair ladies, and rejoices in justice and mercy; while the other goes deeper, and is never without a cast of thought about it that may darken into grim humour, or something terribly grotesque, although occasionally dissolving in tearful tenderness, as a black cloud falls in beneficent rain. The fact is, that these specialities are the peculiar characteristics of two races of men in their thoughtful mood: the romantic is the Celt, with his gallant hardihood and frank gayness, whose heart leaps at the sound of a trumpet; while the Gothic is the spirit of the graver Saxon, who cares less for the appearances of an act than for its tendency.

This excursion is not irrelevant, but made in order that the reader may appreciate the precise qualities which distinguish our present subject. That Maclise is the romantic and chivalric enunciator we describe, bare quotation of the titles of many of his most remarkable pictures will suffice to prove. "The Vow before the Ladies and the Peacock" (1835); "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn at Masque;" "Robin Hood and Richard Cœur de Lion;" "Christmas in the Baron's Hall (Procession of the Boar's Head);" "The Knight's Farewell to his Ladye;" "The Return of the Knight;" "Francis I. and Diana of Poitiers;" "The Sleeping Beauty;" "Chivalry (time of Henry VIII.);" "Spirit of Chivalry (in the House of Lords);" "The Marriage of Strongbow;" "The Ordeal by Touch;"—these are all more or less chivalric in subject; and, in addition, there are the following, which become so by the way in which the artist has treated them: "The Spirit of Justice," in the House of Lords (1850); many of the illustrations to Bulwer's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*; also a large proportion of those engravings to Moore's *Melodies*; and lastly, that most notable series, the latest fruit of his genius, "The Story of the Conquest," this year, in the Royal Academy.

Having thus endeavoured to establish a distinct individuality for the prevalent tone of Maclise's works, and thus, to the best of our ability, brought him, so to speak, before the reader, we shall proceed with those grades of his life which have contributed to such a consummation.

Following the series of facts attainable, we find him studying anatomy and dissecting under Dr. Woodroffe (probably at Dublin). In 1828, he arrived in London, entered

the Royal Academy as a student, and rapidly gained numerous honours in that institution, especially the medal in the Antique School, and that for the best copy of a picture. About this time appeared a series of portrait-sketches of literary and other celebrities in *Fraser's Magazine*, of which Maclise was the draughtsman, to a text by Dr. Maginn. In 1830, he proceeded to Paris, and in the following year gained the gold medal in the Royal Academy, London, for an original picture of a subject given by the judges, which was, "The Choice of Hercules;" a work probably one of the most remarkable which have yet received that honour. He now devoted himself with the greatest ardour to painting, and produced in '32 "All-Hallow's Eve," an Irish subject full of spirit and power; also the "Francis I." just mentioned. Then came "Mokanna Unveiling," from Moore's "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," in *Lalla Rookh*, which, on its exhibition at the British Institution in '33, at once brought the artist into a great position. The well-known picture of "Captain Rock," another purely Irish subject, appeared in '34.

"The Vow before the Ladies and the Peacock," exhibited in '35, was perhaps the most thoroughly characteristic of the view we have taken of Maclise's idiosyncrasy, and in itself a very remarkable and original picture, of which we find contemporary critics speaking in the highest terms of admiration as to its splendour, richness of incident, and variety of design. This was pre-eminently a chivalric subject, representing the assumption of one of those fantastic duties which the warriors of the old day took upon themselves with an actuality of feeling which is not a little startling to our modern ideas. The self-devoted champion pledged himself to accomplish some bizarre achievement, solemnly calling upon that remarkable chivalric emblem the Peacock, and making the ladies witnesses and confirmers of his asseveration. The entire picture was full of gallants and fair ladies, variously employed at a festival in a baronial hall, while near by were seen some jolly monks regaling themselves. The whole extravagant spirit of the subject was most fitly conveyed in this splendid painting, which being exhibited simultaneously with Wilkie's "Columbus," divided the criticisms and laudations of the journals of the day with it. The artist reaped plenitude of honour by this work, being elected Associate of the Royal Academy in that year; a fact which in itself shows how rapid had been his advance since gaining the gold medal in '31.

The picture of "The Ribbonmen," another Irish subject, then followed; after that, "Puck enchanting Bottom," and the "Interview between Charles I. and Cromwell" (of course imaginary). He then returned to Shakspeare for his subjects, painting "Macbeth and the Witches," and "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn." After these came the very remarkable picture, "The Halt of Bohémian Gipsies," which was re-exhibited six years ago in London, a work painted in an unusually dark tone for the artist. "Myrrha and Sardanapalus;" the "Robin Hood;" with "Christmas in the Baron's Hall," and a picture, purchased by the Queen, of "Gil Blas and the Parasite," were almost consecutive in their appearance. In 1839 was exhibited a "Scene from *Midas*," and about this time another subject from *Gil Blas*; also, "Salvator Rosa painting Masaniello's Portrait;" "The Knight's Farewell to his Ladye;" "Hamlet," and "Malvolio before Olivia" (both in the Vernon Gallery); two subjects from Goldsmith—"Olivia and Sophia dressing Moses for the Fair," and the famous "Gross of Green Spectacles." The three last, with those from *Gil Blas*, were examples of the artist's power of dealing with subjects requiring great feeling for humour, his complete success therein displaying a new element of character. "The Sleeping Beauty," and the "Origin of the Harp,"—a subject from Moore,—indicated a return to romance; while "Macbeth and the Ghost" was a very remarkable illustration of Shakspeare. "A subject from *Comus*," painted for the King of the Belgians; with "Chivalry,"—a lady arming a knight; "The Spirit of Justice" (both the last in the House of Lords); "The Ordeal by Touch," "Alfred in the Tent of

Guthrum," "Caxton in his Printing-Office," "Noah's Sacrifice," "The Marriage of Strongbow," and "Orlando and Charles," must be so fresh in the minds of numerous readers, that bare mention is all they need.

These, with the picture in the Royal Academy, "Interview between Peter the Great and William III., at present form the chief of Maclise's works; and for their interest and importance have not been surpassed by any living artist, extending as they do over a period of twenty-five years. In 1840, Maclise reached the grade of Royal Academician,—about twelve years after leaving his father's house; a rapidity of progress in success which is very rarely attained, even by men as indefatigable and fortunate as himself.

This is no place to enter into a disquisition upon the faults of Maclise's pictures; faults peculiar to himself, and which are sufficiently obvious to every observer, and such, moreover, as are constantly dwelt upon by his critics, who, while doing so seem entirely to forget the very noble qualities the artist's work otherwise possesses; a style of criticism only too common with the ordinary *employés* of the press, whose object appears most frequently to be that of writing a trenchant article, instead of passing a well-grounded, fair, and candid judgment. We shall here close this brief memoir and these remarks with the observation, that the subject of them is still in the prime of intellectual life; and so far from showing the slightest sign of mental decadence, has just completed that series of designs which have attracted so much attention at the Royal Academy this year:—the before-named "Story of the Conquest," which, whether we consider them as an admirably chosen procession of subjects to illustrate a memorable historical fact,—as dramatic and powerful compositions, fitly bringing before us each scene selected,—or as successive grades of an artistic achievement, are equally just in selection, various and vigorous in conception, and complete and comprehensive in progressive advancement. Not less, we believe, than twelve years have been spent in the preparation of this series of works; and it shows how truly the artist is devoted to Art for its own sake, above and beyond all questions of petty praise or momentary appreciation. And the world is now indebted for their exhibition to the efforts of those who had seen and reverentially admired them in the artist's studio, and not to any desire of their author for publicity, which, in truth, he has shunned, nay, for a time resisted. In this the chivalry of Art at least rivals that other chivalry which he so loved to paint.

RASCALDOM AND ITS KINGS.—CARTOUCHE, KING OF PARIS.

By G. W. THORNBURY.

[First Paper.]

I HAVE an extreme affection for rascals, my family plate being beyond the reach of thieves, and my pocket not worth picking.

I like them for their ingenuity, Ulyssean craft, foresight, daring, perseverance, knowledge of human nature, wise cunning, and intrepidity. I like them because they group so well, and are so picturesque; I wonder at them as incarnations of Mephistopheles and Beelzebub, doing the dirty work of the unmentionable place in a shrewd, wily, earnest and—in a sense—not uncommendable manner.

From the Golden Farmer back to the Egyptian chief-baker, I know their tricks and stratagems, their laws and ordinances. As to the metaphysical side of the question, as to whether thieving arises from a mental want or a mental excess, I never trouble myself. It may be a mere logical misunderstanding; it may be a warp of the judgment, a sort of squint of the reason; it may be blood to the head, or want of blood; it may be a perversion, organic or innate. On the other hand, though thieving may not unnaturally be assigned to a mental strabismus or monocularity, it may perhaps more correctly be classified with that genus of mental phenomena

known as habit grown chronic,—a sort of monomania, or insanity.

In this way of thinking, thieves become interesting studies to the sucking metaphysician, who ought to rejoice, therefore, when his watch is stolen, and to shout for joy when his spoons chink into the burglar's nocturnal bag.

Of thieves and their doings I have taken a wide survey. From the Copt who cut off his brother's head, to destroy his identity, when he fell into Pharaoh's man-trap; from the spy in Herodotus, whom the Milesian shaved, wrote secret intelligence on his scalp, kept till his hair grew, and then sent on his distant mission; from Duval to Manning; from Shakebag to Shepherd,—I know all their twists and turnings, and can divide their schemes into codes and classes. I acknowledge, in this flat age, I revel in their strange and subtle plans, their ruses and ingenious forms of spoliation; I draw from them proofs of the limitation of the human imagination, and of the expansibility of human badness. The sensitive touch of the felon shows me the undeveloped capabilities of our neglected senses; I find with astonishment in the thief, aiming at small ends, the patience of a fakir, the heroism of an old grenadier, the endurance of an Indian, the subtlety of a statesman, the craft of a diplomatist, the courage of an Alexander. In fact, I fill my mind with half-thought-out theories, that amuse me, if they do not make me wiser. The wig-stealing in Queen Anne's reign, the cloak-stealing on Louis Quatorze's Pont Neuf, the diamond-plucking of Barrington, the old Bag-shot highway doings with mask and pistol, the mail-coach rifling, the Elizabethan gambling tricks, with mirror-reflections and gangs of "ferrets" and "setters," we must for the present pass by. The old English purse-cutting, ring-dropping, gold-chain chopping; the "chauffeurs," who burnt the feet of rich farmers to make them "shell out" their money, we must leave behind us, with many score of "priggers of prancers," tricks of Smithfield thieves, sham-Abrahams, Salisbury-Plain sailors, and proceed at once to introduce our readers to the great *Louis-Dominique Cartouche*, the king of French thieves, and the terror of Louis the Fourteenth's Paris, of the St. Louis, Champs Elysées, and all the hills, quais, boulevards, and hotels of the French capital, in the days of Molière and his merry world. There was a time when this name, harsh and rough, and reminding one of the soldier's bloody lips smeared black with powder, was enough to sell any book or play to which it was attached. There was a time when bewigged men in Covent-Garden clubs talked for long nights about this Cartouche; and when, in German Linden Streets and in Dutch Exchanges, the gossip of busy men ran to the same tune. His life is a proof of the irresistible tendency with which some minds, reserved, acquisitive, and without veneration or moral self-restraint, run headlong into crime.

Cartouche was the son of a poor cooper, who lived in 1683,—the year the rogue was born,—in the quarter called La Courtelle, not far from La Fontaine aux Echaudez. The ambitious father gave a good education to his children, and particularly to Louis-Dominique, whom he had named after a bad king and a good saint. Quick, ready, smart, and with a strong memory, Cartouche got on so well at school, that his father resolved to push a point, and send him to a Jesuit's college. This foolish ambition the father bitterly repented of. The school was full of rich tradesmen's sons, who dressed in all the gold-laced splendour of that age of black wigs, lace-cravats, plum-coloured coats, deep-flap waistcoats, swords, ruffles, and red heels. Cartouche, short and vain, began to steal to obtain money for the roulette table, the comedy, his mistress, and the Burgundy of the tavern. He, the cooper's son of La Fontaine aux Echaudez, was not to be outshone by purse-proud peruke-sellers of the Place Royal. His first thefts were not worthy of his future greatness. He began by pillaging the patched panniers of the old women who sold fruit at the gate of the college at Clermont. His success made him a thief for life. Men who have once let their imaginations

run wild on the advantages of borrowing money seldom return to the severe and cold materialism of cash down. Men of loose principle, who find out that lying is power, seldom deign afterwards to confine themselves to dull truth. Cartouche could never any longer remember the duty of honesty; its self-protection, its religious motives, were thrown behind him. He stole the boys' books and slates. Wanting money to buy a smart *purpoint*, carnation ribbons, and lace, he resolved, at the mature age of eleven, on a grand *coup-d'état*. He had an object of course; he gratified his natural tendency, and he rejoiced in the danger and exciting sense of adventure which stealing gave him.

In the fourth class, his chief friend was a young marquis, whose tutor liked him, and with whom he often spent whole days. He came in and out when he liked, for they were companions and class-mates. One day the quick-eyed, quick-eyed Louis heard the valet say that he had just brought his master a hundred crowns, and locked them up in a casket. The opportunity set our king's brains fermenting like barm. The thoughts of such a chance worked upon his cupidity and acquisitiveness like madness. He could not keep his eyes from the casket; night and day, for a week, he used to say afterwards, when in the Conciergerie, he thought of nothing but that box.

Should he steal it? No! yes! that claret coat, *la belle Pomponne*. The first step; ropes haunted him. But Vanity shook her ribbons, and conscience fled away. His good angel, always snubbed and forgotten, left him as a wife leaves the house that has fallen under the sway of the courtesan. He watches the valet and the governor out of doors one sunshiny morning. He goes to his class, steals the key from the pocket of the marquis, asks the regent's leave to go out, races to the room, passes on to the valet's, which is behind, unlocks the door: the casket is moved. He looks every where—under the bed, behind cloaks, pokes with sword under drawers, looks in the cupboards. Yes, there it is, on the top, just in the dark, on the great *armoire*. He puts two chairs one on another, mounts, rips open the box with a cooper's iron of his father's, and the crowns, the crowns shine before his greedy eyes. All goes well; he counts and gloats. Hush, a noise! the governor has returned; gone to the marquis for the key; he misses it; thinks it must have been left in the door.

The tutor bustles back. Yes it was; he sits down to read his humanities, takes snuff, coughs, and falls asleep, as tutors do. Soon after the valet and marquis come back; the one from the city, the other from class. Cartouche, rolled up into a ball behind the box, sweats with fear, dares not cough, nor scarcely breathe. People come in, and wonder at his disappearance. Some are sorry, some glad. The valet, having a headache,—perhaps too much wine,—goes to bed for the rest of the day.

A hundred times Cartouche prepares to call out, or to leap down, and throw himself at his feet, owning his guilt. That little heart is a hell of pain,—fear, rage, lust, covetousness, and suspicion. The valet, himself a rogue, may be ungenerous or cruel; he will wait. Night comes, he has not been seen; the valet groans, kicks, and rolls. Cartouche cannot, does not wish to sleep. Another day, the valet is no better; the wine was bad. When he moves a curtain, or shakes up his pillow, a fresh cold sweat breaks out on Cartouche, faint with hunger and burning with thirst.

That night there is a great ball at the Duc de Quelque-chose: carriages roll, torches glare, every body's carriage stops every body's way, scented tossing ringlets are moving before a thousand mirrors, the marquis's valet must be there to wait; the last bow is tied, the scent-stopper put in, the door clicks, the thief crawls down. Alas, cursed ill luck! the door opens again, and the governor and the marquis come back, eager for an hour with Aristotle and his Poetics. Open eyes, tears, stammered words. A year later, and it would have been a scream, and a stab, and a slammed door; now it is bent knees, lowered eyes. He tells a lying story of fear of the rector, of exercises, of hungeriness; they bring

him food, not thinking of the crowns, and promise to appease the angry regent, who has uttered dreadful threats.

Once out in the fresh street, he felt safe and free. A hundred crowns in his pocket, and none the wiser, the dangerous feeling of a new power within him, which made him stronger than his fellows, entered into his heart.

He goes home to his father, is scolded by the unsuspecting cooper; appeases him with more lying excuses,—lying is now easier to him than truth; sleeps sound, and the next day revels at the Foire St. Germain. Again a pitfall; his pale-faced brother meets him, tells him the whole affair is discovered, put together, and known; whips and dark cellars await him at Clermont.

Lust of gain and rage have ruled Cartouche for two days, now fear gets the upper hand; but even this timid passion grows powerful when backed up by strong will and the energy of rascal greatness. Away from Paris, running, leaping; dome of the Invalides sunk to a dark mushroom; now fields, vineyards, Reimemoulin; in fact, many leagues from Paris and its broad quays, and the bridge with Henry IV.'s statue, and the Invalides, and all the convents, and that red Grève, and the Bastille—Bah!

The thief, afraid of being robbed, suspicious, wily, reserved, prepared for rubs, finding no inns, creeps under a bush, there intending to wait the day, and, if it please God, sleep. A noise awakes him; twenty paces off he sees, by a dim moonlight, some twenty dark figures dancing, singing, and eating. He thinks he has got into a witches' Sabbath, and recommends himself to God, confessing his sins. Prying into suspicious bushes, the ragged cohort (really gipsies, and naught else) find a sharp-looking boy, very frightened and very ragged. They dance round him, and he, still thinking them witches, screams; they in turn become frightened, and take him for something not "canny." At last they speak to him in French, and invite him to eat. Stolen fowls, pigeons, and sucking-pig furnish a sumptuous banquet. He falls asleep by the camp-fires, and awakes to find that he is lighter by a hundred-crowns weight. It is dangerous to sleep among Bohemians who give people dinners for nothing. Still any dinner is dear at one hundred crowns.

The dramatic position is worthy of Gil Blas. The boy gets up and threatens the old witch, who queens the troop, to hang the whole band; and he looks as if he was the boy to do it. But the witch has not become a queen for nothing. She screamingly tells him that boys do not generally carry a hundred crowns about them; she knows he has robbed his father, and has run away, and she will take him home again. His lip shakes, she has caught him. Then she praises his beauty and wit (he smiles; caught again), praises Bohemian life, shows the pleasures he may grasp, and the dangers that await him. In an hour's time he is an avowed Bohemian thief and rogue for life.

In three years Cartouche learns all the gipsy tricks,—how to shoe horses, how to clip and break them in, how to poison any farmer's pigs and cure them again, how to break iron and mend pots, how to hook linen through windows and rob hen-roosts, how to tell fortunes and pick pockets. He was just becoming a chief at fifteen years of age, when the parliament of Rouen put down the band. Some swing on gibbets, some groan under the axe, some take to their heels; Cartouche resolves to go to sea; he has learned all land tricks, and sighs for fresh worlds of rascaldom.

A respectable uncle of Cartouche, plump and well off, sees on Rouen Quay—among coils of rope, piles of casks, old anchors, and beams—a ragged boy, eating black rinds of sausages that some Dutch sailors have thrown him. Though black, ragged, and barefoot, he recognises his lost nephew. Good old man! he cries, falls on his neck, and overwhelms him with tenderness. The boy is taken to an inn, washed, and clothed; and the same night uncle writes to Paris to intreat his brother, the cooper, to forgive his prodigal son. The father, whose pride is hurt at the degradation of a son whom he has striven so much for, writes back

a fulminating letter, and will do nothing for the disgrace of his family. He had no pity for his misfortune, and forbade his return, unless he wished to perish by his hand. The rogue returns, however, hides for days in his father's shop, falls ill, and, at the point of death, is forgiven by the stern and honest craftsman.

For some time after his recovery, all goes on well; but vanity and vice soon lead him astray. He again strives to be the fop, and to dress accordingly. He falls in love with a young milliner, who slights him for richer and gayer lovers. He robs his father's till, buys silks and jewels, and becomes the favoured lover of the venal fair, to be deserted by her the moment his purse runs low. Cartouche turns pickpocket to maintain his love. He thinks he can nail quicksilver to the point "fever-heat." He is loaded with watches, handkerchiefs, snuffboxes, sword-knots; he does nothing, but is always well dressed, and passes himself off to his suspicious father as a successful gambler. One day, however, the cooper finds out his storeroom, and discovers heaps of jewels, gold crowns, gold boxes, flagons, and *etuis*; he puts them back, says nothing, but drives off to the penitentiary of St. Lazare. He promises the Père Procureur a pension if he will chastise and correct his son.

Cartouche, little suspecting, is invited to go to St. Lazare with his father about an order for five hundred casks. They start in a hackney-coach; father grave, son gay and foppish. His keen eye, betraying no alarm, suddenly sees archers drawing round the coach; he marks the trap, and is prepared. Coach stops; father gets down first, and goes in to get an order to see the gardens. It is time; Cartouche throws off his justaucorps, wig, and cocked-hat, appears in bare sleeves, ties his head round with a white handkerchief, and passes out through the archers in the character of a confectioner's boy.

In five minutes, father returns with two brothers of the order. This is the signal; the archers close in, open the coach-door, and capture—not Cartouche, but a coat, wig, and hat. Some are for pursuing; others, less energetic, for waiting; the father resolves to go home, and trap him at his return. He finds the door open, drawers open, money, treasure, and son, all gone.

Cartouche, once more free, paints his face, dyes his skin, changes dress and wigs, and gives up his milliner, and continues to pick pockets. Wherever a careful man can find work, he goes—ball, mass, comedy, execution, any where. He is alone, and French thieves are ignorant of their future monarch.

One day he steals a fat purse from a German in the Jesuits' Church, and soon after is touched on the arm and dogged all over Paris by a stranger, who claims the prey.

"My purse," said the stranger.

"It is at the end of my sword."

"That'll do, my brave; I only wished to see if you had as good a heart as you have fingers. I'm satisfied."

Then falling on the rogue's neck, the stranger, a Paris pickpocket, told Cartouche he had seen his *coup*, been struck by his unequalled subtlety, and wished to be his comrade.

Cartouche, thinking him a spy, remained reserved. At a turn of the street, they hear the noise of swords, and come upon some lackeys fighting; his friend disappears, and returns presently with a hat full of louis, which he divides with him. They mount to a fifth story; Cartouche is introduced to an old woman and two daughters, to the youngest of whom he is plighted—in brief, thieves' marriage. His host shows him the danger of working alone, without friends to assist him in escapes, and in raising a mob to create a diversion and procure a rescue. They become comrades, and an unholy alliance is formed.

In a short time the band breaks up. The brother-in-law retires to the Toulon galleys, and the women to the Hospital, under the care of the great Commissioner of Police, M. d'Argeuson.

Cartouche, bent on travelling thoroughly through rascaldom, turns blackleg; gipsy, pickpocket, bully, petty lar-

cener he has already been. He lodges in the Rue St. André des Arcs, and hires two valets, whom he clothes in rich liveries; one of them, who robs his master in order to support his mistress, denounces Cartouche. He escapes the terrific glance of D'Argenson, fresh from investigations of the *convulsionnaires* and *empoisonneurs* in the Burning Chamber and the Bicêtre dungeons; but Cartouche's good name is gone; he dare not show himself at the green-cloth tables.

He therefore, honest man, turns spy and betrays his friends to D'Argenson; gratifies at once his cupidity, ambition, and revenge; but, cunning as he is, is trapped by a recruiting sergeant. He had promised to provide this fellow with twenty-five men; but four were still wanting, and Cartouche, drugged and snared, was dragged off to Flanders; himself to make up the complement. Making the best of a bad bargain, Cartouche shouldered his fusée with cheeriness and skill, got promoted, and was praised by all his officers for his courage and exactitude.

The disbanding came, and with the disbanded soldiers now swarmed thieves. Cartouche became the midnight king of Paris; theatre or tabarin, Pont Rouge, Pré aux Cleres, Luxembourg, Louvre,—it was all his. He knew the secret crimes of his band, and none dared desert. Dreadful oaths, enough to make the devil shudder, held these rascals together. One fine Sunday night the troops met on the Boulevards. There were two hundred men; some refugees from St. Lazare, others runaway apprentices, ruined gamblers, criminals, shopmen turned soldiers,—in fact, all the idle, dissolute, and wicked of Paris. He drew up laws for them, and was unanimously chosen their leader. At their first meeting, a drunken beggar heard their vows, but did not disclose them, for he took them for a real army, and Cartouche for a generalissimo. He assumed the despotic power of putting to death spies and traitors, and swore not to spare even his own brothers, who had now joined him, if they dared to betray the band.

Once organised, this satanic army set to work. Murdered men were found every night in the Seine; bodies with bruised heads or stabbed chests were thrust into church-porches and rich men's doorways; gallants, parted with by laughing mistresses in gilded chambers, where mirrors flashed with a hundred lights, were next seen, blue, swollen and strangled, at the doors of their chambers in the Quartier Latin; lodging-houses were sacked; coaches waiting at the doors of le Marquis Carabas stripped and despoiled; muffs and swords, hats and hoods, diamond-buckles, sword-knots, and snuff-boxes disappeared as if an enchanter's wand had waved over them. At night-taverns these trinkets reappeared, smeared with blood, the snuff-boxes crushed and battered, the hats pierced with bullet-holes, and the muffs mudded and torn.

Some of Cartouche's gang climbed, by means of rope-ladders, into rich men's houses; fat abbés and pompous marquises stared to find, on their return from court-ball or comedy,—*Les Précieuses Ridicules*, par exemple,—the lock off the door of the *premier étage*, the rooms gutted of rococo gold clock, the green satin flayed from the chairs, the gilt fringe of the curtains missing, not to mention the little desk with the 200 louis-d'ors? Others attended St. Sulpice, Notre Dame, and the chief churches, praying very hard opposite shining altars, with two wax hands covered with gloves, while with the real offending members they cleared those who knelt near them of watch and purse.

Every now and then M. d'Argenson's eagle claws fastened on some unlucky thief; but the more he bled rascaldom, the faster the blood increased; bleeding increases blood. Cartouche had spies every where,—in court, in barracks, in shops, in hotels, even among M. d'Argenson's dreaded archers, who breathed nothing but steel and cord.

Cartouche needed a well-filled treasury. He had spies to pay; miss a day, and there was danger. There were his workmen, who carried about and sold the stolen goods; receivers who hid them behind sliding-panels, and over beds, and under movable floorings. There were hiding-

places for emergencies, and their daily rent. All these people charged high, and required ready money. Then there were bewitching courtesans, smooth with pearl-powder and blushing with rouge, who decoyed young country abbés, and drunken spendthrifts, whom they stabbed or poisoned if they grew restive or troublesome. With all these expenses, they never could grow rich; they baled and baled, and kept the water out, but never got dry and safe; rest a moment, and the boat began to settle down into the white jaws of the sea.

So went on affairs from the peace of Utrecht to the year 1719. The paper-money made the fortune of Cartouche; a portfolio or pocket-book now sufficed for a week's work. The rogues grew bolder; they followed home merchants from the banks or from bargains in the Rue Quinquempois, knocked them down with life-preservers, and while they lay stunned, robbed them, and fled. Others they choked with pitch-plasters, on the Burke and Haro principle; and others they blinded with handfuls of dust.

They swept the high roads, too, with their Bohemian cavalry; robbed the mail-bags, stripped the passengers, tied their hands, laid them on their faces, and rode off. On the 28th of April 1721, the diligence was stopped near Chalons by masked men, who stabbed the postillion, and carried off 180,000 livres, leaving in the road 200,000 more that they were unable to remove. Cartouche himself deigned to rob a coach; he first persuades an officer, his companion, to slay a valet they had brought with them; and then, to insure secrecy and secure his spoil, shot the murderer himself.

Paris grew alarmed, the watch was doubled, and thirty sous a-day given to the watchmen. Rogues and vagabonds were ordered into exile, and armourers were forbidden to sell arms to strangers. The arms were soon taken from them; but Cartouche cared not; his band fought, drove away the watch, and bribed or intimidated its members.

The toils drew in round him, however, and he began to feel the space narrow round his feet. Joseph Lami, a Jew, his friend, was arrested for stabbing another Jew and strangling his wife. He was baptised, and then broken on the wheel. This man had a wife at Vienna, another at Lille, and a third in Paris. He had several times changed his religion. Dumesnil, Cartouche's lieutenant, narrowly escaped; La Magdaleine died on the rack; l'Amoureux, accused of murdering a jeweller, escaped, after a dangerous trial.

Hitherto no one had heard of Cartouche; even M. d'Argenson did not know the name of the leader of this dreadful band of two hundred. Men who despised God, feared men, and dreaded the breaking of an oath. At last one day a thief, pale and groaning from the rack, as the hard wrinkled faces of M. d'Argenson and his myrmidons bent round his bed of torture, and fixed on him their now glittering eyes, to the repeated questions of "Who is your captain?" replied, "*Cartouche*." The secret was disclosed; the bloodhounds leaped forward on the track.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

It is not a little interesting to go from the Royal Academy to the French Exhibition, and contrast the peculiar national characteristics as developed in art. To one's great surprise, it would appear that the attributes of gravity, thoughtful design, and sober colour, were prevalent in France to a far greater extent than in England; that is, presuming we should accept the display in Pall Mall for as precise a representation of the state of French art in the former country as

that in Trafalgar Square is of the latter. But this can hardly be the case; for, notwithstanding the numerous great names the catalogue presents, there are others absent whose possessors are remarkable for practising the very brilliancy which distinguishes the English Exhibition. These deficiencies account for the lack of colour which strikes the visitor the moment of entering, rendering the display so sober in that respect that he might fancy this to be a collection of pictures by the old masters, whose pigments time had dimmed.

The only pictures here that are truly brilliant in colour are those by Meissonier, who is represented by three small works. No. 115, "The Chess-Players," show two men seated in a room deeply engaged in the game. The aerial effect is extraordinary, having all the power and clearness of a stereoscopic view; the expressions are admirable, the colour, although a little hot, is most skilfully managed, and the drawing correct to a marvel. Nos. 116, "A Lansquenet," and 117, "A Mousquetaire," respectively soldiers in the costume of each corps, although not remarkable for character, are extraordinary examples of minuteness and care,—never were these qualities carried to a greater extent; but, after all, we cannot but think such extreme delicacy is wasted on the subjects, and when achieved, the result seems no greater than that which Teniers obtained at one-tenth of the labour and cost. No. 116 has been purchased at the extraordinary sum, considering the subject and size, of eight hundred guineas.

A large picture by Eugène Isabey, No. 90, "The Morning of the Chase," is full of action and character, and, but for its prevailing grayness, reminds the observer of a sketch by Vandyke. Le Poittevin's picture, No. 108a, "Fishermen hauling up a Boat," exhibits a good deal of spirited action, and is an amusing illustration of French character; all the men sitting on the ground to accomplish their nautical feat. No. 110, "Christening a Fishing-Boat at Fécamp," is an interesting example of French manners,—the *curé* blessing the craft which is to bear the fortunes of the family. There is some graceful design in this work; a girl holding two children in her arms being very noticeable for that quality. No. 161, "The Huntsman," by Van Seben, is a vigorous sketch. A large picture, by Duveau, "The Seven Sins," No. 43, will attract attention; it exhibits a revelling party of men and women, who are supposed to be practising the deadly sins. This work resembles in some respects "The Decadence of Italy," by Couture, engraved in this Magazine, but far transcends it in colour, having a peculiar dead glitter of that quality which is in keeping with the subject. There is much coarsely-powerful drawing and good expression shown by the artist in this picture. Couture himself has a work here which is very important and interesting: "The Minstrel," No. 29, a troubadour of the middle ages singing to some of the common people, who are variously affected; the expression of his face, as he keeps up a melancholy chant to his own accompaniment, is very successfully rendered. The picture much resembles in drawing that last described, and is far superior in every respect to "The Decadence of Italy."

This exhibition is very rich in domestic subjects, of which we shall mention the most remarkable. "The Convalescent," No. 155, by Trayer, an old man seated in a chair receiving the affectionate attention of two women, is most interesting in character; the expression of one of the women, whose tender anxiety is perfectly shown by her face, is admirable. The composition of the picture has been most carefully studied. "The Doctor's Visit," No. 136, by A. E. Plassan, is a sort of counterpart to "The Convalescent," and is equally full of truth and expression. Nothing can be more touching than the earnest grief with which a woman seated at the foot of the bed in this picture watches the impassive countenance of the doctor; and the languid dolorous apathy of the patient is perfectly rendered. Not so finished, but very rich in character, are those pictures by Edouard Frère,—Scenes in humble life, Nos. 58 to 63. No. 62, "The Seamstress," a girl sewing at a window, is notable

for *vraisemblance*; No. 63, "The New Doll," may be matched with this. So remarkable for the qualities thus commended are most of the *genre* pictures here, that really our own painters of this class of subject might well study them with advantage; more particularly those above named, wherein the artists have chosen subjects very different from, and far more interesting than the toys with which our exhibitions are overloaded. The pictures by Victor Chavet, Nos. 25 to 28, may almost take a place with those of Meissonier for finish, brilliancy, and characteristic truth; especially No. 25, "The Duet."

The great name of Horace Vernet is represented by a small picture, No. 162, "The Combat," two knights in armour fighting; which, at first displeasing, grows upon the observer by his recognising the truth of touch, the careful drawing, and the vigorous action it exhibits. The even greater name of Ary Scheffer has a place in the catalogue by his "Christ crowned with Thorns," No. 142, which may be called a new reading of the subject. The Redeemer stands disrobed to the waist, and crowned with the sorrowful crown; while a slave holds back some drapery, revealing the dishonour to the mocking bitterness of the tormentors. The whole colour of this picture, although faint and pale, is masterly and good in quality, yet not comparable with many of the artist's better works. The face has an admirable expression of resignation, as of a man overcome with exhaustion; but, we think, needs dignity, and something of the Godlike supremacy of the Saviour.

A portrait of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur will be interesting to every admirer of her great picture, "The Horse-Fair," exhibited in this gallery last year. There is one here by Dubufe, No. 40, which is singularly in keeping with what the public know of the lady herself, and not a little characteristic of the vigorous tone which pervades her works. The clear, penetrating, almost masculine head, without a shade of coarseness, and the whole self-dependent and decisive attitude of the figure, allow one to recognise a woman who has, by force of talent and indomitable labour, made for herself a name in the world. Of all Dubufe's portraits we have seen, this is the most striking, being strenuously executed, with so thorough an appreciation of the *physique* to be dealt with, that it will be as valuable as a work of art as it is interesting from its subject. The lady herself is a contributor to this exhibition of two pictures, Nos. 11 and 12. The former, "Denizens of the Highlands," some stots, or dwarf northern cattle, is far in advance in a quality which was almost the only one wanting in "The Horse-Fair,"—truthful imitation of nature. The rough shaggy hide of the beasts is here so faithfully rendered, that almost the only equal to it in our knowledge is the long, silky, opalescent lustre of the "Scapegoat" in Holman Hunt's picture; an odd comparison, doubtless, but one perfectly justifiable. The fierce wilfulness of the brutes' expression, and their little fiery eyes, will strike the observer as perfectly natural. Some poultry, Nos. 9 and 10, by Juliette Bonheur, will be found worthy of observation; and a landscape, "Going to Market," No. 8, by Auguste Bonheur, shows some excellent painting in the French taste.

"The Simoom in the Desert," No. 138, J. F. Portales, represents the fearful scene with great force: some travellers overtaken by the sand-storm crouch in front, others hasten to them, while behind the threatening waft of sand which the deadly wind has lifted up sweeps luridly forward.

Eight landscapes by Emile Lambinet, Nos. 96 to 103, are peculiarly bright and full of clear tone; that is, with the before-mentioned reservation of grayness and dead-colour which so pervades the mass of works here, and, as we have said, marks so wide a distinction between the English and French schools. In other respects, they are carefully and truthfully executed. The celebrated French landscape-painter Constant Troyon has five works here, Nos. 156 to 160; of which No. 159, "Road on the Cliffs near Quimper," has a pearlish pallidity of sunlight effect which is both curious and beautiful.



A SCULPTOR'S PICTORIAL MUSINGS IN ENGLISH POETRY.

NO. I. THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

"*There she weaves by night and day
A magic web, with colours gay.*"

*And moving through a mirror clear,
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.*

*But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights;*

*For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
'I am half sick of shadows,' said
The Lady of Shalott.*

*A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Launcelot.*

*His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode:
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
'Tirra lirra,' by the river,
Sang Sir Launcelot."*

TENNISON.

"The Watering Pool," No. 157, is a striking work. All are excellent. A large landscape, No. 2, by Baudit, "Coast of Normandy," a piece of rough coast-land, is deficient in nothing but colour, being, like many others here, almost monochromatic; how an artist can see so little variety of tint is to us incomprehensible. All the *forms* of shadow are perfectly rendered and effectively painted; but every shadow is of the same colour, irrespective of the angle to the sky which the surface upon which it is thrown makes, and the native colour of such surface itself. The sky in this picture is very truly given, with its heavy masses of flying cloud. "Going to the Fields," by Jules Adolphe Breton, No. 13, is powerfully painted, but black and heavy.

Curiously sustaining the character of weakness of colour, upon which we have commented, are those views in the East, by Theodore C. Frère: Nos. 64 to 69, and others unnamed in the catalogue. Simmering and dusky with intense heat is the atmospheric effect of all of these, and very powerfully is it rendered. Nothing can be more striking

than the lurid haze which fills the air in No. 66, "The Simoom," which is in every respect a most effective sketch. We cannot call these works more than sketches, as, The drawing of every part which has determinate form is, if we can trust all other renderings of the same objects (as "The Colossi at Thebes"), very careless and imperfect; even the chiaro-scuro would be all the better for more consideration.

Three pictures by François Biard are full of character, as his works always are. Students and admirers of French art will find paintings by Phillibert L. Couturier, Duverger, J. Leon Gerome, Theodore Gudin, Guillemin, Louis Loire, Henri Schlesinger, and some miniatures by Madame Herbelin, which altogether form a most interesting exhibition.

The plan (unique in London) which prevails at this exhibition, of occasionally transposing the pictures, and also removing some to make room for fresh arrivals, renders it impossible to supply a criticism which shall be perfectly current with the display at the date of publication. The most remarkable of the novelties is by Mdlle. Rosa Bon-

hour, 12a, entitled "*Bouricairos* crossing the Pyrenees;" these appear to be a class of men who traverse the French and Spanish frontier, acting, scandal says, as contrabandists, but ostensibly as carriers of country produce. They climb the rough mountain-paths with mixed droves of laden mules and asses. The whole picture is full of effect and vigour, and the improvement in execution just referred to is very manifest. One of the men slouches along chanting a monotonous drone—some old legend of the hills, perhaps; his companion lazily rides. The animals huddle together in the narrow path, and are full of characteristic and varied action; the distant snow-covered mountains behind are contrasted with the dark red earth and vivid green of the vegetation of the foreground, while the deep blue sky makes both clear and prominent. This is the most interesting picture by the artist we have seen, and on many grounds we prefer it to the ever-memorable "Horse-Fair."



GREENHILL HALL.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.
IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

THE sun rose bright and clear on the 3d of April 18—. In those good old times April was April, and spring was spring; now, as the French say, *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and they are things that poets sing of; but when the inhabitants of Doncaster exclaimed, "What a beautiful day for Emmeline Larpent's wedding!" not a few hinted that it would perhaps prove true April weather, and that the smiles of the morning might be turned to tears before night.

Weddings are awful things, and if people deliberated as so solemn an occasion seems to demand, I really think there would not be many. But it does not do "to consider these things too seriously;" the world would never move on if we all stopped short in a brown study, weighing the *pros* and *cons* of vital questions. However, there is no danger on this side; nature has provided us with impulses and passions to urge us forward; and it is wonderful, considering how little we look before us, that things are not much worse than they are.

It must be admitted that Emmeline had not erred on the side of too much reflection; but when she woke that morning, and remembered that it was her wedding-day, something like a pang shot through her breast; probably the first she had ever felt in her life. There lay the bridal dress in fascinating array; the title and the carriage would be hers in a few hours, and she would be one of the great ladies of the county, instead of the obscure inhabitant of a country-town. But this husband that she did not know, and that must be taken into the bargain,—there was the dark spot in this splendid panorama; and now that his actual presence impended, and she could not put him aside from her thoughts, she felt quite depressed. If he had been young and handsome; but she knew that he was old and ugly, like the grave papas that sat at the whist-table, whilst she and her companions danced and flirted with their sons.

However, there was no retreating now, even if she had wished it; and probably, had the opportunity been offered her, she would not have availed herself of it. The bridal costume was exceedingly elegant, and there stood the dress-maker who had fashioned it to superintend the toilette. So, on, Emmeline, there's no time to pause! On, on to your destiny, whatever it be!

The ceremony was to be performed at noon, after which Mr. Larpent was to have the honour of entertaining his son-in-law, not at a *déjeuner*, but at a dinner; for at that period of history the world did not dine so late as they do now. The house, therefore, was in a great flurry and bustle, and there was a strong smell of roast mutton and potatoes

as early as half-past eleven; when the bride, in her bridal array, was sitting in the drawing-room waiting for her bridegroom, and her father was superintending the drawing of the corks and the spreading of the table, assisted by a lad hired for the occasion, the lawyer's establishment being but on a humble scale; and Arthur, poor Arthur, who had declined an invitation to the wedding, lending a helping but unwilling hand wherever he was required. At last the door of the room where Emmeline was sitting opened, and Arthur peeped in.

"Alone?" he said, taking a seat beside her. "Every thing is ready now, and your father is gone to dress. I suppose *he* will be here presently, and then I must not speak to you, or even approach you,—never again, Emmeline, never again!" and the poor boy, who had been restraining his feelings all the morning before Mr. Larpent, fairly burst into tears. "You will despise me for crying like a woman,—I know it's very weak,—but O, Emmeline!"

"No I don't," said the girl, crying too; for, being in a very depressed state of spirits, her tears were ready enough. "I'm sure I'm not too happy. Now the time's come, I wish I wasn't going to be married at all. If he's as cross as you say, I shall certainly come back to papa; you see if I don't."

"Sir Theobald Maxwell and Mr. Moneypenny!" cried the extempore footman, suddenly opening the door.

The young people rose in confusion, Emmeline wiping her eyes; whilst Arthur, with an utter want of presence of mind, hastily quitted the room.

"What's that?" asked Sir Theobald, slowly turning round to look after him.

"That is young Lupton," replied Mr. Moneypenny, who was the baronet's agent. "He is in Mr. Larpent's office."

Sir Theobald continued looking at the door for a second or two, and then he turned to Emmeline, who, confused and shy, stood trembling by the sofa from which she had risen.

"I'll go and see where Mr. Larpent is, and if the deed's ready," said Mr. Moneypenny, with a delicate consideration for the bride and bridegroom.

"Is yon laddie son to Mr. Lupton of Greenhill Hall?" inquired the latter.

"Yes, sir," answered Emmeline. His brow was overcast; however, he said no more on the subject, but surveying her from head to foot as a man would look at a horse, he told her she was a braw lassie, and that he had brought her a braw present from London; whereupon he drew a gold chain from his pocket, which awkwardly, with his great heavy hands, he clasped round her fair neck; and then, suiting the action to the word, told her to gie him a buss.

It is not necessary to describe the young lady's feelings on the occasion of this first salute of love; and not being in the habit of controlling their manifestations, she evinced too plainly the disgust it inspired. A quarrel, which might have happily stopped further proceedings, would have probably ensued, but that some friends who were invited to the wedding at that moment arrived, and she, taking advantage of their entering the room, rushed out of it, and flew upstairs to her father.

Mr. Larpent was just finishing his toilet, when his daughter suddenly entered, and flinging herself into his arms, declared that she could not and would not marry Sir Theobald. Here was the dreadful crisis that he secretly dreaded, but had hoped to avoid. Nevertheless, he affected the greatest astonishment and horror; asked her what, in Heaven's name, she meant; if she was gone out of her mind, and if she intended to cover him with eternal disgrace, and make herself the laughing-stock of the whole town. Emmeline answered that she hated him, that she should break her heart, and that she should die. To which her father responded that these were the notions of a silly child; that she would be very happy when she got accustomed to Sir Theobald and knew him a little better; that he had made a handsome settlement upon her, and that, if she took pains to manage him well, she might entirely have her own

way; finally, that to give such mortal offence to the baronet would be the ruin of himself, for he should lose his business and perhaps every body else's; and that to draw back now, when the settlements were all but signed, and the clergyman waiting in the church, was simply impossible. Then he coaxed her and kissed her, entreated her not to disgrace her family, and, taking advantage of his prematurely gray hairs, conjured her not to bring them with sorrow to the grave.

What could a girl of sixteen, with the bridal wreath round her head and the bridal veil over her shoulders, say to all this? With nobody to help her, nobody to advise, nobody to sustain, what could she do but weep? Then he rang the bell, and desired the servant to request Mrs. Money Penny to walk upstairs; and when she came, he committed his daughter to her management, his own presence being urgently required below. Mr. Money Penny was a Glasgow W.S., and the agent for the Glengree property, who, having business about that, and other matters in the south, happened to be upon the spot at this critical period. It would be useless to detail the lady's treatment of her patient, which chiefly consisted in magnifying the greatness and antiquity of the Maxwell family, and, with uplifted hands and eyes, expressing her profound amazement at any body's undervaluing *sic* an honour!

While this scene was acting above, the settlements were produced and read below, Mr. Larpent taking an opportunity of whispering to the baronet that he hoped he would excuse the shyness and timidity of his daughter, who was a mere child, fondly attached to her father, and not unnaturally overcome at the impending separation.

"Now, Emmeline, my love," said Mr. Larpent, hastily opening the door, "you are wanted below to sign the settlements. Wipe your eyes, you silly girl, and come along."

"Stop," cried Mrs. Money Penny; "let me bathe them with a little cold water."

But it was of no use, the hot tears would flow; and, trusting to the apology he had made for her, he hurried his daughter down-stairs, aware that the greatest danger he had to encounter was delay.

"Come, cheer up, Emmeline, there's a good girl; cheer up, for my sake," said Mr. Larpent as he opened the door, and in they went.

Every body advanced and shook hands with the bride, those who really pitied her putting on smiling faces, as well as those who did not; for there were some there who, having daughters of their own, though they loudly condemned Mr. Larpent, were secretly jealous that the chance had not fallen to them. They congratulated her, and remarked how pretty her dress was; then whispered to each other that she had been crying, adding, "that it was no wonder." In the meanwhile Mr. Larpent led Emmeline up to the table, put a pen in her hand, and pointing with his finger to a pencil-mark on the parchment, told her to sign her name there. Without raising her eyes, only wiping away the tears that blinded them, she obeyed.

"Now, if you please, Sir Theobald, the carriages are at the door, I believe; I'll take my daughter." And he hurried her down-stairs and into the carriage, Sir Theobald following with Mrs. Money Penny.

Emmeline never said a word, but wept on in silence; whilst her father expostulated and consoled by turns, assuring her that she would be very happy by and by, and that whilst she was crying her eyes out on her wedding-day all the girls in the place were ready to do the same with envy at her good luck. Emmeline made no further remonstrance, —she felt the time for it was past,—and passively she submitted to be handed out of the carriage and led up the aisle to the altar, and passively she underwent the ceremony that made her Sir Theobald Maxwell's wife. She never raised her head, and appeared more like a nun taking the veil than a bride. She returned alone with her husband; and people who stood in the street, watching the procession, observed that she sat in a corner of the carriage with her

handkerchief to her eyes, and that Sir Theobald was not seen to speak to her.

The moment the carriage stopped at her father's house and the door was opened, she jumped out, and rushed upstairs to her own bedroom. Her thoughts were desperate. A child who had never known sorrow, who was utterly ignorant of life as it is, who had never reflected and never been taught to reflect, who had lived upon the surface of things, and had not once lifted a corner of the veil to see what was beneath,—now, suddenly her eyes were opened, the veil was lifted, and she saw deep down into that dark cavern of woe into which she was sinking. If she had had laudanum she would have swallowed it then. She looked round the room for some means of speedy death; there was only the window; she threw it up, and measured the height with a glance, but her courage failed her. Many a woman could put a vial of laudanum to her lips who could not dare such a leap. Then the sun shone, the early flowers glittered in his beams, and a blackbird perched on a spray was singing a sweet strain to his mate hatching her eggs hard by. It was hard to leave such a smiling world, to go "into cold obstruction and to rot;" her heart softened, and she fell on her knees by the bedside and prayed to God to help her.

Presently her father missed her, and becoming alarmed, he ascended to her bedroom. She promised him, if he would give her a few minutes, she would come down when summoned to dinner, and try to behave herself better; and she exerted herself to keep her word. Her eyes were cast down and swollen with weeping; her cheek was pale; she only answered in monosyllables when spoken to; but she laboured hard to suppress her tears and to give no further offence. The dinner was tedious: they drank toasts; and when the healths of the bride and bridegroom were given, Mr. Money Penny made a long speech, in which he dilated largely on the beauties of Scotland, and the peculiar qualities with which it has pleased Providence to endow its people, giving them thereby an evident superiority over other nations; for "weel ye ken," he said, "whar a Scotsman is h'll thrive." Then he entered at length into the history of Glengree, and the antiquity and merits of the Maxwell family in general, concluding with a glowing eulogium on Sir Theobald in particular.

As the baronet—either because he was out of temper, which he certainly looked, or because, as some of the company who had heard him at public meetings suggested, "he was no dab at a speech"—showed no intention of acknowledging this eloquent oration, but sat silently and moodily sipping the toddy that had been carefully provided for him and Mr. Money Penny, Mr. Larpent himself rose; and, after welcoming every body, and thanking every body, and saying it was the proudest day of his life, and expatiating on his own insignificance and the unexpected honour of forming an alliance with the ancient and distinguished family of Glengree, he took occasion to hint jocularly that, since it was the month of April, showers must be expected; that they were natural to the season; and he hoped he was not going too far in saying that they were becoming to the season; ay, and he would say beneficial,—he was going to say, *to the season*; but he saw he was losing sight of his metaphor, and he repeated, "ay, beneficial, I say;" and then, thumping his breast in a significant manner, added, "and shows that all's right here."

The company applauded with their voices and their glasses; and then the ladies rose, and left the gentlemen to their potations. In the drawing-room, Mrs. Money Penny, who was a great talker, entertained the ladies with various anecdotes of the Glengree family and their "forbears;" whilst Emmeline took an early opportunity of slipping out of the room. Since Arthur's hasty disappearance from the drawing-room, she had not seen him. He had been invited to make one of the wedding-party, but he was unequal to the ordeal; and Mr. Larpent was not sorry, for he felt that it would be more prudent to confine his invitations to a few of his elderly friends,—those amongst them whose worldly

position was the most advantageous,—and avoid the unfavourable comparisons that might be suggested by the proximity of youth and good looks.

Emmeline had wept out her tears; the sluices were dry now; but the hard fixed despair was upon her, and the imminence of death was so present to her,—she that had never before remembered she was mortal,—that she felt as a nun must have felt of old when summoned to walk into her living tomb. What manner of death it was to be she knew not; but life was impossible, the future a blank; die she must.

But she wished to see Arthur before she was entombed; her heart yearned to the one friend that pitied and would have saved her. She understood all his hints, all his warnings now; she could not go without bidding him farewell. She thought he would be in the office, and he was; he had been shut up there ever since the sudden arrival of Sir Theobald; and from the window he had watched her when she was handed into the carriage to go to church, and when she returned.

"Arthur," she said, as she opened the door, "I am come to say good-by."

Her voice was low and solemn, her face white as a corpse, as she held out her hand to him.

"Emmeline," he said,—"O God!—Emmeline, you'll die;" and he fell on his knees before her as he seized her hand.

"Yes, Arthur," she said, "yes, I shall die; that's why I came to take leave of you;" then, with a wild smile, she added, "Don't go on your knees to me, sir, I am Lady Maxwell."

She laughed hysterically; and her nerves being utterly unstrung, having once begun, she could not stop, but went on laughing and crying till the walls resounded with the echo. The sound of her voice reaching the company above stairs and below, they naturally rushed to the spot to see what was the matter.

Arthur had placed her in a chair, and, quite oblivious of every thing but the situation in which he saw her, was again on his knees, passionately kissing her hands, and conjuring her to calm herself.

"I'll fetch Mr. Larpent," he said; "he can never have the heart to condemn you to this misery. Something must be done."

At that moment the door opened, and the father, the husband, and the whole of the guests, followed by the servants, entered the room.

Mr. Moneybags rushed to the window, and pulled down the blind; for he saw that a crowd was assembling in the street. Arthur, confused and frightened, slunk out of the room in an agony of grief, conscious that appearances were much against them; and, while Mr. Larpent and the ladies called for cold water and hartshorn, and busied themselves about the bride, Sir Theobald stood silently by, sternly surveying the scene. One of the ladies now recommended that the gentlemen should retire, and leave them alone with the patient. This advice was followed; and in due time their assiduous ministrations were rewarded with success, and Emmeline was restored to her previous state of passive suffering, an occasional irrepressible sob alone testifying to the spasm that was past.

During this interval, the post-horses, which had been previously ordered, had trotted up to the door, and wheeled round their heads towards the road that led to the Grange; behind them was, not the carriage with armorial bearings which had dazzled poor Emmeline's girlish imagination, but a postchaise from the Bull. Sir Theobald had an old chariot in his coach-house, which the late Lady Maxwell used when she came to Doncaster to shop; but it was out of repair, and his new wife never having been accustomed to such a luxury, he did not think it necessary to replace it. However, chariot or chaise were alike to Emmeline now.

Mr. Larpent came down, and said that all was ready. The ladies bustled about the bride, attended her to her room, bathed her face once more, arranged her disturbed toilet,

threw a shawl over her shoulders, and hurried her down-stairs. Sir Theobald and the gentlemen were waiting below. Every body shook hands and said good-by, her father embraced her and handed her into the carriage, the bridegroom stopped in after her, the door was clapped to, the postboy smacked his whip, and away they drove, with a crowd cheering them, and expecting a gratuity, which they did not get. Every window in the town was occupied with eager faces, but curiosity remained ungratified; for they had not got many paces from the door, when Sir Theobald was observed abruptly to pull down the blinds.

This was the last that was seen of them, but they left their characters behind them; and from kitchen to garret, Miss Emmy Larpent and Sir Theobald Maxwell, and what sort of *ménage* they would make of it, were the subjects that chiefly engrossed conversation. The old women cried, "God help her!" and the young ones remarked, that to drive off on her wedding-day in that old postchaise "must have let her ladyship's pride down a peg or two."

NEWSPAPERS IN INDIA.

WHEREVER the Anglo-Saxons go, they deem it incumbent to set up a newspaper, whether there be any special necessity for it or not. Indeed, very often, it is not so much the news which produces the paper as it is the paper which produces the news. They do not feel that they are doing their duty to themselves and to the universe unless they have one of those "instruments of civilisation." Then, whenever one journal is set up, an opposition journal rises to denounce it. A solitary newspaper, monarch of all it surveys, is a curiosity seldom found. Adventurous travellers have met with it; but the generality of mankind must take its existence on trust. "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;" but what is that to the pleasure of editing the *Teheran Gazette*, which has no rival within a thousand miles? But is the editor of it a happy man? Must he not rather wither in his awful solitude?

This mania for having newspapers may be seen in all our colonies and in the United States of America. We even insist on sharing our advantages with men under our rule, but speaking strange tongues, who, if left to themselves, would not trouble their heads about newspapers for some time at least. Of the Maltese papers, half the columns are in English, half in Italian; and the English reader turns away from the *Avviso interessante* with a distinct feeling that he pays for that also, but that he must make the sacrifice for the spread of intelligence. Spanish finds an entrance into the little paperkins of Gibraltar. Columns of heavy Dutch alternate with columns of English in the journals of South Africa. In Canada we have French and English. And in India, no sooner is an English paper set up, than some enterprising native clerk or compositor starts a small edition of it in some Eastern language.

The English in India are not considered to be a particularly active "go-a-head" people, yet the press prospers among them. Calcutta has about five or six English dailies, and even Bombay, where the European population numbers only a few thousands, has no less than three. Nor are these papers cheap, like those of America. Half a rupee, or about one shilling of our currency, is the usual price for a single number, and the annual subscription for a daily paper is about 6*l.* exclusive of postage. Advertisements are charged at a moderate rate, and the circulation of all the papers is very limited, so that it is necessary to charge the subscribers heavily. The *Friend of India*, a weekly paper published at Serampore near Calcutta, is thought to have the largest circulation of any Eastern journal, and a short time ago, at least, it only printed about two thousand copies. No Calcutta paper sells more than a thousand, while in Bombay six or seven hundred may be set down as the maximum; if we except the *Overland Summary* of the *Bombay Times*, which is sent to a large number of readers in England.

Few of the papers out of the presidencies have a good circulation, except the *Mofussilite* and the *Delhi Gazette*; but somehow they contrive, not only to prolong their own existence, but also to provoke the birth of opposition journals. The intelligent reader will believe us when we assert that half of the newspaper property, all over the world, does not pay. It is not for profit alone that the press is kept working. Moreover, nothing dies so hard as a newspaper: however low it may be sunk, there is always some infatuated person to be found who believes that he can make it pay, or that it is worth his while to keep it up to serve his own purposes.

Anglo-Indian society has a pleasant tone, and much ease about it. The constant changes, which are unfavourable to the formation of close friendships, have the effect of making mere acquaintanceship a much more cordial relation than it is in this country. There is, except in the very large towns, no class of Europeans except those who are admitted into society; and every man's income is pretty well known. Newspapers having such subscribers, and in such small communities, might naturally be expected to be of rather high character; but in India, unfortunately, such is not altogether the case. In certain respects the papers there are superior to those in England, and their tone is steadily improving; yet, still a large number of them indulge in the grossest personalities, and have little respect to truth in their attacks upon individuals. It might weary our readers to enter into the causes of this state of matters. They will readily understand that it arises in part from the gossiping tendencies of small communities, the necessity of strong excitement in that enfeebling climate, and the difficulty of obtaining editors other than men of adventurous and reckless spirit, who have small respect for either the moralities or the amenities of life. Moreover, when the press first obtained independent position in that portion of the globe, Indian officialdom was undoubtedly in a very corrupt state, and attacks upon it in general were quite thrown away. It was necessary, though a very disagreeable business, to single out individuals, to narrate their actions, expose their character, and, in a word, make an example of them for the benefit of others. Naturally, the persons so sacrificed did not undergo the process very quietly; and, being themselves trammelled by their official position, had recourse to the expedient of setting up, or at least employing other journals to blacken the characters of the more honest and independent of the editors. One unfortunate effort of this was to cast a certain discredit over all the statements of the press, and another was increased straightforward violence of speech. An independent honest editor had to put up with a great deal of abuse; and the hardest thing of all was the publication of entirely fabulous accounts of his character and history. "Our notorious rather than respectable contemporary," one opponent would write, "appears, from the character of his late articles, to have had recourse to even more than his ordinary use, or (shall we say?) *abuse* of the dram-bottle." "That infamous blackguard," another would break out, "who edits the *Bopaulgurh Gazette*, who has been repeatedly kicked out of decent society, and who, before his arrival in this country, was flogged out of two European armies,—he, we say, has had the unparalleled audacity to apply language to this paper of the most libellous kind. Of course it would be beneath us to dream of condescending to take him before the Supreme Court. Our subscribers, who comprise the respectability and intelligence of the entire presidency, know what value is to be attached to his statements, and will readily give credit to our assertion, that only a desire to maintain the purity and dignity of the press has influenced our remarks on this nauseous subject." As if such attacks were not enough, the unfortunate editor would find himself appearing in the local intelligence thus: "The dead body of the wife of a Hindu merchant was found a few days ago at the bottom of a well at Chinch-pooglia. On examination it was found that the woman had been stripped of her ornaments, and that her hands had been

secured behind her back; so that there could be no doubt that this was *not* one of those cases of suicide which are so lamentably common. Immediately on being informed of the circumstances by the police-peons, our active inspector began to institute a searching inquiry. Of the probable results of that inquiry it would be premature to speak; but we have been sorry to hear the name of Mr. A. B., editor of one of our local prints, mixed up with the affair; not exactly as principal in it, but still in a way certain to lower European character in the eyes of the natives, and to lessen the influence in India of Christian England." This style of controversy has not yet entirely passed away, and some of its most violent instances belong to late years. Less than three years ago, the editor of a Bombay paper printed and posted up bills, denouncing one of his contemporaries as an "infamous liar;" but the proceeding excited only disgust, and had a good influence in promoting a reaction against that style of controversy. Some papers still retain their bad pre-eminence, being unable to keep up even their small circulation by legitimate means; but they are rapidly going down, while their place is being supplied by more respectable and conscientious journals.

Let it not be imagined, however, that Indian newspapers are in all respects inferior to their contemporaries in England. On the contrary, their editorial columns display more variety, spirit, and originality than do the lucubrations of English editors. So far from being limited in the range of subjects, there is nothing in heaven or earth on which an Eastern editor would scruple to write an article. British politics do not excite much interest; local subjects of importance are rare; and so a large number of the articles must be devoted to subjects of intrinsic, and not of mere temporary or factitious interest. This want of a definite line of subject often results in amusing extravagancies, as dissertations on philosophical problems, or on Hindu mythology, and hot arguments in the China papers on the exact meaning of the Hebrew word *Jehovah*, as bearing on the translation of the Scriptures into Chinese; but, on the other hand, it allows the free use of interesting material taken from the literature, history, and statistics of all countries. Each editor, having chiefly himself to depend on for contributions, gives play to his own individuality; and so, if he has any strength of mind, geniality, or humour, forms, to a certain extent, the taste of his readers. The dullest writing in the world, is that written with a view to suit fancied opinions and feelings of the public. The merest dullard—Pepys, an English clown, or a Hindu coolie—becomes instructive and amusing when he really speaks out his own thoughts and feelings, giving us *his* view of the universe and of his relation to it; for when he does so, he keeps within the limits of his own judgment and experience. Very high qualities, possessed by few, being required to perceive the structural action of the mind of a mass of men, most deliberate attempts at suiting the public taste are just more or less successful failures; such success as they sometimes do obtain being in no way necessarily connected with their deliberate aim. Hardly one in a thousand of the articles which appear in English papers could find readers six weeks after its publication; while a considerable proportion of those which appear in the Indian journals could bear reading years after their first appearance. The one class of articles presents the latest items of interesting news as judged of by the floating sentiment of the day,—which sentiment is too often false,—and that with but little regard to those general principles into which knowledge must run for its own preservation, or to those deep feelings which give knowledge its chief interest; the other pay more regard to lasting interests, and are compelled to do so by the feebleness of the excitement caused by more transitory themes; not that many newspaper articles in any clime are of a superior class. All we remark is, that such frequently appear in the journals of India; while hardly by any chance do they ever do so in those of England, however superior the latter may be in collection of news and dead level of style.

After leaving Malta, the traveller will meet with no indigenous paper until he reaches Bombay; for though Mohammed Ali determined to start a newspaper as an instrument of civilisation, and actually docked the salaries of the officials in order to support it, the first number of that paper never appeared; and there is no prospect as yet either of its appearing or of the salaries being restored to their former integrity. Sailing down the Red Sea, past the shores of the Hejjaz, he may perhaps remember the name of the *Mecca Gazette*, a journal which is supposed to review the writings of Mr. Thomas Carlyle with great severity; but he will find to his astonishment that it is not published at the Holy City. As we have mentioned, he will meet in Bombay with three dailies, and the *Bombay Times* will be the only one of them not a stranger to him. This paper was started by some Bombay merchants in 1838, and in 1840 was committed to the editorship of Dr. Buist, who has acquired some celebrity as a scientific man. It gained considerable notoriety by its disapproval of the Afghan war, and by its attacks on the conduct of Sir Charles Napier in Sind. Up to 1847 its circulation and influence stood high; but from that year began to decline. It is one of the few Indian papers which are known in this country; but on its own peculiar territory it has been distanced by the *Bombay Gazette*, which, under the proprietorship and vigorous editorship of Mr. John Connor, gained a remarkable reputation. This gentleman had the boldness to take up an entirely independent position, to treat subjects on considerations of abstract right, and to assail and ridicule individuals of the highest position. Consequently he brought down upon himself, and upon his paper, an amount of abuse quite unparalleled, and more than sufficient to frighten timid respectability. Only the just penetration which his judgments usually evinced could have enabled him to struggle through, and finally obtain the reputation of being "an upright able public writer, and a large-hearted friend." To his efforts were owing the removal of two Sudder judges, who had obtained an evil notoriety, and also an increased feeling of honour and responsibility among all classes of Government officials. Of the other Bombay daily we need only say, that the editor is a man of the Bennett stamp, and makes the *New York Herald* his ignoble model.

Passing to Calcutta, we find in the *Englishman* a paper somewhat resembling the *Bombay Gazette*, but with rather less scrupulosity and a greater disposition to find fault with the Government of India. Its editor, Mr. Hurry, writes with great point and cleverness, and appears to command all intelligence in reference to the follies and slips of individuals. Many things which are done in secret find their way into the columns of his paper, and make it a great favourite at the messes of the Bengal presidency, and of the north-west provinces. The *Hurkaru* is the very opposite of the *Englishman*, being extremely decorous and inclined to support the Government. Its reputation as a Government organ, however, is not so great as that of the *Friend of India*, which is published weekly at Serampore. This paper was originally started as a missionary organ, from a press superintended by the celebrated Dr. Marshman; but under the management of his son, Mr. John Marshman, it became a secular journal devoted to the discussion of Indian politics and statistics. Rarely or never containing anything brilliant, and it commands a good position from the access which its editors have to the records of Government, and from the fact that the interesting material of many of its articles is contributed by members of the Civil Service, who have peculiar advantages for collecting valuable information. The other three Calcutta dailies are not very important, and the weeklies are for the most part issued from the same presses. Some of the papers, edited by natives, and specially addressed to natives, are published in English, of a peculiar kind, and convey the notion that Young India is a genial but rather foolish fellow.

In Madras, the *Athenaeum* has won its reputation by exposing the defects and errors of the rule of the East India

Company; but it pushes English theoretical notions of government to excess. Some of the papers published in the north-west provinces and the Punjab are of high character. At Agra, the *Mofussilite* was distinguished for more cleverness than character. Latterly it has obtained a higher standing under the editorship of Mr. Blanchard, a son of the late Laman Blanchard, who makes it very entertaining by his squibs and clever articles, but is more cautious and decent than his predecessor was. The *Delhi Gazette* is also largely circulated, chiefly on account of its abundance of news, having even correspondents in Afghanistan. We have before us a little lithographed sheet, with the figure of a Sindian on a camel, by way of heading, which was started in Sind shortly after Napier's conquest of that province, and was edited at one time by Captain Burton, who has since so greatly distinguished himself as a traveller in Arabia and Africa. This lithograph was supplanted a few years ago by two printed papers, the *Sindian* and the *Sinde Kossid*, which contrive to sustain their existence on the very outskirts of civilisation. There are many more journals scattered over India, and new ones are yearly springing up. The evident tendency of the newspaper press of India is to become more English in tone, to take a greater interest in English politics and literature; but still its general character remains very different from that of the English Press.

SINDBAD.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

MARRY IN HASTE AND REPENT AT LEISURE.—It happens too often that "Wedlock rides in the saddle, and repentance on the croupe" (French),—*Fiançailles vont en selle, et repentailles en croupe*. "Marriage is a desperate thing," says Selden: "the frogs in Æsop were extremely wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again."

W. K. KELLY.



VENTILATION: ITS VITAL IMPORTANCE AND EFFICIENT APPLICATION.

[Completed from p. 272.]

But "since the ventilators were introduced, three years ago, not a single instance has occurred." In another weaving shed, "though various means of ventilation had been tried, there were fully five per cent on the sick-club list, in consequence of inhaling the hot and impure atmosphere; but since Mr. Watson's method has been adopted, there has not been a single case." One member of a firm that has extensively introduced the ventilators, remarks, "Were the question one only of expense, and not of humanity, I believe we shall soon be repaid in the improved health and strength of our work-people."

Domestic animals, like man himself, have profited by the introduction of this system of ventilation, in the recovery and improvement of health, and in the exemption from many diseases to which they are liable from close confinement. The premature blindness to which the horse is subject, and which is said to be occasioned by the ammoniacal gas that is always abundant in stables, may be greatly alleviated, or altogether prevented, by proper ventilation.

In stoves or rooms for the drying of cloth, white-lead, wool, paper, &c., and fancy leather dressing-stoves, &c., not

only is a saving of time and fuel effected, but a great improvement in the colour and softness of various kinds of goods. In warehouses, drapers' shops, &c., "the heavy smell of the goods has given place to bracing sweet air, while the moisture that used to collect on the glass, at the risk of damaging the goods, is entirely prevented."

When applied to gentlemen's residences, all smells of cooking, the effluvia from gas, water-closets, and bedrooms, are entirely removed, and the air throughout the whole house is sweet, pure, and bracing.

In hospitals it has been found to be invaluable, as experienced at Wakefield, and at Benrhydding, near Otley, Yorkshire, where perfect freedom from smells, without draught, attests the efficiency of the ventilation, and promotes the recovery of the afflicted.

At Westminster Chapel (the Rev. Samuel Martin's), and at the Royal Academy of Arts, Trafalgar Square, London, visitors may perceive that Watson's Ventilators keep these large and crowded buildings cool and sweet and refreshing during the hot days of summer, without any perceptible draught.

But perhaps the greatest feat yet accomplished by Mr. Watson's "spontaneous double currents" is that of the complete ventilation of emigrant-vessels, an object that has hitherto been attained but very imperfectly, and only by unremitting attention on the part of the commander and his officers.

The condition of our seamen in maritime expeditions undertaken about a century ago affords a striking illustration of the evils resulting from a protracted sojourn in ill-ventilated apartments, and shows also that these evils are the more aggravated when their origin is not rightly understood. Anson set sail from England on the 13th September 1740, in the *Centurion*, of 60 guns and 400 men; accompanied by the *Gloucester*, of 50 guns and 300 men; the *Pearl*, of 40 guns and 250 men; the *Wager*, of 28 guns and 160 men; the *Tryal* sloop, of 8 guns and 100 men; and two victuallers, one of 400 and the other of 200 tons. They had a long run to Madeira, and thence to the coast of Brazil, where they arrived on the 18th December; but by this time, though they had suffered no privations, or unusual hardships, except from contrary winds, the crew were remarkably sickly; so that many died, and great numbers were confined to their hammocks. The commodore now ordered six air-scuttles to be cut in each ship, to admit more air between decks; but such was the prevalence of disease, that on arriving at St. Catherine's, 80 patients were sent ashore from the *Centurion* alone, of whom 28 soon died; and the number of sick soon increased to 90. After a stormy and tedious navigation of three months round Cape Horn, scurvy carried off 43 more, in the month of April, and double that number in May, 1741. Those who remained alive now became more dispirited and melancholy than ever, and the mortality increased to a frightful extent. On 9th June, when in sight of Juan Fernandez, the debility of the people was so great, that 200 being already dead, the lieutenant could muster only two quartermasters and six foremast men able for duty in the middle watch, to such a condition was a crew of 400 men reduced in the course of a few months. The commodore's attention was now devoted to getting the sick on shore, as they were dying fast on board, "the distemper being doubtless considerably augmented by the stench and filthiness in which they lay; for few could be spared to look after them, which rendered the ship extremely loathsome between decks." Within a year, out of upwards of 1200 men, composing the crews of the squadron that had sailed from England, only 335 remained alive. The fate of the Spanish squadron which sailed nearly at the same time, was still more horrible. The *Esperanza*, of 50 guns, lost 392 out of 450 men, and the other ships almost as large a proportion.

That these sufferings were occasioned chiefly by deficient ventilation is clearly evinced by the improved condition of the seamen in the expeditions of Cook and other

commanders. By the admirable care and unwearied watchfulness on the part of this able navigator, the *Resolution* performed a voyage of three years and eighteen days, through all climates, from 52° N. to 71° S., with the loss of only one man by disease out of 112. This exemption from sickness is attributed by Dr. Kippis, in his *Life of Cook*, "to the salutary effects of certain articles of provision, and especially to the frequent airings and sweetenings of the ships."

The maladies to which the crews of Anson's squadron were subjected would seem to have drawn the attention of the scientific men of that period to ventilation as a means of preventing the recurrence of such calamities. Samuel Sutton, in 1749, proposed a plan for ventilating ships by leading tubes from the parts of the vessel requiring to be ventilated, to the ash-pit of the galley-fire, that the draught might carry off the foul air. This method, though it can scarcely be said to have ever been adopted on board ship, has occasionally, under favourable circumstances, been employed with considerable effect. Dr. Desaguliers proposed a modification of his fan-wheel. Dr. Hales invented a machine, which in its construction and action resembled a pair of bellows of a clumsy kind, and which he termed the "ship's lungs." This apparatus was at first extensively introduced in ships, public buildings, &c., but was soon abandoned, chiefly on account of the cost in labour to work it. Dr. Arnott has made several improvements on this pump, by which a great saving of labour has been effected. This mode of ventilation, however, has the great disadvantage of requiring constant attendance, and there is reason to fear that when the working of the machinery is left entirely to the judgment or the caprice of inexperienced persons, the duty will too often be imperfectly performed, and that, in some cases, during stormy weather, when ventilation is most required, it may be altogether neglected.

Windsails are often applied in fine weather, but they cause a very strong and injurious draught. To insure the greatest amount of benefit, it is obvious, that the ventilators must be *self-acting*, and capable of effecting the desired purpose with unerring certainty, in all states of the weather.

In these respects, the ventilators furnished to emigrant-vessels by Mr. Watson, have been found eminently serviceable; maintaining, in all latitudes, the purity and salubrity of the atmosphere, even though in some instances the passengers have been kept under close hatches for several days. The opinion of those, who, from their experience and scientific knowledge, are best qualified to judge, has uniformly been expressed in favour of this system of ventilation. The surgeon-superintendent of the ship *John and Lucy*, that on her last voyage to Geelong carried out 400 passengers, *eight of whom were born on the passage*, makes the following remarks in a report to the Land and Emigration Commissioners:

"The atmosphere in the 'tween-decks, whether in a breeze or in a calm, was perfectly pure; . . . the ventilated current was diffused throughout the different apartments of the ship. Whether the skylights, stern-ports, or scuttles were closed, the current of air was as pure as when open. The only perceptible difference in the range of the thermometer was in the immediate locality of the ventilator. The passengers berthed under the poop were ventilated by three air-holes, at the suggestion of Captain S. These, in fine weather, were found insufficient; and in consequence of complaints of the impure state of the air, I had affixed perpendicular pieces of wood to them, which was a modification of the patent ventilator. This gave immediate satisfaction, and the emigrants were most thankful. I would observe, that I had no sickness to contend with on board the *John and Lucy*, which I in a great measure attribute to Mr. Watson's admirable scheme of ventilation, by the adoption of which the comfort and health of the passengers had been in every way promoted."

If applied to ships freighted with coolie emigrants, the mortality so frequently brought under public notice would cease. If to ships freighted with sugar and fruit, the constant withdrawal of the heat and moisture would permit of the cargoes being discharged in a dry and more valuable condition. If to ships freighted with cargoes that cause

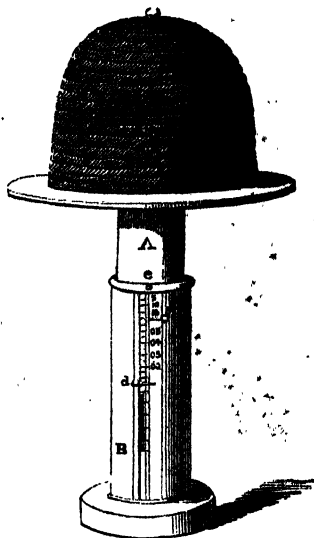
spontaneous combustion, the constant discharge of the dangerous gases would effect a great saving of property and life.

The steam navy of the world is rapidly increasing; and to the stokers and engineers of these vessels, Watson's Ventilators would be an invaluable boon. In warm latitudes the rains are very heavy and of long continuance; when the present openings are closed to keep out the rain, and in rough weather, the sea-water, the heat at the furnaces and in the engine-room is most debilitating; only a few years is sufficient to unfit the stoker for further service. In warm latitudes, and with little wind, the heat at the furnaces is almost unendurable, and then it is difficult, with extra fuel, to keep up the steam. With the patent Ventilators, the sickly, steamy, and oily smell that usually pervades steamships is now replaced by a pure, cool, and invigorating atmosphere; and this will be enjoyed in all latitudes, and in all states of the weather, without rain or sea-water being admitted by the ventilators or other openings. The steam also will be kept up with less fuel and greater ease.

The *Niagara* United States steam-frigate is so badly ventilated that the smell between decks in the morning is most offensive.

In the *Lancet* of May 30th last, it is reported that Watson's Ventilators were applied to the fever-hospitals at Sinope during the late war, and so successfully, that fever which was thought to be malignant soon disappeared with good ventilation and cleanliness. The most of the fever cases originated in ill-ventilated ships of the Turks.

As the introduction of great improvements almost invariably meets with opposition from an ignorant prejudice on the one hand, and from unscrupulous plagiarism on the other, Mr. Watson's invention has not been altogether exempted from such attacks. While some, discrediting even the testimony of their own senses, would not admit that any current was produced by the ventilators, because, as they alleged, the action could not be accounted for by any satisfactory theory; others, more clear sighted, perceived at once the marketable value of the invention, and by the exercise of a little ingenuity brought out modifications of this system, which they passed off as original. To the former of these, if still sceptical on the subject, we would recommend the perusal of a paper read before the Royal Society a few months ago by Dr. Chowne, in which he demonstrates from the results of a series of experiments, conducted with extraordinary care, that when a tube open at both ends is placed in a vertical position, every precaution being taken to exclude all extraneous causes of movement in the surrounding atmosphere, an upward current of air is almost immediately established, and continued so long as these conditions are maintained. As Dr. Chowne, however, "leaves the explanation of these phenomena to those who are more accustomed to deal with similar researches," the want of a *theory* may still, we are afraid, be urged as an insuperable objection. With regard to the latter class of opponents, we have no hesitation in stating our opinion, that their various modifications of Mr. Watson's system, so far from being improvements, only render the apparatus more complicated and expensive, without in any degree increasing its efficiency. All controversy with these parties, however, we leave to Mr. Watson himself, trusting that the specifications of his patent are sufficiently clear to protect him against any piratical encroachment on his invention.



SELF-ACTING INDICATOR BEE-STAND.

NUMEROUS as are the contrivances for facilitating the study of the honey-bee, we have not one which enables the bee-keeper to note the daily progress of a colony in the accumulation of a store. To know the weight of a hive, we must bring out a tripod and steelyard, and move the hive from its site; and even then we cannot judge accurately as to daily or weekly progress; in fact, we only learn the gross weight when we weigh it, and compare one weighing with another. In order to judge of what has been accomplished in the interim, I have lately thought of a plan by which the daily, even hourly progress of a hive may be known, by a self-acting

apparatus of most simple construction; and as this is the time to determine whether a new appliance shall be tried or not, I venture to submit my plan to your aparian readers. If I wait till I have put it into practice, the communication may appear too late to be of use to others during the present season.

Construct a pedestal for a hive on the plan represented in the diagram. Let it be formed telescope fashion: a turned pillar, A, working in the manner of a piston inside a brass or copper cylinder, B. Inside B, and beneath the pillar A, is a spiral spring of brass or steel; and on this spring the pillar A presses, more or less, according to the weight superincumbent upon it. In the front of the cylinder B are two open slits, and between them an index, marked in accordance with the strength of the spring. The right-hand slit is simply a groove, in which a finger, c, works freely up and down, when moved by the hand, and a screw fixes it wherever it may be required to remain. The finger d is attached to the base of the pillar A, and the slit in which it works is quite open; so that as A presses down the spiral spring the finger d marks the gross weight of hive, hive-board, sufers, bees, and honey. At e, a thumbscrew passes through the rim of the cylinder B, to press against the pillar A, and retain it in its position. This is to prevent any jerking upward of the hive on the removal of a cap or sufer.

The use of the contrivance can need but little explaining. The hive, with its swarm and floor-board, is placed on the pillar, and its gross weight is immediately marked by the finger d. Suppose the gross weight on the afternoon of the swarm being hived to be 10 lbs., fix the finger c at 10 lbs., and the finger d will the next evening show the actual amount of work accomplished in the formation of comb, &c. If a sufer is put on, let the additional weight noted by d be added to the former weight of the hive, as indicated by c; so that whenever you desire to know the total weight of the contents, you have but to deduct the weight registered by c from that indicated by d, and the product is the answer required.

By such a plan we might compare hives, swarms, and localities with each other, the index showing the daily, even hourly progress of each. The effect of a few fine days in May would be pleasingly evident; and it is likely enough that, with the help afforded by the thermometer, the time for putting on sufers, or opening the partitions in collateral boxes would be very definitely noted. But such, and other uses that may arise, I leave to the consideration of those who may care to adopt my invention.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Tottenham.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XVI.

PAINTED BY J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A.

HIDE AND SEEK.

HIDE AND SEEK.

By J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A.

THE gallant before us has come out in this summer's afternoon, ostensibly for musical recreation, but, as we may surmise, really in order to obtain a sight of the lady of his love; who herself, by that strange instinct, or rather fortune, which guides lovers to a meeting, also ventures on a promenade with a fair cousin, for such we surmise the second lady to be. Hearing footsteps, and dreading discovery, he hastily conceals himself behind one of the huge elms which form an avenue in her father's park, and lead down, through sunlight and shadow, directly to the ancient manorial house itself.

The impertinent little dog, detecting the stranger, and not daunted by his menaces, calls attention, with canine pertinacity, to the intruder. Some glimpses of his gay garments half solve the mystery to the damsels, who cautiously, and yet half-amusedly, approach the troubadour's hiding-place, evidently not without suspicion of the precise character of the individual.

Far down the varied avenue is the stately lady of the manor, attended by gorgeous footmen, whose yellow liveries glitter in the sun till one might almost take them for huge canary-birds. Grandly she has paced through the great hall, out by the great porch; servitors bowing before her, complacently she looks round upon the broad lands, the old manorial demesne, and with ancient dignity comes a few steps down the noble avenue, planted before *she* was a girl, now little dreaming who stands within its shade. (Something tells us that she would not be precisely pleased, if aware of the gay youth's presence, and its object.) The barking of the dog, borne to her by the lazy summer-breeze, gives notice of something unusual under the great boughs, so she peers out with the utmost power of her aged-eyes, shading them with the ring-laden and trembling hand from the glare of the sun, which, although the hour is late in the afternoon, has not sunk so low in this pride of summer as to disperse the shadows that cling about the tree-trunks, and check the sward with diamond spaces of dark and light.

Doubtless she is too far off to discern the true cause of the alarm; and by the time of her nearer approach, the involuntary game of "hide and seek" will have terminated by a meeting of the lovers. Short interview there will be; for, aged as the lady is, yet even her weak steps will traverse the avenue long before half the sweet things are said, which he has couched over hour by hour, or her delighted ear have drunk them in. The stately lady's near approach will necessitate the hasty exit of the gallant, and force the damsel to assume the most unconcerned appearance she can command. It is not impossible, however, that both the fair one and the lover may know where they may meet again at a more convenient opportunity.

L. L.

AN AMATEUR PLUM-PUDDING.

PART I.

AT about twelve o'clock one dark night in December,—this is not a ghost-story, my dear madam, as you might suppose from such an ominous commencement,—three persons were assembled in solemn conclave on the right bank of the Indus, about half-way between its junction with the Chanaub and the sea. I will not insult the reader's geographical knowledge by specifying more particularly the locality of this meeting; and I shall put him quite at his ease on the score of chronology if I say, without naming the exact year of the occurrence, that the Marquis of Dalhousie reigned over India at the time, and Lord Frederick Fitzclarence was satrap at Bombay.

The trio I have mentioned were sitting in a small tent that was pitched within a few yards of the river, whose muddy waters, resembling pea-soup, both in colour and con-

sistency, boiled and bubbled like that comfortable compound before its removal to the tureen. Opposite the tent, and close into the bank, was moored the gray and weather-beaten bark that carried them and their fortunes. It belonged to the flat-bottomed order of naval architecture,—genus, budgerow,—and had a pointed stem and stern like a cocked-hat. A little thatched house, that formed their temporary residence, was built in the centre, or, to speak nautically, "amidships;" and the whole structure was an exact resemblance, minus the animals, of those ingenious playthings called by the imaginative toy-manufacturers of Great Britain Noah's arks, and blindly believed by Young England to be correct models, zoologically and otherwise, of the great floating menagerie that formed that patriarch's first essay in ship-building. The ark in question, however, from constant collisions, moving accidents by flood and sand-bank, occasional collapse, and hair-breadth escapes of every description incidental to navigation on the Indus, had lost some portion of its original symmetry, and assumed more the form and lineaments of a crushed bonnet. A large fleet of tumble-down edifices, built on equally antediluvian lines, and bearing a strong family likeness to the leaky old rattle-trap I have described, extended along the shore for more than a mile. Each boat, or, more properly speaking, each tub, contained on an average some ten or a dozen sleeping soldiers, who, having lost their health and strength in the service of the Company, were on their way home to be discharged and spend the remainder of their days in ease and comfort on sixpence a-day. The three individuals I have mentioned were subalterns, doing duty with this detachment of broken-down warriors, technically termed "invalids."

As I said before, the scene of their conference was a small tent, and from the solemn silence that prevailed, and the clouds of smoke that enveloped each person, an acute observer would have concluded that a matter of no small importance occupied their attention. A solitary candle, stuck in a bottle, struggled feebly to illuminate the dense and fragrant atmosphere that filled their canvas apartment; but without its assistance, the deep red glow of three cheroots, brightening at intervals like revolving beacons, sufficiently indicated the respective whereabouts of their silent proprietors.

One of them, a lean and sallow individual in a drab great-coat and wide-awake hat, lolled comfortably back in a rickety arm-chair, with his long legs planted firmly against the pole of the tent, according to the American idea of sedentary comfort, and gazed sternly at his boots that loomed through the smoke, high up above his head, like a couple of crows in a fog. Another, who was plump and rosy, and wore a forage-cap, and a red padded garment called a "Męczy," rested his arms lazily on the table, and, with closed eyes, nodded gravely at the bottle that formed their imprudent candlestick; but whether this motion was the result of sleep or sagacity, or a union of both, the chronicler of this history is not in a position to determine. The third, an exceedingly good-looking well-proportioned person, dressed in a London-made shooting-jacket, and Cashmere smoking-cap, reclined gracefully on a couple of chairs, and assisted the approach of his thick-coming fancies by occasionally raising to his lips, in moments of abstraction, the tumbler of amber-coloured liquid that reposed on the table beside him. With a view of satisfying the pardonable curiosity of the reader, I may as well say that the prepossessing individual I have just described was no other than the present writer.

In the absence of a mess, and following the example of *Poz's* immortal hero, we had formed ourselves into a club, of which, in consideration of my age and spectacles, and an almost imperceptible deficiency of that said to exist on the top of my head, I had been elected president, and sur-named Pickwick. The lanky gentleman whom I have represented taking his ease in the form of the letter V, and drawing inspiration from his boots, had received the *sobriquet* of Winkle; while the "stout party" engaged in holding

an imaginary conversation with the candle, and nodding the while like a Chinese automaton, made a capital prototype of the corpulent Tupman. Mr. Snodgrass was not represented in our little coterie. His counterpart had originally joined us, but being somewhat of a melancholy temperament, and finding that an atmosphere consisting entirely of smoke did not altogether agree with him, he had the bad taste to prefer pure air and solitude to tobacco and conversation, and seceded from our society. Of the convivial qualities of the remaining members, I need only say that the mahogany-coloured one, whose real name was Cockle, was afflicted with a liver-complaint, which gave him a right that no one disputed, of being occasionally snappish and disagreeable. Lambert, the plump one, was, like the generality of plump people, good-humoured and apoplectic; while I, it was almost needless to say, was mild and gentlemanly. My name is Velvet.

I have already observed that we were all three buried in the densest smoke and the most profound reflection. The subject under consideration was one that has occupied at various times, and at one time in particular, the undivided attention of the most distinguished characters in English history. The time I allude to is dinner-time, and the subject of our meditation was plum-pudding. Our heads were full of it. We had formed ourselves into a committee of ways and means, with a view of ascertaining the possibility of organising a Christmas-dinner in the most desolate part of Scinde. The difficulties that lay in our road were enough to awe the strongest minds. We had expected to arrive at Hyderabad before Christmas-day, but had been delayed by a strong head-wind, against which our light and keelless vessels could make no way, and consequently found ourselves, within a few days of that festive anniversary, totally unprovided with the numerous groceries necessary for its suitable commemoration. We were a hundred miles from any town; and, with the exception of a few poverty-stricken villages, the country through which we were passing was totally uninhabited, except by buffaloes, tigers, and other uncivilised animals. As the Laureate would say, "there was jungle to the right of us, jungle to the left of us, jungle behind us," the river in front, and a desert all round. Boats containing flour, cattle, rum, and such-like raw material, accompanied the detachment; but how we were to procure the hundred-and-one delicious little condiments that constitute that perfect *tout ensemble*, a plum-pudding, was the gigantic difficulty that was sorely perplexing three anxious British subalterns at about twelve o'clock on the dark night in December with which my tale opens.

"You know," said I, in my position as chairman of the committee,—"you know—"

"Hear, hear!" cried Cockle encouragingly.

"A Christmas-day without plum-pudding," I continued, "is perfectly preposterous."

"It's worse," exclaimed Cockle, striking the table an emphatic blow, that made the candle jump clean out of the bottle, and hit Lambert on the nose. "It's heathenish, absolutely heathenish. Isn't it, Daniel?"

"What's heathenish?" asked Lambert, waking up, and trying to look as if he had never been to sleep,— "what's heathenish?"

"No plum-pudding on Christmas-day," returned his long friend.

"Wicked!" said Lambert, replacing the candle, and rubbing his nose; "downright wicked."

"It's as bad," I exclaimed, lighting another cheroot, "as a hot season without ice."

"Or an overland mail without a letter," added Cockle, who was one of those *rare aves*, good correspondents.

"Or no rupees on a pay-day," chimed in our corpulent member, who had often experienced the uncomfortable sensation of being on the wrong side of the paymaster's books on that eventful day.

After which burst of feeling we relapsed into silence, and smoked like so many chimneys for the space of ten minutes.

"How are we off for beef?" suddenly exclaimed Lambert, who looked as if he had been fed exclusively upon that commodity from his youth up, and had thrived upon it.

"Ay," said Cockle, looking anxiously at me. "Is the butcher propitious? Let the chairman report progress."

"The beef's all right," I answered complacently. "I was orderly-officer this morning, and intercepted a lovely bit of the sirloin on its way to the commanding-officer's boat. I told the butcher I thought the colonel rather preferred the ribs."

"Making away with the commanding-officer's beef," said Cockle gravely, "is a breach of the articles of war."

"The articles of war be hanged!" valiantly exclaimed Lambert.

"We must only make the *amende honorable*," I said, "by asking the colonel to dinner."

"O, I hope it's a primo piece," said Lambert, rubbing his hands in high glee. "Let's send for it, and see if there's a nice under-cut."

"I second the proposition of the stout gentleman opposite," said Cockle, "and move that the joint be laid upon the table."

"No, no," I cried authoritatively, "that would never do; it would soon be smoked beef if it was brought here. It is as good as we can get in this famishing country; and it's safe under lock and key."

"Then," said Cockle solemnly, dropping his legs and drawing his chair up to the table, "let us concentrate our energies solely on the pudding. In the first place, what's it made of?"

"Plums, of course," exclaimed Lambert promptly.

"Yes, we know that, Daniel," said I, laughing; "but what else?"

"I haven't an idea," replied the other.

"We know that too," said Cockle, who made rather a butt of his fat friend; "you never had."

"But I've got a cookery-book," continued Daniel, not heeding the insinuation. "My mother gave it me as a parting present when I was leaving England."

"Your mother's a sensible woman," said Cockle. "Produce the volume."

"Modern Cookery, in all its branches," I read, when Lambert had fetched the well-thumbed copy from the boat. "'Dedicated to the Young Housekeepers of England.'"

"And India," added Cockle parenthetically.

"Now then," said Lambert, throwing away his cheroot in the intensity of his interest.

"Hush, Daniel!" cried Cockle, putting his tumbler on one side, and assuming an attitude of the closest attention.

"Here we are," I said, turning over the pages—"the Ingoldsby Christmas Pudding."

"If his pudding is only as good as his poetry," said Cockle, "we can't have a better."

"Who was he?" asked Lambert innocently.

"A cook, of course," replied Cockle gravely. "Go on, Pickwick. Read out the items, and let's see what we've got. Make yourself useful, Daniel, and take them down on a piece of paper."

"Mix very thoroughly one pound of finely-grated bread with the same quantity of flour," I read.

"That's easily done," said Cockle cheerfully. "Put it down, Daniel."

"Two pounds of raisins."

"Have we any raisins?" asked the long subaltern.

"I'm afraid not," I said, shaking my head. "I've tried the whole fleet, and could only get a few figs."

"O, they're better than nothing," replied he hopefully. "Put the figs down, Daniel; we're getting on famously."

"Two of currants."

"I'm afraid that's a poser," said Cockle, looking ruefully at me.

"I don't believe," I replied, "there's a single currant in the whole of Scinde."

"There are plenty in the Indus," said Lambert, with a

fat chuckle, alluding to the under-currents for which that river is famous.

"If you do that again, Daniel," said Cockle sternly, "I'll send for a file of the guard, and have you marched off a prisoner. Go on, Pickwick," he added in disgust; "we must only leave out the currants."

"Two of suet, minced small." We shall have to mince it uncommonly small, I expect," said I. "These wretched little country bullocks haven't got such an article about them."

"Very well; we must do without suet," said Cockle, with an air of resignation. "Go on."

"One of sugar."

"That we have, at all events," he exclaimed joyfully.

"No we haven't," I replied; "we finished the last this morning. Lambert empties a sugar-basin every day. I dare say he has got half-a-dozen lumps in his pocket now."

"We'll, search him," cried Cockle, starting up, and collaring the delinquent on the spot.

"I haven't, upon my honour," screamed the culprit, struggling with his tormentor. "I haven't touched any for the last three days."

"Daniel," said Cockle reproachfully, as he extracted a large lump of sugar-candy from the stout gentleman's pocket, "what's this?"

"My servant bought it at Ferozepore," cried Lambert appealingly.

"Has he got any more?" the inquisitor sternly demanded.

"Yes, lots," answered his victim eagerly.

"Then," said Cockle, releasing his hold, "put it down as one of the items of our pudding. The sugar's all right, Pickwick. What's the next article?"

"Half-a-pound of candied peel," I answered.

"The plot thickens," said Cockle. "Candied-peel I look upon as an impossibility. I don't suppose there's any nearer than Gunter's."

"Or, at all events, Bombay," I added.

"Wouldn't a pot of marmalade do as well?" cautiously suggested Lambert. "The label says it's an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast."

"And if for butter," joyfully exclaimed Cockle, slapping the corpulent individual on the back, and nearly knocking him off his chair, "why not for candied peel? Of course. Daniel, you're an honour to human nature. A second Daniel. Score it down. O, what a pudding we'll have!" exclaimed our lanky friend, quite elated. "Fire away, Pickwick."

"Half-an-ounce of mixed spice."

"We've got some cloves, I know," said Cockle.

"And some curry-powder," added Lambert.

"Put it down, Daniel," cried the former gentleman.

"Why we've got every thing."

"Not quite," I answered. "Now comes the tug of war. Mix the whole with sixteen eggs, well beaten, and strained."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Cockle hysterically. "The Scinde fowls don't lay 'em. Are there many more things wanted?" he asked in despair.

"Only four glasses of brandy," I replied.

"I wish it had been four eggs and sixteen glasses of brandy," said Lambert.

"Is that all?" asked Cockle.

"Boil six hours," I returned; "and even that we can't do, as we don't halt till four, and musn't cook on board the boat." "We must only boil by instalments," said Cockle. "Two hours a-day for three days will just do it."

"Nonsense," said I; "boiling's a secondary consideration. First make your pudding. Read out your list, Lambert, and see what we have to work upon."

"Bread," said Daniel reading, while Cockle checked each item on his fingers, "flour, figs, sugar-candy, marmalade, cloves, curry-powder, brandy."

"All very good things in their way," I said; "but I'm afraid they won't make a pudding."

"Then what are we to do?" moaned Lambert, who seemed half inclined to cry.

"Do?" replied Cockle, shrugging his shoulders, "we must only do without one, I suppose."

"I vote we go to bed," said I, rising and leaving the chair.

"Well, as Daniel has finished the bottle and emptied the cheroot-box," said Cockle mournfully, "I think it's the best thing we can do."

This motion was carried unanimously, and to bed we went.

PART II.

A Briton's attachment to the plum-pudding of his ancestors is, I think, one of the most pleasing traits in his character. He looks upon it as one of the bulwarks of the constitution, and would as soon think of doing away with it as with the House of Commons, or trial by jury. On Christmas-day especially, it is an article of his national faith to have it smoking on his table. Wherever he may be on the 25th of December,—and Englishmen, like sparrows, are found in all parts of the globe,—whether he be travelling for pleasure or profit; exploring the interior of Africa, or toiling across the steppes of Russia; a digger in the gold-fields of New South Wales, or a squatter in the backwoods of America; becalmed on the line, laying-to in a gale, scudding before a hurricane, or frozen-up in the Arctic regions,—the true Briton will suffer any privation, and brave any danger, to procure on that day the time-honoured pudding of old England, and drink a loving cup in the best liquor at his command to the health of the friends he has left behind him.

Animated by patriotic sentiments of a similar description, and nothing daunted by the unfavourable report of our committee, the 23d of December found us busily engaged in the manufacture of our pudding. We had discovered, on a further consultation of Lambert's *vade mecum*, that half the quantity of each ingredient would be sufficient for a small party, and had amassed a considerable amount of *matériel* for our praiseworthy purpose. During one of our numerous foraging excursions into the interior, we had made a seizure, in a small village, of some half-dried Cabool raisins, which, when extricated from the thick coating of bazaar-dirt that enveloped them, looked tolerably plump and juicy. Currants we had conveniently voted a ridiculous superfluity, and the butcher had accumulated for us a large heap of skin, from which we had succeeded in scraping a pretty good imitation of suet. These, with bread, sugar-candy, cloves, marmalade, and cognac, formed a very good foundation to work upon; but, alas, one element in the composition was wanting, without which all the rest would be flat, stale, and unprofitable. What is a ship without a rudder? What is a lawyer without his wig? What is a beadle without his staff? What is a pudding without eggs? Here lay our great difficulty. We had scoured the country in every direction; but not an egg was to be obtained for love or money. Either the Scindian peasantry despised wealth, or the Scindian fowls had retired from business. As a last resource, we determined on a grand military demonstration. The detachment being without arms, we were accompanied by a party of sepoys, who acted as our guard. Directly we halted, two of these black warriors were despatched to a distant village, with instructions to beg, borrow, or steal every egg they could lay their hands on. They were fully armed and equipped, with a view of striking terror into the hearts of the natives, and were ordered to secure their booty, if necessary, at the point of the bayonet. In case of failure, they were threatened with a court-martial for disobedience of orders.

Having thus done all that human sagacity and foresight could, we tucked up our sleeves, and manfully set to work. We determined that our servants should have nothing to do with so noble an undertaking. It was not to be expected that an uneducated Mussulman could enter into the beauties of such a magnificent composition; so we "concluded," as the Yankees say, both to make it and eat it ourselves. I chopped the suet, Cockle crumbled the bread, and Lambert

undertook to prepare the raisins. From this office, however, he was soon ignominiously expelled. We noticed that the heap of stoned and unstoned ones did not by any means increase and decrease in equal proportions. The paradox was soon explained. Our stout friend was detected stealthily cramming a large bunch into his mouth. As a punishment for his offence, he was immediately sentenced to sit in a corner and pound spice. In vain he entreated to be allowed to mince the marmalade, or reduce the sugar-candy to powder. We were inflexible; and the sweet-toothed malefactor was set to work to pulverise cloves, with a pestle and mortar borrowed from the hospital-boat, and sternly forbidden to approach the table under any pretence whatever.

In about two hours every thing was ready. The marmalade formed capital candied peel, a double allowance of raisins made up for the absence of currants, and we flattered ourselves that the mixture looked, smelt, and tasted exactly as a plum-pudding in an abnormal state should. But still it was only as the block of marble before the sculptor's chisel has given it form and beauty. It wanted the vivifying principle, without which the unleavened mass before us would be a

"Monstrum horrendum informe ingens, cui lumen ademptum;"

which, being interpreted, means "a great, ugly, horrid thing, as heavy as lead."* On what trifles does human happiness depend—we only required eight eggs to lighten both our hearts and our pudding!

I will not pain the reader by dwelling on the agony of suspense we endured for four mortal hours. The torture was becoming insupportable, and we were on the point of going to bed in despair, when a breathless post arrived with the joyful intelligence that our hunters were on the track of a poultry-fancier. Presently a frantic jemadar rushed in to say that they were approaching, and could be seen in the moonlight gesticulating furiously, from which he imagined—Allah be praised!—that they had been successful. Next it was announced that one of them carried a light-coloured object at the end of his musket; and then the dusky heroes themselves made their appearance, grinning with delight, and bearing a basket, in which reposed—O, joy beyond expression!—twelve fine eggs.

The sepoy declared that they had given prices that were purely fabulous, but we paid without a murmur. Lambert, in a transport of gratitude, presented each of them with a rupee, as "bucksheesh," and the delighted darkies retired to their boat invoking blessings on his lordship's head for his liberality. With a large washing-basin before us, we joyfully proceeded to put the finishing stroke to our work. Each member seized an egg. The impetuous Lambert led the attack. Carefully cracking the shell, he poured the contents into the basin. "O, by Jove!" he suddenly exclaimed, beating a rapid retreat from the table.

"What's the matter?" we both cried, alarmed at his horror-stricken countenance.

"Matter?" he screamed, pointing to the basin with one hand, and holding his nose with the other—"it's a BAD one!"

I draw a veil over the scene that ensued. It is not in the power of words to picture our disgust and indignation. Our feelings may be imagined, but *not* described. My pen falters as I proceed. One by one the whole dozen were tried, and—horrible, most horrible!—with the same result. All, all had gone the way eggs occasionally go. We stared at each other in blank dismay. Lambert burst into tears.

"Those rascally sepoyas," growled Cockle, grinding his teeth; "I wish we could flog them."

"Q, it wasn't their faults," I said. "Their caste won't allow them to touch eggs; so they were obliged to take the villager's word."

"Then," replied Cockle viciously, "I should like to set fire to the village."

* "Cui lumen ademptum," from which the Night has been taken away, i. e. wanting lightness.

"What's to be done now?" asked Lambert through his tears.

"I vote we pitch it into the river," cried Cockle in disgust, taking up the dish to suit the action to the word.

"No, no," said Lambert, "wait a bit; I've read somewhere or other of a substitute for eggs."

"Marmalade, perhaps," sneered Cockle.

"No," replied the other, searching through the cookery-book—"Snow."

"Well, you great owl," returned the bilious gentleman, whose temper was a good deal ruffled by our misfortune, "where are we to find snow in Scinde?"

"Ah, I forgot that," said Lambert. "If we had been in the Himalayas now—Stop—here's something else; 'where eggs cannot be procured, beer may be used.'"

"Does it say that?" asked Cockle quickly.

Lambert nodded.

"Here, Nubby Bux," shouted Cockle to his servant, "a bottle of beer and a corkscrew,—sharp!"

The beer was brought, the cork was drawn, the preliminary gurgle had commenced; in another moment our unfortunate pudding would have been drenched with a flood of Allsop's bitter ale, when a stout non-commissioned officer, carrying a parcel tied up in a red cotton pocket-hankerchief, made his appearance at the door of the tent.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, saluting.

"Now what on earth do you want here at this time of night, Sergeant Rumble?" snarled Cockle, angry at having been discovered in the middle of such an undignified operation as deluging a pudding with malt-liquor.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," answered the sergeant, gazing with astonishment at our culinary display, "but my missis,—that is, Mrs. Rumble, gentlemen,—hearing that you wanted some eggs, sent me to beg your acceptance of half-a-dozen."

"Six eggs!" exclaimed Cockle incredulously.

"You don't mean to say, Sergeant Rumble," I asked, in the kind of tone that a barrister reminds a witness that he is on oath,—“you don't mean to say that you possess six eggs?"

"Yes, sir, I do," he answered, without the slightest variation.

"Ah, but not fresh?" said Cockle, whose faith on the subject of eggs had been a good deal shaken.

"New-laid, sir," replied Rumble, untying his pocket-hankerchief, and disclosing a forage-cap that formed a kind of nest for six snowy eggs. "There they are, gentlemen, and if they will be of any service to you—"

"Service!" cried Cockle tragically; "they'll save our pudding."

"You're a regular trump, Sergeant Rumble," said Lambert, heedless of military propriety.

"It's very good of you to say so, sir," returned the gratified sergeant.

"But," I asked, "where did you find such a treasure, Rumble? We've been scouring the country for eggs."

"Why, sir, my wife brought some pet fowls all the way from Peshawur; and lately they've taken to laying. I don't believe there is another egg in the whole fleet."

"Your wife's an angel," cried the enthusiastic Lambert.

"Well, I don't know about that, sir," said the sergeant doubtfully, not liking to differ in opinion with an officer. "You see, Mrs. Rumble's figure's not what it was."

"But," said I, "you'll want these eggs for your own pudding."

"Not a bit, sir," answered the sergeant. "You'll oblige my wife by accepting them. She'd be angry with me, gentlemen," he added, rather nervously, "if I were to take them back."

"Well, then," I said, "I tell you what we'll do; we'll send you a slice of ours."

"And a bottle of wine," added Lambert.

"And a bundle of cheroots," said Cockle graciously.

"I know you like a good cheroot, Rumble."

"I'm very much obliged to you, gentlemen," said the sergeant, quite overpowered, and backing out of the tent; "and so will Mrs. Rumble be, I'm sure."

"Bless her!" ejaculated Lambert.

"And," added Cockle, recorking the bottle of beer, "as we've no occasion for this now, you'd better take it with you."

And the worthy non-commissioned officer departed, carrying with him our substitute for eggs; while we relieved our pent-up feelings by giving three loud hurrahs for no one in particular, with one cheer more for Mrs. Rumble.

Here my narrative should end. All the *dramatis personæ* are pleased and happy; and the curtain should fall on the above affecting *tableau*, with Cockle on the right, myself on the left, and Lambert executing a clumsy *pas de joie* in the centre; but as there is one character in whose fate the fair reader may still feel some interest, I shall briefly complete the veracious history of the real hero of my tale, viz. our pudding. After Sergeant Rumble's departure, it was soon finished. Although two eggs short of the number enjoined by Mr. Ingoldsby, we managed, by reducing the other proportions a little, to preserve that "balance of power" on which the excellence of a pudding, as well as the peace of Europe, so essentially depends. After cautiously securing our treasure in the camel-trunk that formed our temporary larder, we went to bed; and though our bilious friend was busily engaged in inflicting imaginary vengeance on the dishonest villagers for their shameful conduct in the matter of the eggs, there were not three happier subalterns in the Company's dominions that night than the president and members of our little club on the Indus.

The next day, after dinner, our culinary *chef-d'œuvre*, tied up in a new towel of Lambert's, properly floured, was deposited with much ceremony in our only saucepan, and "advanced a stage" on the road to perfection, while we sat round the fire, on the bank of the river, enjoying our cheroots, and watching the operation. This was on Christmas-eve. At the expiration of three hours, and when our bantling had arrived at a semi-boiled condition, it was taken out, and locked up again as carefully as a Derby favourite the night before the great Epsom field-day. On the morrow, directly we halted, the object of our solicitude was taken for the last time from its nocturnal resting-place, and subjected to a like mollifying process for the remainder of the time prescribed by the cookery-book.

My story draws to a close. The colonel dined with us, and pronounced the sirloin excellent. As for the pudding—the pudding that had caused us so much anxiety, the pudding of our hopes and fears, the pudding we had created, the pudding—I could linger on the subject for ever, but printers have no sentiment, and I must conclude,—the pudding was *delicious*! What more need be said? Except that we sent a large slice to Mrs. Rumble, and that poor Lambert was exceedingly unwell the next day.

J. H. L.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

In treating of modern preachers, we deplored the separation which they too often make of religious influence from man's daily affairs, and the disunion which thence ensues between the ideas of Worship and the interests of Life. The complaint, if just, applies, not only to many Christian teachers, but to society in general, and especially to the more intellectual portion of it.

If it must be admitted, on the one hand, that the preacher's message is often so phrased as to exclude from

its bearings the pursuits which engage men of thought, taste, and science, it must also be granted that intellectual workers, in their turn, are frequently content to accept the distinction which the pulpit suggests, and to regard their labours as matters apart from religious uses and responsibilities. The poet or the novelist, who pens his tale of human emotion; the artist, who depicts human life, or that of nature; the philosopher, who interprets the laws of mind; the man of science, who garners material facts—are no less apt to consider their callings beyond the pale of religion, than the preacher is reluctant to bring them within its range.

Yet, is it possible that religion,—a central life informing the whole being,—can be cut off from any of its manifestations? Can the heart beat only for itself, instead of quickening every member and nerve of the system? Can any intellectual force be exerted bearing no relation to the conscience which links us to that Personal Deity in whom and by whom we are? To come to details, can the man of imagination compose his poem or romance, utter his experience of human life and feeling, and omit all reference to those spiritual truths which, whether obeyed or resisted, preside over our nature?

The attempt, if made, would be futile. The writer gives the record of human struggles. How are they passed through? meekly, courageously, with pious faith and submission, or with rebellious complaint, or cowardly bewailing? He inscribes on his page the tale of human wrong. Is the Divine pattern kept in view? Is the wrong conquered by the nobleness and forgiven by the magnanimity of the sufferer; or does it embitter the heart, and issue in revenge? In the latter case, which it is of course quite legitimate to paint, is internal retribution—the self-torture and remorse of the avenger—shown as the natural product of his sin? Love, too, has its chronicle. Is it that love, hallowed by religion, which, receiving the highest human bliss, looks upward in grateful aspiration, and deems the best bond between itself and its object is that of ennobling faith and duty? Or is it the mere reckless passion born of hot blood, or the caprice of a pleased eye; or, worse than all, is it the base contract which springs from interest, and which should mumble its sordid vows over the settlement rather than the Prayer-Book? Again, we have the story of death and bereavement. Do we rise from it with the sense expressed or implied of dull and hopeless pain, or with the instinct of an immortal future, and with affections attracted thither by the very blessings that take flight before us?

Art, in another way, and under different limitations, presents and solves the same problems. All glimpses of our human story, whether reflected on the page or the canvas, tend either to raise and purify the heart or to degrade it. The delineation even of unconscious nature has a similar, though less direct influence. The sunset and the mountain-pass speak of Him whose words are in His works, and solemnise our feelings in the precise degree that they are reverently and conscientiously portrayed.

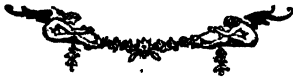
Systems of mental philosophy, again, deal with questions of vital moment to our spiritual being. They represent man either as the creature of chance and circumstance; show him "cabined, cribbed, confined" in the gross walls of matter; or exhibit him as the victor over circumstance, leaving on every obstacle the impress of his ascendancy, shaping, as it were, from the very granite of fortune a monument to his immortality.

Finally, the scientific man finds in his facts new illustrations of material laws, and either derives from them fresh proofs of a Divine Lawgiver, or with strange fatuity wrests the very testimony of orderly effects into a denial of an intelligent cause.

Now if imagination, thought, and knowledge thus influence the very essentials of our nature, how incomplete must be the theology which, instead of using these powers as religious instruments, neglects or decries them; which despises imagination because, forsooth, it deals in fiction,

and does not perceive that such fictions touch upon the realities of our inner life, and can never go home to the heart of man unless they utter some truth from it; which holds it of little moment whether philosophy represent the mind as "a blank sheet of paper," or as endowed with innate faculties of moral judgment, although the whole doctrine of man's responsibility be involved in the issue of the question!

It may be said, perhaps, that even the noblest imagination and philosophy bear only upon morals, not upon religion. We do not overlook the distinction between them. Religion is the aspiration of the whole being towards a personal God; morals may be simply the expression of our natural and acquired sense of right towards man. Still such must always be the inter-dependence between the two sentiments, that the best affections of the soul can scarcely be fostered without conducting it to worship; nor can any genuine and enlightened worship exist which does not tend to exalt and purify every faculty of the heart and the mind. Granting that there are specialities in the Christian plan which belong exclusively to the pulpit, we cannot think its mission accomplished until it seeks to inform, with the Christian spirit, the whole sphere of man's capacities and interests. Let the Christian minister regard thought and imagination as powers to be consecrated, not to be proscribed or neglected. Let religion flow into the teachings of art, poetry, philosophy, and science, and let the workers in these departments recognise in Christianity an ideal to be expressed and illustrated. To some extent this is already done; but often accidentally and vaguely, rather than with distinct purpose and apprehension. The union of intellectual forces with religious truth is perhaps the great reconciliation needed by the age. The noblest ideals of pagan thought embodied the highest views of religion then current. Why should Christianity alone be regarded as distinct from, or opposed to, the inspirations of genius? May we not look for a time when belief shall no longer ignore the intellectual faculties, as if they had been given in vain, and when those faculties shall find their best claim to man's homage in that which they pay to the Creator?



GREENHILL HALL.

BY MRS. C. CROWE, AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.
IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAP. V.

THE marriage had taken place on Tuesday, the 3d of April. The following day, Wednesday, passed without any intelligence; but the interest and curiosity remaining in full force, it would be difficult to say how many times in the course of it the exclamation of "I wonder how they are getting on" was repeated by men and women, young and old, in the good town of Doncaster.

Towards noon on Thursday, a baker who lived opposite to Mr. Larpent, but did not enjoy the advantage of his custom, observed to his wife that Mr. Larpent's blinds were all down, and that he had not seen that great man since the wedding; adding, that, "now he was allied to nobility, and his daughter 'my lady,' he supposed he meant to shut up shop." But his wife answered, that she thought he was gone somewhere into the country, as she had yesterday seen Bob, the ostler at the Bull, standing at the door with a saddle-horse, and Mr. Larpent presently came out and mounted it.

"What o'clock was that?" asked the baker.

"Well, I suppose it might be one, nearly; it was while you were out about that flour."

Here a lad they had in the shop spoke up, and said that he had seen Mr. Larpent come home last night about ten o'clock; and that young Mr. Lupton came out to the door to meet him, and they went in together, while the maid led the horse to the Bull.

All the day the blinds remained down; and as nobody was seen, and the maid answered to all inquirers that her master was out of town, and there was no business doing, many were the conjectures formed to account for so unusual a circumstance. But on Friday, a report spread through Doncaster that Mr. Simmons, the undertaker, was sent for to the Grange, and that young Lady Maxwell was dead. How she had died no one could tell; there was a murmur of many things, a *sough*, as the Scotch call it, but nothing known. The less was known, however, the more was suspected. All sorts of rumours prevailed; and, with ominous faces and significant shakes of the head, the words, "murder, poison, suicide," were whispered and passed from mouth to mouth.

The undertaker's people knew nothing, or would tell nothing; even the fact of Mr. Simmons being summoned to the Grange they refused to confirm, and how the report got wind nobody could find out. Mrs. Simmons received numerous visits that morning from friends anxious to ascertain the state of her health; but where her husband was gone she did not know, as she never liked to hear about "them things, and therefore never asked no questions." She thought, indeed, if she had known Mr. S. meant to take to the black business, she would never have married him, as it was not pleasant for a person with her delicate health, &c. When Mrs. Simmons got upon that subject, the case was hopeless, and her visitors took their leaves.

One or two people got hold of a story about a pedlar, who was said to have seen something, but what, nobody knew; nor could they get at any particulars, or find the pedlar. Arthur Lupton had utterly disappeared; and what was stranger, the postboy who had driven the bride and bridegroom on their wedding-day from Doncaster to the Grange had disappeared also.

One thing, however, was certain, and it was impossible longer to conceal it; Emmeline Larpent was dead; for, on the eighth day after the wedding, the great gates at the Grange were thrown open; the last time was to admit the carriage that brought her to her temporary home, now it was to admit the hearse that was to bear her to her long one. Presently the hearse reappeared, followed by a single mourning coach; they took the way to the nearest churchyard, where a coffin was lifted out, and deposited in the grave of the late Lady Maxwell.

In the coach sat Sir Theobald, Mr. Larpent, and Mr. Money Penny; and behind it followed the old chariot, with its faded linings, scratched panels, and ominous device of, *Dirina waken sleeping dogs*.

The churchyard-gate was closed when the funeral entered; but outside were a few stragglers, as also along the road the procession passed, who were evidently brought there by a curiosity which they were afraid openly to manifest. There was also a young man, with his hat over his eyes and his chin muffled, as if he did not wish to be recognised, who had apparently concealed himself in the churchyard before the arrival of the parties concerned. He kept his handkerchief to his eyes all the time the clergyman was reading the service, and stood in the rear behind Sir Theobald. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, he suddenly, as by an irrepressible impulse, darted forward to snatch a last glance at it; when he could see it no more, he retreated and disappeared behind an angle of the church. During the ceremony Mr. Larpent appeared absorbed in grief; Mr. Money Penny looked very grave, and as sorrowful as his dour features would permit; Sir Theobald looked, as those who caught a sight of his face said, awful! His complexion, which was naturally of a rusty red, was now streaked with white, as if the pallor of death was struggling to overcome the ruddy hue of life; and the hard features, that could not fashion themselves into an expression of human sorrow, seemed crushed and distorted by the effort into a wild portrait of horror. His stalwart figure was bent, and he seemed suddenly shrunk from a height of six feet three to less than an ordinary-sized man. He appeared



LANDSCAPE. BY S. P. JACKSON.

almost insensible to every thing that was passing, and stood motionless, with his two hands crossed on the knob of a heavy stick, which alone seemed to prevent his falling forwards into the grave, on which he vacantly glared.

When the ceremony was concluded, they departed as they came. The stragglers got into the churchyard, together with several spectators who had been concealed behind trees and hedges, and advanced towards the grave, where, with expressive gestures and bated breaths, they whispered their comments on what they had seen, and what they suspected.

The young man also reappeared, but kept himself apart till the others dispersed; and then he came forward and spoke to the sexton, who thereupon closed the gate, and left him alone with the grave-digger and the dead.

From that day forth the mourners that attended young Lady Maxwell's funeral were no more seen. Mr. Larpent's house was shut up; his head-clerk, an elderly man, in whom he had great confidence, wound up his affairs; and after a short interval a distant relative arrived, and succeeded to his business. Mr. and Mrs. Moneypenny returned to their native land. Arthur wholly disappeared; and for some weeks Mr. and Mrs. Lupton also; and it was understood that they were gone to London to place him in an attorney's office there. The Grange was shut up; the servants dispersed; and Sir Theobald gone, no one knew whither.

In those days, coroners, registrars, and newspapers were not what they are now. There were no paragraphs headed "Extraordinary Story," "Suspected Murder," "Mysterious Death of a Lady," &c. Rumours were not conveyed, as by magic, from one end of the island to the other; and every body did not know what every body did. Within an area of a certain number of miles, the report of these strange events spread, and created considerable comment and discussion; but beyond that circle little or nothing was known; indeed, it can scarcely be said that, within it, any thing

was known. There were only vague suspicions; and nobody chose to risk bringing themselves into trouble by seeking to penetrate the mystery, or by meddling with matters with which they had no concern; so, gradually, the impression faded. Other wonders succeeded to occupy men's thoughts; the busy world worked on; and in a few years the lamentable fate of young Lady Maxwell of the Grange was well-nigh forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

But there is often a germ of life in things that seem dead; and suddenly, after a lapse of six years, the memory of this mournful tragedy was revived, by a report that the Grange, which had been shut up from the period of Sir Theobald's disappearance, was about to be occupied by a stranger. The tenant was a Scotsman; the place had been let to him at a very low rent by Mr. Moneypenny; and after the necessary airing and repairing, he was conducted into it by Mr. Larpent's successor. The new-comer was judged to be in narrow circumstances; and nobody saw much of him or his family. But, shortly after their arrival, a report spread abroad that the house was haunted. The servants said they could not live in it; and a girl, who had been engaged as housemaid, actually relinquished her place on account of the noises she heard, especially the sound of a woman weeping. Probably, however, the principals did not care for ghosts; and the subordinates, if ghost there was, became accustomed to it; for though the house retained an ill reputation, the stir died away, and things went on there in the ordinary fashion.

Not long after this, a woman who had formerly been laundress at the Bull Inn, but had left it for some years, reappeared at Doncaster. Of course she had her old acquaintance, her cronies, and her gossips; and when it was found that the cause of her leaving was, that she had been secretly married to a postboy, and that that postboy was

the very same who had driven Sir Theobald and Lady Maxwell from Doncaster to the Grange on their wedding-day, that he had good reason given him for relinquishing his situation, and that she had followed his fortunes,—she, as may be well imagined, became an object of extraordinary interest; and the little she had to tell,—for it was not much,—was eagerly listened to, and speedily conveyed from the kitchens to the drawing-rooms, and disseminated from mouth to mouth through the town and neighbourhood.

She had now returned to her native place, because her husband was dead; but she said he had often and often talked to her about that poor young thing Miss Emmy Larpent, and that awful man Sir Theobald. It was not, however, till some time after they had quitted Doncaster that she was made aware of the cause of their removal. All she knew was, that two days after the wedding, her husband suddenly told her they were to leave; that they went off that night by the mail; and she saw that Jem had plenty of money to pay their way. He got a place as coachman in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, through a letter he brought with him to a lawyer there; and they had done very well ever since. Jem said, that once, when he was going through a large city called Glasgow, he was certain that he had seen Mr. Larpent, Miss Emmy's father, in the street.

But what of the wedding-drive?

"Well, Jem said, that as they drove from Mr. Larpent's house he heard the blinds drawn down with a whack; and as the young lady had looked very sorrowful when she got into the carriage, he supposed she was crying, and Sir Theobald did not like her to be seen. As it was a very long stage, of course he stopped to give his horses a feed, and Sir Theobald put out his head, and asked for a glass of water; but the blinds were not drawn up, and he saw nothing of them till they arrived at the end of their journey. The moment the carriage stopped, the servants, who were expecting them, opened the door, and handed out Miss Emmy, who was sitting on that side. He did not see how she looked, for she had her veil down; besides, she went straight in at the door, without turning her head. Sir Theobald paid him, and went in also, leaving him and the servants to unload the carriage. While he was doing so, happening to look up to the first-floor windows, he saw Miss Emmy standing there, looking dreadful-like; that she observed he was looking at her, and he thought she wanted to say something to him; but perhaps," as Mrs. Jem suggested, "she was only taking a last look at the chaise that was going back to her home, where she was never to go more. Presently, Sir Theobald came out to fetch a paper that he had left in one of the pockets of the chaise; after which Jem mounted his horse, and drove to the village, where he put up at the Admiral Keppel to feed and rest his cattle. As he drove away he looked up at the windows, but he saw nothing of Miss Emmy.

"He remained at the Admiral till near eleven o'clock, and then set off on his journey home; but he had not gone far, before what should he see but Miss Emmy walking along the path by the roadside. It was a bright night; and at first, seeing a figure all in white, he could not think what it was, and felt queer-like; but when he got a little nearer, he saw that it was Miss Emmy. She had no bonnet or cloak on; but her veil was thrown over head and shoulders, and she was walking very fast. As he came up to her, she held up her hand to him to stop.

"Get off your horse, and open the door," says she. 'Quick, quick!' And Jem said she spoke fierce-like, and desperate.

"By the time he was off his horse she had opened the door herself, and was letting down the steps; Jem helped her in, thinking that she wanted to go back to her papa, poor lamb. But instead of that, she told him to drive to Greenhill Hall; 'Mrs. Lupton's,' she said,—'Mrs. Lupton, at Greenhill Hall.'

"Well, Jem said he felt quite taken aback-like, and he

could not tell whether he ought to do it or no; for it was his opinion she was out of her mind; but while he was holding the door open, considering about it, she put her two hands together, and said, 'O, take me to Mrs. Lupton! Do, do take me to Mrs. Lupton!'—And then she put her hand in her pocket and drew out her purse, and gave him two golden guineas; and Jem said, 'Well, I will, miss.' And then he bethought himself, and called her 'my lady,' as, indeed, he was bound to do; but little she cared about her title then.

"So Jem got on his horse, and away they drove, as fast as they could go, to the Hall.

"It's an old place, you know, and there's a long avenue leads up to it; and when they got nearly to the top, she let down the front glass, and before Jem could get to the door of the chaise, she had opened it herself, and jumped out.

"Shall I wait, miss?" said Jem.

"No," says she, 'and never say a word of this to any body.' And with that she gave him another golden guinea that she'd got ready in her hand, and walked away straight up to the door. So Jem mounted his horse, and away he drove; but before he'd got three hundred yards, who should he see galloping up the avenue but Sir Theobald on horseback. Jem did not know who it was till he was quite close, and then you may be sure he whipped up his horses to get past him, for he was afraid he'd have him up for taking away Miss Emmy. So away went Sir Theobald, and away went Jem the contrary way; and when he got home that night his beasts were ready to drop; and as for himself, he wasn't his own man again till we left Doncaster, especially after he heard that Miss Emmy was dead.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Jem, "I couldn't think what had come over the lad, for he never said a word to me of what had happened; but the next afternoon he says to me, 'Molly, old woman, you must pack up your duds; I'm a-going to cut, and we must be off to-night.' God forgive me, but my mind misgived me that he had done something wrong; but he laughed, and told me I was a fool, and that he had promise of a good place, and that we should be better off than ever we'd been before; and so we was, sure enough, as long as Jem lived, poor fellow! But he was always of opinion that Miss Emmy had gone out of her mind that night."

Shortly after this, a woman, who had been in Mr. Larpent's service at the period of that ill-starred wedding, and had since filled other situations, happened to be engaged by a family at Wakefield; and, in a letter she shortly afterwards wrote to her friends, she mentioned that on going into a little haberdasher's shop to buy some ribbons, she had recognised the man as an old acquaintance. He was the pedlar, or travelling merchant—at that time a more respectable and profitable trade than now—of whom she used to purchase her gowns and ribbons when he came to Doncaster. Naturally they fell into conversation; and on her relating how she came to leave the situation she had occupied when they had dealings together, and how her young mistress, Miss Emmy, had died directly after her marriage, and was supposed to have come to a lamentable end, the man seemed very much struck, and asked the day of the month, and a great many other questions. But when she told him that Sir Theobald had never been seen in that part of the country since, and was supposed to be gone to a far foreign land, he opened out, and told her what he declared he had never mentioned to any one but his wife, fearing to bring himself into trouble, or at the least to be had up as a witness, which might have interfered seriously with his business.

He said that on the day in question, having made his usual tour in the north, he was travelling southwards, and was making for the Admiral Benbow, where he meant to put up for the night. He was later than usual on the road, and every thing was still, when he heard a horse's foot galloping, and in a minute more it passed him, with the bridle trailing and nobody on his back. The animal had evidently taken fright, and was running away; and he expected to

find his rider, dead or alive, on the road. But he saw nothing of him; and walked on till he came within half-a-mile of the avenue that leads to Greenhill Hall; and then he was startled by seeing a large object coming towards him on the footpath that at first he could not make out, although there was a bright moonlight. It was partly white and partly black, and he could not distinguish whether it was an animal or a man; so, as there was a gate leading into a field hard by, he jumped over it, and watched it over the hedge. When it came nearer he saw it was an exceedingly tall man, carrying a lady on his back. The lady, who was very small, was all in white, and appeared to be either dead or in a faint; for her two arms hung over his shoulders instead of clasping his neck, and he supported the body by holding one in each hand. He could not see the man's face from where he stood, for the head of the lady rested on his shoulder and hid it; but he saw hers, and he was almost sure it was a corpse. He was very much astonished and alarmed; and his surprise was the greater, because he felt convinced, from the height, that the man was Sir Theobald Maxwell, whom he had caught a glimpse of when he was in that part of the country the year before. Whether the baronet had observed him he could not tell; he strode on wonderfully fast, considering the burden he carried, and never looked to the right or the left.

"I waited till he was out of sight," said the pedlar, "and then, instead of going to the Admiral Benbow, where my wife was waiting for me, I took another road; and when she joined me the next day, we went off to another part of the country; for if there was any thing ugly, I thought it safer to know naught about it; and afore next year I'd taken this here business, and have never been in that neighbourhood since."

This was the substance of what Sir Thomas Maxwell had to tell, with the addition, that when Sir Theobald reached the Grange with his awful burden, the door was wide open, and his bride stood in the doorway. He was so struck with horror at the sight, that he dropped the corpse from his shoulders; but with desperate resolution, he lifted it from the ground, and carried it upstairs, where he laid it on a bed. He then called up one of the maids, and desired her to bring some cold water and burnt feathers, as my lady had fainted. She did so; after which he told her she might go to bed, and he would attend to her ladyship himself. The next morning he was found sitting by the bedside watching her. He said he thought she was asleep; but she proved to be dead. Mr. and Mrs. Money Penny were immediately sent for, and remained in the house till after the funeral, when they all departed together. Mrs. Money Penny performed all the needful ministrations about the body with her own hands, and nobody was allowed to enter the room till the undertakers placed it in the coffin and screwed it down.

She was dead; her body was in the coffin; but when he woke from his disturbed sleep in the morning, her head lay on the pillow beside him; and when he sat at meat, she confronted him; he met her on the stairs; in the drawing-room young Lady Maxwell kept her state. She was the real mistress of the house, for he cowered and fled before her; and the power she never would have had alive, now she was dead was hers. She drove him from the country, and he took refuge in India with his sons, whom he had sent there before him. New ideas took possession of him; and, with the natural instinct and thrift of a Scotsman, he made a large fortune, which he entailed on his sons and their heirs, upon the condition that they did not return to the Grange before a certain period, which period had now expired.

When Sir Thomas had finished his narrative, Mr. Lupton related the circumstances of the strange visit which had caused him and his wife so much perplexity several years earlier; and then, and often afterwards, they discussed the question, which the reader will perhaps have asked himself before this, whether it was possible that the latter event

could have any connection with the mysterious death of young Lady Maxwell, which had taken place a hundred years before; and whether her presence at the Grange, during the awful week that preceded the funeral, had been a real spiritual appearance, or the mere phantom of Sir Theobald's reproving conscience and excited brain.

Be it which it might, from that day to this no other explanation has ever presented itself of the appearance of the White Lady at Greenhill Hall, which appearance, I beg to assure my readers, is a perfectly authenticated fact that occurred in the present century.

NEW BOOKS.

WITH what feelings would that poor shoemaker, who, with an infirm frame, worked away at his craft in a garret some sixty years ago, have looked upon the edition of his poem—actually his—that now lies before us? Is it possible that all this luxury of binding, with thick and bevelled boards, rich cream-tinted and hot-pressed paper, with its gilt edges,—and, far more important, with all this artistic decoration, which has been brought into use solely for the loving adornment of his chief poem,—is it possible, he would ask, scarcely trusting the evidence of his own senses, this is in honour of *my* work? Yet so it is; and while no one professes to believe the *Farmer's Boy* a poem of a high order, or as marked by the exhibition of that almost divine insight into the grand and beautiful mysteries of nature which is the poet's gift, it is still a work the world will not willingly let die; and we think the world quite right in so feeling. It is truthful, and it deals with that subject which ever lies near to the heart, as well as to the necessities and interest of man,—country life and the culture of the soil.

No less than thirty exquisite engravings are found in these pages, from designs by Birket Foster, who is fast taking rank as the most poetical of English landscape illustrators; Harrison Weir, who has the animal subjects under his charge, and does them thorough justice; and G. E. Hicks, who contributes the figure-pieces,—some of them charming and graceful, others not quite so successful.

In looking over such a book as this, while engaged perhaps in uncongenial places and pursuits, one feels the longing for natural sights and sounds grow strongly over us. Mr. Dendy's work† will suggest pleasantly to us the question, Why not pack up our baggage and decamp in quest of some of those "beautiful islets of Britain" of which the author speaks? This is the kind of medicine we like to be told of by such men. Mr. Dendy, who adds the artist's eye to the author's pen, takes us in his work through the Isles of Wight, Scilly, Lundy, Caldy, Ramsay, &c.; Bardsey, Holy Isle, Coquet, Anglesey, Man, Ailsa, Bass, Arran, and Bute. How many of our readers knew that the one great isle—world-famous—was so rich in lesser isles, lying like satellites about it? Some of them are certainly less known to our countrymen than places in foreign parts, scarcely, if at all, more interesting. As the author observes,

"The islets may not challenge the loftier magnificence of Continental scenery, but the green and golden foliage of their woods, and their rich variety of rock, are as perfect of their kind as the cinnamon-groves of Ceylon or the peaks of the Himalayas. In one element of the beautiful England is almost pre-eminent; the pure rich green of its blossomed meadows, and its leaf-loaded forests, and the changeable tints that cloud and sunbeam fling over the island atmosphere, may well compensate for the silvery gleam that floats over Switzerland, or the flood of rosy light that, while it illuminates, is burning the flower and the leaf in Spain and Italy."

What could be more delightful than, with the aid of such a guide, to determine to see with our own eyes, and know

* *The Farmer's Boy*. By ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. 1867.

† *The Beautiful Islets of Britain*. By WALTER COOPER DENDY, late President of the Medical Society of London, &c. London: Longman, Brown, Longmans, and Roberts. 1867.

all about, these beautiful islets of Britaine, and the peculiarly interesting science they illustrate—geology?

And if, as we travel, we would have that other enjoyment, which to the poet Gray was the summit of earthly happiness—to lie on a sofa and read novels—and which, at all events, to the tired wanderer's life, forms a very capital episode now and then,—what can be more considerate than the policy of our nineteenth-century publishers, who not only succeed in giving us, amid much trash, many capital fictions, but give them almost on our own terms. Miss Pardoe's *Popular Tales Abroad and at Home*,* and Miss Sedgwick's *Married and Single*,† represent fairly enough the flood of popular literature that must be now pouring into every nook and corner of the land, and leaving rich material of thought, knowledge, and aspiration behind. We have read Miss Pardoe's tales through, and with interest; one of them—"The Father and Son," for instance—contains powerful dramatic elements, which the authoress has known how to use.

Miss Sedgwick's book suggests many serious and hopeful speculations. It belongs to that class of books which Miss Bremer, Miss Martineau (in *Deerbrook*), and the author of the *Head of the Family*, Lord Erlistoun, &c., have made so popular; books in which there are no melo-dramatic mysteries, and little physical excitement, but which trust to faithful portraiture of the hearts and minds of men and women as their chief attraction, and which, above all, make *Home* their great theme. It is not too much to say, that family-life, in the more civilised parts of the world, must have been raised bodily, as it were, at once some stages higher in moral and spiritual experience by the admirable lessons of these books. In them duty is the first law; and the yielding to erring or selfish impulse, the first step in the downward path. In them marriage assumes its true position as a holy ordinance, for the holiest of purposes; and is not treated as a lottery, where every one hopes to be lucky enough to catch a prize, and need then care naught for the blanks, or those who are to receive them. In these books the *beauty* of family-life comes like a revelation before the eyes of the many who, alas, have never tasted and never conceived what home may be when guided by duty, filled with love, earned by self-sacrifice, and graced by the thousand nameless social habits and courtesies which our civilisation—poor enough in many respects—has taught. Can we overrate the importance of the diffusion of such books by countless thousands yearly? can we be too grateful to the authors who have with such materials—of old thought to be good only for sermons, bad for novels and romances—beaten the writers of the excitement school upon their own ground, by positively making their books more interesting? *Married and Single* is a book of this class; one that after a few pages are read, which are not particularly interesting, becomes engrossing, irresistible in its interest, not to be laid down till at least we know what will be the result of that long problem which Grace Herbert has had to solve—whether her better or her worse qualities would finally fix her destiny.

While the spirit that should rule over our domestic relations is thus nurtured, it is worthy of note how all the appliances are becoming more and more familiar to us. Foremost among these is Art; we do not here refer to it in its higher manifestations, but in its loving condescension to the wishes and wants and necessities of daily life. We have been lately reading Mr. Redgrave's *Report on the Present State of Design as applied to Manufactures*,‡ and have been struck with the evidences it affords, directly or indirectly, of the progress we are making in this direction. The *thoroughness*, to put in one word all we would say of this Report, is not merely an evidence of the profound knowledge of or love for the subject evinced by Mr. Red-

grave, or of the importance attached to it by the government which commissioned him to visit and study the late Paris Universal Exhibition, but of the persistent, however gradual, growth of tastes and habits in the people of France and England, which must, under intelligent guidance and efficient organisation—such, for instance, as the Schools of Design afford—lead sooner or later to a state of things when even the poor workman in his humble cottage shall have his eyes refreshed and instructed wherever they turn by graceful forms, harmonious colours, suggestions of fair scenes, noble men who have lived and struggled and borne, glorious actions which have illumined the path of history. These are the things that, habitually around us, must tend to mould our own, and still more our children's, characters, and that help to equalise, as regards some of the most precious of God's gifts, the otherwise unequal condition of men.

In this Report Mr. Redgrave, taking France mainly as the fittest country to illustrate his theme, shows how national tastes arise out of national habits, the advantages France gives to her people, by making its chief public buildings and its art-collections so universally accessible, and how and why national tastes are most likely to go astray. He also deals with the very first principles of the matter, in discussing the sources of style as developed in Greece and Rome, in mediæval art, and in the Renaissance; suggests what are the elements of style, and shows the influence upon it of scientific discoveries. The remarks on an ideal or realistic rendering of nature—on the difference between pictorial and ornamental art—the relations of use, utility, structure, material, to artistic adornment, are among the most interesting and valuable parts of the publication.

The aids to art-instruction in France and in England lead to a noticeable comparison, not very flattering to our self-love, and will, we trust, quicken the many influences at work to remove this scandal from us. These, and a great number of kindred topics, are illustrated by examples drawn from the manufactures of both countries. We cannot perhaps better illustrate Mr. Redgrave's general tone and particular treatment of this interesting subject than by a passage from his paper on "Carpets."

"It has been held, by those who have best considered the subject, that a flat treatment should be observed for that which covers the ground we tread on; and that the imitation of mouldings in relief, or even the pictorial imitation of flowers, is improper in decorating such fabrics; while the representation of landscapes, sky, and water must be monstrous and out of place. Violent contrasts of form and colour have also been objected to as attracting the eye to the carpet, which should be entirely subordinate to the other furniture of the apartment. Therefore colour in rich low-toned masses, enlivened by abstract ornamental forms, or natural forms distributed equally over the surface, and subdued as to contrast, would appear to be the true law for the designer.

This is entirely in accordance with the decorative principles observed in those beautiful fabrics from India, which in the present, as well as in the former Exhibition, were the object of such universal admiration for the richness and propriety they displayed. But in France, it is quite evident that any principles are wholly disregarded, and that, in spite of difficulties of manufacture, and of inappropriateness when manufactured—regardless of the intrusive and showy character which is sure to result from the neglect of the law of subordination,—there is, on the contrary, in nine-tenths of the works exhibited, an effort to force the carpet into more than usual prominence, and to attract the eye to it by every possible strength of colour, boldness of relief, force of contrast, and extravagance in scale. In one work, a carpet woven in breadth, roses and poppies were measured two feet across the flower, which will serve to give some idea of the bold pretentiousness of such designs.

It must not be inferred that, when the imitative treatment of flowers is objected to, the objection is intended in any degree to extend to the use of the forms and colours of flowers in the decoration of these or other fabrics, but simply to the pictorial rendering instead of the ornamental treatment which is required. In a late discussion on this subject at the Society of Arts, an eloquent speaker advocated the natural and 'complete imitation of flowers,' and, in objecting to their conventional treatment as ornament, said, 'He knew a most respectable and long-established firm engaged in carpet manufacture on an extensive scale, which conducted its business on the opposite prin-

* *Abroad and at Home: Tales here and there.* By Miss PARDOE. London: Lambert and Co. 1857.

† *Married and Single.* By Miss SEDGWICK. The Author's Edition. London: Knight and Son.

‡ *Paris Universal Exhibition: Report on the Present State of Design as applied to Manufacture.* By Mr. REDGRAVE, R.A. London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1857.

ciple. He referred to the firm whose head partners—the months of April and May—supplied a large part of the world with green carpets, in which floral design was largely introduced, and he believed generally to the satisfaction of the public.*

It might, however, be urged in reply, that the meadow-carpet of April and May would be but a dark and tangled maze for any but the rough foot of the labourer to tread did not art step in to render it truly a greensward carpet, to mow down its redundancy into the true velvet-pile of our shaven lawns, from out of which the buttercups and the daisies, as they spring up to spangle it with fair and goodly ornament, are as much displayed as the most rigid conventionalist would require; for the ornamental law goes no farther than to desire that the mode of representing the flower should be that which gives its truest form, its fairest colours unblotted by shade, and its most characteristic appearance,—that, indeed, which it ever turns to the warm sun and the spectator's eye as he looks down upon it. A treatment the more to be observed, that it permits of the easiest reproduction by the weaver's shuttle or the printer's block, while at the same time it also agrees with nature's great laws of growth and development."

We shall only add to this batch of new books a word or two on the new *Handbook for the Oratorios*,* which is indeed a miracle of cheapness. There is in No. I. the *Messiah* complete, arranged from Mozart's score by John Bishop of Cheltenham, beautifully printed in large octavo, containing two hundred pages, for two shillings. No. II. gives us Haydn's *Creation*, in the same style and price, and under the same direction.

THE FIRST ARTICLE OF A POPULAR AUTHOR.

By DR. DORAN.

In the middle of the month of July 1757, and consequently just a hundred years ago, old Morgan, the oldest actor then alive in England, walked slowly into the Dunciad's Head, a dull-looking house in Paternoster Row. It was the residence of Griffiths the publisher; and that celebrated personage might be then seen in the parlour behind the shop, seated without his wig, while his wife wiped his head with a cotton handkerchief. In a closet beyond the parlour was visible a young man at a desk, busily engaged in writing. He was ill-dressed, awkwardly made, and coarse of feature. He had even a heavy stupid look, as he sat intent on his labour. It was only his side-face that could be seen; but as he now and then had occasion to turn full round to Mr. Griffiths in the parlour, or as he did so, from time to time, when some remark attracted his attention, there was an expression on his features and a light in his eye which seemed to give promise of no common man. Still, his slovenly, wearied, and plodding appearance was, decidedly against him. As Morgan entered the parlour, the literary drudge,—for that was evidently his office,—blushed slightly; for Mrs. Griffiths, ceasing to polish the skull of her husband, looked sharply round, and with a voice sharper than her look, bade him "get on with the article in hand, and let her have it for approval and correction when finished." The young man did not answer, although he was evidently irritated. Around his mouth there was an expression as if he had swallowed vinegar. He sat for a moment biting the end of his pen as vigorously as the great Coligny, when in deep wrath or reflection, used to champ his toothpick. He smiled at last with mournful resignation; and then passing the not-very-clean sleeve of his poor coat over a rather begrimed face, he addressed himself to his toil, with a remark which sounded as if it had reference to the intense heat.

"Why don't you take off your coat," said Griffiths, "as I do?" But this suggestion only made the scribe button that vestment more closely round his throat. The vulgar wife of the bibliopole laughed vulgarly, and made an allusion to the person's linen, or the lack of it. The writer did not look up; but the very tips of his ears were scarlet, and he could be heard, lowly but distinctly, as though he were reading to himself rather than addressing others, uttering these words: "Ego cultu non proinde speciosus, ut facile

* London: Robert Cocks and Co.

appararet me, hæc notâ litteratum esse, quos odisse divites solent."

"My stars!" said Mrs. Griffiths; "is that a part of your review of Mr. Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*?"

"No, madam," answered the young man, with a slight Irish accent; "it is a passage in Petronius Arbiter, a gentleman who was consul in Bithynia, and who also was an officer in the house of Nero, where he lived luxuriously, and died laughing." And the speaker sighed, as if he envied the destiny of the finest gentleman and the greatest scamp of those gay yet dangerous times.

"I dare say he was a lazy fellow," said Griffiths, at the same time signing to the young writer to go on with his vocation. "And now, Mr. Morgan," added he, turning to the old actor, "what news with you?"

"Well enough with me," said the hearty old man, whose memory went back to the days of Mrs. Aphra Behn, "but ill with Garrick, ill with Barry, ill with that exquisite hussey Bellamy, and worst of all with Mrs. Woffington."

"I hate both the women," exclaimed Mrs. Griffiths, sinking into a low chair the while, and putting on an expression of very pretty horror. "But what ails them all?"

The young writer in the inner room looked round, for he was possessed with a taste for theatricals, and had at that moment in his pocket the draft of a tragedy, with fragments of scenes, the whole wrapped up in several sheets of Dublin ballads, of which he was also the author, and which, could they be recovered now, would probably prove to be as well worth reading as half the palimpsests found or forged by the clever Simonides.

"Why you see," said Morgan, "David is annoyed because he turned away Mr. Home's *Douglas*. Barry is annoyed because all the tavern-critics continue to laugh at him for dressing young Norval in a suit of white satin. Mrs. Bellamy is in distress because she could only play Almeria once throughout the whole of last season. And finally, poor Peg is ill for a score of reasons, some of which make Bellamy glad: she is ill because she produced so small an effect in *Lady Randolph*; because she produced even less in *Lothario* (at which two circumstances her rival dances with delight); and is dying at the thought that the shriek with which she finished *Rosalind last May*, when seized with her fit, is the last sound which the public will ever hear from her on the stage."

"All these susceptible ladies and gentlemen," remarked the bookseller, "may recover their healths and their tempers before next season begins. And that reminds me," he rejoined, looking into the inner room. "Pray, sir, where is your promised article on the Scotch parson's play?"

"Sir," said the pale writer, rising, and advancing to the door, "it is nearly finished. But it is not so easy to review a play as it is to read, digest, and judge a few quarto volumes of travels or biography. To enjoy and to judge poetry demands a mind akin to the poet's. Genius lights its flambeau at the skies; and mere men of earth must not be over-hasty in pronouncing upon the purity of the fire."

"O, stuff! exclaimed Mrs. Griffiths, turning her fat back on the last speaker, and showing above her low dress, worn in summer-weather, a series of cupping-marks, that seemed to designate a patient with a tendency to the head of more blood than judgment. "You might as well say that it is more difficult to make a cribbage-peg than a walking-stick."

"Not so, madam," civilly rejoined the young man, standing in the doorway; "and yet you would find it more difficult to make a watch than a warming-pan."

"I never found it difficult to do any thing," said the lady, whose conceit was notorious.

"Except to write poetry, Polly," observed her husband.

"And why should I not write verses, if I tried?" asked the lady, rather more shrilly than usual. Her husband shook his head, smiled, and was silent. "I ask," she said, "why a woman, why I, should not write verses as well as any other rhymers?"

Her flashing eye rested on the shabby young man in the doorway. And he, fancying himself peremptorily addressed, looked slightly embarrassed for an instant, and then replied:

"Indeed, madam, I believe only for this reason. Poetesses are generally indifferent housewives. *Rhyme does not, in their case, always accord with reason." Having said which, he slowly returned to his work; while the lady looked at him with a puzzled expression, as if she could not very well make out whether he had intended to be caustic or complimentary.

"You doubtless fancy yourself," she said tartly, "as famous as the authors we have hired you to review."

He looked round, with a flush on his face made up of hope and conviction of present power to be worked to further ends. "Who knows?" he asked, not of them, but of himself. "Who knows?" he repeated; and old Morgan, looking in, and gazing at that strange face with interest, saw the tears in his eyes. "Who knows?" he asked for a third time. "There is something *there*," he added, placing his podgy finger on his pallid brow. "Patience. God does not let the tide run up to high-water in an instant. I can wait." And he resumed his task, with this final remark, murmured low to himself, "I can wait. The spring will yet bloom for me. I know that he who cuts the balsam in the winter gets no juice. I can wait; I can wait."

Morgan resumed his seat; and talking in a subdued voice to Griffiths, said: "That young fellow puzzles me. I could almost swear that he was an actor in Tinseltown and Whytch's itinerant company, with whom I was starring last year. Did you pick him up at Dunstable?"

"The gentleman is a physician," said Griffiths, with mock dignity; "a physician in reduced circumstances; that is, he was so when I found him. He is now a literary man, and has just finished his first article. Poor devil! he fancies he may purchase fame by his pen; but who will know any thing of him a hundred years to come, in 1857? He will no more be known then than he is now. And the droll creature is a physician too! Not many months since he was practising in Southwark. That patch which you see on his elbow was then a hole in his sleeve, which he dexterously hid from his patients by covering it with his hat. Things have improved with him since he has been in my service; for, as you see, his coat is mended. Where did I pick him up? O, at Dr. Milner's, at Peckham. I have a nephew at school there, where my reviewer was usher. He dined at table with us. Just fancy, an usher! But Milner declares his father was a gentleman; and that we should not demean ourselves by allowing him to eat with us. And I am not sorry for it, seeing that it was a remark of his which first induced me to believe that I should find in him a capital reviewer, at a very small cost."

"What was the remark?" asked the old player.

"Why, I and Milner had been talking of our mutual regard, when the usher said, 'Modern attachments are often maintained by the same bond which united the first twin-brothers, Jacob and Esau, of whom the one loved the other because he did eat of his venison.' Pretty, wasn't it?"

"Sharp, certainly," answered the actor; "but I should not have thought that you would altogether have admired it." He looked towards the room where sat the poor hireling, and saw very well that though he was not listening, he could hear perfectly all that was passing. There was a smile on his face that made it look beaming with intellect. Morgan was benevolently determined to sustain that smile; and he did so by asking the publisher if the usher had made any other remark that was 'pretty'?"

"O, ay," replied Griffiths. "His master and I were discussing the difference between ancient banquets with their guests, and modern feasts and those who are invited to them. Well, what do you think that dog said? 'Sir,' said he, 'it is the remark of Pliny, that the dinner-givers of his day always served up poppy-seed at dessert. So do many of the hosts of our own time, and long before dessert,—to

say nothing of the quantity taken to table by the diners-out.' Now, sir," added Griffiths, "that observation was made in the spirit of a reviewer not unworthy to be of the brotherhood of the *Whig-Monthly*. All that is wanted by him we supply. I make suggestions, and Mrs. Griffiths corrects his articles. She will add some beauties to his first article on Mallet."

"Does he like that?" whispered Morgan.

"O, bless you," exclaimed the publisher, "if the fellow were to grow obstinate against it, Polly would keep him to cold meat and potatoes four times a-week, and not much of either. If that were to fail, he may pack off to beggary again."

Morgan looked towards the worker, from whose face a smile was just fading. "Mr. What's-your-name," said he, with an impudent familiarity characteristic of the times, "allow me to congratulate you upon the auspices under which you have commenced your literary life. You are in this much like Midas, gifted, no doubt, in being able to turn all you touch into gold."

"I believe," said the poor scribe, "that I am much more like that royal personage in this respect, that touch what I may, I starve."

"Starve!" said Mrs. Griffiths, who piqued herself on her liberality; "starve, with above a pound a-week, bed and board!"

"Starve!" echoed her husband. "Sir, you lack truth, and want a contented mind. Sir, I fear you did not hear the last discourse of the Rev. Eli Synnamist, at St. Benet Fink. Sir, he told us that content is such a duty, that were a man to be cast into the bottomless pit, his first word on coming to himself should be, 'I am satisfied.'"

"Mr. Griffiths," said that gentleman's retainer, respectfully but firmly, "the Rev. Eli Synnamist is no guide for me to follow. You call him a shining light. Yes; he is like one of our roadside lights, which makes a little shining on earth, but leaves heaven all the darker. I am sorry to say it, but Mr. Synnamist is a hypocrite."

"A hypocrite!" shouted Griffiths, and screamed his wife; "he is white as driven snow."

"My dear madam," said the undaunted reviewer to the lady, who snorted off the compliment as if there was something nasty in it, "he reminds me of those sheep at the altars of the ancients, which were whitened with chalk, in order to imitate the purity of the beloved lambs of the gods, which were only to be found on the banks of the Clitumnus. Do you know, sir," he asked, turning to Griffiths, "that Mr. Synnamist edits a review which professes to be independent by purchasing every book it notices, and which condemns every work which is not supplied to it *gratis*?"

Griffiths was a knave; but his dirty ideas never reached to this heroic height of soaring rascality. He fairly screamed with indignation; and his wife heightened the din by a few notes peculiar to herself. Morgan added to the tumult; and it was at its very height, when a lady appeared at the door, whose coming appeased the uproar in an instant.

She was one of those bright creatures who can scarcely be described, and who defy criticism, except, of course, from a sister. If it be true that Lyeurgus set up a graceful statue representing Laughter, and that he bade his Spartans worship the new goddess, this was the deity herself. Eye, lip, cheek, nay, as the poet says, her foot smiled. Praxiteles might have thought himself happy to have had her for a model. Had she been by when Paris had to give away the apple, it would not have fallen into the bosom of Helen. Semele was only a dairymaid in comparison with her; and then, she wore a saucy look,—inexpressible, seductive, subduing, inimitable,—such as the son of Semele might have worn before he took to ferment his grapes and drink deeply of the liquor. The voice sounded sweet, silvery, and saucy too, as she said:

"Good folks, when your breath comes back, be kind enough to inform me if you have in the house a gentleman of the name of Mr. Oliver Goldsmith?" Before reply was

given, she had shaken hands with Morgan, tapped Mrs. Griffiths on the cheek, and after kissing her husband, clapped his wig on him wrong side before, and broke into melodious peals of laughter, in which every one present would have joined, had they not of one accord kept silent to listen to the silvery intonations of her own mirth.

"My dear Mrs. Bellamy," said Griffiths, "I am glad to find you well enough to be out. As to Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, there he stands; but may I be bold enough to ask what you want with my servant?"

"Don't be impertinent, Griffiths, nor use false terms. Mrs. Griffiths, you should teach your husband better manners. You can't? Don't I know it, my dear? Mr. Goldsmith, I have read the specimens you have sent me of your intended tragedy, and they will not do. Now don't look downhearted. I commend to you the maxim of our German trumpeter in the orchestra—"Time brings roses."

"Alas, madam," said Goldsmith timidly, "even if it be so, shall I ever reach them without picking my fingers with the thorns?"

"Of course not! Why should you? Who does? As long as we can pluck the roses, never mind a scratch or two. Every body has a thorn. Even wealthy Griffiths here feels the smart of it. Who is Griffiths' thorn, eh, Mrs. Griffiths?"

"Madam," said that lady, who hated Mrs. Bellamy, "I hope she is not."

"I hope so, too, my dear," answered the actress; "and I did not say she was. I only asked a question. And, then, we have all got our pleasant little faults, which we must strive to amend—some day." (This was said with a saucy look.) "Have we any thing else that is objectionable, Mr. Goldsmith?"

"Well, madam," said Oliver, "I dare say we all have,—our vices, which we surrender, as Laïs the courtesan did her mirror, when she grew old, and found no more pleasure in employing it. Our hopes, I trust, we may always retain. Do you bid me keep mine?"

"Bid you! Young man, there is stuff in you that shall make people talk of you centuries to come."

"And love me?"

"And love you. Some of us will be despised, and some forgotten, when you, sir, will be honoured; but you must not write tragedies. You have the most charming style possible, but no more suited to tragedy than my muslin slip to—to Titus Andronicus. What have you done besides making these attempts on stilts?"

"I have only written a trifle," said the author modestly. "It's my first article,—a review of Mr. Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*."

Mrs. Bellamy made a comically wry face, shook her head, and then remarked, "I dare say it is as bad as your tragedy."

"Probably," replied the perplexed author.

"And perhaps not," good-naturedly exclaimed the actress. "Will you come and take a dish of tea with a queen, and read this article to her majesty?"

"Queen!" cried the two Griffithses. "What queen? We have no queen since the demise of her most gracious majesty Queen Caroline. He take tea with a queen?"

"Ah, dear stupid old folks, Mr. Goldsmith has more wit than both of you; and old Morgan here, I see, knows of a queen in England not yet defunct. Now, sir," she added, "put your manuscript in your pocket, and come along." She glanced rapidly at his coat, slightly curled her charming and ineffably impertinent nose; and then, with a "pshaw," and a stamp of her little foot, as if annoyed with herself, she exclaimed, "My chariot waits; let us go."

She swept through the shop like a graceful vision; and as Goldsmith, his hour for labour having expired, prepared to follow her, Griffiths put his hand on his sleeve, and asked with great simplicity, "Mr. Goldsmith, who is the queen you are going to take tea with, and to read to her your first article?"

"Queen Roxalana," said Goldsmith, with a smile.

"O," exclaimed the publisher and his wife, "the cha-

racter she plays in *Alexander the Great*! It is only herself."

"Only herself!" returned Goldsmith. "She, herself, is worth to me a throne-room full of queens. She has encouraged me with a hope of fame and the love of a generation to come. The promise is an inducement to labour, and I will endure much for the great recompense."

"Ah, sir, I see, from the company you keep, you will be a miserable writer of comedies, or some such trash. Sir, you will die in the Mint, and be forgotten a fortnight afterwards."

"I have faith in her promise, and in my own perseverance to make reality of it. This is 1757, and I have written nothing but an article for a review. Perhaps, in 1857, sovereigns may have my collected works in their libraries, and I may be affectionately known beyond the ocean. Perhaps—"

"Now, Mr. Goldsmith," called the sweet voice from the coach at the door.

"You are stark staring mad," said Griffiths; but remember, sir, I expect you here early to-night, and at work by nine to-morrow. There is the article on *Douglas* to be concluded, and a second is to follow on Mr. Jonas Hanway's book; and I fear that this rantipole company will unfit you for steady labour."

"Cease to fear it, sir. What I have undertaken to perform shall be accomplished," and he hurried off to the impatient sovereign lady in the glittering vehicle at the door. She kissed the tips of her rosy fingers to the trio who had followed Goldsmith to the threshold; and many a queen would have given her ears—or, at least, her earrings—to have looked half so imperiously and saucily handsome.

"Humph," said Griffiths, as the carriage drove off with its well-contrasted freight, "Beauty and the Beast."

"Beauty!" cried his lady; "why she's crooked! They look like what they are—an impudent hussey and a mastiff puppy. What do you say, Mr. Morgan?"

"Well, I was going to say, Hebe and Hercules; but I would rather call them Intellectual and Material Beauty."

"Good gracious," cried Mrs. Griffiths, "what nonsense! Mrs. Bellamy, I tell you, is crooked; and Goldsmith is ninny enough to think people will talk of him in 1857. I really shall die of laughing. Dr. Hawksworth may be the darling of ages to come; but a half-starved drudge like Oliver Goldsmith—Pshaw!"

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

AT ROME DO AS ROME DOES. "Wherever you are, do as you see done" (Spanish).—*Por donde fueres, haz como vieres*.—A very terse German proverb, *Ländlich, settlich*, which can only be paraphrased in English, means that what is customary in any country is proper there; or, as we might say, "After the land's manner is mannerly." The Livonians say, "In the land of the naked, people are ashamed of clothes." "So many countries, so many customs" (French).—*Tant de gens, tant de guises*. In a Palais-Royal farce, a captain's wife is deploring her husband, who has been eaten by the Caffres. Her servant consoles her with *Mais, madame, que voulez-vous? Chaque peuple a ses usages*.—"Well, well, madam, after all, you know every people has its own manners and customs."

SMOOTH WATERS RUN DEEP, or "Still waters are deep" (Dutch).—*Stille waters hebben diepe gronden*.—As still waters are not running waters, the title of a favourite play at the Olympic, *Still Waters run deep*, is a little absurd. "There is no worse water than that which sleeps" (French).—*Il n'y a pire eau que l'eau qui dort; i. e. there is none more dangerous*. These proverbs have descended to us from the ancients. We read in Quintus Curtius (lib. vii.) that it was a saying among the Bactrians, "The deepest rivers flow with the least sound,"—*Altissima flumina minimo sono labuntur*.

W. K. KELLY.

FAMILY COIN-CABINET.

SIEGE-PIECES.

So great is the increase of popular taste for matters of antiquity since the formation of our various archaeological institutes and associations, both local and metropolitan, that few houses are without some collection or other connected with antiquarian pursuits. My appearance among my friends, even for a short morning-visit, is generally the signal for the production of the box of old coins,—the hobby of some member of the family,—and in my character of numismatist, to which I have but slight title, I am called upon to name and "tell all about" certain acquisitions added to the store since my last visit.

On a recent occasion, a silver-piece, of rude workmanship, was shown to me by an enthusiastic young tyro, who hoped that its rudeness, and apparently unintelligible inscription, might prove to be indications of high antiquity and great rarity. He fancied that it might belong even to a period near that of those first specimens of coined money which I had recently described to him.

The form of the piece was that of an irregular circle, and a line of raised pearing, intended to extend all round the coin, was only successfully placed on the face of the metal on one side. On the reverse were the letters O·B·S· C·A·R·L· and the numerals 1645, with a small star above and below the inscription. On the obverse, the principal device was a rudely executed crown, under which were the letters C·R· placed between three dots, and separated by two; while beneath were the Roman numerals XII. (See figs. 1, 2.)

My young friend thought these cabalistic signs mysterious enough, and was at first incredulous when I pointed out that the 1645 on the obverse was evidently enough the date, and wondered at his not perceiving it, young numismatist as he was. Its vast antiquity was thus very obviously reduced to the comparatively short space of two hundred years. But, then, it was asked, how account for the rudeness of workmanship? That too was easily accounted for. It was a siege-piece; a specimen of that "money of necessity," as it has been termed, which princes and their deputies have occasionally struck in times of difficulty, during the vicissitudes of war, or when besieged for a lengthened period in some beleaguered town.

The piece in question was one of those struck by the unfortunate Charles I. during the civil war. The O·B·S on the reverse, to any one but slightly acquainted with the curiosities of the British coinage, is merely an abbreviation of the Latin word *obsessa*, that is, "besieged;" and the mysterious C·A·R·L· resolves itself into a similar curtailment of the name of the city of Carlisle, which was besieged by the republican forces, as the date records, in the year 1645. Beneath the crown on the obverse, are the initials of the name and title of the king; and the seemingly unintelligible numeral XII simply and plainly denotes the value of the piece, that is, twelve-pence, or one shilling.

A great variety of pieces of a similar character were struck by this unfortunate prince or his adherents; many of them much more rude than the present, as the proper means of even decent mintage were seldom available on

such occasions. The money struck in the king's name, about the same time, by the Lords of the Council in Dublin Castle consisted of rough pieces of metal, stamped with numerals denoting their weight, those of 8 dwt. 21 grs. being the most common; and they had no other device or legend. Others, however, struck after the king's consent had been obtained, bore a roughly executed device of the crown, and C·R·.

The best known siege-pieces of this reign are those of Newark. They are lozenge-shaped, and, comparatively speaking, well-finished, bearing the inscription OBS· NEWARK· 1645 on the reverse; and for the obverse, the same device as that on fig. 2. There are many interesting anecdotes connected with the siege-pieces struck by Charles or his adherents during the sieges of castles, and even private

mansions; but space will not allow me to dilate upon them at present. It will be more profitable to describe briefly a few specimens of the siege-money of other countries.

At a time when a new interest has been added to the great struggle which preceded the foundation of the Dutch republic by Prescott's brilliant *Life of Philip II.*, and Mr. Motley's remarkable history of the gallant struggle for independence, headed by William the Silent, specimens of some of the money of necessity, then issued in various parts of that country, would be very interesting. I have, however, only room for one,—that of the coinage issued by the people of Campen, under pressure from the Spanish troops that held the place against the Dutch commander, Count Nunenberg. The wealth of the inhabitants had been entirely exhausted in forced subsidies, when a further supply was demanded, which the oppressed burghers furnished by coining their jewels and other articles of gold and silver. The rude pieces then produced bear the date 1578, and the name of the place, CAMPEN, with a legend expressing the extremity to which they were reduced, EXTREMVM SVBSIDIVM. (See fig. 3.)

The next engraving, fig. 4, is a copy of one of the pieces of hastily-struck money issued during the famous siege of Vienna by the Turks. It bears on the obverse the portrait of the Emperor Ferdinand, and on the reverse the arms of Austria. The piece under description is gold; but others of silver, and also of lead, were issued at the same time. Some of the leaden ones bear the German inscription, TVHK BELEGERT WIEN, in allusion to the siege of the city by the Turks.

Among pieces of obsessional, or siege, money issued by private individuals, that coined from the private plate of Marshal Turenne is remarkable. One of these pieces will be found engraved above, fig. 5. It is stamped with the royal *fleur-de-lis* of France, and bears the legend, POVR· 30· SOLS· DE· LA· VAISSELLE· DV· MAR· DE· TVRENNE· ASSIEGEANT· ST· VENANT· 1667; in allusion to the patriotic devotion of the renowned soldier, who coined his own private plate to pay the ill-supplied troops, rather than abandon the siege of St. Venant just as it was about to fall into his power. These pieces are much sought after by French collectors.

H. N. H.





SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL. NO. XV.

PAINTED BY JOHN GILBERT.

SHAKSPERE.

SHAKSPERE.

By JOHN GILBERT.

Does it not seem, if we pause a moment to consider it freshly, a wondrous thing,—this incessant reproduction of new editions of Shakspeare that the papers tell us of,—this continual enlistment of mind after mind, eager to throw new light on all that is doubtful in his meaning, or to make us feel more vividly the genius which we already so deeply venerate in his works?

Within the last few years we have had (to enumerate expensive publications only) Mr. Payne Collier's handsome and scholarly edition, the one illustrated by Mr. Kenny Meadows, Mr. C. Knight's Pictorial, branching out into we know not how many other forms, Mr. Singer's, and lastly, Mr. Halliwell has one now in course of issue at an almost fabulous price, and of which only some one hundred and fifty copies, we think, are printed. Of all these, we hold Mr. Knight's as beyond comparison the best. To labour sufficient to exhaust the learning of the subject he adds the poetical feeling and insight that can alone guide Shaksperian commentators through the difficulties and responsibilities of the task. Even Mr. Knight's complete edition of the poet might, we think, be improved by a freer use of the corrections of the folio discovered a few years since by Mr. Collier, and which is now so widely known. In the text itself, or in notes, an immense number of these corrections appear to us to be worthy of embodiment.

Messrs. Routledge's new edition has the advantage of coming into the field after all these numerous, and for the most part able, labourers have increased, by their independent activities, the common wealth of Shaksperian knowledge and speculation. It is edited by Mr. Howard Staunton, who has won his spurs in a very different field,—that of the chess-board,—but who has long been known as an earnest and accomplished student of the poet. To collect and compare other men's views, rather than to aim at putting forth original ones of his own, and to publish a text corrected by all existing knowledge, rather than one lighted up by brilliant flashes of adventurous supposition, appear to be Mr. Staunton's views; probably all that the nature of the case admits of. We may note, in passing, that Mr. Staunton adheres to the old form of spelling the name *Shakespeare*. We prefer *Shakspeare*, believing it—with Mr. Knight—to be the correct one.

It will be seen from the preceding observations that the publishers' desire is to produce, not so much a literary as a pictorial edition of the poet; we may say, therefore, in few words, Mr. Gilbert is the tutelary genius of the work, and he is its sole artistic illustrator. When a man is really able to grapple with his author—to sympathise with him in all his moods—there can be no doubt the result is infinitely better, because more harmonious, than when various minds contribute to the same end. Mr. Harvey's illustrated *Arabian Nights* was a case in point. Never, perhaps, was there a book issued from the press so full of all that can realise to the eye the romance of Eastern life. We can as yet only judge Mr. Gilbert's *Shakspeare* by a few parts; and subsequent issues may modify our impressions. But we incline to think he will give us an edition of the poet where any one may look from the text to the illustrations with a fair chance of being delighted with the embodiment of the poet, and of whom we can say, This is Shaksperian. No higher praise can be desired. Of course we do not intend to say this of all the designs; some are better than others; doubtless we could even point out some we do not like at all; but on the whole, we think Mr. Gilbert may be congratulated on the achievement of a new success, where each fresh attempt becomes more and more difficult.

In all labours of love it will be found that men improve as they advance. Other incentives soon die under the inevitable wear and tear of production; but this naturally increases by what it feeds on. Tested by this standard,

Mr. Gilbert's work clearly springs from the right motive. In the three parts last published the eye pauses more frequently than in any of the preceding ones to dwell on noble groupings, delicious effects of light and shade, rich traits of humour, and vigorous revelations of character. Mr. Gilbert's poetical genius, for instance, nowhere shines out more strongly than in his designs for the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the elves are full of fun, frolic, and ugliness,—not unpleasant, because not vulgar or commonplace,—and where Bottom rules in all his asinine glory. One gem we must individually refer to,—the moonlight meeting in the fields, under the shade of a wood, of Bottom and his fellow-actors to rehearse their play.

The picture from which our engraving is taken was painted some years ago; and we are not aware that it is intended to reproduce it in the new edition. But it is, we think, the very noblest production of the artist. He has here combined in one grand tableau the whole of the more important characters of the plays. In these few square inches of space he has managed to individualise all those wondrous creations who are ever moving about before the intellectual eye, no matter what may be its other occupations: a word—a phrase—will spring up even in the driest business haunts and hours that belong to him, and revive his spells over us. We shall not be guilty of the importuness of offering help to our readers in following out the artist's thoughts, and identifying the characters represented: there can be no mistaking either. But we should like to draw attention to the consummate art with which the whole is reduced into pictorial order, beauty, and grandeur, leaving behind not a trace of incongruity, such as must have appeared from such material in any less skilful hands.

A DAY'S SALMON-FISHING ON THE TAY.

It was a clear bracing morning, in the latter end of February, about seven o'clock, when my good friend Mr. H—, as previously arranged, drove up to the front door of my quiet and rural manse, that he might take me with him to enjoy a day's fishing on the Tay. Hastily finishing the toilet in which I was engaged, and seizing my rods and other equipments, I descended to the dining-room, and attacked with vigour the breakfast which had been prepared for me, while my friend, as he warmed himself before the fire, discussed the promising nature of the morning, and the probabilities of success in our sport.

In a few minutes our rods, landing-nets, clips, and all other requisite tackle, were safely packed on the dog-cart, and we started for the scene of operations.

We had a drive of ten or twelve miles through a rich and varied country. As we ascended the Sidlaw hills, which separate the fertile Carse of Gowrie from Strathmore, the view which opened upon us was beautiful in the extreme. The sun, surrounded with glorious cumuli of crimson-coloured clouds, had just risen over the hills of Fife, the ruby and golden-coloured light of which reflected from the broad estuary of the Tay made that noble river seem one living mass of molten gold. The craft upon its surface assumed a deep purple hue, and were seen even at the distance of three or four miles with the utmost sharpness and clearness. The splendid champaign country which constitutes the Carse of Gowrie, and which stretches from the vicinity of Dundee to the gates of Perth,—a distance of twenty miles,—lay beneath us in all its tranquil loveliness, its level surface finely variegated and broken by the castles and richly wooded parks of the nobility and gentry. As we continued to ascend we began to enter the mist, which in the early morning still enveloped the upper country. Wrapping our plaids around us to defend ourselves from the close, cold, and foggy atmosphere, we whirled rapidly onward; nothing being seen but an occasional cottage by the wayside, or a labourer plodding along to his daily toil. Having driven three or four miles, the mist began to clear in grand and curling masses,

and speedily the last wreath of it took its departure from the lofty peak of the King's Seat, leaving us an uninterrupted view of the wild country, into which we had now penetrated.

We were in the bottom of a valley, with a lofty and precipitous range of hills on the right, and undulating and wooded hills on the left. We had reached a well-known point on the road called "The Long Man's Grave." It consists of a huge boulder of trap-rock, about ten feet in length by three feet in breadth, and eighteen inches in thickness, and bears a rude resemblance to the flat gravestones common in Scottish churchyards. It lies at right angles to the road, with a dry stone dike or wall built across it. Popular tradition has made it the burial-place of the odious usurper Macbeth, simply in consequence of its vicinity to his castle. Veracious history, however, declares it the last resting-place of a tall highlander, who fell in a clan-fight in the great annual fair which used to be held at this place, but which has been for nearly a century removed to Falkirk. As we ascended a gentle eminence on the road, the far-famed hill of Dunsinane came in sight. Apart from the associations with which the genius of Shakspeare has surrounded it, by his inimitable tragedy of *Macbeth*, it is a hill which would at once attract the traveller's notice. It is entirely detached from the range of hills in which it stands by a deep gorge, or gully, on either side, and is of the form of a nearly regular cone. The hills on either side are superior in height, and their summits are covered with heather and furze; while Dunsinane is clad almost to the base with a smooth and thick sward of beautiful grass. In the gorge, which separates it from the hill to the east, in the precipitous face of the cliff, there is a striking profile of the late Duke of Wellington, formed by the different masses of trap,—a suitable monument of nature's own rearing to that illustrious man. On the summit of the hill the remains of "Great Dunsinane" have been recently excavated by the spirited proprietor. The walls laid bare showed that the fortifications, though of considerable extent, could only have been of the rudest and most primitive kind. They were composed of undressed blocks, which had been formed, without cement or mortar, into a curtain, which entirely surrounded the elliptical platform which constitutes the apex of the hill. From the quantity of charcoal found among the ruins, the fortification, or castle, seems to have been chiefly composed of wood. No remains of any special interest were found during the excavations. The view from the summit of the hill is exceedingly fine. Birnam Hill, from which the invading army marched bearing the prophetic branches, is seen distinctly at the distance of ten or twelve miles. It is a spur of the great Grampian range, which, like a gigantic wall, intersects the island. Strathmore, or the great Strath, is seen stretching from Sheriff-Muir, where

"A chieft lost his faither and his mither,
And a gude braid bannet worth them baith,"

onward to the eastern coast, a distance of at least sixty miles. We drove onward through the battle-ground on which the youthful Malcolm, by the help of the English prince, and that of his faithful nobles, regained his kingdom, and the vengeful sword of Macduff made the odious usurper bite the dust; and, after half-an-hour's drive through a beautiful and highly cultivated country, reached the portion of the Tay where our piscatory operations were to be undertaken.

As we drove down the approach to the quaint old mansion-house, under the battlements of which our boatmen were appointed to meet us, we caught a glimpse of a reach in the noble river, and, to our delight, saw that it was in capital condition for our sport.

How picturesque and beautiful the old castle, into the courtyard of which we now rattled! How trim and neat its quaint old garden, with its tall cypresses and yews! What a fine aristocratic air in the old house, with its high stepped gables, and its little turrets, and its old-fashioned

windows! Its little chapel in the inner court, and the grand old trees around, impressed one with a feeling of solemnity, and made the echoing footsteps of my companion and myself sound harsh and dissonant. The site of the mansion has been chosen by the ancient architect with consummate skill. It is perched on the top of a precipitous bank, by the side of a deep gorge, through which runs a little brawling stream, and at a bend in the river; so that from its windows the broad and sweeping Tay, with its finely wooded banks, can be seen for more than a couple of miles.

Issuing from the castle by a small postern gate, we descended by a winding path to the brink of the river, and found our boatmen awaiting us. A council of war against the salmon having been held, it was determined to begin about a mile above the point where we now were, in order that we might fish downward. Depositing our heavier traps in the boat, and each taking a rod in our hand, my companion and myself walked by a beautiful path among trees and shrubs to our station, in order that we might have a few casts while the men were towing the boat up the rapid stream. The rods were speedily mounted, the lines quickly run through the ample rings, or *mylies*, the cast-lines affixed, and the most tempting hooks attached. A few initiatory swirls and casts to see that all was right gone through, when the hooks were delicately deposited on different parts of the deep and eddying pool before us; but, notwithstanding the delicacy of the casts, and the fact that the one hook was a "black dog" of Mrs. Hogg's own manufacture, and the other a "wasp" of the right mottling and colour, nothing arose. Again and again the supple rods bent, and the whizzing line was stretched far across the stream, depositing the hooks over the spots where the lordly fish were lying; but "the monarch of the tide," as Smollet designates the noble fish, as yet, would not be enticed. Stepping upon a ledge of rocks which projected a little way into the river, my companion, by a dexterous cast, made his hook alight on the farthest edge of the broken water. In an instant whirr went his line, and up went his rod; with one dash the hooked fish ran completely across the river, and leaped a couple of feet from its surface, discovering his clear and silvery side to our enraptured gaze. From the run and the glance we were persuaded it was a clean fish, and therefore prepared ourselves for a protracted contest. The salmon rapidly recrossed the river, and my companion as quickly as possible regained his line. Feeling himself encumbered, the fish appeared to lie sullenly at the bottom, till another twitch made him take another dash up the stream. The distance run was, however, much shorter, and again he sullenly laid himself upon the ground, resisting the steady strain which was kept upon him. Again a sudden twitch from the line set him in motion; but now he seemed to feel it necessary to husband his strength. Still the remorseless hook continued to goad; and the now wearied fish began to sink and rise alternately, without moving much from the spot where he had lain down, seeming to hold his ground chiefly by presenting his side to the action of the stream. The struggle lasted for a few minutes; but the steady strain from the elastic rod at length overcame the exhausted muscular energy of the sickening fish, and he was gradually drawn towards the shore. As we were without a clip (which is a large steel hook fastened to the end of a stout handle about three feet long, for striking the fish) or landing-net, I prepared myself to get, so soon as it should touch the beach, between the fish and the river, and pitch it high and dry. As it neared the shore, we saw it was a beautiful fish of twenty pounds weight. In my eagerness I moved too soon; when the salmon, catching a sight of his enemy, suddenly turned, and made a last despairing rush into the river for life and liberty. But it was all in vain; the steady strain again brought him rolling and twisting feebly to the same spot, and he was at length pitched a couple of yards from the river upon the grassy bank. And so we killed our first fish.

On the arrival of the boatmen with the boat, we rigged out

another couple of rods, having resolved to "harl" the water. It may be necessary to explain to those not initiated into the mysteries of angling, that "harling" is a peculiar method of fishing a large stream. It is thus accomplished: three or four rods are projected over the stern of the boat, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. About fifteen or twenty yards of line are allowed to depend from the points of the rods, with the hooks or minnows attached. The boat is then rowed from side to side of the stream, allowing it at each crossing to drop a little with the current. Great skill and judgment are necessary in working the boat, so as to make the hooks play properly as they cross the best parts of the stream. The anglers sit with the butts of the rods at their feet, and their faces to the hooks, ready, on the striking of a fish, to seize the rod and work it. Our boatmen were thoroughly acquainted with their work, one of them having fished the river almost daily for upwards of half a century. Old Willie knew well every pool and eddy and head where there was the slightest prospect of a fish. The day was beautiful, the river in splendid condition; so we began with every prospect of success. It is necessary, however, to remark, that in the month of February, although there is plenty of fish in the rivers frequented by the salmon, comparatively few are clean; the great majority are what are called in this district *kelt*s or kippers, the former being the female fish, which, having spawned in the upper part of the river, are on their return to the sea. From having been so long in the river, they are generally in a lean and miserable condition, their flesh being white and unpalatable, while their gills are filled with worms. The latter are the male fish, which, having shed their milt, are also on their way to the ocean. Their condition is generally a little better than that of the female fish.

Having fished a considerable time without any success, we approached a head, on which the water was somewhat troubled, when the point of one of my rods was suddenly bent, and the line dragged outward with considerable velocity. A fish had struck, and I was in great excitement; but Old Willie's practised eye at once detected his genus, and his judgment considerably damped my expectations. "Only a yellow trout, sir," exclaimed he. The slowness of the strain upon my tackle convinced me that Old Willie was correct; so the trout, struggling and spluttering, was hauled in by main force. It was a trout, in tolerable condition, of a couple of pounds weight.

The tackle being again put right, we zigzagged down the noble stream, admiring its steep and beautifully wooded banks, amid the tall deciduous trees of which the wood-pigeons were cooing and fluttering from tree to tree, scarcely disturbed by our proximity. Whirr went the reels of a couple of rods almost at the same instant, and we sprang to our feet, elevating at the same time our rods, which were bending as if they would snap with the strain. After the first run, my companion and myself were put on shore, that we might work our fish from the bank, the only alternative in such a case, as the one fish might seek up the river, while the other might make downward, when of course the boat could be of use to neither fisher. A certain tugging of the line made me suspicious of the character of my fish; and in a little time his large fins and dun and yellow back, as he rose lazily above the surface, made the matter certain. It was a *kelt*, beyond all doubt; so putting on as heavy a strain as my tackle would endure, he was dragged to the edge and netted. As Old Willie extricated the hook, and denuded him of his dorsal fin, he pronounced him "the poorest brute" he had seen. Being thrown into the river, he glided lazily into his native depths, to find his way to the great feeding-ground in the German Ocean, and to return in prime condition in a few months, and show better fight the next time he encounters a hook. My companion was obliged to follow his fish a considerable way down the river, but at length secured him, and found to his chagrin he also was a *kelt*. Again we were afloat, and speedily had fish attached. But it would

far exceed our limits to relate all our adventures and misadventures during that long and pleasant day. We had abundance of exciting sport; and when, in the dusk of the evening, we landed under the battlements of the old place, we found we had taken eighteen *kelt*s, which of course were turned into the river, besides having a run with six or eight which had broken away from us, carrying with them some excellent cast-lines, and sundry precious hooks; but what was best of all, we had each secured a clean fish, the one weighing twenty and the other twelve pounds.

Thanking our men for their excellent conduct of affairs, and handing over to them the residue of the flask, we ascended with our spoil and apparatus to the old castle, found the horse quite fresh after his long rest and his corn, and drove home by the gentle light of the lady-moon.

THE WICKED OLD WOMAN IN THE WOOD.

A CHILD'S STORY.

A FROWNING fortress, and two or three narrow streets gathered into its shadow; a moated castle, cold and cruel, and a few miserable huts clustered around it,—these were the towns and villages of England in the days we tell of. Many people went into the woods. They were not more comfortless there than in their wretched dwellings; and if the rain dripped on them from the green boughs, it was at least bright and clean as it fell from heaven, and they had there the soft sunshine and the pure light that never entered their dark homes.

Some went into the woods from love to God, and some from hate to man. These last, perhaps, were men who found themselves grasped in the coils of some strong injustice, from which there was no other escape save this. It was hard to lose an eye or a hand because a cruel lord was angry, or a sour priest offended; better be in the woods a sound man, than rest in the town a maimed one.

So in the forest lived these two, the outlaw and the hermit; but the wicked old woman was neither of these. The hermit crossed himself when he met her, and the outlaws cursed her as she passed.

There was a beautiful wood in Devonshire, far enough from the sea to be sheltered from its gales, and near enough to give glimpses of its blue waters between the leafy glades and green arches of the forest. It was here the wicked old woman lived, in a little natural grotto formed by an overhanging rock of dusky Devonshire marble. A stream, like a silver thread, ran along at its base; glancing and leaping from rock to rock, it seemed to play and sing as it went on its way to the blue sea.

The little wicked old woman never looked at it, save when she wanted water for her breakfast or her supper. And though the rock, her dwelling, was clustered with wild roses, and the tendrils of the honeysuckle hung down before the entrance, she never heeded them, save to thrust them aside with a curse for strewing her path or obstructing her way.

She had long hands, bony and unearthly to look at. They never did any gentle or kind office for human being, those hands. She dug up roots with them out of the earth. Every day, with her long nails and a rusty bit of iron, she might be seen digging wearily into the hard ground, searching for roots.

There were thousands of violets in the wood, and she often knelt on them, or trampled rudely on the delicate white and purple flowers in her weary diggings into the stony ground; but she never gathered one, nor felt her heart grow tender at the sight of them.

The birds sang in vain for her. She snared them when she could; and when she could not, she cursed them. In the spring, when the soft green leaves came out on the trees, she only thought of the time when they would be lying dead and withered on the ground, and she could gather them up to make a dry bed for herself.

It was beautiful in the summer-time to wander in that wood, when the air was filled with summer whisperings, and every leaf was fluttering with life, and between the tall trees came glimpses of the still sea, glittering in the sunshine or calmly blue in the shadow of the sky.

In the winter-time,—when the slender grass was bent by the hoar-frost, or the boughs laden with white snow were glistening and sparkling in the faint sun, and the sullen dash of the angry sea as it lashed the distant shore mingled with the wistful sound of the dead leaves as the wind scattered them in the path,—the wood was beautiful still.

But it was all nothing to the wicked-old woman. With her long bony hands she clutched at the winter-berries, or dug after roots, and gathered up broken sticks for her fire. She snared the little singing-birds, and the timid hare and rabbit. She took all the blessings the wood gave, and never rendered it back a thankful word or a happy look.

There is a *why* for every wickedness; but it would be too long to tell the story of her outraged life. The sorrow God sends softens, but the misery man makes hardens the heart. The mother from whom God has taken little children cannot be wicked, for she knows there are angels in heaven waiting for her. The daughter who has knelt by her mother's deathbed, and heard her last prayer, and received her last blessing, cannot be wicked; for she would not grieve the spirit of the blessed.

The wicked old woman had never known her mother, nor nursed a child on her knee. Throughout her long life there was no happiness to look back upon the memory of which might soften her; no love, no tenderness, she had clung to whose remembrance now could bring tears into her withered eyes. All was injustice, wrong, and misery. God had pity on her, man had none.

One day she sat rocking herself to and fro at the entrance of her cave, her long black hair streaming over her face, and her dark eyes looking fierce and glaring, as she sat there in the deep shadow of the overhanging rock. The little stream rippled calmly at her feet, trickling over the pebbles with a gentle sound, that seemed to tell of summer gladness, and the long tendrils of the woodbine waved above her, mingled with the clustering June roses.

She rocked herself to and fro, her withered eyes watching the motions of a dead leaf—dead even in summer—that the idle wind was whirling over the quiet brook.

Suddenly a shadow fell into the clear water, just where the leaf was about to drop. It was a little child, with white robe torn with thorns, and feet bare and bleeding from his weary wanderings.

Standing by the brook-side, he bathed one tired foot in the stream, and watched smilingly the pure water rippling over it.

The old woman started up, and with fierce and angry gesture heaped curses on the child, whose blue eyes gazed on her wonderingly and full of pity.

"You shall not bathe your feet in that stream," she screamed. "It is mine."

"It is God's," said the little one.

The answer angered her into madness. Darting back into her cave, she seized a burning brand from the fire, and rushed upon the child with murder in her words and looks. With one bony wicked hand she clutched him by his golden curls, and with the other raised the brand high in the air to strike; but at that instant the sun parted the clouds in the sky, beams of glory came down from heaven, and formed a halo round the golden head, soft wings rustled over him, his white robe descended to his feet in glittering brightness,—an angel stood before her.

The old woman fell on her face, expecting instant death; but, instead of that, a gentle hand was laid upon her head, and a voice like the sound of lingering distant music said, "Fear not."

She knew the angel was gone, because the shadow of his glory had faded away from the brook, and the waters mirrored now only the gray flocks and clouds of the summer sky.

Still she lay there on the earth till the night breeze blew chilly over her, and the stars came out one by one; then she rose slowly, and went into her cave.

No one saw her for a fortnight, and then the hermit met her. She had a bunch of roses in her hand, and her face was very pale. He asked her if she had been ill.

She answered, "No;" but she had been wrestling with an evil spirit.

To the outlaws she gave the same reply, and they believed her literally; but the hermit knew she meant herself.

It was only a short time after this she saw the child again.

He bathed his bleeding foot in the stream, and watched it smilingly, as she had seen him do before. Trembling and wondering, she looked on, till his blue eyes turned on her inquiringly, and his little hand raised in the air beckoned, "Come hither."

With faltering step she came, and, falling on her knees, whispered:

"Are you an angel?"

"I do not understand you, good woman," replied the child.

She started up, and burst into tears. He had answered her in the language of her childhood, the language she had not heard for fifty weary years, since she was a girl of twelve, and was stolen away from her French home by English pirates.

Yes, it was the old French tongue, forgotten now in France itself.

But it was not forgotten then by her. In the deep recesses of her heart it lay like a shrouded treasure, the sole thing till now she had worshipped.

She flung her arms around the child, for she saw he was no angel, and in his own tongue implored him to speak again.

It was nearly her own story he told. A French and English ship had met, and fought fiercely. The French ship was taken, and the innocent child was the only creature allowed to live. The sailors had landed that day for water, and he, wandering away from them, had lost himself in the wood.

The ship was his home, and, in artless words, he asked her to take him back to it.

He was from her own country, he spoke her own tongue, and she had seen him come before to her dwelling as an angel; no wonder she was unwilling to let him go, and gazed wistfully at the sea, as, carrying him in her arms, she journeyed towards it.

The beach lay five weary miles off; but she said nothing, though the child was heavy and the way was long. And it was with a joyful heart she pointed to the white sail far out at sea, and thanked the Providence that made the child her own.

She comforted him as he wept for the loss of his rough home; and, with his little arms around her neck, and his soft face pressed against her withered cheek, she turned back to the wood. But not to go straight home; many a mile she went out of her way to beg for milk and bread for her new charge.

The rough peasants gave it willingly, with wondering eyes gazing at the child's beauty and the changed look in the old woman's face.

The sun was sinking when she laid him on the bed of leaves in her cave, and busied herself to make a fire to warm his bread-and-milk. She sat rocking herself to and fro, watching him as he ate, while he prattled to her in her own tongue, till the tears swelled into her eyes, and trickling one by one over the withered cheeks, fell slowly into the fire.

The child seeing that, put down his porringer, and asked, softly:

"Was your father killed at sea, granny?"

"No, my child."

"Did the sailors take you away?"

"Yes, my child," said the old woman, her lip shaking.

"Were you a little child like me?"

"I was a bigger child than you, woe is me," said the old woman. There was agony in her voice.

The child looked at her with earnest eyes, and then slid his little hand softly into hers.

"Granny," said he, "we will forget it together."

When she felt the clasp of those tiny fingers, soft and warm, holding her bony wicked hand, she trembled, and cried, that "God was too good to her, wicked as she had been all her life."

Then the child, to comfort her, smoothed her cheek with his hand, and whispered:

"You'll be good now, granny, and God will forgive you."

He knew not what wickedness was, and he had no loathing for her sin, her age, or her withered ugliness; tender and caressing, and forgiving to all, like the angel by the stream who had laid his hand upon her head.

Whispering to her that he would have her for a mother, because his own mother was now so far away, he climbed on her knee, showing her his swelled foot, and asking her to "make it well."

Carefully she bathed and bandaged it; and then taking him in her arms again, he talked of the sea-fight and his dead father in a sad tone; but then, remembering his little sister at home, and the rabbit she had promised to tend in his absence, he laughed again, and said, "He would soon go back to France to see her, and take old granny with him."

Thus talking, he fell asleep; and she laid him gently on the bed of leaves, and watched him as he slept.

The moonlight, as it glanced in between the honeysuckle branches, made the child look pale, and then she gazed at him, sighing; but the red fire, as it rose and fell on the rude hearth, lent a ruddy glow to his fair cheek, and then she smiled.

* * * * *

All that summer-time the child and the old woman went hand in hand through the wood. He soon got to know where the birds sang the merriest, where the flowers grew the brightest; and he laughed joyfully as he made the old woman reach him the highest branches of honeysuckle and the wild clematis that hung from the trees. They took home such bunches of flowers every night that the cavern was strewn with them. And in remembrance of the French rabbit, he soon had a little English one, for whom the old woman never forgot to gather the fresh leaves it liked.

By her own labour, too, in collecting wood for the peasants and herbs for the sick, she earned enough to buy a goat; and all the milk was for the child. The coarsest food had served for her; but now she made a rude oven in the rock to bake him better bread than the peasants could give. And she spun and knitted for him for hours, as he played on the sands, and she sat on the rocks near him. The beach was his favourite spot, and the five miles were nothing to her when she carried him.

And so the summer passed away, and the autumn, with its rich berries, its wild fruits, and showers of hazel-nuts, and then the winter came.

The child was still the little bird of her dwelling, singing in the snow as he had sung in the sunshine. He went every where with her in her long walks to fetch meal to bake, and wool to spin, sometimes sitting on her shoulder, or lying in her arms, and sometimes running by her side, and always bright with happiness.

He saw a thousand things the old woman had never seen before. Sometimes it was a new flower, a curiously twisted leaf, a shining pebble, or a broken shell; but whatever it was his earnest eyes had fastened on, he would have it, whether it were high up on a thorny bank, or deep below on the rocks and shingles. Those little nimble feet surmounted all difficulties, and the eager hands, that made the old woman laugh—they were so small—seized the treasure, and held it fast, examining it curiously.

How she watched him with glistening eyes! And in places he could not reach, she put down her basket and went for

him, often over the sharp jutting rocks, where some white pebble glistened in the sun, while his little hand outstretched pointed anxiously to it, and the childish voice, in eager accents, cried, "There, there, dear granny, that's it."

Alas, she could not bring the sunshine with her; and when it lay dull and dark in the tiny palm, his blue eyes fell on it wistfully, and he would ask, "Where all the sheen was gone?"

Pointing upwards to the sun, she would tell how he had lent some of his glory to it for a time, making a worthless pebble seem a gem; and he, holding it in his rosy fingers, turning and twisting it about with curious inquisitive eye, would gaze upwards at the dazzling beams, and again at the dull stone, with looks of wonder and of love.

The summer came again; and the child, the old woman thought, must be five years old, and should be stronger now than last year; but it was not so. He no longer laughed so merrily when she shook down the June roses on him, or threw the honeysuckles into his lap. And on the sea-shore, instead of building his mimic castles and forts, he would come and rest his head on her knee, and gaze with fixed eyes over the blue waters.

"Why look over the sea so earnestly, my child?" asked the old woman one day.

"France is there, and my little sister," said he, shading his eyes with his hand to gaze out further still.

She caught him up in her arms, and hurried away; but glancing at his blue eyes, she saw they looked stedfastly at the sea, till the tall hedges hid it from his sight; then, with a deep sigh, he laid his head on her shoulder, and fell asleep.

He did not ask to go to the shore again for a long time.

When the autumn came he was very pale. "It was the heat," she said; and she carried him oftener than before. When the winter came he was paler still, and then she said "it was the cold." And she heaped wood on the red fire, and made his bed at the back of the cave, far away from the frosty air.

At last the time came when she could deceive herself no more. The child lay on the yellow leaves, white and wasted, fast dying.

It was an agony to her to be obliged to leave him while she went to fetch the needful food and other things; but, coming home, she never forgot to gather the flowers he loved; and bringing them to his bed, she would put them into the little wasted hand held out for them.

One day in February she was on her knees in the wood, searching anxiously, and two of the outlaws passed.

"Are you grubbing up roots there, Mother Beelzebub?" asked one.

How she would have cursed him once! Now she answered mildly, "No, she was looking for violets."

"Violets!" cried the robber, with a loud laugh.

"Hush!" whispered the other, "'tis for the sick child. I saw some in bloom yesterday," said he. "Yonder, mother; round the old ash-root."

He pointed to the place; and thanking him, she went to gather them.

When she put them into the child's hand he was so pale, that she fell by his side in terror and anguish, thinking he was dying.

Raising himself in the bed, she felt his arms twined around her neck, and she heard him say, "Granny, I think Jesus is come for me."

"Not yet, my child, not yet; I cannot bear it," she cried.

"Granny, I have told Him I cannot die here; and He says the angels shall come for me when I am in France."

Lying down again, he remained silent and thoughtful; while she stood over him, with such a look on her face as he had never seen there before.

All that night, whenever the child opened his weary eyes, he saw her sitting by the fire, rocking herself to and fro. When he moaned and asked for drink, she was kneeling

by his side; but when he was silent or seemed to sleep, she went back by the fire, and rocked herself to and fro.

The next day it was the hermit who watched by his bedside, and the next day too; but in the evening she came back, footsore and weary, and falling on his bed, clasped him tightly in her arms, crying out,

"O, my child, you will get well now, for you will see France."

With flushed cheek and eyes bewildered, he started up; while she told him she had found a ship to take them, going to sail in April; and she would go with him, and give him safely to his mother.

She did not tell him that in giving him up she yielded her life, and that she had spent for the passage all the money she had saved through long years of sin to pay for masses for her soul.

No need to tell him to get well. Day by day he grew better. She brought him home news of the first bird's-nest she had found, and he went himself to see it, and made her lift him up twenty times to look at the shining eggs. The cave grew bright again with spring-flowers, snowdrops, wood-anemones, and lilies.

He was too weak to go far; so he played by the brook-side, where she had seen his angel, and she sat under the rock spinning. But she often let her wheel rest while she watched him with wistful eyes that were ever saying, "Farewell."

All his talk was of home, and his sister, and his dear mother. Then April came, and she carried him to the seaport, and sheltered him in her arms through the voyage.

They did not land in the town whence his father's ship had sailed. He had remembered the name when he first came to the cave, and she had treasured it in her memory; so now they had many weary leagues to traverse, and it was bright June before they neared his home. She begged her way on, and they wanted for nothing on the road; for his beauty and the story of his orphanage moved all hearts.

When they got close, quite close to the town, she walked very fast and eagerly, as if there were some fierce struggle in her heart, and she feared the evil would conquer.

Once in the town, the little Gabriel's house was soon found. It was the best there, with a bright garden, and windows covered with twining flowers. Every one knew the story of his father's ship being taken by the English; and one sailor, who had escaped, recognised the child with a shout of joy. A crowd of wild, excited, happy people brought them to the door, while others ran to the church to ring the bells for his return.

And now his little sister ran out, crying, "Gabriel, Gabriel!" and fell on his neck with many tears; and his mother stood fainting by, kneeling to thank God, and then kneeling to thank the old woman; and then, clasping her child in her arms, speechless and sobbing, she went into her house, followed by her weeping friends. All was passionate exclamation, wonder, and joy. But in a few minutes they missed the woman who had brought them all this happiness.

She was gone; she was already a weary mile on her way. How could she stay there to see him taken by another?

She never knew how pale his little face was as he clasped his hands and implored her to come back; she never knew how he cried for her that night, till his own weary sobbings sent him to sleep.

She was lying then in the shadow of a great elm, looking up at the silent stars, and murmuring, "It is enough now, O Lord."

I cannot tell you of her weary journey home, because I should weep. She had not the heart to beg now, so she was in want often; and every spot reminded her of him. Here he was tired, and she had put him to sleep on the soft grass, and had sat, like Hagar, over against him, watching him. There he had played, binding up the flowers she had gathered, and laughing as he put them against her withered cheek, "to make his ~~face~~ pretty."

Here was the bank where he had sat eating his dinner so merrily, while she fetched him fresh water from the brook.

O, how cold and dark the road was without him! Every thing was dead.

She never looked up now; she knew when she was in a wood by the fluttering shadows of leaves that fell over her or flickered on her path. They made her shiver, those shadows, and so did the bright sunshine when it poured over her in the open meadow or on the broad road.

She got home at last, she knew not how, to the old cave, and began her old life again. But often when she went out for roots, she forgot them, and gathered flowers instead, and brought them home, and laid them on the dead leaves where the child had slept.

In her wanderings, too, she would stop to pick up a shining pebble, or crimson leaf glittering with dew, or many a feather dropped from bird's wings, lying in the wood, forgetting she could not give them to him now.

She laid them all on the little bed till he should come back. The brown rug the kind nuns gave him was there still. She would not take it, even when the weather was at the coldest. At night, as she sat by her fire, she watched for his laughing face to peep from under it, and to hear his rosy lips cry, "Granny, granny."

Of an evening, in the old days, he would do this twenty times; and she heard the childish voice still crying, "Granny, granny."

But sometimes the little couch of yellow leaves looked dead, and she would fancy he was there covered up, but cold; and then she would tremble very much, and cry a little.

And thus the autumn and the winter glided away. She was a worn woman now, minding herself so little, that I think she must have starved if the good hermit had not helped her.

She never forgot to lay flowers on the child's couch, though she so often forgot her own roots and berries. Every night she knelt by the withered leaves to pray; and when she rose from her prayer, she always said, "God will let me see him again."

One day in the early spring, just as the snowdrops were peeping from the earth, a rough sailor came to the cave. He had spoken a French ship, and had promised the captain he would find her.

Little Gabriel was dead; and he had sent a message to her to say he should see her again.

"Well, she had known it long ago; she had always known he would die. Had she not seen his angel?"

That night, when she hid her face in the withered leaves to pray, she said as usual, "God will let me see him again."

A few days after this, the hermit coming to the cave, found her on her knees by the child's couch, a little bunch of white violets in her hand. He touched her. She was quite dead.

The priests said no masses for her soul, because the money was spent in the voyage to France; but I think she saw little Gabriel again in heaven.

J. T. B.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

Is there any reason in the world why the etiquette and practice of the bar should be at variance with the common rules of morality and good breeding which regulate society? Does a barrister, the moment that he puts off the habiliments of private life and dons the gown and wig, enter at the same time into a new nature, and become invested with



BÉRANGER.*

privileges peculiar to the character which he then assumes? In fact, can a few pounds of horse-hair and a few yards of stuff, by any known law or admitted necessity, place a person above the ordinary duties and responsibilities of a man, a neighbour, and a Christian? We never read the records of any important criminal trial without being assailed by these inquiries. Take the last great trial on record as an instance; and be it understood that we do not point particularly to this trial, or to the able and distinguished lawyers who were engaged in it, but to the general practice, of which the Edinburgh case affords the latest example. Now, bearing this trial in mind, what is the impression derived from the speeches of the counsel on both sides, as regards their own personal and individual conduct with respect to the guilt or innocence of the accused? The counsel for the prosecution sets out with a firm but assumed conviction that the prisoner whom he has been instructed to prosecute is guilty of the deed, of which she is accused. His settled purpose is avowedly to procure a verdict against the prisoner, come what may. Of that purpose he never once loses sight. He has his game to make, and brings all the skill of which he is capable into play to make it. He takes the evidence which has been adduced before the court, and twists and turns it to his advantage, sparing neither eloquence nor sophistry in the effort. Where a link of the chain is weak, he endeavours to strengthen it by welding an inference into it; where a link is wanting, he does not scruple to fill the gap with the assertion of a personal conviction. We should say it was rarely indeed that an able advocate does not succeed, while he is yet unanswered, in proving his case to the satisfaction of the general auditory

* A Memoir of Béranger will appear in our next Number.

of a court-house. Now comes the counsel for the defence. Like his learned brother, he too sets out with an assumed and settled conviction,—that conviction being, that the prisoner at the bar is “not guilty.” He has also his settled purpose,—that purpose being to “get the prisoner off” at all hazards. To this end, throwing aside all reasonable judgment, all regard for what is true and what is false in evidence, shutting his eyes to the ends of justice and the interests of society, he proceeds to meet argument with argument, sophistry with sophistry, and to oppose his own assumed personal convictions to those of his adversary. This is no doubt following up what has been laid down by eminent authorities as the whole duty of an advocate. Lord Brougham, who may be considered one of the very highest authorities in these matters, lays it down that an advocate is bound to do every thing that can be done for his client,—to smother all feeling with regard to others, to spare neither age nor sex, feeling nor character; in fact, to use every effort, and to employ all and any means within his reach for his client’s good. But is this dictum to be accepted as an unalterable and unerring law? It was delivered by Lord Brougham at a time when he himself was working his way up to the high position which he has since attained by the exercise of the advocate’s art and profession, and when he may have had his own conduct to excuse and defend. But we opine times have changed since then. Morals, politics, the principles of government, and the social duties, have all undergone a marked alteration—an alteration which has been brought about by an access of enlightened ideas. Is the practice of the bar alone to withstand the influence of progress? Are the principles of advocacy enunciated thirty years ago alone to defy the light of improved intelligence?

What is the result of the undeviating adherence by the legal profession to the dictum referred to? Simply this: an advocate claims the license of his wig and gown to do and say things which as a private gentleman he would shrink from. Put the advocate in the position of an unconcerned spectator, and you at once reduce him to the level of common feelings and honest judgment. If he be a just man, his anxiety will be, that justice may be done, spite of argument and forensic skill. If he be naturally a merciful and tender-hearted person, he will probably give way to sympathy and pity. Such a person is swayed by his reason, his instincts, and his love of truth. But the advocate throws all these sentiments and emotions behind him: he encases his breast in triple steel, and fights, not for the vindication of truth or the triumph of justice, but for the vindication of his own skill and the advancement of his own reputation.

Will any one, having a sense of justice and the feelings of a man, say that this should be the undivided aim of an advocate? Is it necessary for the ends of justice that the counsel who prosecutes an accused person should strive without evidence to obtain a conviction? and, on the other hand, that the counsel for the defence should insist against evidence for an acquittal? We think not. It may be argued that there are the judge and jury to weigh the evidence and arguments for themselves. True. We do not say that trial by jury is a failure. On the contrary, we believe that instances of the miscarriage of justice are exceedingly rare. But this does not exonerate the advocate from the charge of exceeding the bounds of propriety and fair play. It is not the advocate's fault that there is not a miscarriage of justice every day in the week.

The trial of Courvoisier for the murder of Lord William Russell affords a memorable instance of the excess into which counsel are led by an adherence to the duty of an advocate as laid down by the oracles of the profession. Mr. Phillips, Courvoisier's counsel, solemnly declared his belief in the prisoner's innocence, after he had heard from the prisoner's own lips a confession of the crime. In Palmer's case, again, it will be remembered that Serjeant Shee attempted to influence the jury by a similar declaration. The trial of Miss Madeline Smith affords the latest example. Here the Lord Advocate insisted that it was clearly proved that Miss Smith had poisoned Mr. L'Angelier on a certain day, though he had failed to adduce evidence to prove that they had met on that day. His efforts in this way only excited the Dean of Faculty to a similar stretch of the proper functions of the advocate. "I cannot help seeing," he said, "that if there be a failure of justice here" (that was to say, if the prisoner be found guilty) "it can be attributable to nothing but my own incapacity to conduct the defence; and I protest to you, that if it were so, the recollection of this day and this prisoner will haunt me as a dismal spectre to the end of my life."

The judge very properly condemned the expression of personal opinion on both sides as so much "trash," which the jury were implored to dismiss from their minds.

Now we would simply ask upon this, if the ends of justice would not in every case be attained with more decency, and with less offence to a sense of right and fair dealing, if advocates would look more to the elucidation of the truth than to the enhancement of their own fame? "See what is the effect of the forensic principles of which we complain in actions for libel, breach of promise, and *criminal conversation*. The great object of the advocate is to shake adverse evidence by assailing the character of the witnesses. And how often does the advocate, in pursuing his ends in such cases, condescend to the abuse and ruffianism of the bully! He does not even spare his own cloth; his maxim being, when he finds he has no case, to abuse his learned brother. But we do not make a point of such instances. There are black sheep in every profession, in the church as well as in the law; and the person who is not a gentleman in his private relations cannot be expected to be a gentleman in his public capacity. We do hold, however, that the highest

and most honourable members of the profession have become accustomed, by use and example, to practices which cannot be reconciled with the motives and feelings of a true man of this age. Mr. Commissioner Phillips seems to have learned this lesson. A remark which he made the other day in the Court of Insolvency will serve very well as the moral of the views we have here expressed: "When I came to the bar," observed the learned commissioner, "I was told that special pleading was the perfection of reason; I have found it to be the perfection of nonsense."



TWO SONNETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARNOLD, A DRAMATIC HISTORY."

I. SUNSET FROM THE COTSWOLDS.

TURNING, I gazed o'er the hill's sudden crest,
The whole expanse of western sky to see,
Flooded with molten flame tumultuously
By the dissolving orb, whose like bequest
Gave hill and valley each some varying hue—
The fore hills purple, and the far hills blue:
Nor vainly rose the faith from thought deprest;
These shows of mortal air, too transient far,
Fate to fulfil themselves in heaven, and are
Its antitypes of splendour and of rest.
Else were those amphitheatred heights more blest
That, native to the sight, serenely saw—
Though not without a hush of possible awe—
That glory of God descending down the west.

II. MUSIC FROM THE VALLEY.

Rising in pensive softness, seem'd the strain—
Time, with a trick of sadness on his tongue,
Mourning the lost world, beautiful and young;—
Then burst into a lengthen'd wail; again
With passionate and strong desire was thrill'd,—
Yearnings impossible to be fulfill'd,
Immortal language given to mortal pain,—
As though a wand'ring angel, exiled long,
Had learned earth's sorrow yet not lost heaven's song;
Till, changing to a clear and jubilant blast,
The strength of triumph gained from suffering past;—
While that full-clarion'd song swell'd far and wide,
Surely some conquering soul stood satisfied
With, and before, the Infinite at last.

THE ENGLISH IMPROVISATORE.

By STEPHEN HUNT.

"His muse made increment of any thing,
From the high lyric down to the low rational;
If Pindar sang homo-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?" DON JUAN.

THERE is perhaps no talent more rare in this country than that of impromptu composition, either in prose or verse, the climate of England, and the diet, education, and pursuits of the people being palpably opposed, not merely to the growth, but to the existence of it. Heavy animal food and strong drink are far better adapted to the nurture of soldiers than of extempore poets, whose talent ought at least to answer the description Dryden gives of his friend Davenant, of whom he says: "He was of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him in which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the Latin proverb, were not always the least happy; and as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new."

We know of no one now-a-days upon whom we can pass

such an encomium, and seldom hear of the existence of such a talent, unless it happens to make an evanescent display under peculiar circumstances, such, for instance, as the dilemmas in which negligent actors and dilatory authors are especially prone to involve themselves.

It is related of the veteran dramatist Moncrieff, that having, after repeated appointments, at last made his appearance in the green-room of one of the London theatres, with a manuscript drama which had been "underlined" in the bills for weeks previously, he made ample amends to the manager and company by the universal gratification which his reading of it afforded them. From the leading tragedian to the deliverer of messages, all the actors were satisfied with the parts; and therefore, when the meeting was breaking up, the copyist of the theatre expected to receive from the author the entire three acts, that he might lose no time in getting the usual copies made for the licenser and prompter, &c. Moncrieff replied by handing him only the two first acts.

"Why keep back the third?" Inquired the scribe.

The author replied with a promise that it should be forthcoming on the following day.

"But it read so beautifully, Mr. Moncrieff, you cannot possibly want to alter it," said the copyist. "Pray leave it me."

"It will be of no use to you if I do," answered the author; and, opening the first page of what every body had believed to be the third act of the new drama, he exhibited to the gaze of the astonished scribe the manuscript of one of his oldest pieces of a totally different character.

"You don't mean to say that—"

"Tush! I have not yet written a line of the third act; but you shall be sure to have it in the morning," whispered Moncrieff; and, for a wonder, he kept his word.

Still more remarkable instances of such talent have been given by actors at a country theatre, in the compulsory improvisation of an entire play, where it has been quite a fresh study, and, owing to the interruption of some town or village festival, the players have all been so imperfect when the night of performance arrived, that an attempt to follow the text could have proved only a dead failure. In this emergency, and not being able to change the performances, because they were for the benefit of one of the actors, and the first piece was a new drama that had made a great sensation in London, they have agreed, at the last moment, to discard the author's text altogether, and attend to nothing but the plot and incidents, each actor improvising his own part. Strange to say, the performance has gone off quite as successfully as if every body had been "letter-perfect."

Ben Jonson remarks, that "many foolish things fall even from wise men, if they be in haste or extempore;" and, admitting this, the utmost indulgence is due to those who, possibly without the least pretensions to wisdom,—aspire to a display of talent that depends greatly upon vigour of fancy and vivacity of imagination, prompting to extraordinary readiness of wit and smartness of repartee. When such qualifications are required, it is not surprising that an English Improvisatore should be rarely heard of; his merits being too humble to admit of his becoming even one of the most ephemeral stars that attract public attention. Inasmuch as his profession is not recognised as conventionally respectable, it is necessary that he should possess brilliancy sufficient to dispel this objection; but it is most probable that his power of shining is deficient in the strength and versatility which would have been imparted to it by a classical education, otherwise he might have been led to seek a more recognised, if not more reliable, source of subsistence. He knows nothing of the art of poesy, and begins his career as a mere rhymers, prompted, perhaps, by some vivacious acquaintance who has a brazen propensity for what he calls "capping verses," on the springs, summers, fields, flowers, hills, lakes, rivers, and pools, in addition to the innumerable eccentricities of nomenclature that meet his eye every where on door-plates and over shop-fronts. Endowed with consi-

derable facetiousness, and finding that he has an off-hand ability for more than mere rhyming, he takes every opportunity of cultivating it. Encouraged by the injudicious applause of friends, he is next tempted to extemporise a song on the names of the visitors at some private party; and being very successful, becomes imbued with an idea that he possesses a genius for poetry, and devotes all his leisure time to the study of versification; samples of which, in the shape of poetic epistles, he is continually inflicting upon his acquaintances. At last he ventures to attempt an appearance in print; and having hit upon what he conceives to be a very bright idea, sends his effusion to the editor of some minor periodical, who rejects it, with an admonitory exposition of its defects so mortifying to his vanity, that he determines to confine himself to impromptu composition. Still, however, dissatisfied with the display of his talent in private, he is induced to seek for applause in public; which he readily gains by an introduction to one of those convivial assemblies termed respectively "free-and-easies" and "mononic meetings." Here he is received with such *éclat*, and becomes so completely intoxicated with applause, that he never omits his attendance a single night, and thus he unconsciously adopts habits that render him totally unfit for any business occupation. The talent that was cultivated as an amusement is now exercised as a source of subsistence. Without the least difficulty, an engagement is obtained to take the chair at some kind of convivial meeting every night, and thus the Improvisatore realises about thirty shillings per week. For this remuneration he is expected to extemporise upon any subject that may be given him; though if, as is most probable, he is friendly with his vice-president, the latter takes upon himself to suggest a theme that has been privately agreed upon, or proposes that the matter should be left to his friend's choice; an alternative which is understood to mean one of his old songs. Sometimes, however, he is subjected uneasily to the call of a stranger; and should his response prove very successful, it forms an addition to his stock that well repays him for the effort. When free from this restriction, and presiding over an audience who exhibit peculiarities affording opportunity for humorous sketch or smart remark, he will select his characters, and improvise a song, rather personal, but very pleasant, and full of effective points. Upon these occasions he is extremely apt to use the word "sirs" as a sort of stereotype substitute for varied and legitimate rhyme, due attention to which would not only be difficult, but might injure the characteristic merit of his display. At other times he is very ready to prove his skill in the jingle of versification, especially when he happens to be acquainted with the names of his audience, and finds amongst them some favourable patronymics,—such, for instance, as Peel, Gold, or Bell,—which also afford him full scope for creating laughter and applause, by the facility practice has given him of playing upon words, though in a style which partakes rather strongly, yet perhaps unavoidably, of the *ad captandum*.

In this way he gains a reputation that not only procures him engagements at private parties and public dinners,—where he will probably astonish his audience with a parody on a new song, which, although studied at home, has all the effect of an impromptu composition,—but enables him to make lucrative benefits by his numerous chairmanships when the season for harmonic meetings is drawing to a close. Thus provided with the means of making an appearance so immaculate as to bear the ordeal of the summer sunshine, he endeavours to obtain a situation as "puff" and poet—comprising the improvisatorial responses from the "Wizard's Cave," or the "Temple of Cupid"—at some such place of public amusement as Cremorne Gardens. If he finds that the arrangements at these establishments admit of no vacancy for his services, he assumes the pen of the poet on his own account, and courts the inspiration of his muse for effusions of every description, from birthday-odes to epitaphs and epithalamiums, with an occasional descent to floral alphabets, nursery rhymes, and tradesmen's adver-

tisements. The columns of a provincial paper afford him ample scope for speculation; and having sent off a sample of verses to one or two advertisers, he most probably finds his remuneration in an order from some bazaar-keeper, proprietor of an exhibition, or perhaps a house-decorator; in whose behalf he will take the seasonable opportunity of assuring the public that they may obtain the enjoyment of the most romantic scenery, brilliant sunshine, umbrageous trees, pellucid streams, and delightful flowers, entirely free from fog, and unexposed to skyey influences, without the trouble and expence of removing into the country. As an atonement to his conscience for passing this slight upon nature, he will, most probably, expend the money so earned in a trip to Richmond or Gravesend; where, the exuberance of his felicity depriving him of the means of returning to London, he is compelled to replenish his purse by some such expedient as that of inditing a poetical bill-of-fare for the proprietor of a coffee-shop, eating-house, or tea-gardens.

If he is very adventurous, he will spend the summer in a tour through the provinces, improvising songs, &c. at taverns, and poetising a few advertisements for tradesmen in large towns. At the end of autumn, he returns to the metropolis to resume his old career; and in this manner—should he have the good fortune to be unopposed by any one of more novel abilities—he passes year after year, until late hours and long libations consign him to a hospital or workhouse, where he dies, aggrieved by having been prevented from leaving to posterity the slightest memorial of his talent—not even the usual churchyard-card, “In memory of,” to say nothing of the epitaph with which he intended to have adorned it.

A CONSIDERATE UNCLE.

A young City gent, whom his familiar friends call Jemmy Smart, and whose ease of manner behind the counter, and whose skill in deciding troublesome customers to make their choice, have long been the admiration of the feminine world, lately received a letter from a Yorkshire attorney, informing him that something to his advantage had occurred, and enclosing a five-pound note as a foretaste. It stated that his maternal relative, Robert Brown, whom he had never seen, but whom he had heard spoken of in the family as Uncle Bob, an old bachelor, much addicted to the grazing of cattle and the fattening of pigs, was lately deceased, and that the will divided the old gentleman's landed and personal property between himself and another nephew, a vigorous biped of lofty stature, belonging to the class of native domestic agricultural animals. Mr. James Smart was further counselled to ask his employer to grant him a temporary (so underlined) leave of absence, and to proceed forthwith by rail to York, previously announcing the hour of his proposed arrival to one Josiah Nixon, his late uncle's bailiff, now holding possession at The Thickets, till the rightful heir should come to claim his own. Josiah would meet him at the station with the gig.

Jemmy lost no time in obtaining the required permission; and in packing up his Sunday finery,—his shirt-fronts of finest calico, his unimpeachable false collars, his jewel-box resplendent with mosaic gold and brilliant paste of purest ray serene. He was off, with the pole-star for his guide.

At the York station, he looked out in vain for Josiah Nixon, whom he pictured to himself as a tall funkey, with cane in hand, powdered hair, and long great coat with livery-buttons. Nothing of the sort was there. He waited about impatiently for a quarter of an hour, till every one was gone, when he began to suspect himself the victim of a hoax; but after a few minutes' further suspense, there entered an aged and dusty countryman, disguised, as it were, in a linen smock-frock, such as north-country graziers wear, and looking as if he also were in quest of somebody or something.

“Pray, sir, may I ask whether your name is Mr. James Smart?” he respectfully inquired of our hero, with a certain formal politeness.

“Yes, sir, it is; and I suppose I may ask *you* whether your name isn't Mr. Josiah Nixon?” retorted Jemmy sharply.

The old man bowed assent.

“Then, sir, I must tell you,” continued James, “that it is a very bad beginning of our acquaintance that you presume to keep me waiting in this way. I have been kicking my heels here nearly half an hour.”

The veteran bailiff looked vexed and puzzled, and an expression of deep disappointment came over his weather-beaten countenance. “I am very sorry, sir, that it has so happened; but it is a long drive from The Thickets to York. The weather is very sultry and close to-day, and poor old Neddy has had a hard job of it. As soon as he has finished his corn, we are at your service, sir.”

“Very well, sir; say no more about it. I only just wish to give you a hint, that if you intend to remain in my service, you must be more punctual for the future.”

During their drive to The Thickets, old Nixon was taciturn—sulky, perhaps—leaving Mr. Smart to indulge in monologues by the way.

“What horrid dusty roads! I wonder they don't water them. But that can hardly be expected in an out-of-the-way place like this. And this is Neddy? I'm not surprised now at your being behindhand, with a great, fat, ugly, lazy beast like that.”

“But, sir,” interposed Josiah, with some little warmth, “he was a great favourite with my poor dear master, who drove him for more than a dozen years. He said he hoped you would never part with Neddy.”

“No; not part with him,” replied James, with a cunning grin, “if that's a condition in the will; but I can lend him, you know, to a friend of mine who drives a London cab, and that will put a little life into him, if whipcord will do it.”

Nixon winced as if a lash had struck his own shoulders. “There's The Thickets, sir, at last; and I hope you'll like it.”

“That old, dismal, tumble-down place! Why it's smothered up with trees; you can't look out of the windows for evergreens; and I'd bet a sovereign there's an owl in every chimney. But I'll soon alter that. I'll cut down three-fourths of those nasty trees.”

“But, sir, master planted every one of those trees himself. He would have been sadly grieved had he known that was what they were to come to.”

“Well, what business is that of yours? He's dead and gone; and it's my turn now. But tell them to let me have some dinner as soon as possible; I'm dying with hunger, and all because Neddy crawls at the rate of five miles an hour.”

Mr. Smart was received by his uncle's housekeeper, an old-fashioned dame, in deep mourning, with snow-white hair, and an antiquity of a cap. Nixon explained the urgency of the young gentleman's appetite. He was accordingly shown into a spacious wainscoted dining-room, where a circular table was neatly laid for three. In a few minutes Josiah entered, immediately followed by a ruddy servant-girl, bearing a substantial joint and smoking vegetables.

“All is ready, sir,” said Nixon. “We had better not let the gravy get cold.” And he and the housekeeper took their places before two of the vacant knives and forks, remaining standing till the heir should seat himself.

“Are you going to dine here without being asked?” inquired James. “It's an extraordinary liberty for servants to take.”

“We always dined with master in the parlour,” said the housekeeper demurely, but bridling up, “except on the days when he gave his grand dinners to the county-gentry. We thought you would like to have things go on exactly as they did in the old gentleman's time. However, sir, if we are intruding, we'll retire.”

"No, no," said James condescendingly. "Never mind for this once. You may stop to-day. Besides, you may be able to give a little information about the place, and what it is worth. "Yes; you can carve, Nixon. What a clumsy fellow! Not so thick as that, and not quite so much fat. I wonder whether the governor had any decent wine."

"This is a bottle of his very best port, which I brought up from the cellar on purpose to—to welcome you with." And Nixon made a grimace which speedily passed away, and shot a rapid glance at the housekeeper opposite.

"Hem, ha!" said James, superciliously tasting it; "rather thin, I think. I could get better than this in town at half-a-crown a bottle."

"Would you like to look at the stock, sir, after dinner?" asked Josiah, evidently uncomfortable.

"What stock?" retorted James. "I never knew that Uncle Bob kept a fancy warehouse."

"Our cows, sir, and our pigs. We have some of the most beautiful Durhams that all Yorkshire can show; and our pigs take prizes every year at the Midland Counties Exhibition."

"Nasty creatures!" was James's reply. "If I sell the place, the live creatures can go with it."

"Sell the place!" exclaimed the bailiff, turning red as scarlet. "Your poor uncle, sir, thought you might like to marry, and settle comfortably here. And what is to become of us, sir, if we are to be turned out of house and home, where we have both of us lived more than forty years, sir?"

"O, that's your look out," said James. "I had no idea of finding such a dull hole as this. And as to marrying, I'm not going to throw myself away just yet. If I swap this musty old farmhouse for a neat bachelor's villa-residence in St. John's Wood, where I can keep my cab, my tiger, and something else, perhaps, that will be a little like life, old boy." Uncle Bob's wine was stronger than Jimmy suspected. "Hang it," he continued, "if I don't go to York to-morrow morning, and ask the attorney if he can't manage it for me."

"Suppose you go this evening," blandly insinuated Josiah. "I think Neddy could do it, now he has had his corn, with a little extra whip;" and the old gentleman cunningly arched his eyebrows.

"By jingo, so we will!" cried James, greedily catching at the idea. "It will be capital fun to take down a little of that lazy brute's proud flesh. Let us be off at once."

So said, so done. Foolish Neddy neighed at starting, as if he were bound for a party of pleasure. The drive back to York much resembled the drive from it, except that Nixon seemed in better humour; the effect doubtless of the dinner and the wine. At last they reached the City of the Seven Sisters.

"Hallo! what are you about?" said James. "Where are you driving to? I'm going to the attorney, man, and not to the railway-station."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Josiah; "but you are going to the railway-station, and back to London as quick as possible. I'm Yorkshire, you know. You'll excuse my having played you a little trick. I'm Uncle Bob, and not Josiah Nixon; and as I'm not yet quite dead, I intend making a trifling alteration in my will, which will relieve you of the trouble of disposing of The Thickets. There's a ten-pound note, sir, to pay your expenses to town and your loss of time; and I wish you every possible enjoyment of your bachelor-residence in St. John's Wood, with your tiger and cab, and whatever other additions you may think fit to make to your establishment."

E. S. D.

A MORNING WALK IN ALGIERS.

By BESSIE R. PARKES.

WE started one morning (January 27th) with our sketch-books, having at last the promise of a fine day; for the

weather during the last three weeks had been, though not cold, atrociously wet; shower succeeding shower in heavy succession, and the apparent prospect of the same to the end of time, but for the perpetual apparition of a segment of a rainbow over the Mediterranean, as if to say, "Wait a bit, and I'll clear up." This wet weather, in the midst of roses and violets and orange-flowers, seems to a European very unseasonable, especially to artists, for whom the exceeding loveliness of the land is a constant temptation and provocation. We are a mile out of town, just beyond the magnificent French fortifications which encircle the ancient precincts of Algiers. The road, though very amusing, is too dirty and too muddy to be agreeable; one meets representatives of every nation of the Mediterranean, and that list includes a pretty considerable proportion of the races of mankind. Arabs nearly run over you, driving or riding on donkeys, the long white robes dignifying the ass himself; making him, in fact, an ass of poetical and scriptural reputation, and not a mere low donkey. Sometimes it is a long-necked shambling camel, instead of our long-eared friends. No uglier animal than a camel walks upon four legs; even the hippopotamus has the sublimity of size; but these rough and lengthy individuals, however useful and harmonious in the wide sandy desert, are singularly out of place when trudging along a French road among carts and omnibuses. This again reminds me of the public conveyances of Algiers,—ancient yellow vehicles, mud-bespattered, and drawn by three ill-conditioned horses, yoked abreast. These omnibuses are lined with yellow curtains, and bear the most romantic names outside, upon their panels, such as *La belle Andalouse*, *La belle Espagnolle*. I hope that no *belle Anglaise* stood godmother to such a crazy old carriage! You can be conveyed into town from the suburbs for the very moderate price of three sous,—equivalent to a penny-halfpenny,—and may have as your companions a couple of French *militaires*, with very tight waists and moustaches; a *bonne* in a white cap, with a couple of children,—one *un petit bonhomme*, dressed like a miniature Zouave, cloth jacket, loose breeches, and tiny red fez complete; the other a small woman, aged six years, with a silk bonnet perched on the back of her erect little head, a silk mantilla frilled all round in ascending tiers, and a parasol tipped with ivory and fringe. These young people are swung across the mud and into the omnibus by their energetic nurse, she talking all the time in a shrill key to the *militaires*, and finally subsiding into a shower of observations addressed to herself, and finished off with an *Ah, mon Dieu! Ugh!* The party is made up by a *religieuse*, in ample black and white head-gear; for the Catholic Church is a living fact in Algeria, and has many establishments for purposes of worship and of charity. Among others is the Convent du Sacre Cœur, a lovely old Moorish house, surrounded by olives and cypresses. Its domed roof is surmounted by the Christian Cross, in token of consecration. But the nuns are not the only long-robed women to be met in omnibuses; I once saw one entirely filled by a party of Moresques, going out to the cemetery; acts of reverence to the dead being among the few avocations which ever take respectable Moresques from the cloistral seclusion of their homes. To which may be added, going to the bath, and a visit three or four times a-year to the mosque, which is thought enough for a woman. From those few notes and memoranda upon Algerine omnibuses, inside and out, the reader will perceive that the species is one of the most whimsical conveyances going upon wheels.

The stationary objects of interest on the eastern road into Algiers consist in a number of low shops or open stalls, kept by Arabs, for fruit, &c.; a caravanserai, where the camels put up and unload; and a huge *théâtre impériale*, of the ugliest construction, and so large that it dwarfs the low though massive Moorish houses to a lamentable degree. Presently the town begins in a street of tall French houses, shabby, muddy, and faced with poor shops for old iron articles, such as bits and stirrups, sabots, &c., for *vin et liqueurs*. Here the foot-road is being mended, and you have

to diverge into the middle of the street, where, as you are painfully picking your steps, you probably hear an Arab at your back shriek, *Balek, balek!* and are only just in time to save your bones and your dignity. I was seated sketching on a stone-post in a country road some days since, when an Arab actually drove his panniered donkey right at me from carelessness, which caused, as you may well believe, a great concussion; a most gratuitous accident, as there was ample space and verge enough for sketched and Neddy too.

On the lower road into Algiers, for there are two, you pass under a noble palm-tree, one of the few left in the neighbourhood; it shakes out its long feathers to the wind like a true child of the desert. A few steps farther bring one to the arcades, which traverse the town from east to west, running parallel to the sea. They are built under French houses, and fall back at the Place du Gouvernement, leaving a wide square space, adorned with an equestrian statue of the Duke of Orleans, and thronged, like the arcades, with a most amusing crowd, vociferating in all the tongues born of Babel, Jew, Greek, and Gentile. Here may be seen particoloured coats, such as Joseph may have worn in times of old, and *gamins* of all religions, or no religion at all. But we were bound to the old town; so we crossed the Place and bent our steps towards the Catholic cathedral. All that strip of flat land which borders upon the sea, and once formed the Roman port of Icosium, is now covered with French houses and hotels, to the great detriment of the picturesque beauty of Algiers; but above this strip, the town rises in a steep pyramid, built chiefly of Moorish houses, closely wedged together, terrace above terrace, and of dazzling whiteness.

The Catholic cathedral stands immediately behind the Place, upon the first slope of the hill; a large ugly building, once a mosque, but now faced and defaced by stone blocks, and two clumsy towers. Inside, the walls and ceiling are covered with Moorish tracings, in white plaster, which have a singular association in a church devoted to the ceremonies of the Christian religion. It seemed this morning that a funeral had just been performed; for the trestles, painted with skulls and crossbones, yet stood in the centre of the building, with rows of tall tapers round about; while from the centre door emerged a procession of priests and little choristers, who slowly wended their way down the broad flight of steps leading to the street. We passed by the governor's town-house, which is fronted like the Venetian palaces (the only specimen of that kind of architecture which I have seen here), and went up a narrow street at the side of the French baths. These are in a fine old Moorish house, with an open court and bananas, where we sat to rest some time upon a red divan, lazily perusing our letters from Europe. From these we strolled up to the Rue de Salluste, called after the Roman governor of old times who commanded in Africa. The streets of Algiers are all named and numbered now, and a difficult task it must have been to accomplish this; for such a tortuous labyrinth no European could figure to himself: the oldest part of old Paris or Edinburgh is palatial in width and straightness compared to it. The houses are nearly windowless on the outside; little slits like loopholes alone giving sign of human habitation, except the arched door, suggestive of mysteries and *oubliettes*. The poet Campbell, in his letters from this country, written in 1834, says, they seemed built for no other purpose but to keep the heat out, and the women in. The rooms are necessarily dark, being only lighted by windows looking into the galleries surrounding the court; and a gentleman friend of ours, who opened a window in the outer wall of his dining-room, was obliged to glaze it with ground glass, and never enjoyed the luxury of putting his head out of it, because, from the steepness of the ground, it overlooks the terraces of several houses below it, and these terraces are sacred to the female members of each family, who would instantly be put to rout by such a terrific apparition. It is somewhat ludicrous to stand on one of these terraces in the upper part of the town, and thence look down fearlessly, if you wear a

bonnet and shawl) over the flat roofs, descending, step after step, to the sea, and see the trousered Moresques hanging out their clothes to dry, and clambering carefully over the partitions dividing them from neighbour-roofs, in order to pay visits to their gossips. Imagine, for the rest, these houses packed together, with only space between for steep winding footways, capable of containing three abreast, or an Arab and donkey with panniers; also frequently breaking into steps, when the ground becomes steep, and passing under arches and long tunnels, where the massive houses meet like solid rock overhead; for the upper stories almost invariably project more or less, and are supported by a number of small slanting beams, which produce a singularly picturesque effect. Algiers demands a Prout to do it justice, before its thousand bits of striking "subject" are ruthlessly destroyed by French improvements. It makes me quite sad to see demolition going on at intervals all over the town, merely for the running-up of tall, shabby, ill-built houses, which possess not an atom of beauty, and little safety either, considering the earthquakes which occasionally visit this country,—one of which, not many years back, destroyed the town of Blidah, some miles inland. A French gentleman, long resident in Algeria, described to us the awful approach of even slight tremblings of the earth; how the noise, heard afar off, slowly rumbled up nearer, causing the horses and asses to stand quivering in every limb, and *all the little birds to cease singing, and hide their heads beneath their wings for fear*. True Moorish houses have hardly any thing that can fall, unless the actual walls be overthrown; they have no chimneys, and little furniture save cushions. They are built for the warm weather, which prevails here during the greater number of months, and which last year was only interrupted by a very few days of rain; but they make no account of the possibility of such a wet season as the present, when the rain pours right through the centre of the house on to the marble pavement of the court below, with side splashes into the balconies. In this cool season,—about the temperature of our April,—the streets are tolerably free from disagreeable odours; but in the warm months they must be very unpleasant; and doubly tantalising to a painter, from the glorious light and shadow cast by the summer sun. It is in the hot months that earthquakes are felt,—from July to October; the ground sometimes sways for the space of half a minute, but no great damage has for a long time occurred here. At Cherchell, in 1845, the shocks lasted more than ten days, and all the town bivouacked in the streets, experiencing five or six tremblings each night. If any one be in the house when such occur, and have no time to rush into the street, the terrace on the top becomes the safest place, in order that, should any part of the house fall, he may fall with, instead of under, the ruins. But we hear of no serious earthquakes in this part of the colony.

When we sat down to sketch we were speedily surrounded by a crowd of people, particularly by Jewish women, who are the only easterners who walk unveiled. They are not handsome, the cast of features being too thick; indeed, the result of an experience of Moorish and Jewish female faces is, that the dark eyes and oriental grace do not rival in personal charm the finer cut faces and expressions of French and English women. These natives look not only uneducated, but unhealthy; their mode of life prevents their complexion from being bright and clear, and there is about them a general air of languor and heaviness which would nullify greater claims to beauty than they possess. One of the handsomest Arab men I have ever seen came and inspected our work; and when he saw that we were struck by his picturesque appearance, he threw aside his long white burnouse, and stood in a magnificent pose, exhibiting his rich-coloured robe underneath for the admiration of the European strangers. On the top of a neighbouring house emerged a Frenchman, who inspected our proceedings with great curiosity; then, going down into his interior, he sent up a lady, who also put her head over the wall, and

eyed us intently. The next spectator was a bearded Moor, carrying one of their classical water-jars on his shoulders; he walked slowly by us, and disappeared down the dark archway we were sketching. When we had enough of this sort of thing, we rose and wandered up the town, admiring the little open shops: the shoemaker's, where a small urchin sold us a delightful pair of red and yellow baby's shoes for sixpence; and the fruiterer's, full of pumpkins and Barbary figs; the native *cafés*, with crossed-legged gentry drinking little cups of coffee, the wine-skin slung up by the wall,—the first time we had seen that scriptural article; and the turner's workshop, where the lathes are worked by a simple contrivance like the bow of a fiddle. All these things, however, delighted us less than the scribe, busily inditing a letter for somebody unable to write their own; and an old Arab warming his skinny hands over a brazier, and muttering like one possessed by a demon. There are few cities in the world capable of affording so many interesting sights as those we witnessed during one morning's walk in Algiers.

AN APOSTROPHE WORTH EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS.

Most opera-goers are acquainted with the trial-scene in the third act of the *Marriage of Figaro*. Marceline and Figaro are at law respecting a written promise, by which Figaro undertakes to pay Marceline a certain sum of money and to marry her. Figaro declares that, instead of *and*, or *is* written in the bond.

A still nicer point is said to be likely to occupy the French courts of law. Monsieur de M— died on the 27th of February last, leaving a will, entirely in his own handwriting, which he concludes thus: "And to testify my affection for my nephews Charles and Henri de M—, I bequeath to each *d'eux* (i.e. of them) [or *deux*, i.e. two] hundred thousand francs."

The paper was folded before the ink was dry, and the writing is blotted in many places. The legatees assert that the apostrophe is one of those blots; but the heir-at-law, a legitimate son of the defunct, maintains, on the contrary, that the apostrophe is intentional. This apostrophe is worth, to him, two hundred thousand francs, or eight thousand pounds sterling; and as the learned in the law cannot find in the context any clue to the real intention of the testator, it will be curious to watch the result of the contest.

E. S. D.



CORRESPONDENCE.

MADAM,—Amid all that is being said at the present time about improvement in the education or training of women, will you allow me space in your department to enter my protest against the idle-ladyism which is the prevailing tendency of society? You have already given your readers excellent articles upon some of woman's many duties; but there is one branch I would like to see put in yet a stronger light: it is the *training* of daughters to be really useful instead of merely ornamental members of society.

The man who works hard in a professional or mercantile career, and who trains his sons to a like course, trains his daughters, or allows them to be trained, to be "ladies," with nothing that they *must* do. But here, to avoid repetition, I refer your readers to your February Part (vol. i. p. 270) for an apt description of the life of "young ladies of well-to-do

families." The article is headed "Young Ladies' Work;" but that which the writer points out and recommends, and all similar works of charity, though good in themselves, are yet, in my opinion, not, as occupation, the first duty of young ladies,—are, indeed, mere palliatives of the reigning evil, which is the "inactive life that etiquette and the habits of society generally prescribe" for them.

It ought not to be considered demeaning to ladies to learn practically how to execute all the work required in the proper keeping of their homes; and I feel convinced these homes will never be rightly managed until ladies thoroughly understand what their servants ought to do, and are consequently able to teach those servants how best to execute all the branches of household work. At present they are at the mercy of their servants, who cannot help knowing the general ignorance of mistresses, and in too many cases take advantage of it.

We are constantly complaining of bad or inefficient servants, yet we hold the remedy in our own hands. Just let us understand our own business, and we may soon teach them theirs; for the true cause of so many indifferent servants is to be found in the ignorance prevalent among mistresses. To endeavour to prevent the longer continuance of this unwholesome state of matters is my object in now writing; for plain as it seems that ladies ought fully to comprehend housekeeping, which is their peculiar province, I have found some who had yet to be convinced that ignorance of it was any fault; their ideas being, in fact, very much the same as those of David Copperfield's child-wife Dora, who, if she did not know how to buy the leg of mutton, rested triumphant in the assertion that, "the butcher would know how to sell it."

After schooling is done with, most young ladies have their time at their own disposal; a faulty arrangement, as I think, for it surely is too much to expect from the greater number of them the persevering steadiness requisite for employing it well; and though I cordially approve of works of charity, as a great improvement upon utter vacuity of purpose, I think a woman should be fitted for the due fulfilment of the duties belonging to her more immediate sphere before even charity is made the principal or only real business of her life. Men need training for the business they are to follow out; and do women need none for that which is their peculiar business? Are their duties so easy as to be entered upon and performed satisfactorily at first trial, and by any one? or are women so clever as to need no teaching for their responsible position? The too frequent unhappy results of the present want of training are all I need allude to, to prove that neither of the above positions is tenable. Those who have a taste for housekeeping, or who are active, or energetic, or persevering enough to supply in the hour of need their previous deficiency of knowledge, will probably perform their part creditably; but with the large remainder, who either have no taste for housekeeping in all its various branches, or who want energy to overcome difficulties, or perseverance to carry them through repeated failures, nothing can compensate for the lack of early training; and what wonder is it that men have so often to complain of want of management and of consequent discomfort in their homes?

Human nature loves ease, and it is not difficult for girls to acquiesce in the little that is required of them. The details of housekeeping are no more interesting or attractive in themselves than the routine of a man's business; but just as he is happier in the execution of business, though it be often disagreeable or irksome, so would young ladies be happier in having something that they *must* do. I therefore advocate the daily performance of some of the details of housekeeping as very beneficial to body and mind, and also as being the best or only method of training girls to a thorough practical acquaintance with domestic economies. I might also go on to show how less of idle-ladyism among us could not fail to have an influence in improving society, by helping to check the prevailing love of show, the living

for appearances, which some of our leading journals have lately been lamenting and deprecating; but I reserve this for some future opportunity, when I may also enter more minutely upon what seems to me advisable changes in the up-bringing of girls.

McAutime, I am, &c.
A DAUGHTER.

DESIGN FOR A GARDEN FOUNTAIN.

DEAR SIR,—The design which I herewith submit to your consideration, for a garden-fountain, is given to prove how much may be done in carrying out such decorative objects at a trifling cost; and as economy may be a prominent consideration in the home adornments of the majority of your readers, I trust the following few remarks, founded on my own practical knowledge, will be acceptable.

A fountain in the garden may be well considered a luxury. It is an object of beauty, while its refreshing coolness and tinkling music serve as a lulling charm to while away an hour or so of a sultry evening; but many dread the expense of such an acquisition, calling to remembrance the marble basins and blowing tritons that adorn the statuaries' show-yards in the New Road, and which they are well aware are far beyond the means of the humble purse of a City clerk; but still there is the same yearning towards a fountain, and I was one of those who had this yearning.

I had a small, and I may say a pretty garden, stored with all the flowers my humble floricultural knowledge could bring together, and my still more humble accommodation-rare and propagate; but I wanted a fountain, and a small one. Now do not laugh, reader, at the means employed. Among the worn-out articles of domestic use which had been stored away in a back cellar, I found a large earthenware pan, such as is used in dairies; it was cracked, and therefore was condemned to be consigned, on the first opportunity, to the tender mercies of the dustman. It measured about four feet across, and I believe had served as a washing-bath for the juvenile members of my family. It was just the thing. I therefore drilled a hole through the centre, large enough for a small pipe. And now came the next consideration. What was I to do for a pedestal? I remembered that, within a short distance, on the banks of the canal, there was a wharf where they sold Roman cement, drain-pipes, and chimney-pots; and I had frequently observed that a great number of the two latter lay about cracked and broken. Away I went, determined on my fountain. I asked the man on the wharf if he had any broken chimney-pots; an inquiry he appeared to consider rather uncommon, but returned the laconic reply, that "there were too many by half." He pointed out a number.



DESIGN FOR A GARDEN FOUNTAIN

I selected one; it was only slightly damaged by a few cracks and a good-sized hole knocked in on one side. I asked the price. I could have it for a shilling. So I bought that, and some Roman cement as a make-up for the bargain.

I now set to work in earnest. I excavated a basin in the lower part of my garden, just in front of a favourite little bower; and as the soil was a close brick-clay, I had little difficulty in forming it. I allowed the surface to get well dry, poured over it a coat of concrete, and then gave that a coat of Roman cement. And now came the artistic part of the business. I obtained some large flint-stones, old bricks, and clinkers, and formed a rustic base; and while that was getting settled and dry, I proceeded with the other parts. First for the pedestal. I took my chimney-pot, and covered its surface with Roman cement; the very hole in the side became ornamental, for I perforated the opposite side also; then, with the cement, formed rough

and rugged stalactite forms, projecting and growing out of the sides, some pendent, others shooting upwards, and here and there, stuck in as by accident, a few broken bits of spar and shells, and small bits of coral. This being done, it was set aside to dry.

Next, to form my grand basin; and here my old pet earthenware pan came beautifully to hand. To facilitate my work, I placed this inverted on a board, and covered it with cement, and then built up all sorts of stalactite forms; taking care to make them as uneven and unlike as possible, for therein consists the art of imitating nature. This was allowed to remain until perfectly dry and hard. My pedestal was next placed on its rocky bed, first having taken the precaution to lay a piece of gutta-percha tubing to pass up through the centre. My grand basin being dry, was placed on the top; and to form the upper basins, I used inverted small flower-pots for the pedestals, cemented together; for the second basin, a moderate-sized propagating-pan, and for the top a large-sized flower-pot pan, perforated so as to allow of the jet passing through. All these were covered with cement, so as entirely to disguise their original forms, and in the mass it formed a pretty and agreeable object; and the effect I afterwards greatly improved by washing the whole surface with thin cement, and sprinkling upon it a quantity of coarsely-powdered glass, which, even when the fountain was not playing, produced a delightful sparkling effect. The water was supplied from the cistern of the house, which was sufficiently elevated to admit of my fountain playing in a very thin jet to the height of five feet. My lower basin was stocked with gold fish and water-lilies; and if I say that, being the work of my own hands, it did not cost me 2*l.*, I shall not exaggerate.

P. W. J.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XVII.

PAINTED BY T. M. JOY.

NEGLECTED FLOWERS.

NEGLECTED FLOWERS.

By T. M. JOY.

Along the common ways of life, and under the hedges by the side-paths through the world, grow numberless humble yet beautifully tender flowers, blooming sweetly in the depth of their own humility and shyness, shrinking from the traveller's foot-track, and from the glowing heat of all-pervading day. They are protected

"Against the sword of winter, keen and cold,"

by the rough banks and briery mounds by which they grow clustering together, sheltered by the ragged and wandering brier, guarded by the sturdy thorn, and concealed by the primitive and overhanging privet, the woodbine, the wild convolvulus, the rose-à-rubie, and they that are the modestest of darlings, convolvularia, and all those blooms whose faint odours load dawn of day with sweetness, with soft breathings, and faint sighs of scent that steal out of dim, unsuspected, shady nooks, whereabouts grow the moss, rank grass, and sturdy weed.

How few of us know them, even their names, much less love and cherish them! Do we not rather

"wonder at the lilies white,
And praise the deep vermilion of the rose,"

seeing all things that stand up before us to be seen, seldom seeking for ourselves about the down-trodden ways and lonely woods for those beauties that hide in calm unconsciousness of beauty and desert?

Amongst mankind, also, there are the same "neglected flowers," placid fair creations, who, with innocent pride, withdraw from the rude gaze of others, laden with goodness, charity, and humility, as the flowers with scent;—pale, pure, and modest as the shyest blossom, and clinging about the feet of the rougher growths that dominate the world, who, if they protect, also darken, neglect, and hide them.

The artist seeks to convey his feeling of these things in the picture an engraving of which is before the reader. If he has done this successfully can be decided by every one for himself, as the subject appeals to the simple and natural feelings that all men share alike.

L. L.

BÉRANGER.*

By ROBERT B. BROUGH.

THE amplest materials for the life of Béranger are within the reach of the most indolent and the most needy. They are to be found, arranged in chronological order, in a small pocket-volume, the price of which is the modest sum of three francs and a half, and of which many thousand copies are annually sold. The contents of this volume are exactly three hundred and twenty songs, with a few pages of notes and preface. Its title is *Œuvres Complètes du P.-J. de Béranger*.

"*Mes chansons*," wrote Béranger, when he had rested from his task, and could view the unique labour of his life in its proportions as a whole, "*c'est moi*." It was the simple truth. The annals of literature do not furnish a second instance of a man so inseparable from his writings—of writings so exhaustively exponent of a character and a career. Never before was so much of a human personality poured into song. It was Béranger's mission to sing, as it was the prophet's of old to speak. He understood and accepted his mission at once:

"J'étais sur cette boue;
Laid, chétif, et souffrant;
Étouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand;
Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortait;
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!"

* See portrait of Béranger, p. 313.

And the little man set cheerily about his tuneful task, pursuing it with unswerving energy and integrity, living to see it gloriously completed, and wisely desisting when it was done.

The three hundred and twenty songs of Béranger are parts of a whole, as complete and symmetrical as an epic. They are the picture of his life and times. He himself has described them as "lyrical memoirs" (*mémoires chantants*). The definition is over-modest. They are a poetical history of France, extending over a space of more than fifty years, centreing in the personality of the truest-hearted Frenchman that ever knew and loved his country.

It is through Béranger's songs that we purpose to give such a review of his life as the brief space allotted to us will admit of, borrowing little assistance from dates and extraneous facts.

Pierre-Jean de Béranger was born in the physical heart of that Paris whereof the moral atmosphere pervaded his every thought and action through life. We are indebted to dry biographers for the knowledge that the place of his birth was in the Rue Montorgueil, No. 50. He himself has apprised us of all the essential facts connected with the event:

"Dans ce Paris, plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an de Christ mil sept cent quatre-vingt,
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand-père."

Nothing could be more explicit. He was born in 1780, in Paris, at the house of his grandfather, who was old, poor, and a tailor. The obscurity of his family is further explained in *Le Vilain*, in which the poet declares himself a fellow of the common stamp, with a supreme contempt for the aristocratic particle "de," which accident or ancestral affection had prefixed to his name. We have already seen that he was "*laid, chétif, et souffrant*"—ugly, puny, and suffering. Would the reader know where the future bard was nursed, and whence he derived his first musical inspiration? Let him read *Ma Nourrice, chanson historique*. There will he learn how, in a remote month of August (his birthday, as we learn from more prosaic chroniclers, was the 17th), our poet, then a newly-born infant, departed by the Auxerre coach, in the charge of a handsome young wet-nurse, who, with six francs and certain linen essentials in her pocket, conveyed him to the tuneful province of Burgundy,—

"Pour la chanson climat propice,"—

where his young nurse's old drunken husband was accustomed to sit on the town-quay, glass in hand, and

"Chanter les gaités de Piron;"

a consistent beginning certainly for the life of an Anacreontic poet.

We cannot follow little Béranger through all the scenes of his infancy, of which reminiscences are profusely scattered through his numerous lyrics.

He returned to Paris, to be spoiled by the worthy old tailor, his grandfather (his own father, a restless unsuccessful speculator, troubling his head very little as to his son's welfare), and pick up such education as the streets and gutters of Paris might afford. Béranger's early days were, in fact, those of a thorough-paced *gamin*. It was a propitious time for the boys of Paris. The revolutionary troubles were commencing, and excitement abounded. On the 14th of July 1789, Béranger, in his tenth year, occupied an undistinguished post in the rear-guard of the ragged regiment of patriots that burst the gates of the Bastille. There is a symmetry in the external events, as well as in the motives and personal acts of his life, that is really remarkable. The 14th of July was a day of unsurpassed loveliness. Exactly forty years afterwards, the poet, pining in a cell of La Force, whither he had been consigned by the government of Charles X. for his political opinions, was roused from gloom and despair (the season had been cheerless, and poets—especially if they happen also to be Frenchmen, a coincidence which

* "*Le Tailleur et la Fée*," written in 1822.

rarely happens—are marvellously susceptible to atmospheric influences) by a lovely summer-sun bursting through his prison-bars. It reminded him of that glorious day, forty years back, when he had first, albeit unreasoningly, raised his voice to encourage a people in the conquest of their liberty. He had, but now, despaired of France and freedom. But the sun shone as it had shone forty years ago. (What poet can dissociate sunshine from the idea of hope?) It was the 14th of July! There were still chains to break, and dungeons to raze. He had a voice now, with power to direct the actions of the mightiest crowd. Béranger wrote *Le Quatorze Juillet*; a startling description of the great event of his boyhood, so indelibly impressed on his memory, in which the rule of the Bourbons was symbolised by the hated Bastille, which he had seen so easily destroyed by a resolute people. The following July had barely elapsed ere his majesty Charles X., in the palace of Holyrood, had ample leisure to meditate on the policy of locking up popular poets; especially when, as little boys, they may happen to have been present at the destruction of state prisons.

This is anticipating. The worthy old tailor, who loved his grandson too well to inflict upon him the nuisances of reading, writing, and arithmetic, was naturally anxious to keep him out of the way of cannon-balls. Little Béranger was sent for safety to an aunt, who kept an inn at Péronne, in Picardy. This relation was a kind-hearted woman, but a devotee to the backbone. In her opinion, the first and sole duty of Man—Man happening to be under the age of ten years—was to say catechisms. Béranger didn't like catechisms. On the whole, he preferred barricades. It is to be feared that the old tailor, like all tailors, old and young,—including (if we may be permitted the Ilibernicism) shoemakers,—was an arrant Radical and Voltairian, and, most likely, imbued the youth's mind with disrespectful opinions towards existing authorities. It is certain that (catechisms apart) the young Béranger could not be brought to a right way of thinking on the subject of holy water. Péronne was attacked by a terrible thunderstorm, from the effects of which the old *auberge* trembled to its very foundations. Pierre-Jean permitted himself to indulge in some heterodox observations on the efficacy of the repeated signs of the cross and sprinklings of holy water employed by his aunt in order to conjure away the effects of the thunder.

Suddenly the window was burst open with a terrible crash. The electric fluid struck the child, who was picked up, senseless, from the floor. He was believed to be dead; but in the course of an hour or so, reviving from his swoon, he evinced his incorrigible nature by the following question, addressed to his kind aunt, whom he saw kneeling and praying by his bedside:

"Well, and after that, pray what is the good of your holy water?"

The aunt was scandalised. Suspicions—only too well founded, as the result proved—immediately occurred to her. It was discovered that the young reprobate had not merely refused to learn his catechism, but that he had concealed in his bedroom several volumes of Voltaire (it would seem that, by some mysterious process, he had acquired the art of reading), saved from the library of his late uncle, and which the good dame, having allowed her avarice to get the better of her piety, had not found in her heart to destroy or dispose of. The thunderbolt was accounted for. It was doubtless a judgment. The terrible penance the old lady must have incurred makes us shudder, even at this distance of years.

Young Béranger assisted his relative in her innkeeping-duties (potboys, be proud!) until such time as he was old enough to be entered as a pupil in the Patriotic Institute of Péronne, founded by a red-hot republican member of the Legislative Assembly—Ballac de Bellanglise. Here the study of Latin and Greek was prohibited. The poor children, by the constitution of the academy, were compelled to burlesque the proceedings of the political clubs of the time. They were expected to make harangues, to indite

letters to Robespierre, Tallien, &c. Béranger preferred these exercises to the catechism, and distinguished himself greatly as a political debater and essayist—of four feet high.

Pierre-Jean loved his school. The histrionic displays, which formed the principal duties of the scholars, were congenial to his artistic nature. He liked playing at a talking-man's importance; but, alas! he was, too soon, called upon to perform a working-man's duties.

His aunt was poor and religious. For fear of suspicion of disaffection towards the prevailing régime, she had forborne to withdraw her nephew from the school, whose doctrines she considered perdition. She at length made her poverty an excuse for doing so. She declared her inability to support the boy at school; and removed him, on the plea that he must be put in the way of earning a livelihood. Béranger was rescued from the perilous clutches of M. de Bellanglise, and apprenticed to a printer in Péronne, named Laisney. Who and what M. Laisney was, the reader may learn by consulting the song entitled *Bonsoir*, addressed to that gentleman by the poet, thirty years after the date of his apprenticeship. Béranger never left a true friend unpaid by the honours of verse. M. Laisney was one of his best friends; for he encouraged him to neglect printing himself, and become the cause of printing in other men. What the world owes to M. Laisney may be estimated from the following note, affixed by Béranger to the song alluded to, which is in itself a compliment of the highest description:

"It was in his printing-office that I was placed as an apprentice. Not having been able to teach me how to spell, he resolved to encourage me in a taste for poetry, gave me lessons in versification, and corrected my first crude essays."

All honour to Monsieur Laisney!

Béranger's republican bias had been fixed by the eventful scenes amid which his early youth had been passed; by his scholastic training in the Institute of Péronne; and, more than all, by an inherent love of freedom, and a poet's faith in the perfectibility of the human race, which led him frequently to dreams of Utopianism. Accident, with the assistance of kind Monsieur Laisney, put him in the way of expressing himself to the world. A volume of André Chenier was intrusted to his "prentice hand" for typographical composition. Our future poet was at once struck with the melancholy sweetness of his unfortunate predecessor's verses. He resolved to imitate some of them, and set to work on the spot, succeeding very much to his own surprise and satisfaction. In the discovery that he was a poet, however, he forgot that he had promised to be a printer. He neglected the material composition for the spiritual. His employer caught him *in flagrante delicto*, but had the wisdom to consider the verses written more than compensatory for those that ought to have been printed. The youth, who had

"Penned a stanza when he should—compose,"

was encouraged to continue in the neglect of his duties, and to make a great man of himself as soon as possible.

Béranger, having terminated his pleasant apprenticeship, returned to Paris. He found his father in comparative opulence, due (as it afterwards transpired) to royalist intrigues. The improved circumstances of the family afforded to the young poet the rare boon of leisure. He threw himself into literature with all the ardour of a neophyte. It is needless to say, that he did not at once discover the real bent of his vocation. What great writer ever did? He commenced with the most ambitious projects. As he himself informs us,*

"The most ambitious poetical dreams cradled my infancy; there is scarcely an elevated branch of the art that I have not secretly attempted. To fulfil an immense career at twenty years of age, without the advantages of study—even that of Latin—I attempted to penetrate the genius of our language, and the secrets of style."

* Preface to Collection of 1833.

There was certainly no lack of ambition in the range or class of subjects attempted by Béranger. He wrote a comedy called *Les Hermaphrodites*, ridiculing the effminacy of the age. This was merely by way of relaxation from the severer labours of an epic poem on the subject of *Olovis*. The comedy was never acted, and the epic, in all probability, never finished. Not a trace has been preserved of either. No better fate has attended the rest of his early efforts; amongst which may be mentioned an idyll in four cantos, *La Courtisane*; another of unknown length, *Le Pèlerinage*; three odes, having for subjects the Restoration of Religion, the Flood, and the Last Judgment; and a small collection of minor poems, his earliest effort, published at Péronne under the name of *La Guirlande de Roses*. All these the poet destroyed as mercilessly as a painter effaces idle charcoal sketches from the canvas of his masterpiece, having no real connection with the great design.

Accident, which sent Shakspeare to hold horses in London, and drove Molière into a stroller's booth, decided Béranger's career for him. His father was detected in a royalist plot, and imprisoned. The apparent prosperity enjoyed by the family disappeared, to be succeeded by absolute want. Béranger found his epics, idylls, and comedies of little use to him. A movement of emigration of French families to Egypt had been excited by the conquests of Napoleon. It was the poet's intention to join this movement, in the hope of obtaining some civil employment from the colonial government. He was dissuaded from this project by a friend whom he consulted, and who assured him that the Egyptian colony was not likely to be a thing of long duration.

Béranger remained in Paris; and again we return to his songs for the history of his life. The *Grenier*, a reminiscence written after a lapse of many years, tells us how, at the age of twenty, he led a life of thoughtless penury in a garret six stories high, rich alone in health, hope, and the society of boon companions, as poor, as reckless, and as jovial as himself. The *Gaudriole*, *Mon vieil Habit*, *Les Gueux*, *Roger Bontemps*, and others, are pictures of this stage of his career. His satiric and political veins he had scarcely yet discovered. His patriotism, at present, went no farther than an unqualified and enthusiastic faith in the First Consul as the embodied principle of the victorious French republic. There was as little sympathy between the poet and his father in politics as in other matters.

But even garrets and sour wine must be paid for. The young Bohemian found himself face to face with starvation. In a desperate fit, he made a collection of every scrap of writing he had ever composed, and sent it to Lucien Bonaparte, the First Consul's brother, who had been represented to him as a patron of literature. The consignment was accompanied by a boyish letter, which the poet remembered in after-years to have been "worthy of a young head violently republican," and which "bore the imprint of pride wounded by the necessity of having recourse to a patron." Lucien sent for the writer to his hotel, "informed himself of my position, which he at once ameliorated; treated me as a poet, and overwhelmed me with encouragements and good counsels."*

Exile soon deprived the young writer of his considerate protector. Lucien Bonaparte left France for his long residence in Italy. Béranger believed his hopes at an end, when he was unexpectedly relieved by a letter from the prince, dated from Rome, renewing former expressions of good-will and encouragement, and authorising the poet to receive and apply to his own use the annual pension allowed by the Institute of France to Lucien Bonaparte as one of its members. Béranger continued to receive this annuity (a thousand francs, or forty pounds a-year) up to 1812.

For thirty years, Béranger had no opportunity of publicly expressing his gratitude to his benefactor. He attempted to do so at once, by the enthusiastic dedication of

* Dedication to Lucien Bonaparte, 1803.

a volume of *pastoral poems*. The imperial censorship would not permit such public honour to one under the ban of its master's displeasure, and prohibited the dedication. Béranger, in the first heat of his indignation, thrust the entire manuscript into the fire; so that the Pastorals of Béranger are amongst the lost books of the world. The Bourbon régime would admit of no printed honours to one bearing the name of Bonaparte; and it was not till the Revolution of 1830 gave France (for a time) a free press, that our grateful scribe was permitted to give expression to his feelings, which he did in a handsome dedication, from which we have already quoted.

The academician's pension was far from being adequate to supply the wants of a young author of careless habits and ardent passions. He eked it out by song-writing and general literary drudgery; and was further assisted by a small employment in the University of Paris, obtained for him by the friendship of M. Arnault, the author of *Marius à Minturnes*. Béranger repaid this kindness in his usual coin. When Arnault was exiled by the Bourbon government, the grateful poet addressed to him his exquisite lines of *Les Oiseaux*.

At the age of thirty-three, Béranger's imperial enthusiasm began to cool a little; and his keen, and now mature, intellect began to perceive, and long to satirise, the weaknesses and despotic tendencies of Bonaparte's government. But under such a sway, satire must be covertly and insidiously attempted. The *Roi d'Yvetot* appeared; and, for the first time, the hero of Lodi and Marengo found himself exposed to the most deadly enemy a Frenchman or a French government can encounter—ridicule. The satire was, however, so delicately and playfully conveyed, that even its object was fain to affect approval of it. Later in his career, the great man was destined to receive a severer lesson from the same quarter. At the most jealous, because the most precarious, period of Bonaparte's power, our poet had the hardihood to point out, under the form of an expostulation with a capricious courtesan (*Traité de Politique pour l'usage de Lisette*), the pernicious tendencies of the imperial absolutism, and the certain ruin it must result in.

These, however, were mere friendly admonitions—at the utmost, no more than the chidings of a parent. Béranger loved the first Napoleon, and could but deplore the fall of a régime which his sagacity told him was inevitable. It was not till the return of the Bourbons, when he conceived the whole work of the revolution reversed, and that all required to be commenced again, that Béranger began to feel and exercise his powers as a satirist. From the first occupation of Paris by the Allies, to the overthrow of Charles X., in 1830, the poet was a constant thorn in the side of the restored government. The revival of old court mummeries and antiquated feudal pretensions were more the objects of his scorn and ridicule than even that of an hereditary absolutism. *Paillasse*, *La Cocarde Blanche*, *La Marquise de Pré-tentaille*, *L'Opinion de ces Demoiselles*, *Le Marquis de Carabas*, *La Censure*, are among the earliest of his barbed arrows that rankled beneath the laced waistcoats of the triumphant lackeys. Unfortunately these were not grounds for legal prosecution,—the Bourbons, in the earlier stage of their revived power, keeping up a feint of constitutionalism. It was necessary—as on a former occasion of greater magnitude—to call in a foreign ally for the suppression of the common enemy. The priests came to the assistance of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Béranger, then at the height of his popularity,—his songs, whether published secretly or openly, as necessity required, enjoying an unheard-of circulation,*—sang for the first time, at a public dinner, *Le Dieu de Bonnes Gens*. This proceeding was denounced by the editor of a religious paper, and the poet-vocalist cited to appear before the court of assizes, on a charge of having outraged public morals, common de-

* They had reached a second series, published in 1821. On the day of their publication, he prudently resigned his post at the University to avoid inevitable consequences.

cency, and religion, and endangered the person of the king. Béranger was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The police made a descent upon his publisher's premises, and seized four thousand copies of the second series of his songs. The proceeding was somewhat too tardy to be efficacious. Upwards of four thousand copies had been already sold publicly, not to mention the countless editions that had been privately circulated. The songs of Béranger were already imprinted on every heart, and sung by every voice in France.

Béranger made his imprisonment in St. Pelagie (1821) the occasion, and subject of some dozen of his most trenchant satires on the Bourbon régime. The two most striking sections of this chapter in his life are, perhaps, *La Liberté* and *Ma Guérison*; the latter a sarcastic account of his gradual cure from the disease of democracy by repeated doses of certain wine, which leave him thoroughly convinced of the advantages of a despotic government.

He left prison at the end of April, a few days before the arrival of the news of Napoleon's death at St. Helena. This occasion inspired him with the idea of one of his sublimest efforts, *Le Cinq Mai*; a poem that revived, in the people's memories, all the glories, real and imaginary, of the late empire, and rendered the dull unproductive cruelties of the restored government more unpopular than ever.

A word as to Béranger's Bonapartism. He revered the personal character of the emperor solely as a warrior; he never approved the principles of his government. When the man had fallen, leaving, as it would seem, no system or dynasty possible of revival behind him, the poet forgot the despot in the hero. Moreover, in the then state of public feeling in France, there was no principle to oppose to that of the hereditary monarchy but the one which had been superseded by its restoration. Had Béranger foreseen that his florid exaggeration of a great soldier's merits would one day be taken advantage of to impose a fresh absolutism on his nation, it is more than possible that *Le Cinq Mai* and *Les Souvenirs d'un Peuple* would never have been written.

Béranger's third series appeared in 1825. In this, all dangerous specimens were prudently suppressed by the publisher; and it met with no opposition from the government. Eight years afterwards, a fourth series appeared, containing certain ballads, which the faithful Jesuits—constant in their support of the throne and nobility—took into their especial consideration. The author of *Les Révérends Pères*, *Les Missionnaires*, *Le Bon Dieu*, and *Les Chantres de Paroisse*, was again cited to appear before the tribunals, and was this time sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in La Force, and a fine of 10,000 francs. The fine was immediately paid by a public subscription, opened in the bank of Jacques Lafitte the millionaire, the constant friend of Béranger; of whom the latter has written, that "he was the first man to popularise riches in France."

With the revolution of 1830 Béranger's public career may be said to have closed. The songster had exhausted his *répertoire*. The dream of his life, "the happiness of the human race," he had not lived to see realised, even to the partial extent his sagacity had led him to consider possible. He had laboured for a republic; and the *intriguants* of 1830 showed him, in its place, what he has characterised as "a dirty old throne whitewashed." The endurance of this throne he knew to be impossible; but it was not within probability that he should live to see its overthrow. At any rate, he had aimed his last shaft. The battle was not won; but the old soldier had fought his fair share of campaigns, and was entitled to honourable retreat. He left the issue of the fight to younger men, whose ranks he was unwilling to encumber with his useless presence. In his own words, he refused to wait till stronger combatants should cry to him, "Get behind, old man, and let us pass."

For the last twenty-five years Béranger led a life of modest obscurity, only differing from that of the humblest retired tradesman in the fact, that he could not show himself in street or assembly without receiving such ovations from

the public as kings and emperors might envy. He may, in fact, be defined as the most popular author that ever lived to witness the realisation of his own fame.

To many Englishmen the vast popularity of Béranger may be unintelligible, the literature of our country affording no parallel to his case. Burns is the nearest approach to it; but he wrote for an age and people to whom even the merit of being a Scotchman was not sufficient atonement for the fault of being a reprobate. Scotchmen discreetly deferred their approval of Burns's writings till the scandals of his life were over. Burns, to have claimed the sympathies of his countrymen, should have been an austere puritan. It is true, that in that case he might have found it rather difficult to be a lively warm-hearted poet also. What we mean is, that he was at variance with the spirit of the age and nation he belonged to. With Béranger the case is diametrically opposite. He was essentially the man of his age; he felt and expressed the dearest aspirations of the bulk of his countrymen in such a way as to charm and flatter them. He showed to every Frenchman an ideal portrait of himself. He was not, like Burns, the *mauvais sujet* of a respectable community. He was the mouthpiece of a great people against a handful of oppressive families and institutions. He was their poet, jester, philosopher, political guide, and even, to a great extent, their priest and moralist; for it should be known that what many among us are apt to consider his looseness and impiety, is, in the eyes of the majority of Frenchmen, an expression of an exalted code of ethics and religion. English people, in the majority of cases, have no idea of what a hideous monstrosity the orthodox French "respectability" is: a system that checks the play of the human affections; that makes spontaneous engagement of young hearts a crime; that only understands, by marriage, the sale of a young girl's body to a well-to-do purchaser; and, by religious education, the unconditional surrender of a young soul to the mercies of a father-confessor. The strong common sense of a nation rebels against these enormities, and hails as an apostle of righteousness the man who, by precept and practice, teaches that it is better to be faithful through life to a beloved mistress, than to be a selfish profligate in youth in order to become a legalised slave-buyer in middle age; that it is better to walk in the fields—ay, or to tipple in the cabarets—than to abet the obstructors of light, the enslavers of conscience, the throne-props of despots, in their blasphemies against God's goodness in gilded cathedrals.

There is one point in Béranger's favour that cannot be too strongly dwelt upon, namely, his consistency. His numerous political enemies, who have survived him, would be only too glad of a single instance of his expressed opinions of one period differing with those of another; or of the practice of his life, at any time, being at variance with his written precepts. Nothing of the kind is to be met with in his whole history. The hatred of oppression and servility; the incorruptibility, cheerfulness, and contempt for riches; the generosity, the belief in a benign Providence, advocated in his writings, were exemplified through his whole life. He has been charged with arrogance and over-estimation of the importance of his calling, for having refused many opportunities to elevate himself in the social scale, insisting on his right to remain a song-writer and hold it a position of sufficient dignity. Surely in these days, when the first thought of every cobbler appears to be to detach himself from his last, such a course as that pursued by Béranger should be held up to admiration. It is certain that many so-called honours and vast wealth might have been his, had he chosen to accept them. But, with the one exception of Lucien Bonaparte's friendly start in life (which was as honourable to the acceptor as to the giver), he refused all such offers. In 1829, when there was a rumour of the insolvency of his publishers, and his utter ruin appeared certain, he declined an advance of 18,000 francs from his friend Lafitte. He declined honourable office under the Orleans government, towards the establishment

of which he had rendered such powerful assistance. He declined a competence for life, offered to him by General Sebastiani, from that gentleman's private means, on terms of the most delicate secrecy. He was aware of the power of gratitude over his nature, and was fearful of contracting obligations even to the men whom he esteemed the most, lest his independence of thought should suffer.* He declined to be nominated a member of the French Academy. When elected, against his will, to a seat in the Constituent Assembly, in 1848, he merely presented himself once in the chamber, to recognise the honour the people had done him, and never returned to it. He felt that that was not his sphere of action. His last act of dignity was the delicate and courteous refusal, some months ago, of pecuniary assistance from the Empress Eugénie. His wants, both in fame and money, were adequately supplied; and he had the rare gift of contentment. The modest sufficiency he enjoyed to his death he owed to a friend, it is true; but it was to the uncommon honesty, and not to the generosity, of that friend. The publisher, Ferrotin (in whose arms our poet breathed his last), having purchased the copyright of all Béranger's works for an annuity of 800 francs, and finding that their sale returned to him an amount vastly exceeding his expectation, had the probity to increase the yearly sum to a competency for the poet's wants for life. In a hard-bargaining age like this, such an act (albeit in itself one of bare justice) assumes the proportions of magnanimity.

In person Béranger was below the middle height, and inclined to corpulence. His countenance was like his songs, concealing nothing of the owner's character. The cast of his features was rather Teutonic than Gaulish. He was gifted, more especially in the latter part of his life, with excellent health and indomitable spirits. He enjoyed long walks, hearty eating, and still heartier laughing, till within a week or two of his death.

The particulars of that event are too fresh in the memory of the public to need recapitulation here.

The chief recommendations of Béranger's poetry are, wit, faultless elegance of rhythm and melody, and marvellous condensation of subject. It is difficult to read two of his songs for the first time in immediate succession. After one specimen, you are fain to lay down the book and reflect upon the vast field of suggestion that has been opened to you in a few easy tripping lines. This is accounted for greatly by the fact, that Béranger bestowed more pains on a song than many writers can spare to a tragedy or novel. He polished, retouched, and often entirely rewrote his compositions many times over. When a song was felt by him to be susceptible of no more improvement, and at the same time not equal to his standard of excellence, it was ruthlessly and invariably sacrificed. It was by these means that Béranger, as a writer of songs, attained to what no writer can achieve, except by a similar course of proceeding,—perfection in his degree.

The National Magazine.

[The Editors of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE cannot return unavailable Papers, except in cases where it may seem desirable to communicate with the writers.]

THE Honourable NEAL Dow of Portland, Maine, United States, has recently been addressing large concourses of people, in Manchester and elsewhere, on the subject of Temperance and the Maine Liquor Law, which he would fain see adopted in this country. It would be unjust not to recognise the earnestness of this gentleman; and for the object of that reform he has so much at heart, we can but

feel cordial sympathy and hearty good-will. But the question as to the means of compassing that object admits of discussion; and in our view, though the Maine law may appear an easy method of putting a stop to drunkenness, it is neither a desirable nor an effectual one.

There is, we hold, a fundamental error in the principle on which this law is based. Moral progress, to be worth any thing, must have its rise and derive its strength from *within*. The morality which is the simple result of the action of external circumstances we shall all admit to be comparatively valueless as regards the world, absolutely valueless as regards the human being himself. We do not lavish much admiration upon a rich man who refrains from picking pockets, nor upon a beggar because he is not avaricious or extravagant; neither should we laud those savages of the — Islands for their temperance before the introduction to their knowledge of that "fire-water" which their Christian invaders brought with them. Temptation must exist before virtue can have its being. Temperance is a mere word, null and void of meaning in cases where indulgence is materially and physically impossible; and abstinence is neither the work of the will nor the result of moral conviction. A free man who does not transgress the law because he *will* not, is obedient; a fettered man who does not disobey because he *cannot*, is a slave. We could place no dependence on the obedience born of slavery; neither could we be satisfied with the temperance compelled by legislation.

It would assuredly be no service to the cause of Christian progress, were it possible to devise with regard to every possible sin such preventive measures as those with which this law seeks to surround drunkenness. With respect to immorality, prevention is *not* better than cure. Human reason, human volition, are divinely bestowed gifts, intended to be duly exercised in the acceptance or rejection of both good and evil. That fruit in Eden which was forbidden to man was still left within his reach. No external obstacle was placed in the way of disobedience; moral and spiritual restraints were alone deemed worthy of a morally and spiritually endowed being by his Creator. Should men's laws be based upon another principle than this? Can we expect to find for ourselves a better or a juster system than is laid down for us in the history of all God's dealings with his creatures?

Our objection, then, in the first place, to the Maine Liquor Law is, that it is not advisable; our second takes lower ground, and simply pleads that it is impracticable.

Not impracticable, of course, to lay down the law, but to insure its effective working. All arbitrary measures carry with them this penalty,—the coerced will, either by rebellion or cunning, seek to free themselves from their bondage. Thus the sin grows complicated, and hypocrisy and falsehood lend themselves to aid the cupidity of the vendor, the appetite of the purchaser. On this point Mr. NEAL Dow offers a curious piece of argument. He remarked, "As to the results of the Maine law, it was said it was a failure. But who said this? The bitterest enemies of temperance. The liquor-sellers in Boston said they sold more under the existence of the Maine law than before; but if they did so, why did they oppose it?" But if they do so, what is the use of the law? we may fairly ask; nor shall we be content with a retort that slips aside from the assertion, instead of disproving it. If Mr. NEAL Dow has no better reply than this to make to the exultant statement of "the liquor-sellers in Boston," his case is weak indeed.

And let us confess that we should view with little regret the failure of a law which seeks to abrogate the functions of a man's conscience, and while it aims to hinder him from vice, equally prevents him from attaining to virtue.

True, the confirmed drunkard is so far an insane and unreasonable being, that for him the restraints of the lunatic can hardly be deemed inappropriate; but because some men are mad, do we take from every man the right of governing his own actions? Thank Heaven, drunkenness in England is no longer the obtrusive characteristic that it may have

* "C'est parce que je sais quel pouvoir la reconnaissance exerce sur moi, que j'ai craint de contracter de semblables obligations, même envers les hommes que j'estime le plus." *Preface, 1833.*

been fifty years ago. Education, refinement, all that tends to exalt and cultivate our humanity, are its sworn foes, more potent than any stringent enactment that a state could enforce. As these progress, so will men themselves rise to a nobler standard of conduct that shall act as their best safeguard against whatever is degrading and brutalising.

It is not a law devised by human brains that will raise the growelling or reform the debased. Whoso seeks to influence the soul, must speak to the soul, and work upon the soul. As manhood advances, as the germs of truth and beauty—which we believe lie latent in every human spirit—are cultivated into fruitfulness, so must these sad and monstrous vices of which drunkenness is the hideous parent become less and less prevalent. Religion cries out against it; morality shrinks from its approach; manly feeling revolts from it. Let us seek to make our people religious, moral, manly, and we shall need no Maino Liquor Law.



THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

BEHOLD this treasury of glorious things,
This shrine of genius, this enchanting place,
Where every Muse some precious tribute brings
Of blended beauty, dignity, and grace!
Enter with calm and reverential heart,
With earnest purpose and unclouded mind,
So that thy soul, amid transcendent art,
May feel at once refreshed, exalted, and refined.

Hark to that tremulous harmony that swells
Into a gentle surge of solemn sound,
That with a magic influence dispels
The silence, and pervades the air around!
It makes the breast with pure emotions sigh,
It stirs the hidden fountains of our tears,
And seems to lift the longing spirit high,
Even to the loftier choir of the according spheres.

While those sweet sounds yet linger in the ear,
Let's thread this wondrous wilderness of charms,
And wisely ponder o'er each object here
That elevates and fascinates and warms;
Lovely creations, which in happiest hour
The painter's hand has o'er the canvas thrown,
And graceful marvels that the sculptor's power
Has fashioned in his mind, and conjured from the stone.

Those mighty masters of the earlier art,
Those matchless wizards of the elder day,
From earthly things and earthly thoughts apart,
What grandeur did their faculties display!
Lofty conceptions did their souls pervade,
And took immortal shapes at their command,
While reverential feeling moved and swayed,
And silently inspired the cunning of their hand.

And have not we, in this our later time,
Our own art-treasures, famous, and not few,—
The bold, the graceful, even the sublime,
The sweetly tender, and the grandly true?
Amid the walks of intermingled life
We make our study, find our pictures there,
And send imagination, richly rife
With germs of glorious thought, into a holier air.

O Genius, whose mysterious powers ally
The restless spirit with serenest things,
That purify the heart, and lift on high
Our aspirations, as on heavenward wings,

A worthy purpose doth pertain to thee,
A noble and a hopeful task is thine,
To set our natures from low passions free,
And give unto our souls glimpses of realms divine.

Music, with stirring or consoling tones;
Painting, with all thy harmony of hues;
Sculpture, that sitteth upon marble thrones
And thou, not least of these, poetic Muse,—
If ye from earth at once were swept away,
With all the memory of your magic powers,
And all the fires of genius in decay,
O, what a priceless loss, what a sad world were ours!

This may not be; for ye shall more and more
Expand in kindred majesty and grace,
And mingle with each other mighty lore,
To cheer, exalt, and bless the human race.
He who inspired the great ones of the past,
By whom all good and beauteous things are given,
Will deign to leave His children to the last
This still increasing dower, this one foretaste of heaven.

Praise to the men of energy who planned
This princely place, this treasure-crowded hall!
Praise to the wealthy of our native land,
Who nobly answered to a noble call!
And when these riches, which improve the heart,
Are to their wonted places back consigned,
May this transcendent spectacle of art
Be mirrored in our souls, leaving its light behind!

THE TOWER OF HARKSTONE CASTLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLL."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

ON a rocky height by the seashore of D—shire stands Harkstone Castle. It was inhabited some seven years ago by a very old man, who had been in possession nearly half a century; and during that time had never been known to give a hint as to his successor. He saw neither friend nor foe, except when absolutely obliged. His estate was well managed by his own agency and that of his steward and attorney; but that was the only ostensible employment he had. He spent his time alone, and was so inaccessible, that people forgot he was alive till they were aroused to the fact by hearing that he was dead.

The probable contents of his will, then, excited great interest; for the estate was wholly in his power, and he had no near relations. He might leave it to his attorney, to the Queen, to his housekeeper; he might turn Harkstone Castle into a hospital; he might have made no will at all; and this seemed the most probable, for none was found, and none had been made by his attorney; and the latter began to make inquiries into his nearest of kin. It was not difficult to find this person, though he was very remote. He was a young man in the army,—Charles Graburn by name,—a man of small means, but not absolutely poor. He was not aware himself that he had a relation in the world; for his parents, who would naturally have talked at times over cousins and great-uncles, died when he was young, and his pedigree had nothing in it interesting to him. When informed of his prospects he at first refused his belief.

"I should like it well enough," said he; "but it's not true. You'll find a will, I'm sure, and I shall only have had the trouble of changing my habits, to return to them again."

He hung back from taking any steps in the business, and really thought of his chance as little as he could help.

One rainy afternoon,—his regiment being then quartered at Birmingham,—he was sitting in the mess-room of the barracks, playing at chess with a brother-officer, when the sound of a carriage coming through the great paved court, and round to the steps of the entrance, drew his eyes to the



A SCULPTOR'S PICTORIAL MUSINGS IN ENGLISH POETRY.

No. II. CHRISTABEL.

"The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle-gate?"

She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away."

COLERIDGE.

window, and there he beheld, looking from a railroad-fly, the face of Mr. Spoker, the attorney who had the care of his business.

"I'll be back before you play," said he. "I see a fellow who wants me;" and meeting Mr. Spoker in the passage, he had time for but "Good morning," before the attorney said: "A will has been found."

"I knew it," said Graburn, turning back. "I'm glad I never reckoned upon Harkstone Castle."

"You will enjoy it the more," said Mr. Spoker. "All is left to the next of kin."

"To me?"

"Yes, all to you. He wrote one will, leaving it to you by the name of Grayburn,—with a y in the name,—and another to his 'next of kin,' as if he would make it as sure as possible."

"So it's mine," said Charles.

"Yours, yours," said the attorney.

"Thank God!" said Charles Graburn, betraying that he had been more interested than he had allowed. Then turning back to the mess-room, he entered it, singing, "I'd be a butterfly."

"What's happened to Charley now?" said his opponent,

Frederick Palliser by name, who had been determining where to move his castle. "Charley turned songster!"

"I have got 4000*l.* a-year, and a fine castle, since I went out of the room," said young Graburn.

"By Jove!" said the other.

Charles Graburn got leave from his colonel,—to whom such an occasion seemed a very sufficient reason for granting it,—and went down next day to his new possessions.

Harkstone Castle stood on an isolated low hill, just a quarter of a mile from the beach. Behind it are higher hills, thickly clothed with low wood; and in modern times, by commanding the castle, these surrounding hills would have made it an indefensible place. But its position suited the century it was built in; the hill was steep on all sides, so as to stand in place of a fosse, and the towers followed the irregularity of the ground, covering the top of the hill with a building which afforded abundant shelter and defence to those who manned it. In these latter serene times it was merely picturesque. The internal walls towards the court were pierced with convenient windows for the inhabitants; and when they would look out to the sea and landward view, they did so through narrow apertures, which, though enlarged since they were intended for mere arrow-

slits, had been altered judiciously, and without spoiling the appearance of the castle. The last possessor had left less trace of himself than any one who had lived there fifty or sixty years could possibly be supposed to have done. He had burned all his letters before he died; his books were all on the bookshelves; not so much as a blotting-book bore the mark of his signature on the paper. He had lived to extreme old age, and had seemed to take pleasure in oblitterating all signs that he had lived at all. Charles eagerly opened drawers, and searched cupboards; there was scarcely a relic of the old times just passed, though there were many of the older times which had gone by a hundred years—nay, several hundreds. Suits of armour there were, black-jacks, spurs, cannon-balls; but nothing to tell what the last man had enjoyed, done, or suffered.

Charles was greatly employed in riding over the estate with Mr. Spoker, and arranging what improvements must take place, what timber be cut down, what exchanges with neighbouring squires set on foot. He found, also, that although the castle had been well taken care of on the whole, some repairs on a large scale were become necessary; and he was absorbed in surveys and plans by which to gain the double object of preserving the beauty and character of the building, and at the same time doing to it what was essential for its repair.

One day, when he was looking at the building from the outside, it struck him that one of the projections had no corresponding room within; he was quite certain that where the outer wall expanded into what might be a room of tolerable size, the inside was a flat surface, forming only one side of a passage. He ran up-stairs directly to examine it, expecting to find a doorway blocked up. There was tapestry along the wall; but when it was lifted, nothing but the rough stones were discovered; no trace of doorway, no mark of any former aperture in the wall. It was so unlikely, however, that the projection should consist of solid masonry, that Charles determined to search the outside, to ascertain whether any window might be hidden under the ivy. He mounted a ladder accordingly, followed by a workman carrying a saw and pickaxe; and searching through the ivy in various places,—for it here quite mantled the wall,—he found, in fact, a window, strongly defended with iron bars, but which admitted the eye dimly to penetrate into a room within. Curiosity was all alive to read the secret of this hidden chamber; and making a footing for himself on a projection of the wall by the aid of the stout boughs of the ivy, he gave place to the workman who had accompanied him to break out the bars with the pickaxe he carried, and give him access. While this work was going on he looked anxiously into the room, which he saw better and better as the ivy was cleared and the dimmed glass removed. It was tapestried; and the hangings seemed to have fallen in places through the effects of damp and time; a bed occupied one end, with a canopy crowned with a bunch of feathers, and these began to wave as the air got in. On the side, at right angles with the window, was a narrow door, which opened from the corner of the room, evidently not into the corridor outside, but into either a concealed passage running parallel to the corridor, or into another room. There was a heavy chair by the bed, thrown over and lying on its side; a small table, with a cup on it containing fragments of dry flowers. In one part of the room, on the floor, was a heap of silk or stuff, flung down, it should seem, on some day or night long left behind; the curtains of the bed were quite drawn back on the side next the window, and something dimly glittered, when the light fell on the carpet, like an instrument or ornament of steel.

Charles impatiently looked at all while the man worked away at the window-bars; and when they yielded at last he sprang in. There was little more to be learned with regard to all these objects than what he had already made out. Only, the clothes of the bed were thrown over the pillow, just as a hasty strong hand might replace them after they had been opened. Charles Graburn flung them back as far

as they would go. The inside of the bed was filled with a huge dark something,—plainly it had been a pool of blood.

Charles and the workman looked at each other in mute horror. The latter was the first to speak.

"There's been foul work here, I doubt, sir," said he.

"Best cover it up, and say nothing."

"Cover it up! Not I," cried Charles; "I'll search it out to the very end. Who remembers the tower?"

"If any body does, 'tis Mrs. Many," said the workman; "she that was housekeeper before the master."

"What! and alive still? Where is she?"

"At the house in the forest, sir, where I heard your honour went to tell her of the master's legacy."

"I remember, I remember; she was very ill."

"She'll never be no better, I'm of opinion to think. She's bound to die; she's ninety if she's a day."

"I'll see her this minute," cried Charles, resolving within himself that nobody should carry her the news of the discovery before he could judge of its effect upon her; and hastily descending the ladder, he told the servants and labourers below that he had found strange things, which were not to be meddled with till he came back, and ran off at the speed of a young man to the cottage.

It was a very neat dwelling, a little way within the woodland district called the Forest of Byer, part of which belonged to the Harkstone estate, as a leasehold under the crown. The ancient woman had survived the master whom, old as she was, she had looked on as a young man, and might well do so, for she was bed-ridden; and he, up to the close of his life, had been able to walk as far as her dwelling. She was attended by a woman, who, although nearly sixty, the older woman persisted in calling the girl. The girl was a sad specimen of the fair sex, not above three-parts in possession of her wits; brown, almost black, of complexion, part of the darkness of her hue consisting in dirt; her few ragged locks hung loose about her bare head; her large under-lip drooped on her chin, and her swollen nose matched the lip in its proportions. The clothes she wore were bound round her more like rags than woman's clothes, though they were not bad in themselves; and she seemed in a hurry to do every office that any one asked or wanted, as if she felt herself born to be every body's slave. This old girl, whom the older woman called Phillis, came out hastily at Charles's call; and without seeming to understand that he wanted her to inquire whether her mistress could see him, guided him straight into the chamber where Mrs. Many lay half alive, as it should seem, in her bed.

Charles felt he must not be too abrupt. He therefore began to say something about the legacy; but the old woman, when she understood who it was, began:

"You were here on Wednesday about that; it's all right. Do you want any thing else, sir?"

"Indeed I have something else to ask you. The castle is a strange old place, and I want to know whether there are any hiding-places, any private rooms or passages, about it?"

"None at all, as I know of," said Mrs. Many.

"Every body's dead and gone now that could have been hidden in them, or care about them, except you," said Charles.

"But there's none at all," said the old woman.

"Yes, there is one," said Charles, resolving to try the truth upon her,—for he saw she either knew of none, or would not allow it if she did,—“and there's been murder done in it.”

The old woman answered nothing, but fixed her glassy eyes upon him; he fixedly returned the glance, and hers gave way the first.

"What have you seen?" said she.

He told her exactly.

"I saw it too," said she, "fifty-five years ago; but never spoke of it till now. I believe he's dead that did it."

"You believe only? You are not sure?"

"It was not the master, if that's what you mean," said the old woman. "It was his sorrow; but it was another man's sin."

"And you—and you," said Charles, in great emotion.

"No, sir, I had nothing to do with it, except being the first to see it. My mind's as easy as the poor girl's there."

"I conjure you," said Charles, "tell me what you know."

"Well, you *do* know already, sir. What more? Master Walter hid yonder girl's mother in the tower, and there she perished."

"Master Walter? Whom do you mean? And that wretched woman, *her* mother; what is it you mean?"

"I mean the master that's just dead. 'Twas in the time of the old squire his father, who I was housekeeper to; and Master Walter was man and boy about the house, and very well beloved. I was thirty-two when he was twenty; he went away to amuse himself somewhere or other among the furriners."

"And then,—what then?" said Charles, as she paused in her story.

"Why, then, it was a year and a half after that a man came to me as could speak no English like us, and could do nothing but make signs. He gave me a letter from Master Walter, which said that he had become acquainted with a young lady, who was a mother by him, and he had sent his little infant to my care (there it is, the girl there); and the brother of the child's mother, the letter went on to say, had become aware, and was dodging them every where for vengeance. His father must not know, and he must hide the mother. Now, in those days, the tower you've found out was merely neglected—it's been forgotten since; but he bade me ready it for the young lady, and open a door long locked outside the castle, at the foot of the winding stair, and the night after he and she would be there. I'd no time to say no, if I willed it, and I did not will it; for I loved Master Walter, and the old squire was very harsh upon him. So I took the parcel out of the strange man's hand, and looking in, 'twas indeed a young infant; and first, in a great fright, I ran down home to where my husband was sick, and showed him the letter, and told him all; and he bade me lay down the baby, and we'd tell the neighbours 'twas no business of theirs. The poor child was well-nigh starved with cold and hunger, and I doubt if ever it got over that journey, let it come from where it might; but, for my part, I thought more of the lady and Master Walter, and I did as well as I could for them in the tower."

"The lady actually lived there?" said Charles, finding the old woman pause.

"Yes, yes; and nobody knew,—we thought nobody knew; but it's always been my opinion that some one or other saw me go out or in at the low tower-door one midnight carrying in the poor baby—the girl there; for the mother *would* see her. That would be three weeks after the lady came, and Master Walter was planning taking her elsewhere, but told me he was afraid the brother had not yet given over seeking; and, sir, it was perhaps a week after, Mr. Walter was gone with his father to sessions, or assizes, I forget perfectly which, and I went in through the hidden passage from my room, and the lady was gone, sir; but she had been murdered first; the bed was a pool of blood."

"Horrible!" cried Charles, starting and shuddering as he stood.

"And I could do nothing till Mr. Walter came back, late that evening. Then he like went mad in that room, and he said nothing I could understand, but cries and groans like a speechless animal; and at last down the little stair he ran, and I following, just saw him disappear in the darkness, and not a word nor a sign to say where he was going. I was all of a tremble, and just turned back through the room, and dashed the clothes back over the bed, and ran out and locked the door, and never went near it again, and Master Walter was not heard of, as I know of, for years; but the old squire was a strange man, and might have news of him without ever telling the like of us a word."

"I never heard any thing of this," said Graburn.

"Not likely you should, sir. It was when she was an infant; and though I still call her a girl, she's fifty-six if she's a day."

"When did he come back, then," said Charles.

"Not long before the old squire died, and that's five-and-forty years now since. He said nothing to me, nor I to him. It was just as if neither of us knew what the other was thinking of; and so it always has been—not a word between us. But I saw he sought to see the child, and I brought her in my hand one day from the woman's where I boarded her, for my husband was dead; and he looked at her, and said, 'How old is that hideous creature?' 'Ten years,' I said, looking full at him. So he understood, and gave me a great sum of money—20*l*.—and turned away."

"How strange!" said Graburn.

"I don't know," said the old woman; "she *was* a hideous discreditable creature, and grew worse and worse. But he always behaved very well, and when the old squire died, he gave me this cottage and money enough yearly; and now I can understand perfectly well the legacy is for her; for I am but a few days more for this world, and I've made her safe of it."

"Of course he was not married to the lady," said Graburn.

"He was," said the old woman.

"O, no, no," cried Charles quickly; "no, he could not have been. Why do you think so? I hope not; for in that case she is the heiress."

"O Lord, no," said the old woman. "What could *she* do with the castle and the estate; he knew better than that; a few hundred pounds suit her much better than your thousands."

"I don't know how that may be," said Charles; "but I do know, if she is his legitimate daughter, the thousands are not mine."

"Nonsense," said the old woman; "I would not have told you if I had thought. To think of our old Phillis being the lady of Castle Harkstone, indeed!"

"What reasons have you for believing them married?" said Charles.

"He said he was," said the old woman, "in his letter, and I never doubted it; but don't go to trouble yourself about it. Give the girl a little money year by year, and let her live on in the cottage here, with some one to live with her. Folks have a notion she's something of a daughter to me, though wrong enough; but that's no matter."

"Where's the letter?" said Graburn.

"It was used to be in my box; but I dare say the mice have eaten it," said the old woman.

"Let me see, however," said Walter.

"I will, sir, I will," said the old woman, "if I can lay my hand on it; but I'm desperate tired."

Charles perceived she was; but he also perceived her reluctance to let him see what he asked for. However, he would not lose the opportunity; and succeeding in obtaining from her the key, which she acknowledged was in her pocket by the bed, he unlocked the only box in the room, and saw in one corner a heap of hoarded money, and in another some yellow papers, perishing with age, tied up with a string.

"That's them," said the old woman. "Take 'em, and just put them in the fire; there's nobody but me knows of 'em, and *you* also now; and when I'm gone, you'll have the secret all to yourself."

Graburn did take them, and giving back her key, bade her good morning, and said he would call again to-morrow, and have a little more talk with her, for he was sorry to see how he had tired her.

"Ay, ay," said the old woman. "And as you go out, be so good, sir, as to call the girl, and send her to me."

Graburn did as she requested, and looked with altered eyes upon the half-witted ancient girl, who he believed had already thrust him from his place in the fine old castle. He

eagerly took out the withered letters as he walked along, and tenderly stretching the crumbling paper, read with the utmost difficulty the one in which Walter asked the aid of Martha for the lady who he swore to her was his wife; while the other papers proved to be a certificate of the marriage and baptism.

"That's enough," said Charles, putting back the documents. "So it's all over with me and Harkstone."

He walked very soberly home, and ate his dinner without a very good appetite. Next morning early, he went again to Martha's cottage to get further information if possible; but, early as he came, it was too late. The old woman, over-excited yesterday, had died in the night; and Phillis, on her knees, was scrubbing the floor, while one of the neighbours superintended the arrangements which followed the bustle of a sudden death.

"The secret is all to myself now," thought Charles.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as the young captain got back to the castle from the old woman's house, he ordered a horse, and rode off to the town where Mr. Spoker, the attorney, lived. To him he communicated the discoveries, and the unwelcome fact that the nearest of kin was Phillis, the old man's legitimate daughter.

Mr. Spoker was excessively vexed. He read and re-read the documents to convince himself, if he could, that they were insufficient proofs of her claims.

"After all, Captain Graburn," said he, "it is plain Mr. Chinaway did not mean her to have it. He knew all about her, as well as he could know any thing; and it's my opinion, from that first paper he drew up, in which he evidently had forgotten the spelling of your name, that he meant the estate for you, but preferred writing another, in which he called you next of kin, to making inquiries about you."

"I think so too," said Charles; "but the words are clear against me, and perhaps the meaning also."

"Why did the old fool show them to you?" said Mr. Spoker.

"Not from any good-will to Phillis," said Charles; "merely because I *would* see them."

"Why could not you let them alone?" said the attorney.

"That don't matter now," said Charles. "The hideous old girl has her rights saved by it."

"But perhaps," said Mr. Spoker, "the documents are forged. Who can tell?"

"I'm sure I can't," said Charles.

"Besides, this Phillis may not be the same child. She may be the old woman's, put in place of the right one. She did not say this girl was *not* her own?"

"Yes, she did."

"No, no; she did not tell you that."

"She did, though."

"She did! What was the use of going to the cottage? You are the only witness against yourself."

"Except these papers."

"O, hang the papers!"

"Do you think," said Charles, "they would stand in a court of justice? How do you think a jury would decide?"

Mr. Spoker took them, examined them all through again, to discredit them if possible.

"They would give it against you," said he. "Plague! Besides, the old girl would be much better off with a hundred pounds a-year, than with more," said Mr. Spoker; "her father knew that well enough."

"Very true," said Charles; "but the money's not mine to give or keep."

"If you had let the tower alone till the architect came," said Mr. Spoker, "the old woman would have been dead by that time."

"Well, it's all over," said Charles. "I have not sold my

commission, that's one good thing, and I shall be no worse off than I was before."

"Besides," said Mr. Spoker, "the girl's a fool, and can't make a will. She's old and unhealthy; you must come in before long as her natural heir."

"Next of kin again?" said Charles, smiling. "No, thank you; one tumble's enough," added he, quoting the Fire-king's opinion.

He was in haste to leave the scene of his short-lived fortunes; but he waited, for the sake of his unwelcome cousin, to break to her the change of her fate. He returned to the cottage where the old woman's corpse lay, in the grand serenity of old age, upon the bed, and the forlorn ancient girl sat solitary by it.

"I want to speak to you, Phillis," said he; "come this way, will you?" and she followed him into the little kitchen. "What's to become of you, now that your friend there has left you?"

"Mother, do you mean?" said Phillis.

"Ay."

"Mother said I was to bide in the house," said Phillis.

"But what shall you do for money?"

"There's some in the box; and mother said I was to have it."

"Have you the key," said Captain Graburn.

"He's in mother's pocket," said Phillis.

Charles bade her fetch it, and unlocked the box to see what effect the wealth therein contained would have on her. She looked at it quite unmoved.

"There is a great deal, indeed," said Charles. "Shall you ever spend it, do you think?"

"Yes, I suppose," said Phillis.

"Yes, yes, money slides away; and so it would if you were much richer."

Phillis made no answer, but began to dust the inside of the box.

"And do you know, Phillis," said Captain Graburn, "that you *are* much richer. Mr. Chinaway,—you know?—the master, I mean, who died last month; he has left the castle to you."

Phillis went on dusting; but the tears spurted out of her eyes, and she hung down her head. She was so accustomed to be the object of mockery and jeering, that she believed herself to be so now; and Charles Graburn perceived it.

"Don't think I am making a joke of you," said he. "You can hardly believe it; but, upon my honour, you are his daughter, and every thing he had comes to you."

She put down the lid of the box, dusted the top, and went back to the bedroom, plainly convinced that the grand gentleman was amusing himself at her expense, and that she must be patient as usual. He got up to follow her, but reflected that as she took it in this way, the news would come better by means of some of the people she was accustomed to talk with; and having no mind to dwell on it more himself than was necessary, he went back to the castle, sent for Mr. Spoker, and delivered up every thing to him just as it had been when he came first, and commended to his care the hapless heiress.

"If she prove quite a natural," said Mr. Spoker, "she must be made a ward in chancery; and as you are next heir, the court will give you the management of the estates. But if she have wits enough to get along for herself, somebody must be found to live with her."

"Ay, ay, that's the best way; I want nothing more to do with it," said Charles. "And I thank you, Mr. Spoker, for your good offices throughout the affair (besides professional services, which we'll settle); I heartily wish you farewell. I shall run to the station and catch the up-train; and you'll be so good, will you, as to send my traps after me."

"Fare you well, sir," said old Spoker, and the tears came in his eyes. "You are an honourable man as ever lived. I wish to my heart you had not gone into the south tower."

RASCALDOM AND ITS KINGS.—CARTOUCHE, KING OF PARIS.

By G. W. THORNBURY.

[Second Paper.]

Rise, Paris of Cartouche! with thy royal and thy rascal world—thy buckramed marquises, and pompous bourgeois—thy green tables, and council-boards—thy lordly Louvre, and thy crimson Grève—with thy courtyards full of wigged footmen, and thy boudoirs full of ringleted beauties. In the taverns are noisy shirtless bullies, who will not rest till they are carried home bloody sops upon dripping shutters. In the guard-chambers are booted generals, whose breastplates shine like mirrors, and upon whose shoulders black wigs, after the fashion of their royal master, fall down in scented cascades. The pebbly narrow streets are mere dark defiles, between rocky walls of tall prison-like houses, with broad courtyard-doors and grated windows, blocked up with ponderous gilded coaches, heavy with velvet hampercloths, and fluttering with feathers. Two have met, the wheels have locked; M. le Marquis de Carembole will not give way to M. l'Abbé de Millofleurs; swords are being drawn, and only the dead-rooms of to-night's hospitals will ever fully know the result.

Here is a street gay with cast-off clothes: old red-heeled shoes that have trod the parterres of Versailles, and old orange-and-black scarfs that have been shot-torn at Malplaquet. Here is a triangular cocked-hat that has felt the sting of the bullets of the Languedoc Camisards, and here is a rich blue-and-silver brocade, once worn by a beauty whose thin white fingers dabbled in *aqua Tophana*, which indeed left an ugly stain upon them, as certain lawyers know. Do not sip succory-water or chocolate with that lady, M. l'Ambassadeur, or you are undone. Step into the druggist's shop where our lady bought that dreadful cosmetic that turns faces death-colour, and you will find our old friend M. Diaforius, who will talk to you by the hour of "*dyspepsie ou bradypepsie*." He is learned in electuaries, and can mix up a *fucus* with admirable skill. M. Jourdain runs their fingers along emerald silks, in every little dim shop round the Chatelet; and the dregs of the Seine only know the victims of Scapin, now turned a friend of Cartouche, knight of the steel and cord, bound to free pursy canons of charity purses, syndics of redundant fees, even bullies of their spoil, and boggars of their savings. Cartouche is every where: we see him with his short thick-set figure and hard frowning face, eyebrows twisted, barred-up mouth, and restless, feverish eyes, terribly alive and watchful, while the face is long ago turned into mere stone. There he is, in the wide circle of the wits and nobles and poets and architects and dancing-masters, waiting at the duke's levee. I think that must be him, too, amid the thronging coaches and smoking torches at the great ball at the Louvre. You would not think that was Cartouche leaning over the Pont Neuf, or laughing at the Scaramouche in the theatre.

He is at the night-tavern orgies, where drunken sirens fling champagne-glasses at bald fiddlers' heads; he is sitting in deferential conference with old gentlemen on the public seats in walks and gardens; he talks on the quays with bluff sailors; he struts, with new-gilt sword or maroon coat, up the centre walk of Notre Dame, and kneels with ostentatious devotion before shining altars, blazing with candles and glistening with metal stars and crosses. He is hearty with the hearty, rough with the rough, gentle with the gentle; he is apostolically "all things to all men." But with all of them, were he watched, his stealthy eye might be seen, as his victims stooped to sip their wine, or threw their leg across the billiard-board, leaping on them with sudden and terrible scorn and malice. Woe betide them to-morrow! The abbé, stripped and bruised, will be found dead, crammed into his own dim confessional; the young Savoy coont floating down the Seine, with a nasty drill-hole under his third rib; the rich silk-merchant of Rue

de la Friperie, half dead, thrust into an empty chest in a vaulted warehouse near the Temple. No fashion was safe in Paris against invisible murder; there is no defence; the diamond-wearers, silk-flaunters, watch-showers, tremble at the dusk. Every slam of a door betokens murder, every scraping is a robber's file.

"This must be put a stop to," as Mathew's French friend said when the servant brought him news of his wife's having presented him with three children at a birth. D'Argenson's saturnine visage grew black as a Bastille *oubliette*; his huge wig shook with rage; he ordered all the prisoners' pet-pigeons on the Bastille roof to be shot out of mere spite. Even his harem of nuns could not soothe him; he was silent at court, and gloomy when the grand monarch honoured him by requesting him to carry his cane, or to stoop and pick up a glove; his myrmidons thronged the streets and market-places in as many disguises as the agents of the Fronde once assumed; they lay silent in corners of lumbering diligences, waiting with secretly-cocked carbines for the masked head to thrust in at the window; they pretended to roll in drunken sleeps upon wine-shop benches; they watched at bridge-foots; they attended trials to watch eyes that signalled to the prisoners; they lurked at suspicious street-corners, and spied from garret-windows and behind chimneys. But the conspiracy had spread too deep and far; that great upas-tree had struck root into churches and drawing-rooms, into shops and guard-rooms; gendarmes themselves were in Cartouche's pay; the very king was at their mercy.

A thousand schemes were laid to entrap Cartouche, but all in vain; the gipsy, soldier, gambler, thief, had sounded every depth of human wickedness, and lying like a spider, surrounded by threads of feelers, he could discern, through mistresses, accomplices, agents, and spies, the remotest germ of a plot. Once they nearly had him. He was found to sleep in a certain house at a certain hour; a traitor disclosed every movement,—where his pistol would be and where his knife, in what relative position to the window the chair on which his embroidered clothes would be heaped, and where the bed was in relation to the door. There was much whispering of bulldog-heads at the police bureau; much looking at rapier-points, and much fitting of looks and cartridges. At the certain hour, stealthy as lovers, stole the cloaked men to the specified number. Street quiet, house quiet; no noise, no light. Examine memoranda: door, brown? Door, brown.

Blind at third-floor window? Blind at third-floor window. A knock—two soldiers at the door—one to ascend the stairs; faces grimmer, and gunpowder burning to go off.

Third floor; demand entrance; no answer. "Blow off the lock. We have him."

No; empty bed; still warm, but no Cartouche.

A noise below.

Bang!

"Cartouche! Cartouche!" Cries of "He has escaped!"

It was Cartouche. He had escaped.

The first step in the quiet street had reached his jealous tightly-strung ears. He looked out.

"Soldiers! Lost!"

He locked the door, ran up the chimney, got down from the roof into the garret; waited till the soldiers were fully intent on rummaging the disappointing room, pricking mattresses with suspicious swords, smashing cupboards, searching trousers-pockets, looking out of window, pulling up flooring.

Now is the time. He takes off his shoes, steals down a back-stair, leaps through the sentries, fires off a pistol,—he must have his bravado,—and crying,

"It is I—Cartouche!" escapes into the night.

Slinking, downcast, and angry, the baffled rogue-catchers sneak back to be browbeaten by the ferocious D'Argenson,—that wigged terror of all *empoisonneuses*, and monarch of the "Burning Chamber."

But the enemies of Cartouche had their escapes too. On

one occasion a young rich abbé received an invitation to come and see the furniture of a mansion,—say No. Quarante-neuf, Street of the Bleeding Heart; a street all lonely gardens and monastic-looking houses. There is to be a sale there. Furniture padded and cushioned with Utrecht velvet, and glittering with mirrors and silver fountains. There are some voluptuous Titians, &c., such as abbés keep covered up in studies full of the Fathers; and where an open Chrysostome gathers dust for months. Abbé de Rien dresses in best style,—cassock, shovel-hat, scented gloves, cane-cane (head of Venus, including bust),—and takes a hackney-coach to the street with the droll name, probably where a convent once stood; is put down, and lounges up the street to see whereabouts he has got to. Quite the suburbs. Over the wall tall beckoning poplars nod and point, and, *c'est drôle*, there is a thistle gone to seed just by the door-scraper at the porter's lodge. Our late proprietor must have been a misanthrope, like M. Argan, and have shunned society: just the place, though, to trap a real nude Titian, glowing, blue and red, and flesh that would bleed if you pricked it.

He rings; a ghastly rattle, and a bell tolls, as it were, a mile off, up a mouldy corridor. Something like a chill creeps over him; but, bah! he takes a pinch of *Millefleurs* snuff from his Sèvres snuff box, painted (*inside*) with Diana's Surprise, and (*outside*) with Susannah and the Elders. The door opens: rough fellow, with no carnation-cheeks, and no powdered periwig.

"Stap my vitals! quite a vulgarian; yes, indeed, by Venus! as the Marquis de Mirabella pleasantly and wittily observed of my Swiss valet."

With a condescending look at the black-browed vulgarian, the abbé walks in, yawning and swinging his cameo-cane (subject, bust of Venus and head); walks up-stairs, observes with critical eye that there is no tapestry in the hall, no heraldic chairs, no nothing, except a great brass many-armed chandelier swinging by a long brass cable from the roof, some four stories up. He walks up, toils up, many flights of oak stairs, enters empty rooms, gets astonished, takes more snuff; when, to his horror, looking down a corridor, he suddenly sees three men advancing on him with drawn swords. By Venus, here's an end to all ortolan suppers and Versailles promenades and ombre! *Dieu merci!* the chandelier; he is fat and wheezy. Hurrah! a spring,—a tremendous deer-like spring,—beyond, but brought up by a great oscillating jar, and the great brass chain sways like a rope in a storm. He is saved. Quick down; plump on the sharp point of the chandelier—very different to the soft cushions of fashionable chapels; a tumble on the black and white marble-hall; a shout; a pistol-shot; a rush across the court, crushing the thistle that never did harm to any one; a scrambling run down the street, and the abbé reaches a chair-stand; takes a chair; is borne to his lodgings by the frightened, backward-looking, trotting sedan-men; and the abbé is brought to his own house, half-fainting, and only to be revived by repeated pinches of *Millefleurs*, and much rubbing of temples by his pretty housekeeper Lisette.

Still, with all this audacity, somehow or other the great conveyancing firm of Cartouche and Co. does not thrive. The agency is so expensive. Spies require enormous wages, or they turn false. The purchasers of stolen goods give small sums. The safe lodgings for storing treasure, and the lurking-places, with proper trap-doors, double-roofs, and sliding-panels, demand enormous rents. There are mistresses, too, to keep, who play knuckle-down with diamonds, and make sauce of pearls; Delias, who powder their hair with gold-dust and bathe in perfumes. Refuse them a set of emeralds, or a roomful of rococo, they pout and threaten mysterious things. Watches may come in by hatfuls, diamonds by chestfuls, and crowns and louis-d'ors by the wagon-load, yet down it all goes, with a merry rush, into those pleasant pits of hell bordered by primroses. It is very quick travelling, the primrose-path to Acheron. The paper-money is a Godsend, because it is such a concentration of wealth. It packs so close, and goes so far. We stop mails with bun-

dles of the precious silver-paper; bags of money are taken—so much that the broken-down Cartouche horses drop half of it, and sow the road with gold-pieces, enough to feed all the starving Scotchmen in Boulogne for the Pretender's miserable brandy-drinking, bragging, selfish lifetime.

Very slowly but surely D'Argenson gets in the crowbar that is to break open this bloody den of wickedness; slowly filters through circumstances that show where the underground dens and traps lie hid; and this that I am going to relate above all things. It had long been known, to the inexpressible horror of quiet rich citizens, that Cartouche had in his pay, not merely escaped galley-slaves and highwaymen, but broken-down gamblers of family, and runaway prodigals; countless Don Juans as well as ragged Lazarillos; not merely bankrupt tradesmen and degraded priests,—the most shameless of men,—but even noblemen's footmen, still in their service, and officers and gentlemen of supposed respectability.

Mutilated bodies were constantly found in the Seine, faces gashed and cut to prevent them being recognised,—bodies, either naked, or with the coat-pockets turned inside out, or printed red by crimson fingers; while France was ringing with the trumpets that proclaimed the conquest of Flemish towns, and lit with the bonfires to announce the passage of the Rhine. Paris itself, where the king did or should reside (for Louis was not fond of Paris, remembering his frights and flights during the Fronde), was kept in awe by a handful of unknown and unseen robbers. One day the body of a man, supposed to be an accomplice of Cartouche, is found cruelly mutilated in a road near Paris; no search can discover the murderers. On the morning of the murder, an officer, living in humble lodgings, comes home, pale and worn out, and requests his landlady, after he has dressed, to send his linen to the wash. His jaded look arouses her suspicions. As she broods over his strange anxious manner, and the unusual lateness of his return, a crier passes under her window, shouting out the announcement of a reward for the discovery of a dreadful murder committed the night before. Her eyes turn to the heap of linen her lodger has just shuffled off before he took his chocolate and sank into that tired sleep.

Lord, how he snores!

There are three spots of blood on the left ruffle, and the right sleeve is wet and torn.

She goes to the police. The tired lodger is arrested, found guilty, and executed. The dying man's confession implicates Cartouche. It was that great captain's wise but cruel precaution to murder all spies and suspected persons. What tyrant can rule but by terror? Ask the Emperor of France,—the Blood of the Bourbon regalia.

These discoveries make the place rather too hot for Cartouche. The severity of the search necessitates an inconveniently frequent change of costume; he has to sleep every night in a different house. The caresses of women he suspects grow loathsome to him. He resolves on a bold scheme to escape pursuit. Looking over the soiled and red pages of his memory, he remembered a certain Jean Balmar, a fellow-soldier in Flanders, who had told him about his old parents in Auvergne, and had given him a message to them, which he had never delivered. This comrade soon after fell by his side, and Cartouche had become his executor, retaining his letters, passport, and a few soldier's personals. He was not unlike him in face, and resolved to pass himself off as the dead soldier. Leaving Paris at night, he reached, by secret journeys, the old labourer's house, quickly imposed on the old purblind couple, made his arrival welcome by liberal presents, and was at once adopted and allowed as their son. Cartouche was safe. The man of a hundred murders was once more innocent, free, and could begin life again.

But the country life grew hateful to the young Parisian. The day seemed prison-long without wine, cards, and women. At any risks, he must go back to Paris, head his band, keep Paris in terror, and venture life a dozen times a-day. He

went, and the end was not far distant. A daring robbery in Versailles at this time increased the vigilance of the police, and perhaps accelerated his fate. The hemp was not merely grown for him, but cut and spun, nay, even twisted and rove. One day, when Versailles awoke from its heavy sleep after ball and revel, to the horror of stewards and the lifting-up of hands of major-domos, and all that obsequious band of noodles who assisted the great monarch in putting on his shirt and tying his garters, all the new gold fringe of one of the dining-rooms—quite new, very heavy, and of great value—was found clipped off and gone. Tremendous was the hue and cry! All rooms were searched, garden-shrubberies ransacked, but still no fringe. Police are every where; they watch the king at dinner; he does not move without them. On a sudden, as Louis is preparing with great state, and the usual routine of ceremony that fences in fools, to take his seat at dinner, up, with a bang and flap on the table, just at the king's nose, comes the bundle of fringe, with the following inscription:

"Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle."

The search had been too troublesome; the thief must have been a domestic of high standing.

Such were the times from whose corruption sprang a Cartouche. At last he was seized,—trapped in a sleeping-place,—and loaded with irons. In prison he was cheerful, and even gay. He was visited by ladies of rank, to whom he showed the weight of his fetters laughing.

His three wives came to see him. He had pet-names for them all; one he called the Abbess. At first obdurate, when well tortured by the rack, he confessed his crimes, disclosed his accomplices of all ranks (some almost beyond prosecution), exhorted his fellow-prisoners to repentance, and listened to the priest.

At the appointed day he was led out to the high scaffold of the Grève,—a rolling troubled sea of eyes; was stripped, and bound to a wheel by the executioner; his limbs were broken by blows of an iron bar. At the fourteenth stroke expired the King of Paris, and the terror of France, amidst a surging murmur of sighs and curses. So perish all who follow the path of Cain, who torture society by crime, or disorganise society that their talent might lead and bind together.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

A SOOTH BOURD IS NAE BOURD (Scotch). That is, a true joke is no joke.—"Bourd," like many other Scotch words, is old French; it is found in the proverb, "True joke never pleased,"—*Bourdes pleyes ne plaisent jamais*. The Spaniards also say, "There is no worse jest than a true one,"—*No hay peor burla que la verdadera*. The truest jest sounds worst in guilty ears. W. K. KELLY.



HOUSEHOLD BOOKS.

THESE are fast becoming a large library in themselves,—books, we mean, of a directly useful and practical character on matters relating to Home and its economy. Nay, there are single subjects,—gardening, for example,—which alone take up a great amount of space in the field of literary activity. Our contributor, Mr. Hibberd, seems to be doing his best to add to the number in that direction. His latest

issue is a series of individual treatises on flowers, called *Garden Favourites and Exhibition Flowers*.* This is not the place to criticise works from such hands; but we may briefly indicate the nature of the scheme. The six published numbers are devoted respectively to the Ranunculus, Tulip, Calceolaria, Hyacinth, Geranium, and Rose. What a world of beauty does not even the very sound of the names conjure up! In each of these tracts we have the history, properties, cultivation, propagation, and management of the plant shown in detail, with a coloured frontispiece of that particular flower of the family which Mr. Hibberd considers as among its worthiest representatives.

In *The Reason Why*,† we sweep over broader ground; in fact, it would be more difficult to show what subjects are not dealt with than those that are. The idea of the book is an excellent one. All those questions that are so perpetually recurring in our daily experience, on all sorts of matters—and for the answers to which we look mainly to scientific illumination—are here collected together, and dealt with just as the inquirer would wish, who is at a loss at any given point, and wishes to know the *reason why*. Much of the work is, of course, compilation; but there is also, we perceive, a large amount of original and valuable matter that could only have been brought together by a man possessing extensive scientific knowledge, and by one who, when he had so collected it, was able to give others the benefit of his wealth, by telling what he had to say in a straightforward, manly, and, at times, elegant style. The work is illustrated by a great number of engravings.

In Dr. McCormac's book on Consumption,‡ we meet with another proof of the tendency of all modern knowledge to show how little value inheres in those artificial agencies—such as medicine—to which we have been hitherto accustomed chiefly to look; and, on the other hand, how much ground there is for believing that a great advance may be made in the successful treatment of disease, by a more determined reliance on Nature's own powers—by a greater study of her ways and intentions. Look, for instance, at the recent work published by one of our most eminent physicians, Sir John Forbes, *On Nature and Art in the Cure of Disease*. Is it not most instructive to find such a man, towards the close of a long, honourable, and highly prosperous career, acknowledging that Art cannot be more than a mere handmaid to Nature, that it is Nature alone cures, not the medicine, or its administrator; although the services of the last, in understanding for himself, and pointing out to the patient what it is that Nature is suffering from, and how she is trying to right herself, may be—must be—most valuable?

We are,—it is useless to disguise it,—only on the very threshold of a genuine and efficient medical science. Physiology has begun to show us in what direction we must travel; but habit, authority, unwillingness to make the sacrifices that errors of all kinds demand as the price of remedy, difficulties of social life, the relations of medical men with the public, tending to make mystery itself valuable in the eyes of those who suffer most from it,—these and a host of other influences retard as yet the growth of the new school of medicine, which is not the less rising steadily up among us. We do not refer to any one creed or practice beyond this,—more faith in nature and in natural influences, less faith in mere artificial appliances, except where these are obviously substitutes for the former, and so devised as to make the nearest possible approach to them.

Dr. McCormac belongs to the new faith, of which he is indeed a distinguished example. He traces this peculiarly fatal disease—consumption—mainly to breathing impure air and to sedentary habits; in other words, to violations of two of the very foremost of the laws which Nature has written on the human constitution. Naturally, then, he asks: "How is it possible for such things as wire-respirators, or codfish-oil, or a regulated temperature, hydrocyanic

* London: Groombridge and Co.

† London: Houlston and Wright.

‡ London: Longman and Co.

acid even, or digitalis, or antimony, chlorine or iodine exhalations, or steel, or meats, or drinks, or change of air, to have influence on a malady which is occasioned by the respiration of foul air, yet during the presumed treatment of which foul air, or air more or less fouled, continues to be respired?"

What will many of our readers say to a recommendation to consumptive patients, as well as to the world generally, to admit the night-air to their bedrooms? Yet thus bold is the doctor. He says:

"It was once a general medical prepossession, in truth, that taking cold, that the damp night-air was a source—the source, indeed—of consumption; but this was a great error. The respiration of the coldest dampest air will never, never did since the world began, induce consumption. It is only the respiration of dirty, foul, unrenewed air that induces consumption; else, so far as this is concerned, the coldness or the warmth, the dryness or the dampness, makes no sort of difference. If only the air be pure, however cold, however damp, however dry, there will be no consumption. But if the air be impure, however dry, however warm, there consumption, if this impure air be habitually respired, will be sure to follow. It is only necessary, in order to avert the sense and reality of a chill, to obviate, by the means at our disposal, the artificial evaporation induced by damp day or night coverings. If the air be sufficiently warmed indoors, if the body be sufficiently protected out of doors, there will be no chance of taking cold, whether by night or by day, certainly none of consumption, even in the case of the most sickly and delicate persons. It is not breathing cold air, or admitting it into our dwellings merely, it is the insufficient protection of our persons, not by warm foul air, but by warm pure air and warm coverings, that occasions taking cold. Contrary to the general prepossession, air is as good, nay, better, by night than by day. The night-air as such never injured any one; it is only impure or chill air that does so. How, indeed, is it possible to have any air at night except night-air? Impure night-air kills just as impure day-air kills. Not so pure night-air, which should be most freely admitted into the chambers of the consumptive, until the air in these chambers shall be as pure and as fresh, else heated at pleasure, as the air outside the chamber beneath the free heavens. For years I have slept with my chamber-window open! For years my family, protected by sufficient night-coverings, have done so. For years, too, those whom I have induced to follow the same course, have slept with their chamber-windows open, with every conceivable advantage, so far as the respiration of a pure genial atmosphere, instead of an atmosphere else necessarily close and corrupt all night through, can prove advantageous."

The writer of these notices can add the testimony of his own experience as to the value, not merely the safety, of insuring a free supply of air through the night by leaving open the chamber-windows, modified, of course, by the seasons, but always open to some extent, even in the severest winter.

RANSOME'S PATENT ARTIFICIAL STONE.

Did you ever set up a few vases, statues, fountains, basins, and such things, in your garden, and have the mortification of seeing them split into powder with the sun, or divide piecemeal with the frost? You may or may not; but the



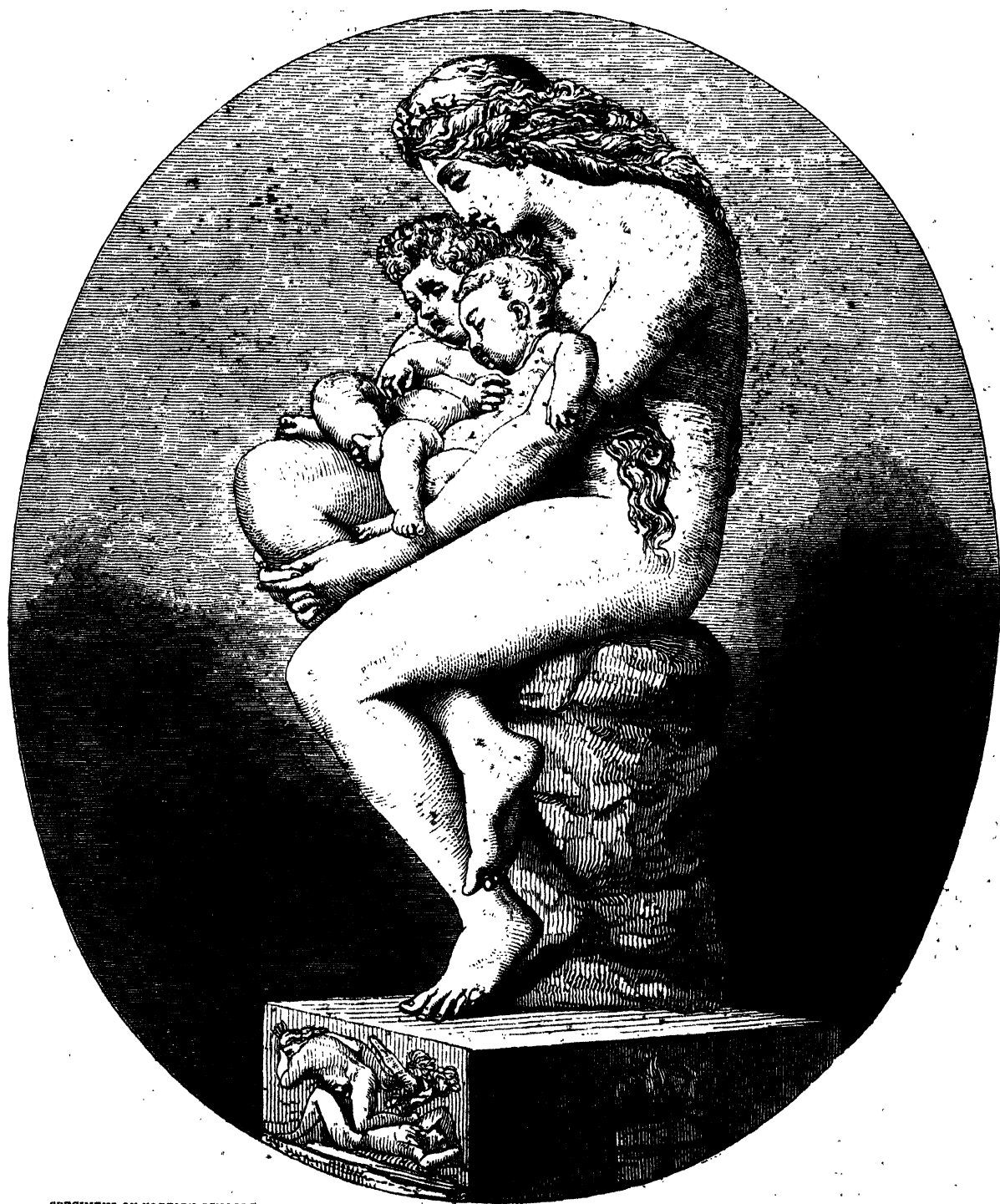
PATENT ARTIFICIAL STONE.

thing is by no means uncommon; for nine-tenths of the garden-ornaments that are made of that mysterious compound called "artificial stone" are fit only to adorn for a few nights an oyster-shell grotto, or beautify the tables of a flower-show or rural fête. When we talk of stone, we have an idea of something that will last at least for years; but the majority of the compounds used in moulding as substitutes for

the real marble, which the sculptor has chiselled, are as temporary in durability as the fame of their makers. Of course there are exceptions. Coade and Seeley, and Cottam and Hallen are noted for the superiority of their productions in this way; but the greatest triumph ever achieved in the production of a substitute is that known as Ransome's Siliceous Stone, which is the result of years of patient study and experiment in the hands of a man eminently gifted as an experimental chemist. To tell the history of this invention would be a long though interesting narrative, not here to be attempted. The *Times* has spread the inventor's fame; and the most eminent men of science—Ansted, De la Beche, and others—have testified of its high merit. It is, in brief, a real stone artificially made, and is more durable than any real stone with which we are acquainted, except, perhaps, granite and porphyry. How it is made does not matter so much as that vases of all sizes and patterns (many of them examples of high art), plinths, cornices, fountains, statues, and, indeed, every variety of ornament for which stone would be a proper material, are produced in it, and may be any day inspected at the offices in Cannon Row, Westminster, or the works at Ipswich. The object of producing a substitute for real stone is, that works of art may be multiplied at low cost; and when science enables the modeller to produce them in a material fitted to bear any weather for any length of time, without a change being possible, a great boon is conferred upon those who cannot go direct to the sculptor for the gratification of taste. Perhaps an opportunity may occur when we may speak more at length of the high merits of Mr. Ransome's invention; but at present we simply call our readers' attention to the *jardinet*, of which we give an illustration.

This is quite a novelty in stone-manufacture, and is intended to form a prominent garden-ornament, and is just the thing to face the drawing-room windows as a terrace-embellishment. It is, in its general character, boldly classic; the outline is elegantly broken, and the floral decorations are in good keeping with the dimensions and the purpose to which it is to be appropriated. Well stocked with gay flowers, judiciously grouped as to character and colour, it will prove one of the noblest additions ever made to the Italian style of gardening, for which, indeed, it is best suited. It is six feet in diameter and one foot deep. Our engraving is copied from a photograph taken expressly for the purpose, and is therefore free from the least exaggeration.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS; NO. VII.

BY DEBAY.

THE FIRST CRADLE.

THE FIRST CRADLE.

By DEBAY.

Truly the first cradle, wherein we are all rocked; the maternal arms and bosom which hold us and our little dreams during that briefest time, just after the sun of life has risen, indeed, while his rays glitter on the horizon of that world which is to bound the day of our life,—day, which is said to lie between two eternities, the future and the past. How like two blossoms on one stem lie these little ones, sleep-involved and mutually intertwined, lost in infantine dreams, if, indeed, their dreams have not more of reality than those that break the half-death which in after-life we call sleep!

The graceful mother has made a cradle of her own limbs, and a resting-place of her own bosom, wherein they couch peacefully at ease; over them she stoops her head, graceful as a lily above the water, while her massed hair streams over shoulder and breast and back, thrown loose and free, to fall in solid wave and curl, its sweepy masses clustering heavily together, to form a weighty coronet about her face. She broods over the children as might have brooded over the great common mother Eve over the sleeping Cain and Abel. Doubtless they lay in such a cradle as this, and she bent over them, penetrated with the divine mystery of motherhood. Hardly could she have looked through the dim future upon their divergent paths of life; rather she became absorbed, as the matron before us is, in the solemn satisfaction of the fulfilment of life's purpose; and through content and dreaming peace, knew God's will to be the great solution of the mystery, and upon that resting saw only gratitude, hope, and trustfulness, and therein calmly laid her heart.

Brooding, she sustains them, and they sleep the sleep of the flowers; her love about them is as the calm warm breath of summer's night that soothes to easeful and perfect rest; her face reigning the peaceful moon of sleep-time, under whose calm and benignant presence these human blooms are folded. How well balanced her figure is! so that while enfolding the infants she makes their weight easy to sustain, and with small muscular effort keeps herself poised, the centre of gravity being undisturbed during their perfect repose; or should some little limb shift its place, a slight pressure or alteration of the foot will bring all to rights again in steady ease, and of course grace, with her.

The matron's rounded and elegant limbs,—passed from the slender length of girlish youth to the stately vigour of full womanhood,—are developed into the perfect form of the feminine adult; her hair has grown heavy and long; the glory of perfect woman is upon her, happy in perfection.

In noticing "The Italian Improvisatore," by Duret, previously engraved in this Magazine, we stated it to be an example of the modern-romance school of sculpture, which has for its foundation much of the character of the antique satyric statues of late date. Now "The First Cradle" before us is, in some sense, another work of the same class; but the reader will do well to notice how superior the latter is in every quality of design and execution, to say nothing of the more elevated and refined taste evinced by Debay in choice of subject. His work is, however, not without faults from which "The Improvisatore" is free; thus, for instance, the face appears too large for the size of the head as a whole, and the ultra-classical profile, having-forehead and nose in one line, with the retreating angle of the former, deprive the features of an expression of intellect and character. (The artist has evidently preferred the *petite* Venus di Medici to the graver, grander, nobler, and more vigorous Venus of Milo.) "The Improvisatore," although comparatively coarse, is more complete and whole in that realism of execution which is called for in a subject so strictly natural and unideal as that before us.

There is a cast of this statue in the Crystal Palace, placed among numerous examples of similar qualities, which supply means for the study of the progress and condition of modern French art.

L. L.

THE TOWER OF HARKSTONE CASTLE.

By THE AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROLLE."

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

It was a very short time after these events that old Phillis became Miss Chinaway, and that Mr. and Mrs. Spoker lived with her in Harkstone Castle. Mr. Spoker continued his practice as usual, and was little at home. His wife and their one little boy were constant inmates of Harkstone, and more or less companions to Phillis. But her habits were too much confirmed by age, and by her very limited intellect, to alter in proportion to her fortunes. She slunk about, dropping curtsies to the footman, till strictly forbidden by Mrs. Spoker, and dusting her own room with unconquerable pertinacity. When the idea could be conveyed to her that any particular thing was wrong, she would forbear that thing—why it was wrong she never reflected, the fact was enough; but as to other prohibitions, she disregarded them. Curtseying to the footman she left off, but dusting she adhered to. She made an enormous quantity of worsted stockings, ceasing to knit only at those times when she had no more worsted; for it was very long before she understood that she had money to spend in procuring things she wished to have. Idleness, unhappily, she could not enjoy; nor was the labour she had been trained to any pleasure to her; if any thing occurred which could fill her vacant hours, therefore, it was a boon. One of Mr. Spoker's brothers brought the old heiress a dog; and this dog she dimly looked upon as her charge, and fed and attended upon it, till it doted upon her. Its real name was Fido; but she called it by the general name of "pooppy," which she was accustomed to apply to dogs of all ages. "Pooppy," she would say, "come, pooppy, pooppy;" and he fawned on her and frolicked round her, much the more aristocratic possessor of the castle of the two. By slow degrees she came to assert this dog's right to do what he liked,—to lie on the chairs, to drink the cream, to run over the garden. An order not to allow these things from Mrs. Spoker would have been obeyed, but eluded, nay, perhaps resented; and Mrs. Spoker had her own views, which induced her to cultivate the affections of the heiress.

Her little boy was four years old; and the ancient Phillis made many advances to him, which the mother was very anxious to promote. But Phillis's notions of children were all drawn from those who occasionally had been confided to her old guardian's care, and among whom she had always been a favourite; but then their habits were not so tender as little Harry Spoker's. What she heard other people say she was much in the habit of adopting; her addresses to these young persons, therefore, had usually been in the style of her mother's,—"I'll give you the stick, naughty boy;" or, "I warrant I'll soon make you remember." No idea of exception had attached to these menaces, either in her own mind or that of the urchins, who proceeded in their own course quite regardless of her. But Harry Spoker thought of them more seriously; and in his answers he treated them as though they had been truths. "Naughty, ugly, old miss," would he reply; "I will whip you, for I hate you." Phillis paid no kind of attention to these hard words, but would pour her tea into the saucer, and hold it out for him, as if no bad language had passed on either side. If he took a fancy to pull down her gray hair, or to search her pocket for her housewife, he was quite welcome; and when he once or twice hid his face behind the screen, she played at bo-peep with him till he himself was exhausted. "I've laughed out all my laugh," said he; "stop now."

Her persevering blandishments by degrees overcame his suspicions, and he began to grow fond of her company, and to exert all his whims, and much of his affection, upon her. This made her very happy, and she became his slave, as much as if she were still the ragged dweller of the cottage. Mrs. Spoker also was delighted, for she knew that Harkstone Castle was in the old girl's power.

"If she have but the sense to make a will?" said she to her husband; "and I really don't myself think she is deficient. She chooses her own dinner now, and she can buy things at the shop as well as any body."

"That's all very well," said Mr. Spoker; "but her sense, or her nonsense alike, ought to leave the estate to the captain; and, my dear, I won't have any interference to induce her to dispose of it otherwise. Now I'm quite serious."

Mrs. Spoker answered nothing; but she kept her own ideas on the subject. She could not quite satisfy herself whether or not Phillis believed that she was really the owner of the castle. Phillis inhabited it in silence, as she had done the cottage, conforming to all that other people did; but Mrs. Spoker tried to arouse in her a sense of possession. She often exhorted her "to exert herself to fill her position," words which, like others, Phillis adopted, and, when she found occasion, applied them.

Little Harry one day, trying in vain to draw her from her knitting to play, said, "Shall you never be ready, Silly?" for that was the appellation to which he had reduced Phillis.

"Yes; but you wait a minute. I must exert myself to fill my position." And when Harry asked, "What's that mean, Silly?" she answered, "I'm bound to finish your stockings afore Sunday." And indeed she worked hard for Harry.

Mrs. Spoker tried to make her comprehend that Mr. Chinaway had made her possessor of Harkstone by a paper,—she did not call it a will; and this transaction Phillis seemed to comprehend better than any in which actual money passed before her eyes.

"He drew a paper," said Phillis, collecting the heads of the argument, "and put in any body's name as pleased him. He was the master."

"And you are the mistress now," said Mrs. Spoker, "and can put in any body's name too."

"Just as you please, ma'am," said Phillis.

"No, you must not say that. I've nothing to do with it. But probably you like some people better than others. Whom do you like?"

"I like them as is kind to me," said Phillis; and the subject seemed to pass as entirely from her mind as if it had been a lesson read at school.

"Be kind to poor Phillis," said Mrs. Spoker to her little son, "and don't call her *Silly*; call her Phillis."

The people in the county were very much amused by what had taken place at the old castle, and several of the families called there, and tried to see the heiress. But Mr. Spoker was a sensible man, and would neither allow her to appear before such people, nor his wife to profit by her own residence in the castle to enter into their society. He explained the manner in which he and Mrs. Spoker were situated, and declared himself merely the agent for the estate, and that his wife, at the request of Captain Graburn, had consented to live with the friendless Phillis. People in general gave him credit for a design to appropriate the estate; but nobody could deny that what he said was rational and satisfactory.

Meantime his own and his wife's connections were not to be denied; and they came many and frequently to the castle. Still Mr. Spoker allowed no splendours. There was a certain sum appropriated by him to housekeeping, and he would not permit his wife to add more than that sum to their own income.

"How should I answer, my dear, to the next possessor," said he, "when accounts come to be looked over, for spending more than what will keep up a proper house for poor Phillis, and remunerate myself and you for our care of her?"

"That depends on who is the next possessor," said Mrs. Spoker. "I heard her say one day it should be the person who was kind to her; and if any body's kind, I know who that is."

"Did she, indeed?" said Mr. Spoker. "What made her say that, I wonder?"

"O, you underrate her terribly," said his wife. "She has far more sense than you think for."

"I'm afraid so," muttered Mr. Spoker; and when he went to his room to write letters for that day's post, he looked for Captain Graburn's address, and indited him the following epistle:

"DEAR SIR,—I feel myself in a very anxious position; for should any thing happen to old Miss Chinaway, and should she make a will contrary to justice, I might be accused of neglecting your interests in a way very derogatory to my professional integrity. People will get about her, and there's no knowing what impression they may make by affecting a kind manner, to which she has never been used. Therefore, my dear sir, I should strongly counsel you to pay a visit to the castle to look after your own fortunes, and tiddle the heiress.

Yours faithfully,
L. SPOKER."

A few days brought him back the answer.

"Dublin, Porto Bello Barracks.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks; but let people get about her. Life is too short to 'tiddle the heiress,' and I am enjoying it now, and have no mind to waste the present upon the chance of securing what I might either fail to get, or be too old to have pleasure from in future. How is the old girl? as handsome as ever?

Yours very truly,
CHARLES GRABURN.

Many and kind thanks to you."

"He's making game of me, I almost think," said Mr. Spoker to himself, as he folded up this letter. "He need not have been so short upon me."

The years 1853-4 passed away, all these circumstances unaltered, except by the changes silently wrought on them by outward events. Phillis gradually took in some of the new ideas about her, and was thought competent by the committee of a local charity to sign the sale of some land which they wanted for enlarging their building. Mrs. Spoker had been very benevolent about this land. She thoroughly believed that her wishes on the subject were all for the school, and was quite justified to herself in making the best of Phillis's ability to sell the land by the convenience it would be to the charity. She was eager to promote the sale by assurances that Phillis understood what was wanted, and that she could fully enter into the scheme; and when the trustees came to talk with the strange heiress, rejoiced aloud, for the sake of Harkstone school, that they understood Phillis's peculiarities to be only the result of previous circumstances, and the change in them. Mr. Spoker said to his wife:

"If she can do this, she can also make a will. I wish Captain Graburn would look after her."

"I am sure, my dear, I wish he would, poor young man," said his wife.

This young man, meantime, was going his own way, with as little reference to Castle Harkstone as possible. He had put it out of his head at once, and the raillery of the many and sympathy of the few were alike distasteful to him. He had done what was both right and very unpleasant, and he wished to *have done* with it altogether. It was an odd page in life, turned over and, as far as depended on him, forgotten. Like other young soldiers, when the eventful 1854 came, he was entirely of opinion that we ought to go to war, because it would give the army the opportunity of active service, and was highly gratified to find his opinion adopted by the kings and queens of the earth, and hostilities declared against Russia. He belonged to a cavalry regiment which was not one of those ordered out upon service; and the moment this was ascertained he posted to the Horse Guards to get upon active service, which he could only do by exchanging into a regiment of infantry already under orders for the Crimea. In acting thus, he did what was not only pleasant to himself, but what he had quite a right to do; for, except one first cousin by his mother's side, he had not a relation whose wishes to detain him need have any

weight with him. This first cousin was a bragging prating fool, whom Charles Graburn never thought of except as an object to turn into ridicule. When he made his will, therefore, previously to leaving England, he was very much puzzled to know who should be his heir. "It is but little," said he to himself; "but, little or much, Nicholas Shipswood shall not have it. Ass!" He reflected for a long time, and at last determined.

He had on his table a little book containing "Directions for making a Will;" otherwise, if he had been obliged to consult a lawyer, he never would have had courage to do as he did. There was a young lady with whom he had danced all his last leave in London; whenever he could, he had ridden beside her in the Park; and at last he had observed that when she caught sight of him in the doorway, the colour blushed over her pretty face, and that in the open air in the Park her eyes welcomed him before her father or her brother perceived his approach. Then the straightforward and honest Charles Graburn had gone away; for, said he to himself, "I've nothing, and she has nothing. If I had,—O, if I had, I would go to Lady Thames's ball to-night, and ask that pretty, sweet, simple, high-bred girl to be my wife. As it is—as it is—heigh-ho!"

He went away, and put her, like Harkstone Castle, out of his head as much as he could. He was all for being happy, and he could not have been happy if he had let his mind run on Florence; but her image recurred to him when he was leaving England.

"I would have given her all," said he to himself; "and she shall have it now, if I die; she can't have it otherwise." Accordingly he drew up his will in her favour, securing to her all of which he, Charles Graburn, stood in possession on that — day of —, 1854. The will was witnessed by his servant, and left in the hands of a lawyer, whom he had occasionally consulted. When Florence de Nyle saw her last-season's partner gazetted for the Crimea, and wiped away the two tears which suddenly darkened her sight, she very little thought how he had been thinking of her.

The very same day, at Harkstone Castle, as Phillis was walking after Harry Spoker, and the "pooppy" was following her, she suddenly fell down on the gravel-walk, and could not succeed in getting up again. Harry tried what he could by exhortation and rebuke, and at last ran for his mother. Mrs. Spoker ran and lifted her up, and assisted her back to the house. It was evident she had suffered a slight stroke of paralysis; an event not to be wondered at, considering the total change of habits she had undergone. The doctor was sent for, and Phillis for this time recovered. What portion of wits she had did not seem diminished by the attack, but in her health there was an evident alteration. She walked less with Harry, diminished the activity with which she had arranged her room, ate less, slept more, and liked an easy chair to sit in. It could not be doubted that this would not last very long, and the destinies of Harkstone Castle became a matter of very great interest.

"Only keep her from thinking about a will at all, my dear," said Mr. Spoker to his wife.

"Very well, Spoker," answered the lady; "but you know she can be very stubborn if she takes a thing in her head."

This was true of some things, but not of such great interests as the Harkstone property; for it might certainly be a subject of doubt whether the idea of possessing it had ever established itself in Phillis's head. But Mrs. Spoker went on deceiving herself, and fancying she believed it very possible that the strange heiress might obstinately make little Harry her heir.

"If she should make a will contrary to Captain Graburn's interests while I am her adviser," said Mr. Spoker, "I would recommend him to dispute it, and I would assist him with all the information in my power. It would be dishonourable on my part; it would be a professional discredit."

"You would not if it were your own son," suggested his wife.

"I would," said Spoker, "though it were my son's soul in my father's skin."

Mrs. Spoker argued no more; but she said to herself, "Ah well, he has not been tried yet."

Phillis lingered on. Through all the summer of 1854 she continued to live a declining life; and her interests were bounded to her physis, her port-wine, her crawl along the gravel-walk, aided at length by Mrs. Spoker's arm. All those exciting months,—when battles were fought, when brave men triumphed or perished, when the hearts at home beat fast for the fates of those abroad, when the great interests concerned absorbed for the most part smaller and personal interests,—Phillis, neither knowing nor caring about those scenes, was quite taken up with her own living or dying.

The winter saw her withdrawn into a warm room, sitting in an easy chair, too weak to rise from it; a jelly on the table, and an orange; a piece of flannel drawn over her head. The comfort and luxury she enjoyed were far more prominent in her feelings than the illness. She said very little, but wondered at her own comfortableness; and before very long Spoker heard her frequently pronounce the phrase, "You are all so kind to me."

"What is she thinking of, poor thing?" thought he. "Somebody is prompting her."

Possessed with this idea, he was more frequently in her sick-room; and by all the indirect means he knew tried to assure himself that she had made no will.

"Things change strangely, don't they, Phillis?" said he. "Who would have thought of seeing you here in old Mr. Chinaway's place? yet here you are."

"And they say I shall lie inside the church, by the side of him, when I die," said Phillis.

"O, we must not talk of dying," said old Spoker. "No fear of dying this time."

"I be not afraid. Better die whilst I am well off."

"Nay, there's no chance of change, is there?" said Spoker. "Live as long as you will, you will always have this warm room and this easy chair and this fine place,—hey?"

"Don't know; it's queer to be here."

"When you are gone," said he,—and we all *must* go some time,—somebody will be here in your place. Do you think so?"

"You may sit yourself."

"I? O no, on no account. What made you think of it?"

"It's very comfortable," said Phillis; "I did but think you loved an easy chair. Harry loves it when I'm not in."

"O yes, yes, the chair, of course, the chair. So you'll leave Harry the easy chair."

"Do you mean like mother left me the box with money, when she was dead?"

"Well, yes."

"That's a thing I'd fain know," said Phillis. "A paper was the way mother gave me the box, wasn't it?"

"I dare say it was; but it is a bad thing to write when people don't well know how. I sincerely advise you never to write."

"Nay, but there are some say I ought to write. I don't say who, because they, maybe, would be angry, and you're all desperate kind now to me."

"O no, we are not—not at all—not in the least. I beg you won't think so; and as to writing, you can't surely,—best not. You *have* not written, have you?"

"No."

"And *will* not?"

"I dunna know."

"At all events, I am the only person who knows how to write things like that which old Mrs. Many—your mother, as you call her—wrote. Now promise one thing—I am sure I am kind to you."

"I don't say not," said Phillis; "so is little Harry: they all say so."

"But Harry can't write; so promise, if there is to be any

writing, that I shall be the man to do it. Will you promise, Phillis?"

"Ay, ay; I don't think to trouble any body, perhaps," said Phillis. "You be kind, and the missus very, and little Harry, and all."

"And there's another who has been kinder to you than any one," said Mr. Spoker, "and that's Captain Graburn. All that you have comes to you through the captain."

"Noa, sir, 'twas the old master writ a paper."

"But the captain got it first, and gave it all to you."

"What for did he? for I don't know what captain you do mean."

"Not know Captain Graburn?"

"Noa. I dunna know, I'm sure."

"O, Phillis, you surely must know the gentleman who came to you, and told you that you had money and the castle, and all."

"I do remember something of a fine gentleman, with hairs in his mouth, that came when mother lay dead, and made jokes at me."

"Alas," said Spoker to himself, "what a trick for that jado Fortune to play him!" Then he added aloud, "Well, well, Phillis, I'm sure you'll keep in mind what a friend to you I have been, and will promise to let me do your writing."

"Ay, ay, ay," said Phillis stupidly; and turned her attention entirely to sucking an orange.

Time went on, and each portion of it was marked to most minds in England. The days of that year were photographed as they passed beneath the sun; they did not rise to be forgotten at their set; their images became permanent as they went by.

Those who thought least of the heroic deeds and stoutly supported sufferings of that time were the heroes of the deeds themselves. Their simple valour, their good sense, their careful carelessness of standing an hour under the enemy's fire, their matter-of-fact purchase of a sausage, their patience under the privation of rations of all kinds, their parade-canter to the charge of Balaklava, their nightly cigar behind the bulwarks of the trenches, were unlike most of the big words and flashing looks which came from swollen hearts and eyes about them in England. The patient valour of the men, who "rarely despond, and never despair," is like a trumpet to the souls of those who read of it; but the trumpet itself is unmoved impassible metal.

For instance,—and we all have instances,—there were Charles Graburn and his friend Frederick Palliser; the same who was playing at chess with him in Birmingham when he got the first news of his succession to Harkstone. They were in the tent which they had agreed to occupy in common, leaving the other which belonged to them to their servants and kitchen, and they were enjoying one hour of the day. Nearly every body has to look forward to one as more comfortable than the rest of the twenty-four. They had lain down on their beds, and had heaped over themselves several old horse-cloths, which they had purchased one time or other at officers' sales (thus they obtained the blessing of warmth); young Palliser also, the day before, had been down to Balaklava, and brought up a pot-bellied Dutch cheese and several onions, and had stopped at the best brush he met with, and cut away a good bundle, which he had brought into camp amid much ironical cheering. It was his turn, however, now to laugh; for his servant had added it to the scanty allowance of firewood made for cooking, and had boiled some strong black coffee, a good cup of which was being sipped smoking hot by both young men. As if to complete their comfort, an orderly came to the tent from the head-quarters of their division with the long-expected post from England, and, among others, gave one to Charles Graburn. His companion received more. Few men had left behind so small a number of correspondents in England to give and take the news as our hero. They were at once deeply engaged in their packets. The one addressed to Charles Graburn ran as follows:

"Harkstone Castle, 3d December.

DEAR SIR,—I regret to inform you that Miss Chinaway departed this life, in hopes of a better, yesterday evening at 11.45, *without a will*. By these fortunate circumstances you become sole and indisputable possessor of Harkstone Castle and all its appurtenances; and as I had the pleasure to prevail on her, at the last solemn moments, to let me put in the fire a will which she herself, in extraordinary characters and grammar, had laboriously penned, I think myself doubly entitled to offer you the congratulations which I once before too hastily tendered. Nothing now remains but to come home as soon as possible, and exchange your sword for a ploughshare.

Dear sir, for self and partner,

Yours most faithfully,

PETER SPOKER."

Charles Graburn read this letter twice, and then looked up to catch his friend's sympathy. But Frederick Palliser was buried in his own letters. His earnest face promised no sympathy for Charles, and he waited till his friend should have leisure to hear him. His own thoughts meantime were all in tumult. Rich again, lord of that strange old place, able to indulge in all those plans which had tried often to tempt his imagination, at the same time likely enough to be deprived of all by a bullet or a bayonet; for the first time he thought of the dangers of war. He read the letter again; he blessed old Spoker; he wondered what the old heiress had written; he remembered the first time he had been declared heir of the castle, and again he looked for an auditor. Frederick Palliser was folding up a letter, and deeply pondering on the contents; but Charles would wait no longer.

"Frederick," said he, "do you remember the time in Birmingham—"

At this moment a sudden blast of the bugles of their own division sounded the turn-out. Up sprang both the officers, snatching their swords from the bedsides, and in the same moment bolting the remainder of the coffee and thrusting their letters into their pockets.

"I thought that infernal row must mean something," said Palliser, as they sprang out of the tent. "They've been at it stoutly, but I hoped it was only the French lines."

"I was afraid it was on our right," said Charles; "but we were too comfortable to move without occasion."

These words were said in the few moments before the apparatus of war was made ready to and by their hands; and in the changing of a scene they were engaged in supporting the defence of their division against the sortie which had been made by a strong body of Russians upon it. The enemy's screech, the cheers of the English, the alarm sung out by the bugles, the cracking of musketry, the blaze of murderous fire that far round illumined the place,—all made up a scene that told on the spirits and hearts of those engaged. Some it animated to madness; and when the enemy at last gave way, and the impetus of pursuit began, the party commanded by our two heroes (unluckily for themselves) carried it too far, and found themselves before long beyond their own lines, and in over-close neighbourhood of the Russian supports, which enabled the fugitives to rally, and turned the tide again against those who were but now conquerors. There was nothing to do but to retreat. Far behind, the note of the English bugles was heard sounding the "cease firing;" but that was not the call that suited the affairs of this too-forward party. Gradually drawing back, the men alternately fired and retreated, their officers nearest the enemy, and preserving with great coolness their own and their men's presence of mind and steadiness. But the numbers that were opposed to them increased; and at last, a dash being made by their whole body, the English were broken, and fled back to their lines. Charles Graburn would fain have fled too; but before he knew that he was not running he was lying insensible on the ground, struck by one ball through the neck, and another on the hip. His last act of consciousness was to grapple a great thistle, and find energetic fault with it for pricking his hands. After that, battle, Russians, home, Harkstone Castle, flight, pur-

suit,—all were nothing to him for a space; he knew not how long the space, nor what were the events passing, till at last pain returned, and consciousness, and by degrees the knowledge of his situation. It was dark night still, though to the east the crags loomed out of the obscurity where the day was sending forth on the blackness its first obscure dull brown. The earth around was almost hidden, but he could perceive a few great stones and some stumps of brush, and at last a lump, which bore the proportions of a man, lying moderately near. "It's poor Fred, probably," thought he; "we were close when I fell;" and with extreme difficulty he dragged himself near to the prostrate man, and could then discern that he was alive by an occasional movement.

"Is it you, Fred?" he gulped out, scarcely able to speak for his neck-wound. "You are alive, then?"

"Yes; but I think I've enough. And you?"

"Bad enough; I can scarcely stir. But, Fred, I've something to do before I die, if I am to die. Do you remember what I was saying to you when the bugles sounded?"

"Not the least."

"What do you think? I've inherited Harkstone Castle."

"Odd enough," said Frederick.

"And I want to leave it *away* from Nicholas, and to Florence."

"You are wandering, poor Charley."

"No, no; I've all my wits, and also the blank side of Spoker's letter. I'll contrive to scrawl it, if you'll contrive to sign."

"Go on," said Fred.

Charles Graburn, thus encouraged, took from his pocket the letter, which was dyed and wet with his blood, and, as far as he could discern the black mark of his pencil on that part of the paper which continued white, wrote, "I leave my whole property to Florence de Nyle." Frederick grasped the pencil, and with infinite difficulty subscribed his name. Charles Graburn's spirits rose with the excitement.

"But there should be two witnesses by rights," said he. "If it's not perfectly good, old Nick will come down upon it."

"I don't know where you'll get another," said Fred. "A Russian is the only chance; and the first daylight will bring plunderers, who are more likely to bayonet us than to sign your will."

"True enough; can't you crawl away, Fred?"

"Not I; I'm shot through both thighs; I am motionless."

Both were silent; they bore their pain gallantly. They endured stoutly the ideas which could not but press on them,—of the enemy, against whom they were helpless. All was still for another quarter of an hour; then the earth vibrated beneath their prostrate forms, and directly after the sound of horses' feet, approaching at a trot, made itself heard. It was a Russian party, as appeared by the tone of their speech, but in the darkness they did not perceive the wounded soldiers, and they passed on. They were followed at a short distance by an officer of their own, who deviated a little from the track of his party, and passed near the young men. Charles's thoughts were very much carried out of his situation by his momentary possessions. As the officer came near, he lifted up his arm, and at the same time called to him, in French, "*Une grâce, monsieur.*"

"*Ne craignez rien, monsieur,*" said the officer.

"*Craindre!*" cried Charles; "*il ne s'agit pas de cela. De grâce, monsieur. Sous-signes cet écrit.*"

"*Comment, mon nom?*" said the officer, who could hardly be said to have paused.

"*Mais oui, monsieur, mais oui! c'est mon testament.*"

"*Ah, monsieur,*" said the Russian, hastily jumping off his horse, and doing as he was asked, and on again in a second.

"*Ivan Iliashensko,*" said Charles, reading the characters with straining eyes. "*Au revoir, Monsieur Iliashensko, au Château Harkstone, comté Dorset.*"

The officer was gone while the words were saying, but

he heard them, and touched his cap, half-laughing, as he started after his men.

"Who knows, Fred," said Charles, his spirits quite elated, low as he lay there,—"*who knows* but you and I, and that fellow, shall be by the Christmas fire at Harkstone yet?"

"Not I," said Frederick. "If you ever get back, take my love to poor Alice."

"I will, I will," said Charles; and, after a pause, he broke out again, "And, Fred, if you *do* come, bring Alice with you."

"All right," said Frederick, not able nor willing to dispute about probabilities.

The daylight meantime grew clearer, and they could see several of their own men lying motionless on the stony earth. At a distance, too, it seemed as if a figure moved in the dim twilight, stooping at each prostrate body it came to, and after a few seconds again advancing. Charles Graburn grasped the sword which still lay by his side.

"I'll not die like a dog, without striking a blow," thought he; but a moment after, he relaxed his hold, and cried aloud, "He's our own! Soldier, come hither!"

The figure turned at the voice, and approached at a run; but the same exclamation which had caught his attention excited that also of four gray-coated figures, which had been partly hidden by inequalities in the ground, partly by the mist of the wintry morning. They were nearest, and sprang at once upon the two officers. "*Plennik! Prisonnier!*" said both; but their Russ and French were alike unheeded by the men, who tore away in a moment the ornaments of their dress, while one of the four, with the dismounted bayonet he held, lifted his arm, about to strike. In a moment more the English soldier whom Graburn had observed was up with them, and the pistol he held in his hand had whizzed its ball through the head of the bayonet-armed Russian. The other three fell upon him; but he had snatched up Charles's sword, and stoutly defending and attacking, cut through the arm of another; and the remaining two, having neither time nor reason for persevering in the plunder of two defended men while plenty were lying undefended, turned sullenly away.

"Brave Weight!" cried Charles; "you've saved us."

"Ay, sir; I got leave to come and look for you; but there's more coming. I hope ours will be first."

"Do you see them? Are they coming?" cried both the young men.

"Yes, sir; both sides. I hope ours will be first. Captain Graham sent down ten of his troop to try and bring you two gentlemen off. There they are; but there's lots of the enemy."

"Will they be in time?"

"Well, I think so," said Weight, reloading his pistol.

"I feel them on all sides," said Frederick; for his torn nerves vibrated to sound and motion.

"Ay, sir," said Weight, looking first right then left.

The English soldiers were urging their horses over the rough dangerous ground; Weight's arm was lifted high to point out the place they had to make for, and then they dashed towards it. They came up in time; four sprang to the earth, and lifted the prostrate men. No care, no gentleness for their agonised limbs could there be. They raised them on the horses, and into the grasp of two of their comrades. Weight sprang behind another of the men, and they galloped away.

Did any one ever break a limb, and know what it was to be moved? Think of that gallop!

But they were saved; the dragoons carried the two officers within the lines, and up to the camp. There they were laid down and attended to. Frederick had fainted; Captain Graburn retained consciousness of his agony.

But they did not die; they lay in the hospital, and life returned to both. They were sent home as soon as they could be moved; and before they were well enough to think of returning to their duties peace had been made. Christmas of 1856 arrived, and the scene it presented at Harkstone

Castle was nearly as Charles Graburn had said it would be, but better still. The bright fire was burning in the castle dining-room; and at the abundant Christmas-board sat Frederick and his dear happy Alice; honest and excellent Spoker, and his wife, resplendent in a diamond-cross and earrings,—Charles's present. There was no Iliashensko, indeed; but instead of him, at the head of the table sat that fair Florence who had been made mistress of the castle on the bloody Chersonese, and who sate there mistress, not of that only, but of the warm glad heart which had so nearly ceased to beat when he remembered her; and thinking to see her no more, "with all his worldly goods did her endow."

The gift had been confirmed in her own village-church as soon as Charles could walk with her to the holy table. She had loved him poor, and he knew it; riches were wanted only to give the two a home in common; and it was now a month since they had enjoyed it together. Charles's sense of Mr. Spoker's honourable conduct was expressed in ways more profitable than the sparkling present to his wife; and as for Sergeant Weight, he sate in the housekeeper's room the most honoured of guests, and every body thanked him and praised him for having saved Charles Graburn's life, except Florence; but she, often as she took his hand in hers and began to speak, broke down for want of voice, and could do nothing but look him in the face, her eyes overflowing with tears.

THE ORPHANS.

By HAMON.

THE shadow of death has fallen over this little household, and even yet the inmates are chilled into melancholy during its passing-by. The gravor of the orphans, strengthened by trouble, has, however, risen against pain, and struggled with it only to overcome; and, the first shock past, all has settled into quietness, a little saddened by grief. The elder sister pursues home vocations; and the younger, less firm in heart, or overcome with lassitude, has fallen asleep over her work, forgetting sorrow and pain for a while; the little one, with childish thoughtlessness, attempts to arouse her with the stalk of a tall flower taken from the vase on the table, abandoning his own toys for the delight of teasing his sister. Over his young heart no change has come. We think these few words have told the tale.

As a work of art this picture is not a little interesting, being an example of the modern French classical style resulting from the pseudo-antique studies so much practised by the school of David. The reader will observe this in the extreme simplicity of the composition, almost bare as it is, and in the severe forms of the draperies, which, although modern in construction, are thoroughly classic in design and arrangement; the very attitudes of the figures, with the reserve of motion about them, is strikingly exemplificatory of it. It is remarkable how this is carried through the whole work, even in the simple character of the accessories; in fact, the woodcut before us might almost be an engraving from some recovered work of late Grecian art just discovered at Pompeii, rather than a picture by a French artist exhibited at Paris in 1855.

L. L.

A NEAR CUT TO INDIA.*

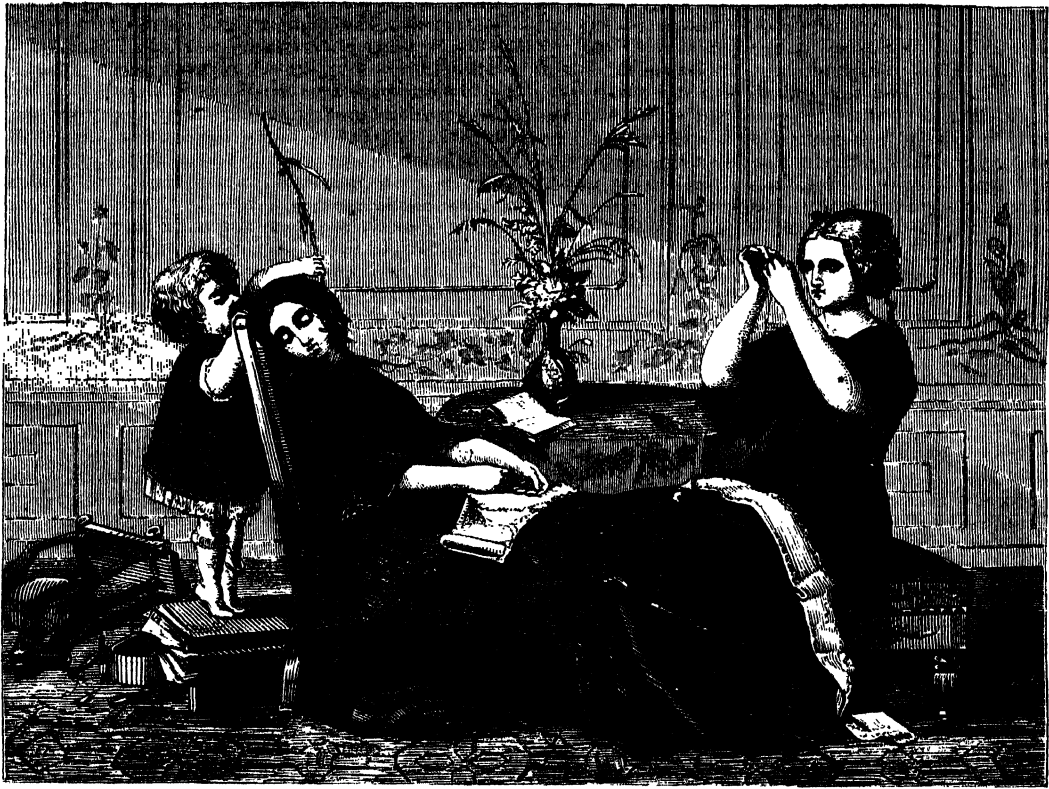
THE establishment of "near cuts" may be said to be the great aim of modern times. Machinery has established near cuts between the raw material and the manufactured article; and the purpose of every new invention in art, and the effect of almost every fresh discovery in science, is to shorten the road by which we travel to the goal of our objects and

desires. Many near cuts of this kind have been discovered during the present century, of which railways and the electric telegraph may be mentioned as the most remarkable. By the former, a place at the distance of fifty miles may be reached in one hour instead of in six; by the latter, time and distance have been annihilated altogether. The grand scheme which forms the subject of this paper is the establishment of a "near cut to India" by making a canal through the Isthmus of Suez; and if the reader will consult a map of the world, he will perceive at a glance the great saving of distance and time which it will effect. Let him run his eye, say from Southampton, down the coast of Europe, and away round the immense continent of Africa to the Cape of Good Hope, and from thence up the Indian Ocean to Calcutta; and then compare that long circuitous route with the proposed line of passage along the Mediterranean, through the Isthmus of Suez, down the Red Sea, and across the entrance to the Persian Gulf. Reducing the matter to figures, the distance by the Cape route from London to Bombay is 5950 leagues; by Suez it will be 3100 leagues—a saving of 2850 leagues.

Until the year 1823, the only road to India was by way of the Cape. The lumbering Indiamen in which the voyage was made called and took in provisions at St. Helena, at the Cape, and half a dozen other harbours besides. People in England who had friends in India believed they kept up intercourse with them if they heard from them once a-year; for a letter written in September of the one year was answered possibly by October in the next, when the thoughts, the feelings, and the circumstances of the writers were altered, if not forgotten, by themselves. The news of Indian battles reached the government at home and the friends of those engaged at a time when the success which was the cause of national rejoicing had possibly been followed by reverses. Events in India were altogether beyond the control of the government at home. Our Indian Empire might be lost and won long before the ship which carried the intelligence sighted the coasts of Europe. Commerce, too, was subjected to all the thousand vicissitudes of time and distance. No advices from the Indian markets could reach the London houses under five or six months from the date of the letter. Speculation and trade were consequently extremely dangerous; and this fact tended to limit commercial transactions with India, and to check the development of its resources. These disadvantages were all painfully felt at home, but they were still more painfully felt by the European Indians themselves. About the year 1823 the idea of a "near cut" first began to occupy the minds of the leading men of Bombay. In casting about how this much-desired object might be accomplished, it occurred to them that the run from Bombay to Aden, at the point where the Red Sea opens into the Indian Ocean, was hardly one-fourth of the length of the run from Bombay to the Cape; that the Red Sea, though long, and reputed to be dangerous by the fathers of the Church and Mussulman pilgrims bound to Mecca, was, after all, neither so tedious nor so dangerous as the passage round the Cape. They further bethought themselves that a ship carrying mails and passengers might discharge its burden at Suez; that a courier and passengers might, without difficulty or danger, cross the desert which separates the Red Sea at Suez from the Mediterranean at Alexandria; that another ship waiting in the latter port might receive them on board, and carry them to Malta, and thence to England.

The Bombay government proposed all this to the home government, stating at the same time that experiments had been made, and that the whole voyage might be performed in thirty-five days. The proposal was rejected, revived, and rejected over and over again, and was only at last adopted after a lapse of twenty years. Lieutenant Waghorn's share in demonstrating the practicability of the scheme, and eventually in obtaining its adoption, was rewarded by a pension of 50*l.* a-year, granted by the government to his mother; he himself having died unrequited shortly after his plan was carried into execution! Such, in

* For the information contained in this article we are mainly indebted to a recent pamphlet, entitled *The Gates of the East*. By CHARLES LAMB KENNY, Barrister-at-Law. London: Ward and Lock.



THE ORPHANS. BY HAMON.

a few words, is the history of the establishment of the first near cut to India—the Overland Route.

The advantages of this route were immediately realised. Merchants could send or receive by it letters, specie, samples, and small parcels of goods of sufficient value to bear the heavy charges of transport. The government also could send despatches, and officers whose business was urgent; but it was not available for large cargoes of goods, nor for troops and commissariat stores, which were, and are, sent by sea round the Cape. Still a great advantage was gained as regards mail communication; and the trade with British India has enormously increased during the twelve or thirteen years that the overland route has been established. But with the increase of trade, the necessity for a more rapid and safe conveyance of goods soon began to be felt both in India and England; and a number of schemes were started for making the track of the present overland route available for all trading vessels. Captain Allen, R.N., conceived the gigantic project of flooding a portion of Syria by letting the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean in upon the lower level of the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee, converting part of a continent into an ocean. Another scheme proposed to make a canal, which should cross the Nile by means of a gigantic aqueduct. But these, if not impracticable, were at least too difficult of execution. A plan, however, is now before the world, the execution of which is stated by the highest engineering authorities to be within the limits of our scientific and commercial resources,—a plan which can be carried out within a reasonable time, and at an expense that has frequently been equalled, and in some cases exceeded, in the construction of railways. This plan is to join the Mediterranean and the Red Sea at the point where the narrowest strip of land interposes between them; to carry, in fact, a ship-canal through the isthmus from Suez to Pelusium. The

project for this canal was conceived by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, who, in October 1854, visited Egypt in consequence of an invitation from the new viceroy, Mohammed Saïd; and in the course of a journey across the Lybian desert from Alexandria to Cairo, the question of cutting through the isthmus was first mentioned between them. The prince requested M. de Lesseps to draw up a memorial on the subject; and this being done, and meeting with his approbation, he issued to the consuls-general of foreign powers a firman, destined to receive the sanction of the sultan, granting to a company composed of the capitalists of all nations the right to construct a canal between the two seas. At the same time the viceroy ordered his two engineers, Linant Bey and Moguel Bey to accompany M. de Lesseps in an exploring expedition to the Isthmus of Suez, and to complete, by a fresh examination of the ground, the investigations already made. The report of the engineers was most favourable to the scheme.

M. de Lesseps' next step was to proceed to Constantinople. There he had an audience of the sultan, and eventually obtained a letter from the Grand Vizier to the Viceroy of Egypt, in which the plan was described as "a work of the most useful and interesting character." While at Constantinople M. de Lesseps addressed Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on the subject, but did not meet with any encouragement in that quarter. In 1855 M. de Lesseps came to England to explain his scheme to our leading politicians, and the information which he then gave has since been published in a pamphlet.*

At the close of 1855, a commission was appointed, at the desire of the Viceroy of Egypt, to examine and test the accuracy of the report of his own engineers; and for this purpose M. de Lesseps got together a body of the most

* *Isthmus of Suez Question.* By M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, Minister-Plénipotentiaire. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

eminent engineers in Europe. England was represented by Messrs. Rendell, M'Clean, and Charles Manby; Austria, by M. de Negrelli, Inspector-General of Railways; Sardinia, by M. Paleocapa, Minister of Public Works; Holland, by M. Conrad, Engineer-in-Chief of the Water Staat; Prussia, by M. Lentze; Spain, by M. Montesino, Director-General of Public Works; and France, by M. Renard, Inspector-General and Member of the Council of Ponts et Chaussées, and M. Lieussou, Hydrographer and Engineer to the Imperial Navy. The department of nautical science was represented by Captain Harris, of the East India Company's Service, and by Rear-Admiral de Genouilly and Captain Jaurès, of the Imperial French Navy. This commission proceeded to Alexandria; and their examination of all the points connected with the proposed undertaking resulted in a full confirmation of the previous report. The commissioners stated,—we quote their words,—“That the execution of the ship-canal was easy, and its success certain; and that the two harbours to be constructed at Suez and Pelusium presented none but the usual difficulties.”

The question from an engineering point of view having been thus fully solved, the Viceroy of Egypt granted to M. de Lesseps a second charter, declaring the burdens, obligations, and services to which the proprietors of the Suez Canal will be subjected; the concessions, immunities, and advantages to which they will be entitled, and the facilities which will be accorded to them. The following is an abstract of the terms. The works to be executed are: 1. A canal wide enough for the passage of the largest vessels between Suez and Pelusium. 2. A canal of irrigation and supply striking out of the preceding canal in the directions respectively of Suez and Pelusium. These works shall be completed within six years. Lake Timahah shall be converted into an inland harbour fit for vessels of the highest tonnage. A harbour of refuge shall be constructed at the entrance of the ship-canal into the Gulf of Pelusium, and the necessary improvements shall be made in the port and roadstead of Suez. The Egyptian Government shall have a claim of fifteen per cent on the net profits of every year. In return, the Egyptian Government agrees to make the following concessions: 1. A free grant of all land, not the property of individuals, which may be found necessary for the purpose of the works, and the use and enjoyment of all waste lands which shall be cultivated by the means and at the expense of the canal proprietors. 2. The privilege of drawing from the mines and quarries of the state free of charge all necessary materials for the construction and maintenance of the works and buildings. 3. Free importation of the machinery, &c. to be used in the construction of the works. It is further provided that the canal shall always remain open as a neutral passage to every merchant-ship; that for the right of passage through the canal the maximum toll shall be ten francs per ton on ships, and per head on passengers; and that the provisions of the charter shall be in force for ninety-nine years after the opening of the canal.

Now as to the estimated cost. It appears from an estimate prepared by Moguel Bey and Linant Bey, and examined and approved by the international commission of engineers, that the total expense of all the works, including all contingent expenses, will amount to 8,000,000*l.* The actual cost of the canal itself will, it is stated, be only 5,754,063*l.*; the difference between that and the whole sum will be necessary for works in connection with it, such as the excavation of harbours and the fixing of the sands. This seems by no means an extravagant sum, considering the magnitude and importance of the undertaking; comparing it, indeed, with the sums spent in recent railway enterprises, it will appear exceedingly moderate: the railway from London to York cost nearly one-third more; that between Paris and Lyons also about one-third more. With regard to the paying capabilities of the proposed canal, it has been estimated that the tonnage likely to pass through it will not be less than 3,000,000 tons per annum, without taking

into account the increase of trade which it may be expected to produce. This amount of tonnage, at ten francs a ton, would give a revenue of 30,000,000 francs, or 1,200,000*l.* But if only half this sum, viz. 600,000*l.*, be realised, it will return 7½ per cent on the capital.

Finally, France, Austria, Sardinia, Spain, Greece, and Turkey take a deep interest in the scheme, and are anxious to give their assistance in carrying it out; and nearly two-thirds of the required capital have been subscribed. What, then, is wanting? The consent of England. Although Turkey stands among the first promoters of the scheme, she has not yet given her formal consent to its execution, in deference to the British government. It is pretended by our government that the scheme is impracticable; and in this assertion it has been backed up by a very eminent engineer, Mr. Robert Stephenson. But it must be observed, that Mr. Stephenson singly pits his opinion, upon a very slight acquaintance with the subject, against the deliberate judgment of some nine or ten of the most eminent engineers in Europe, after a thorough investigation. The real objection, if there be any beyond the usual obstructive policy with regard to all new schemes, must be political, and based on the fear of opening the way to India to other nations; but surely, as the increased facility will be shared by ourselves, this objection, so derogatory to our much vaunted maritime superiority, cannot be allowed long to stand in the way of an enterprise so grand in itself, and so important to the interests of our commerce, and to the development of the resources and consequent civilisation of the inhabitants of India.

EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS FOR THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

AN occasion so entirely novel in England as this, of an exhibition of works of sculpture sent in competition for the prize of executing a national monument, is peculiarly interesting, as each visitor becomes as it were a voter, called upon to deposit the number of his favourite design in the ballot-box of public opinion. In forming a judgment to this end, it will be well for the spectator to ask himself if a work which may attract him really fulfils its purpose as a memorial of the great Duke, and is worthy of so noble a destiny as to become a testimony from a great nation to one of her greatest soldiers. Consideration of this point will speedily reduce the subjects for judgment to a very small number,—even two or three. We have first of all to reject all such as are absurd in design, being from their very nature not only unfit for the special object, but totally inadmissible for monumental sculpture on any occasion whatever. At the head of these we shall place No. 1, “The Wellington Star Monument,” as it is somewhat fantastically entitled. This consists of a twisted column of marble, rising from a base surrounded with eight other twisted columns, and surmounted by a statue of the Duke. Now this is absolutely unfit for monumental sculpture under any circumstances, being merely a memorial, and from its form suitable enough for a column in a public square (if it were not for the singular hideousness of the design), but most unfit to be placed over the grave of the great man commemorated, and also by the predominance of vertical lines unsuitable for a place within a building.

Another great quality—indeed the great quality—to be looked for in such designs is, that of idea; that is to say, something which shall show the sculptor has been penetrated with an appropriate thought on the subject, suggestive or expressive of the feeling with which one should look upon a work so dedicated. “The Wellington Star Monument” possesses just this infinitesimal atom of a thought adaptable to the purpose,—it has, and derives its name from, a gilt star on each of the four faces of the capital of the column; so that a person approaching could not but be

struck with the appropriateness of such a thing glittering in the sun, and surmounting a monument to him who was the "star of England" through so many decades. It will be needless to add, that this No. 1 is not unique as an example of the way in which the absurd and ugly predominate over the fitting and the beautiful; we are compelled, however, to select an instance upon which to enforce our remarks.

Having disposed of the absurd works, the reader will next proceed to decide upon such as are conventional and mediocre,—not ridiculous, but simply dull; amongst which we may place all such as rely upon that noble quadruped the British lion for the chief exponent of their meaning; all those whose authors lack means of expressing themselves but with the aid of figures of Britannia, Victory, Fame, Valour, Peace, &c.,—excellent personages in themselves, but, as ideas in sculpture, long ago worn threadbare and repeated to loathing. Natural and true grief does not vent itself in rhetorical figures and tropes, neither does an artist who has any new thing to say express himself mainly by these stilted and inane conventionalities.

Fame with her trumpet, the Muse of History inscribing his deeds, Britannia crowning her hero with laurel, Palm-bearing Peace, and Victory with the wreath, are of course the pet reliance of sculptors whose idea is rather to make a design which shall comply with and illustrate certain conventional rules of the abstract science of composition (so-called), than to produce such a work as we have said is now required.

No reader will give his vote to a work which depends for its interest upon such auxiliaries, if he will cross the road between Westminster Hall and the Abbey, and note how the latter (noble Gothic temple as it is) has been defaced by legions of Britannias, Virtues, Victories, Heroes, Lions, and Wreaths. He will there see how often the British lion has been employed to guard a grave,—how often that poor brute's haunches have been loaded with a sarcophagus,—how often Victory has crowned the Hero, and what scores of lugubrious Britannias weep above the tombs.

Let us entreat the reader to dismiss from his mind and recollection these poor horrors, and resolve that unless an allegorical figure is intruded for some other than its conventional value as representing an abstract quality, it shall on that account be rejected, excepting, indeed, it has an interest of its own, and displays a real feeling and purpose on the part of the sculptor. With such a condition, even Britannia may be endured, nay, perhaps admired, and the British lion not requested to weep or roar elsewhere. All depends upon the sculptor's feeling for the subject.

Thus examined, it appears to us that the whole series of designs (eighty-three in number) may very summarily be reduced to three only which fulfil the conditions of originality, feeling, and excellence required. These are Nos. 78, 36, and 34. Of these we have placed first that which seems most excellent, most simple, and most suitable,—No. 78,—with the motto, "Deeds, not words." This is, in our judgment, the only work thoroughly fitting and good. Under a low canopy of simplest unornamented design reclines upon a sarcophagus the statue of the Duke; upon the platform constituted by the top of the canopy kneels a figure of Victory just alighted to place a wreath, as the only decoration of the monument. The supreme simplicity of this design is not destroyed by the presence of four angle-figures of Truth, Valour, Duty, and Loyalty. If the reader wishes for an example of the way in which true feeling for a subject may be evinced by one man when dealing with the same materials, which serve only to encumber another, he will compare the design of these figures with similar ones in the Hall, bearing in mind our previous remarks on the hackneyed nature of allegorical figures in general. It is necessary in placing a monument in a building like St. Paul's that it should harmonise with the architecture surrounding, and that it should not be of such height as to

dwarf the altitude of the aisles, thereby injuring the architectural effect of the latter without giving any compensation for such a solecism. The horizontal forms of this design will therefore be eminently fitted for a position in the cathedral.

In an architectural sense, No. 34 undoubtedly transcends all others here. It is, however, Gothic in design, and mainly vertical in arrangement of composition; therefore, although admirably suitable for a public square, is quite inadmissible in a building of Wren architecture, and, indeed, for an interior at all. It consists of a lofty Gothic tomb, designed with great knowledge and taste, being simple, strong, and pure; beneath the arch of the tomb is a sarcophagus, and upon its base are many *bassi-relievi* of appropriate subjects; upon the apex of the arch or canopy is a statue of the Duke. To this sort of double presence of sarcophagus and statue,—at least when the latter represents life, and is not recumbent on the top of the chest,—we most strongly object; a tomb cannot combine the qualities of a memorial and a monument in itself. We take these words arbitrarily to signify, in the first case, a cenotaph or erection in honour of one whose body does not lie beneath; and in the latter, applying it strictly to a tomb over the body of the person honoured. These qualities seem to us repugnant and incongruous, and the attempt to combine them in one a certain failure. Another and obvious objection to this sort of duality is, that it suggests an absurd fancy of the statue being a representation of the ghost of the deceased which has risen from the coffin beneath. We contend, therefore, that the simply grand and awful idea of death is disturbed by the confusing or duplication of two distinct thoughts one with the other. The sculptor's motto for this work is, *Rem magni animi agerum*.

Although somewhat melodramatic in conception, there is a great deal of feeling in the design of the last monument we have to refer to, No. 36. This has the advantage also of being peculiarly adapted to the vein of thought which for some two hundred years has been judged most appropriate to art when employed on such a task as the present: therefore it will, beyond question, be the most popular of the designs here exhibited, and, if the voice of the people conferred the prize, undoubtedly the one chosen for execution. It consists of a lofty tomb, of simple classical form, surmounted by a statue of the Duke, and having on either side a double gate of wrought bronze, whereupon are carved medallion subjects from the events of his life. One of these gates is closed; by the side of the other stands an angel, with his left hand to his lips motioning silence, while with the right he closes the remaining valve of the gate. The motto is, "Past away," which expresses the feeling and action of the angel. The Muse of History and a British lion are accessories.

These three are the only works which seem to us to display sufficient talent to merit the reward (of course, after excluding such as are quite inadmissible from the peculiar circumstances of the case, amongst which we might name several that are extremely beautiful in themselves); however, the second is unsuitable, on account of the Gothic nature of the design, and we ourselves would much prefer the first to the third, not only for its superior merits as a work of art, but as being of a higher order of taste.

Baron Marochetti's great design is yet invisible, he, not complying with the conditions laid down (and binding upon others), reserves it in his study. Why he should not condescend to exhibit his work (if it really is not here) we cannot comprehend, as, all national prejudices aside, we think him likely to produce a very remarkable work. What is to be regretted about this circumstance is, that many of our best sculptors refused to compete, under the impression that the commission is already disposed of, and that the prizes are awarded without consideration of after-execution of the monument. In fact, it is reported that the Sardinian nobleman is to carve the tomb of the English Duke.

A FRENCH HOLIDAY.

At six o'clock on the 15th of August 1856, the worthy inhabitants of the various cities of France were awakened from their slumbers by the unwonted sound of cannon. The boom of from twenty to a hundred salvos of artillery (according to the size of each place) announced to the nation the fête-day of their sovereign, and the arrival of a national holiday.

When the roll of the guns reached my own ears on that morning, it had travelled some mile or two across the sea. The steamboat upon which I was had left Le Havre at half-past five, and was steadily working out across the bay. It was a charming morning for an excursion to sea; the sky had that peculiar gray mackerel-tint, and the air that freshness and purity about it, that give a good promise of fair weather and clear skies. Looking inshore, and eastwards, the broad mouth of the river, dotted here and there with a white sail, and one solitary steamer,—bound, according to the bills, upon a "grande promenade" to Rouen,—had caught a glow of unaccustomed beauty from the chastened sunlight; and even the unsightly roofs of dirty Havre, set sharply against the bright sky, looked their very best. Far away on the left my eyes rested upon Ste. Adresse, with its lighthouse, its cliffs, and its picturesque valley of thick foliage and summer-built houses, dear to me besides as being my home; while on the right lay fashionable Trouville, almost concealed in the shadow of its hills, standing behind, between it and the morning.

The destination of the author and his steamboat, thus romantically introduced to the reader, was that city of mediæval association, and miraculous feminine head-gear,—Caen. As the well-informed or travelled Englishman will be aware, it lies at the head-quarters of the river Orne, a curious stream (if stream it may be called), constructed by the combination and the docking-up of various little rivulets at one end, and assisted at the other end by the sea, which fills the channel at high tide, and enables vessels of small burden to pass to the docks and quays of the town. A place of considerable merchandise is Caen; the centre of a fine agricultural country, and the *locus* of several manufactures; a city full of interest for the lovers of old times, crammed with *recherché* specimens of architecture, thronged with the oval-faced and bright-coloured beauties of Normandy, in their artistically delightful costume of sabots, short petticoats, and lace caps; endowed with a magnificent lyceum, or semi-university; surrounded by the rich and comfortable fields of an undulating and pleasing country; and (for a French town) marvellously clean.

No wonder, then, if, with all these ordinary attractions, and with the extraordinary one of a promised regatta in the "basin," or largest dock, the old Norman town should have enticed me to spend a summer-day within its walls. On the other hand, there was nothing to keep me at home. My own quiet village was to be invaded by the horrors of a French fair. Opposite my very garden-gate were already established two proprietors of rival lotteries, one for gingerbread and the other for crockery; and the constant whirr and click of the lottery-machines, combined with the shrill voice of the seductive proprietors, and the still shriller voices of the infallibly losing public, filled me with prospective apprehension. Was I not aware, too, that the *restaurateur* from whom I ordinarily obtained my modest repasts would infallibly, upon this exciting day, forget even the existence of his quiet customer opposite, and upon the morrow tell so many falsehoods to exculpate himself as would make me quite uncomfortable; that Héloïse, the pretty *bonne* of the establishment, had made an engagement for the day with her mother the *blanchisseuse*, her sister the vegetable-merchant, and Robert the mason, whose connection with Héloïse was not yet defined; and that madame, my landlady, had made arrangements for a grand spectacle of fireworks in the garden, of which my chamber commanded so good a view,

that it would be almost cruelty to deprive the good lady and her friends of the use of it? Expatriation for the day was, I felt, the only resource; and so it came about, that when the guns fired their welcome to the emperor's fête-day I was steaming along to Caen.

By the time the smoke had cleared off from the battery-quay in the distance, the party at the extreme aft of the vessel, where I had stationed myself, had made each other's acquaintance pretty perfectly. The sudden burst of the first gun had startled us into simultaneous exclamations, and mutual remarks upon the subject, of no particular tendency, but sufficient to break the ice—never very thick in France—of our ignorance of each other. After that we engaged in very pleasant conversation,—the fineness of the weather, the prospect of a good regatta, Prince Jerome's arrival at Frascati's, the comparative merits of the sandy shore at Trouville and the shingly one on the other side of the bay, with all those little nothings which Frenchmen and French women adorn with so much of conversational briskness. As the shore receded, our eyes bent more and more on each other; and at last we formed, if not a very wise, at any rate a very chatty and happy little party.

Even in the stormiest weather there is scarcely enough sea between the mouths of the Seine and the Orne to try the sailing capacities of passengers; and as the reader already knows that the morning of our trip was remarkably fine and calm, he will not be surprised to hear that none of the unpleasantnesses usually incident to sea-voyages occurred to us. Our party was as blithe and as perfect when the spire of St. Pierre de Caen came in sight over the flat banks of the Orne as when we passed the pier-head at Havre. The respectable *bourgeois*, with whose daughter's conversation I had been solacing myself during the greater portion of the voyage, informed me that the passage had been *à merveille*, and was incited thereby to such good temper, that he invited me to join their party for the day,—an invitation I was by no means loth to accept.

With Pauline, therefore, upon my arm, and following in the wake of the respectable M. Simon, her papa, and his equally respectable partner in life, I left the steamboat, and commenced the investigation of Caenese curiosities, amidst the admiring gaze of a crowd of *gamins*, sailors, and fishermen's wives, rigged out in their best in honour of the emperor, and assembled to greet the boat-load of visitors to their native town. The whole place was evidently on its best behaviour. Flags were flying in all directions, guns going off at distracted intervals, bands of music performing a choice variety of tunes, and all the ships decked out from mast-head to deck with rows of bright streamers glancing in the sun. Close to the place of debarkation we found the scene of the intended regatta, ready for the contest. The "basin" cleared for the purpose was a large dock, some quarter of a mile long, and as broad as Portland Place. All down each side, close to the edge, were placed rows of chairs, and at the end of the dock rose a magnificent erection of wood and canvas, dedicated to the especial use of the officials and the *grandees*. M. Simon and his party contented themselves with beholding these splendours afar off, and engaging four chairs for the ceremony at the moderate price of one franc for the four. As there was no money paid in advance, and yet, when we arrived at the appointed hour, we found the four places faithfully retained, I formed a fair opinion of Caenese good faith. Matters being thus settled, the party of the reader's humble servant adjourned to a *restaurant* in the market-place, overlooked by the mediæval splendours of St. Pierre, and recommended by a fellow-passenger. Incontinently there did we feast upon,

1. A dish of stewed mussels;
2. Melon;
3. Poulet roti;
4. Salade;
5. Langue au sauce piquante;
6. Conserve d'abricot;

a meal which, washed down as it was with the usual Normandy cider, gives me even now a retrospective stomach-ache. That I survived it I now consider to be entirely the result of the mellowing influence of the society of my fair companion, upon whom, as well as upon the

elders, the cider had its proper effect. The amount of *extente cordiale* developed by the time we stepped out into the market-place would have made a Russian shudder.

But what is to be done next? The regatta commences at one o'clock, and it is now only half-past ten. Shall we begin by investigating the architectural beauties of the town? A glance at M. Simon, replete with the six dishes and the cider, is sufficient to assure me that that worthy man will be in no hurry to undertake such an expedition. Shall we, then, sit outside a *café*, and indulge in cigars and coffee? I confess that this was scarcely what I came so far to do. Well, let us call the waiter, and ask him.

The waiter understands both his business and ours. What to do? Is there not a solemn *Te Deum* to be sung at the church of St. Etienne, and will not all the high and mighty of the city be there? What to do? Has monsieur read the programme of this festive day? No; monsieur has not. Then let him (the waiter) direct monsieur's attention immediately to that important document, which monsieur will find posted up on the church-door, just outside.

The waiter's advice was as good as his breakfast; and in ten minutes after we joined the flow of people to hear the *Te Deum* at St. Etienne (St. Stephen).

A splendid building is St. Stephen's of Caen, and not only splendid but interesting. The style is pure Norman, kept zealously in repair; and the building itself is of that fine Caen stone which they bring so largely to England for similar edifices. Yet one does not look so much at the general splendour of the building as at one broad slab in the centre of the chancel-pavement, whereon is carved, "Hic sepultus est Gulielmus, Dux Normandiæ, Angliæ conqueror, hujus ecclesiæ fundator."* And there is little doubt that the great Norman really lies under that slab; for the tomb was opened in 1542, and his body found there in a state of preservation.

Yet we almost lost our glimpse of this famous tomb. Five minutes after we had made out the inscription, and I had translated it for the benefit of my fair companion, a throng of acolytes rushed into the choir, armed with chairs, benches, carpets, and cushions. Over the grave of William the Conqueror they laid a piece of green baize, and on the green baize, facing the altar, they set a great tawdry arm-chair, supported by two other arm-chairs, one on each side, and flanked by benches parallel with the chancel-walls. Then the crowd of acolytes retired, and we were left to talk to each other, and wonder what was to come next.

There was no occasion to wait long. A roll of drums, a tramp of feet, and a trumpet-call, announced the arrival of troops. The great west door opened, let in a flood of sunshine, and about 600 soldiers. Two lines of fixed bayonets were formed from the entrance to the choir-door. Then the officer in charge of the troops shouted something unintelligible (can any body ever understand a drill-officer in *any* language?), the bayonets were unfixed and fixed again, the guns grounded and shouldered, and so on, for five minutes more. Then another roll of drums outside, and a great uproar, and then a procession of all the dignitaries of Caen, from the *préfet* down to the *sergents-de-ville*, decked in all the paraphernalia of office, and headed by a tremendous military band, with the biggest drum I think I ever saw. On they came, preceded and heralded by the booms of the drum and the clang of the band, between the two lines of the fixed bayonets, clad in every possible variety of gown and vestment. Immediately behind the band walked a gentleman all gold-lace and epaulets, differing only from a gorgeous footman in having a most inconvenient sword; and immediately behind this official walked two other gentlemen, similarly gorgeous. These were evidently the candidates for the three chairs; and, surely enough, down they sat over the conqueror's grave. If he could have looked up and seen them!

But I shall never get to the regatta if I run on about

* "Here lies William Duke of Normandy, conqueror of England, and founder of this church."

the *Te Deum*; and I want to get to that, because there was a novelty or two in it, and there is very little novelty in *Te Deums*. At any rate, before the bowing and chanting, and walking backwards and forwards, and ringing of bells were over, myself and friends slipped down from the clerestory, where we were ensconced, and out into the rich sunshine, with the glow of nature's gold and the music of nature's harmonies. Then we rambled a bit out into the fields; Pauline and her companion became sentimental, while M. Simon smoked; and then we rambled down again to our four seats by the side of the basin, and prepared ourselves to view the regatta.

The board and canvas erection at the end of the basin was now filled with the same magnificos who had listened to the *Te Deum*, joined by numbers of ladies. A flight of steps led down from the front of this grand stand to the water, and a small vessel, moored in the centre of the basin just opposite to it, was evidently the winning-post. The lines of chairs were crammed with the *bourgeois*, and behind them, and on every possible elevation whence a glimpse could be caught of the proceedings, swarmed tag-rag and bobtail of Caen.

The reader need not imagine that I am going to chronicle at full and tedious length the whole of that afternoon's occupation. Regattas are much the same all the world over, and six men in a French boat pull (to unscientific eyes) much like six men in an English one. I shall therefore only mention the curious or novel parts of the affair, which were five in number.

The first was a race by the fishermen's wives, called, in the technical language of the country, *les mousses*. The second was a race by boys in tubs, which were navigated by means of a single oar, worked after the manner of ferrymen, or the Venetian gondoliers. Many were the upsets of these frail barks, and great was the mirth excited by their misadventures.

But greater novelties were to follow. A contest of *patineurs* was announced. Each competitor was mounted upon a kind of raft, formed of two thick boards, lying parallel to each other, and joined by cross-pieces. As the boards were level with the water, the daring navigators of this curious contrivance, who stood with one foot on each board, appeared to be actually standing on the water. The machine was propelled by means of a double-bladed paddle, sweeping alternately on each side. I cannot say much for its cleverness, as it seemed impossible to attain any thing like speed, and its dangerous character was evinced by an upset almost at the start. Oversets, however, seemed to be the order of the day, and to be matters of no moment either to the public or the unfortunate immersed.

Next came the *chasse aux canards*. At three different points of the basin a large brood of ducks was precipitated into the water. Any one who could catch them might keep them. It is needless to say that this announcement roused the amphibious population of the docks to the highest pitch of excitement. All clothing, save that required for decency-sake by the authorities, was at once thrown off, and the ducks had scarcely regained their equilibrium upon their native element before a cloud of human beings flung themselves after them. Splash, splash, splash went the sailors into the water, and quack, quack went the assaulted ducks.

I did not think that it could be so hard to catch a duck; but I saw now that that interesting bird can swim very fast when he likes, and that when at last he feels the pursuer's hand upon his tail, he has a trick of lifting himself out of the water, and half-swimming, half-flying, hopelessly out of reach. But what can a duck do against an army of swimmers, encompassing him on all sides, and practising all manner of dodges for his life? A favourite plan seemed to be to work in parties of three or four. One of the party stationed himself on the edge of the water. The others hemmed in a selected unfortunate, and drove him to the place where stood their friend. When the wretched bird arrived at a proper distance, the expectant on the bank

would jump upon him like a tiger, and so secure him by a sudden assault. I presume that in this case the victim became joint property, and was finally demolished at a common supper.

One duck, however, seemed as if he would never be caught. Never, surely, was duck so wary, or so fast, or so greasy. He rested still while his enemy neared him, and then, just as you thought he was gone, one sudden push, one rush through the water and air, and he was on the other side of the basin, as comfortable as ever, wagging his tail and pressing his feathers, ready for the same trick again. But human ingenuity was too much even for him. It was after one of these successful flights, as he rested calmly on the water, waiting for the enemy's approach, that we saw a head of one of the swimmers disappear; then a struggle, and then a hand elevating a captive duck by the leg appeared on the spot where he had lately rode triumphant. Superior to his foes in swiftness and knowledge of the water, he had yet fallen a victim to the treachery of a diver. The last victim had now fallen; a general shout of applause shook the air, and the *chasse aux canards* was ended.

The aquatics concluded with a modification of the old English pole-swarming. Various poles were projected over the basin, like the bowsprit of a ship, perhaps seven yards long, and nine or ten feet from the water's level. At the end of the poles were fixed legs of mutton. A procession along the poles immediately began, having for its object the attainment of the desirable property at the extremities. But, as any one who has ever tried to walk the bowsprit of a ship will easily know, it is not so easy as it looks, especially when the end to which you aspire quivers with your weight, and sways up and down in the most unsatisfactory manner. The consequences in this case were of course the successive dropping into the water beneath of almost every candidate for the mutton. Some began with a run and got half-way, some got nearly to the end, some turned timid at the beginning; but for a quarter of an hour every body who tried terminated his career in the water. At last a sailor-lad got out safely to the end of one pole; and soon after the same lad succeeded at a second. The prizes of the poles fell to some otherfortunates,—climbers of shrouds and yards; and then the regatta was over.

If I were to recount our adventures after this I should be hopelessly tedious, and I shall therefore leave to the imagination of the reader to picture how we dined at our old restaurant, how we went on board the steamer, how Pauline and I became once more sentimental as we crossed the moonlit-sea, how the lights of Le Havre came into view again about half-past eleven, how M. Simon and I exchanged vows of intimacy,—now, alas, broken by the distance of more than three hundred miles,—how, rambling home through the illuminations of the city, I found my village-home sunk in sleep—lotteries, *restauranteur*, Héloïse, and all; how I had to knock up my landlady, and how I finally finished by dreaming most pleasant recollections of my "French holiday."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

In chronicling the events of the past month, so far as they bear upon the progress of science, the subject of murder by poison suggests itself prominently, and more especially the subject of poisoning by arsenic. Although the total number of poisonous bodies is quasi-infinite, still the number of poisonous bodies which are adapted to the purpose of secret murder is but few. To be efficient in this way, the agent should be devoid in any marked degree of smell, taste, odour, and colour; it should be cheap, popularly known, and readily accessible. White arsenic (arsenious acid) has these properties in a very marked degree, but few other substances have them; whence it follows, that if the public were adequately protected against white arsenic, little need be feared about the perpetration of secret poisoning by non-medical people.

As for criminal poisoning under medical authority, it is a contingency so rare, and we may add so uncontrollable, that means for preventing it cannot enter into the scope of any private enactment. By the Arsenic Act (14 Vic. cap. xiii.) it is taken for granted that white arsenic, mingled with soot or indigo in the proportion of one pound to an ounce of soot or half an ounce of indigo, can no longer be insidiously administered. Few, we should suppose, can be of that opinion now. At a first glance of the subject, it looks rather extraordinary that white arsenic has been the favourite agent of secret poisoning from the times of La Spara to our own. The wonder, however, vanishes when we reflect on the properties of this poison, and the association of qualities which render it adapted to the purpose of secret poisoning. We feel assured that any new enactment designed to throw obstacles in the way of the commission of murder by poison will be effectual in proportion as it confines its restrictive limitations to arsenic alone.

In organic chemistry, we have to signalise the discovery by M. Wertheim of a new alkaloid in hemlock (*Conium maculatum*), quite distinct from conicine. It is obtained from the flowers of the plant, by steeping them in dilute sulphuric acid, and submitting the fluid which results to distillation in company with lime or potash; and further complex treatments too long for description here. The alkaloid consists of nacreous iridescent scales, which fuse at a low temperature, and sublime at 212° F.

An interesting communication has been sent to the Académie Royale de Belgique,—a notice of some mural paintings, from twenty-five to thirty in number; also specimens of pottery, and an ancient silver spoon recently found at Laecken.

Mr. Thomas Forster, F.L.S., in a communication to the Linnean Society, read June 2, remarks that the order of arrival of the swallow tribe has been quite reversed. The chimney-swallow (*Hirundo rustica*), which usually arrives in Belgium about April 15, made its first appearance early in May; and then only a straggler or two. This species is not yet common, and after a most careful search after swallows up to May 11, he had not seen a single specimen. One or two are said to have been observed about the waters of Iscelles. A straggling martin (*H. urbica*) was observed by Mr. Forster on the 23d of April, but he did not see another till the 9th of May, and this species is still very scarce. On the 14th of May a few swallows were seen. Generally both species are by that time very numerous. The swift (*H. apus*), which usually arrives in Belgium before the 1st of May, did not appear till the 9th. On the 14th swifts had become more common, though much less numerous than last year. The sand-martin (*H. riparia*) had not arrived in Belgium on May 14. The cuckoo has only been heard once or twice, and that in the first week of May. The present season, Mr. Forster remarks, is altogether late and anomalous. Is the late arrival of the swallow-tribe attributable to the absence of west and south-west winds?

The submergence of the Atlantic cable attracts much attention, and some anxiety. It is a matter of regret that the two halves of the cable are twisted in different directions; one being a right-handed, the other a left-handed twist; so that at the central point of junction in mid-ocean there will be a continued tendency to unravel. How slight or how considerable that tendency may be, practice can alone determine.

There are some points in connection with the history, birth, and parentage of the submarine cable—if we may so express ourselves—which deserve to be more generally known than they are. Supposing the conditions of electrical transference to be all that can be wished or desired, there are other circumstances to be regarded in speculating on the possibility of laying down the submarine electric cable, and its durability.

The cost of the manufacture of a cable long enough to span the ocean from the Irish to the American coast is so enormous, that no company or individuals would have been

justified to incur it without previously deriving some information relative to the character of the ocean-bed. To acquire such information was no task of ordinary difficulty in itself. We are indebted to the investigations of Lieutenant Maury, U.S.N., on deep-sea soundings, for disclosing the character of the Atlantic bed in the track whereon the cable is destined to lie. These deep-sea sounding operations were the result of the maritime congress held at Brussels in 1853, followed by the co-operation of the mercantile and government navies of the countries there represented. To the investigations of Lieut. Maury, as before remarked, we are chiefly indebted.

It would appear that the path on which the electric telegraph is to lie is the only path hitherto discovered, and the only one believed to exist. It lies in a straight line nearly due east and west, between 48° and 55° north latitude, from the coast of Ireland to that of Newfoundland. In this path the water is believed to be nowhere deeper than 12,000 feet; and the variations of depth not being abrupt, the cable will have no chasms to bridge; and will thus avoid the prejudicial strain which such bridging would involve. Moreover, upon the pathway there is continuously strewn by the gulf-stream an agglomeration of minute shells, by which it is imagined the whole cable will be enveloped, and totally removed from direct oceanic influence. To the south of the great bank of Newfoundland the bed of the ocean becomes so irregular, that to lay down a cable with any hope of permanent success would be impossible. As to distance, the nearest direct line from the United States would be about 4000 miles long. Now a cable of that length would cost more than half a million of money, and could scarcely be expected to last long.

North of Newfoundland and Labrador there are also great difficulties. Ice would have to be encountered, interfering with the operation of laying the cable, and damaging it when laid. Moreover, the American end of the cable would have to traverse a barren desolate country before it reached civilised portions of the continent. The exact construction of the cable has been so frequently indicated, that we need not advert to that part of the subject. Its length is a matter which one does well to reflect upon. Its total length—2500 miles—is, as will be seen, about a third of the earth's diameter; the total length of all the iron and copper wire employed in its construction would be 332,500 miles; enough to gird the earth fourteen times round.

Amongst geographic discoveries, we have to announce a considerable abatement of honour for the Mulahacen, the highest peak of the Sierra Nevada, hitherto considered to be the most elevated mountain in all Spain. Half a century ago, Señor Rojas Clemente determined its altitude to be 3555 mètres; but from the recent observations of Señor A. de Linera, the height of the Mulahacen is only 3399 mètres; whence the peak of Nethon in the Pyrenees, 3405 mètres high, overtowers the Mulahacen; and is really the highest peak in Spain. The Geographical Society of France has presented its gold medal to our African traveller Dr. Livingstone; and M. de la Roquette has not only published a life of Franklin, but tendered a large subscription in aid of a final search for that intrepid but ill-starred navigator.

The Photographic Society are most probably to be localised in a habitation of their own. The council have announced with much satisfaction that at length a house suitable to their wants has been procured in one of the most central spots of London, and which, at no great expense, can be made well adapted to their purposes.

Amongst the most interesting of photographic triumphs are some delineations, by the collodion process, of star-groups by Professor Bond, of the United States, well known in photographic circles by the fact of his having been the first to succeed in taking a photographic portrait of the moon, and for his applications of photography to astronomical purposes. Some years ago he made attempts to delineate star-groups by photography; but the process then employed (daguerreotype) not being sufficiently sensitive, only stars of the first magnitude could be depicted. The

star-groups now experimented upon were Mizan, of the second magnitude; its companion, fourth magnitude; and Alcon, of the fifth. The result was highly satisfactory; the images distinct and symmetrical.

On two preceding occasions we have adverted, in our monthly record of science, to the speculations now taking place in the minds of certain French savans on the subject of embalment amongst the Peruvians and other native races of America. M. Alvaro Reynoso communicates a long paper to the ethnological section of the French Academy of Sciences on that subject. "Before terminating this note," says he, in conclusion, "I may be permitted to make two general observations upon natural mummies. I believe that too great attention has hitherto been addressed to the physical properties of the soil in which these natural mummies have been discovered, and that too frequently the ground has not been analysed to the end of ascertaining whether certain salts of preservative character might not be there. Moreover, I would almost venture to hazard the opinion, that certain bodies have a peculiar power of resisting putrefaction, attributable, it may be, to the predominant regimen made use of through life, by the medicines taken, and, perhaps more than all, by the rapidity of desiccation." In support of the latter hypothesis, M. Reynoso cites the instance of Charles V. The body of this sovereign, who was not embalmed, is now deposited in the Escorial, in a better state of preservation than most bodies which have been embalmed. Under the reign of Philip IV., in 1654, ninety-six years after the death of the emperor, his body was exposed in public, its state of preservation being testified to by a crowd of witnesses. A contemporary author relates that, with the exception of the nose, every part of the body, even the beard, was so well preserved, that the physiognomy of the king could be easily recognised. The flesh was shrivelled, the body appeared thin, but there was no decomposition, although, strange to say, the bier was completely destroyed. Last year, the tomb of Charles V. was again opened, and the body still found to be in a complete state of preservation.

The forty-fourth little planet discovered by M. Goldschmidt, on the 27th of May, has, on the proposition of M. Humboldt, received the name of Nyssa, the nurse of Bacchus.

M. Personne, of the Laboratory of Pharmacy, makes known the fact, that amorphous phosphorus is not completely unalterable when exposed to the air, as chemists have hitherto supposed, but that it attracts oxygen, and is converted into phosphorous acid. This acid, however, he affirms, is not a poison. Hence, when poisonings have arisen from matches of amorphous phosphorus, he suspects the results may have been due to the presence of a little ordinary phosphorus; or perhaps to phosphoric acid.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.—This is literally true in the most exalted sense. Some there are

"Whose circling charities begin
With the few loved ones heaven has placed them near,
Nor cease till all mankind are in their sphere."

But the proverb is generally applied with a sarcastic meaning to those with whom charity not only begins at home but ends there also. The egotist holds that "Self is the first object of charity" (Latin).—*Prima sibi charitas*. The Poles say, "Every one has his hands turned towards himself,"—*Każdi ma ręce do siebie*. W. K. KELLY.

BRITISH INSECTS AND THEIR METAMORPHOSES.

IV.—THE SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF THE DRAGON-FLY.

By HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS,

AUTHOR OF "INSECT CHANGES," "BRITISH BUTTERFLIES, AND THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS," ETC.

THE widely different aspects of the moth and butterfly tribes in their larva and perfect states are so remarkable, that ordi-

nary observers (even when well acquainted with the fact that all caterpillars are winged insects in their embryonic state) are generally unable to define what kind of butterfly or moth any special caterpillar is destined to become, though an experienced entomologist is able at once to solve the mystery.

Changes still more extraordinary take place in those insect tribes whose larva stages are passed in the water, in the form of creatures whose aspects and habits do not bear the slightest apparent affinity to those they are destined eventually to assume. What can be more extraordinary, for instance, than the transmutation of the minute, wriggling, aquatic creatures, which swarm in shallow waters in the summer months, into the winged gnat, not only furnished with the power of flight, but gifted also with the capacity of producing sounds which accompany his course through the air with soft and pleasing music? Among the classes of insects which enjoy in the course of their existence such opposite modes of life—one one beneath the waters, and another in the realms of air—the *libellulæ*, or dragon-fly tribe, are among the most curious and beautiful.

The detection of the facts which have allied the existence of the graceful and glittering dragon-fly with that of a creeping aquatic creature, of sombre hue, and generally repulsive appearance, are comparatively recent.

The Dutch entomologist Gœdart called his observations on the metamorphoses of insects "experiments;" and to him they were so, for that field of research was then, comparatively speaking, unexplored, and the result of each "experiment" was not only a surprise but a discovery. We cannot now hope for such surprises and discoveries, as other explorers have been before us; but we may yet learn better from Nature's own pages than from books. Gœdart, one of the first modern explorers in entomology, entitled his work *Metamorphoses et Historia Naturalis Insectorum*,* and his researches on the singular changes of the dragon-fly are called his *experimentum decimum-septimum*. We may imagine the interest with which this persevering observer watched the successive changes of the creatures upon which his seventeenth experiment was made. Let us picture the self-taught naturalist dredging up the larvæ of the *libellulæ* in their young stage from the still waters of the clear canals, in one of his rambles outside the old gates of Rotterdam. They were no doubt taken home with great care, in some earthen vessel well-suited to the purpose, and then most probably transferred to one of glass, for the better observation of their habits and their expected changes; for doubtless his sixteen previous experiments had taught him to look for something highly curious and unexpected.

The reader may imagine the old naturalist in daily and almost hourly watch upon one or more such creatures as

* The title of the Latin translation, the original edition having been published in Dutch.

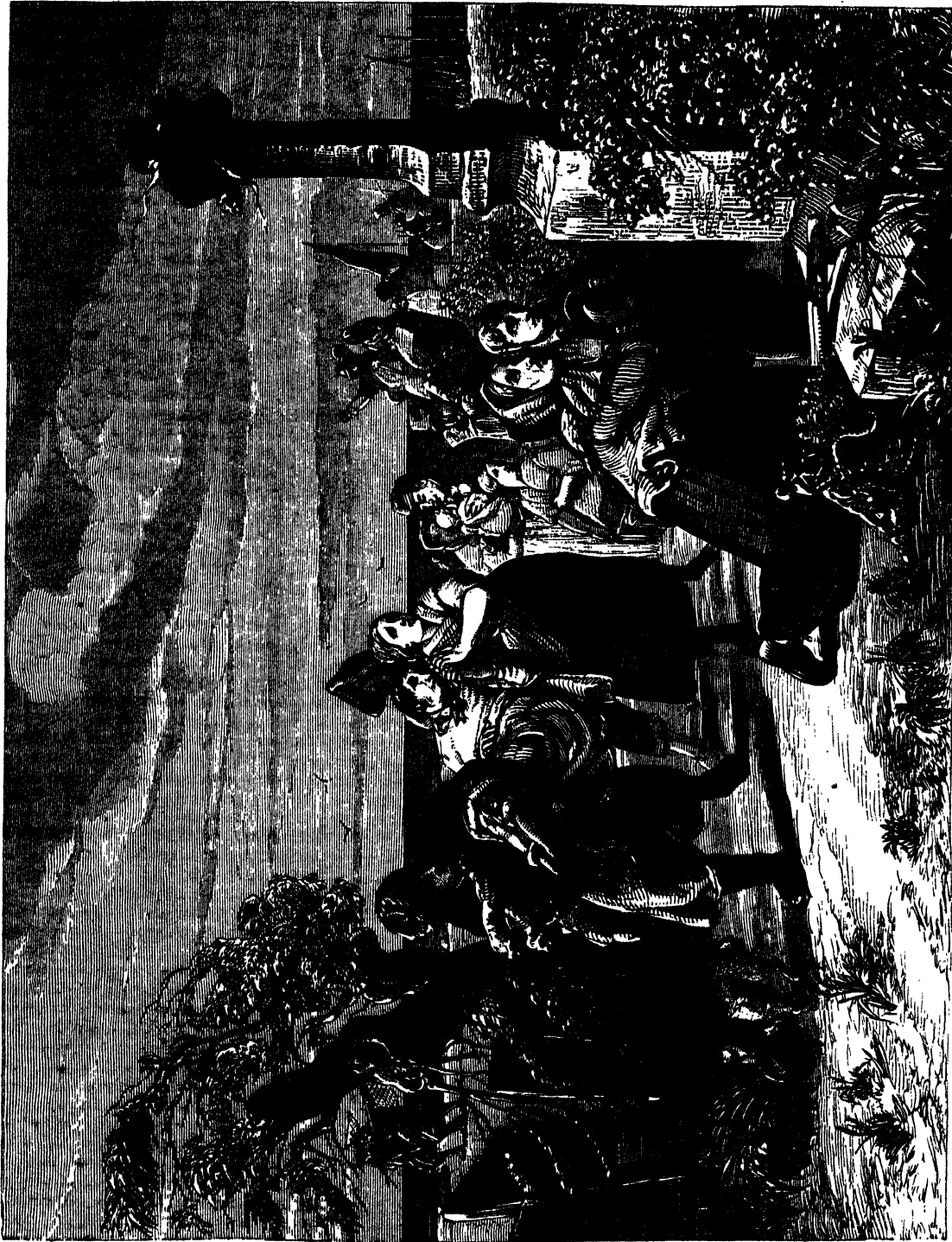


that represented at No. 1 in the accompanying illustration; at first much smaller, but, even in their minute stage, exhibiting extraordinary voracity, and devouring all insects of smaller dimensions than themselves as fast as they could be furnished to the crystal reservoir, until they attained their full size, which is represented in the illustration. To have minutely noted their progress during that period, required several weeks of careful watching, at the end of which the naturalist, noticing that they began to feed less voraciously, and then ceased to take food altogether, no doubt came to the conclusion, from previous "experiments," that a change was about to take place. How curiously and anxiously he would watch them climb, by any support within reach, clean out of the water, and cling to the twig or other substance by means of which they had quitted their native element, becoming gradually motionless, and eventually hard and stiff,

appearing perfectly dead! Indeed, had not the sixteen other experiments preceded this *experimentum decimum-septimum*, one can imagine the disappointed naturalist throwing away the bodies of his prisoners, under the supposition that loss of liberty had impelled them to a determined suicide, by quitting the legitimate region of their existence,* and thus cluding his intention of detecting the nature of their eventual destiny.

Forewarned, however, by experience, he no doubt patiently watched the dry remains of the aquatic creatures, until, after many days of unwearied attention, he perceived at last that the black horny skin of one of them began to split along the back, and that this split widened, and at last two shining emeralds seemed to emerge from the opening, which were soon perceived to be the eyes of a living creature, rapidly followed by the body, as shown in the engraving at No. 2. As the short semi-transparent blades of purple at the shoulders of the creature (at first no larger than those represented at No. 2) began rapidly to expand, and actually to grow, visibly, under his observation, he soon saw them develop themselves into exquisitely neurated wings of the richest purple, and found that he had traced for the first time the history of the singular metamorphoses of the purple-winged dragon-fly, the elegant and richly-tinted insect which is represented as accurately as is possible without the aid of colour at No. 3 of our illustration.

We have not the chance of sharing the enthusiasm of the old Dutch naturalist; and yet a series of similar observations would teach so much more, even to a modern student, than books can teach, that we cannot help recommending such of our readers as have a taste for natural history to make a few "experiments" for themselves, carefully noting down in detail the result of their observations. It was thus that the first studies of the young Cuvier were made; and the manuscript memoranda so prepared, merely for his own use, were, greatly to their author's surprise, pronounced by Geoffroy St. Hilaire the foundation of a new code of natural science.



PAINTED BY FELIX SCHLESINGER.

THE SURVIVORS.

REPRINTED FROM THE LANCET, NO. VIII.

THE SURVIVORS.

By FELIX SCHLESINGER.

WRECKED at sea! Common as the phrase is, how great the power of those syllables to startle us! There are scarcely any words expressive of calamity which suggest so much as these do; for at once we connect them with a dire struggle for life against the indomitable ocean, against darkness and storm; then following thirst, hunger, and privations of all kinds, until—when hope from its own continuance has become agony, and it appears that nothing more could be endured, or even occur, in the way of suffering and danger—then at last some pale white sail heaves up upon the horizon, nears us, hope and fearful doubt become joy and certainty, and we are saved.

All men think thus, perhaps, at the hearing of the word "wrecked;" every one supplying circumstances from his own experience or recollection, and all startled into interest and deep compassion.

Thus with the inhabitants of the fishing-village at the entrance of which is the scene of Schlesinger's picture. Those rough sons of the ocean are melted to most earnest pity by the arrival at their little quay of "the survivors." They receive them with the tenderness of women; they carry the seaman, whose stalwart frame has succumbed, up to his cottage (for many signs tell that the unfortunates are at home). His wife, who has met them on the beach, with grateful joy looks at the symbol of redemption; others of the saved follow behind. A couple throw themselves at the foot of the cross in the fervency of their gratitude for deliverance from such peril.

The sailor who is carried before us, along the sandy road-way that leads up from the shore, is seemingly not only exhausted and worn to his utmost power of endurance, but has received some injury, to judge from the expression of his countenance—maybe a limb broken by a falling spar, or he has been crushed by the terrible power of the waves. Bruised, and so helpless, he has maintained the courage of the other sufferers by the spectacle of his fortitude—has assisted them with counsel, and the instruction of his experience; and saved at last with them, shall be remembered through all their lives as the brave, hardy, patient, and noble man to whom their deliverance is chiefly due. He himself has the *matériel* for many a tale to be told of a winter-night when the tempest without renders the ingle of the fisher's cottage an enviable nest of warmth, peace, and comfort. Thus for his life grateful friends, the supreme happiness of well-doing, and that pleasure we all take such delight in—the looking-back over perils escaped and suffering overcome.

If we wanted any confirmation that fortune, merciful at last, after the trouble and the storm, has brought them to the haven at home, the incident of the dog carrying the wounded man's cap would afford it. The animal has gone down to welcome his master, finds him on the shore disabled and in pain, sees him lifted in those friendly arms, and confident that these are the best help, picks up the cap and trots along with much of that sort of human sympathy so often observable in dogs. This incident, apparently trivial, is an excellent point of design, showing that the painter has entered into the subject, and so far does him the highest credit; and is so interesting to us, that we look for more such, and are disappointed at not finding many similar little episodes scattered in the picture. We must, however, be content with those discoverable, remembering that this quality is amongst the rarest merits of a picture.

That the gale still continues the storm-bent branches of the trees testify, as well as the action of the fishermen behind, who at the prospect of a rough day appear to have left their work. The rocking of the craft at the little pier, the dark horizon, the stormy sky, and the low-flying gulls, all indicate that the baffled storm-spirit abandons not his prey without a murmur of discontent.

L. L.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX.

A STORY OF THE SHAFTESBURY PLOT IN HALF-A-DOZEN CHAPTERS.

By G. W. THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHAPTER I.

THE DARCY OF CROW'S NEST; OR, THE OLD CAVALIER-SQUIRE AT HOME.

Crow's Nest was an old Tudor mansion, distant some twelve miles from Oxford, whose countless towers and steeples might be seen on a clear day from a hill at one end of the Home Park. In the days of ruffs and fardingales it had been the gathering-point and centre of hospitality for the whole county; nor did Queen Elizabeth, when she visited the University, forget to visit the home of the Darcys. "More by token," says the old family chronicle, whose veracity can be depended on, "her majesty dropped her silver fan, the gift of Sir F. Drake, into the moat, as she took the air on the battlements of the Lady Tower; and a young page of the family, diving to recover it, was stricken on the head by a buttress of the turret, and so died, drawing tears from the eyes of her majesty at the extreme piteous and unhappy sight." But the tall twisted chimneys that crowned the gables, though undiminished in number since those days of prosperity, served now for the most part only as snug receptacles for the nests of starlings and of daws. From one or two shafts only, on this soft warm summer-morning of which we write, ascended thin pillars of pale blue smoke, which gradually, though unbroken by the gentle wind, melted into the sunny air. The gilded vanes, bright as stars, still twinkled as of yore against the blue sky, like guardian-planets of the house, though warped and bent by the storms of many bygone winters; almost, indeed, as brightly as when Crow's Nest loomed at the early dinner-hour of eleven through the fragrant clouds of smoke ascending from the royal banquet of Queen Bess. The windows of the north front, cold and leaden in the vapoury shade, contrasted singularly with those of the south side, which overlooked the garden, and which, glittering in the morning sun, shone golden and metallic, as if belonging to some enchanted palace of El Dorado. On old deserted rooms, once trod by nobles—on faded figured hangings—on shelves of warped and dusty books, and embroidered beds of ponderous size, plumed like hearses, the sunlight fell with a calm consciousness of peace and joy; and in this golden sea of light that bathed the old house, shadowed by so many sorrows, and sinking so rapidly into genteel pauperism, floated, like vast coral-trees rising through a sunny ocean, the old elms, whose sable inhabitants, noisy and solemn as the congregation of a Puritan conventicle, had originally given their name to the manor-house. Their unceasing cawing filled the rooms with a slumberous murmur, that while it cheered the mind with a sense of the vicinity of living things, soothed it like the whisper of a distant sea; for though some of the birds were always absent, swooping down in long low trails upon the dark new-turned plough-land of forty acres, or basking in the sun on the tender grass of the broad-oak meadows, there were always respectable citizens who remained gossiping beside the nests—half-idlers, half-watchmen—discussing the fortunes of the young birds who had scarcely yet left the egg, and certainly seen very little of the world.

Sir Richard Darcy, a crusader, was said to have built the original house of Crow's Nest; and grassy undulations in the park were pointed out as the lines of his old castle-ramparts. The second fortress arose in the days of his grandson, who, returning from Cressy, devoted to rebuilding his stronghold the ransom of three French barons whom his stout axe had beaten down on that memorable field, and erected his new keep on the site of the old chapel where the crusader's bones were resting; the foundation of which building consisted, tradition said, of earth brought from the Holy Land, in pursuance of a custom not unusual in those days of great faith and little science. The present mansion was, however, the work of Sir John Darcy, a courtier of

Henry VIII., who chose him as a favourite chiefly because he stood six feet in his stockings, and had killed a French knight of gigantic stature in a tournament on the "Field of the Cloth-of-Gold." His cognisances and proud motto—"Fight on," under a gashed hand, holding a broken sword bedropped with blood, gules—could still be seen on the square keystone of the gateway leading into the base-court; in old time the chief entrance to the house, till his son, Sir Walter Darcy, in a fit of irrestrainable loyalty, blocked up that arch, which his queen swore had been disgraced by his father's marching through it at the head of fifty hagbuteers to join the northern Pilgrimage of Grace, and made the northern door, by which Elizabeth had entered his house, henceforth the chief approach to the moated mansion.

The ground-plan of Crow's Nest was simple. It consisted of two courts; the base-court, with the blocked-up gatehouse, surrounded by the stable, smith's forge, and all those offices usual in feudal houses, which were, indeed, small villages in themselves. Fowls strutted about it, proud and despotic as sultans, followed by their chattering harems and attendant courtiers, eyeing their scarlet wattles in the mirrors of the stable-pails. Over their heads flew about white whirls of pigeons. Here Sir Robert's hawks were fed, and his hounds kennelled. A huge pair of antlers indicated the entrance to the stable; the grassy stones leading to the second door showed that it had been long disused. A second gateway, through a clock-house, led into the inner court, round which rose the brick-wall and gable-roof of the Tudor mansion.

A door to the right of the gateway as we enter leads to Sir Robert's smoking-room, and a passage from thence to the long dining-chamber, now seldom used, that extends along the whole of the south front; from this room a covered cloister brings you into the immense kitchen. A low arch to the left is the entrance to the chapel, at the end of which is the drawing-room. On the east side is the hall, with a door at one end leading to the buttery. The house is entered from without by a flight of steps leading from the terrace into the porch, and so into the hall. Over the hall is the queen's room, still religiously kept sacred; and a small oratory, or painted closet, to the left is appropriated to the use of the fair Mabel Darcy, the daughter of the present proprietor.

The gardens of Crow's Nest are a sad relic of faded splendour. Clipped yew-hedges, still retaining traces of the fantastic shapes of birds and beasts into which they were once cut and clipped by scientific gardeners, now, thanks to indignant nature, have recovered the wild luxuriance of their aboriginal state, and are intersected by weed-covered walks, and flower-beds fast relapsing into shapeless fallow, but still sprinkled by a few straggling flowers, which feebly assert their aristocratic birthright, just as a poor gentleman of the time might have endeavoured to make up for broken elbows and threadbare waistcoat by a knot of new ribbons fluttering at his sword-belt or on his hat.

The inner garden was distinguished by the Darcys by the name of "Queen Elizabeth's Walk," because there her majesty, says the old chronicle, still preserved in the family library, "did graciously and with a most heavenly smile pluck with her own royal hand two roses from neighbouring and intertwining bushes, one white and the other red; and putting them into either bosom, thanked God that He had in His mercy vouchsafed in the person of her grandfather to end such senseless wars as those between the houses of York and Lancaster."

In the midst of this garden—now a mere tangle of hedges, where thrushes, blackbirds, and nightingales built and sang all day as in a thicket, undisturbed by busy gardener or prying boys, being allowed to feed with impunity on the few cherries and plums that grew on the neglected trees and the unpruned branches breaking from the garden-walls,—stood a fountain, formed by a white marble figure of Italian workmanship, generally supposed to be Diana. It represented a maiden, with downcast head

and modest eyes bent on the ground, almost naked but for a thin fluttering drapery, which she seemed to have snatched up hastily from the ground at the first alarm of some distant voice, or the sight of some daring intruder. The village curate said it was Diana alarmed by Actæon; but the rector, who was thought a much more learned man in the parish, because he never preached a sermon without quoting St. Chrysostome to prove the divine origin of tithes, declared it was Niobe lamenting the death of her children. Fed by an adjacent spring, the fountain had never ceased to flow during the family's births and deaths, prosperity and misfortune, and still threw its column of volatile silver far into the air, showering its broken crystal over the figure of the goddess, and shrouding it in a thick veil of pearly drops, that the rector fancifully said resembled the tears of the weeping mother; his imagination, never very conspicuous in his sermons, which were of the dryest school of theology, being in this case, perhaps, stimulated by his desire to prove his argument.

The curate, on the other hand, with a quiet smile of triumph, used on such occasions to declare that no person of parts skilled in the humanistic could deny that the water not unaptly represented the drippings of the river Alpheus as the goddess rose hastily from its stream. The knight, when appealed to on such occasions, used generally to say that, "Zounds! it looked to him more like a milkmaid who had upset her pail, and was going home dripping to get a change."

Yet, without entering into the discussion, Mabel would playfully interfere, and holding all three by the hand, would make them watch the "Fairies' Arch," as she called the silver jetting, as it bloomed into a rainbow in the sunlight, and fell with a musical babble into the mossy cracked cup of marble below, from whence it wandered away in a little well-worn channel to freshen the turf and feed the neglected flowers.

"Methinks a pretty emblem of Christian charity," said the rector on one such occasion; "doing good by stealth,—nourishing the roots of unsprung flowers, and wandering away ere they can delight it by their grateful perfume or shade it from the thirsty sun with their playful shadow."

"Drat it," said the knight, "don't talk so like a play-book; leave that for wenchies in love. Zounds, if I can compare it to any thing but my cask of canary, that is always filling, yet always emptying. It is like a woman's tongue,—there's a simile for you, master rector,—always babbling, never still."

"And always like music in the ear," chimed in Mabel.

"Yes, indeed, when it isn't scolding, or lecturing, or preaching, or begging for money or new satin-gowns or silk fallals—eh, Mabel? I have you there."

"Was my brave mother's tongue such a tongue as that?" said Mabel, looking down, yet stealing a reproving glance at her boisterous father's jolly face.

"Hang it, girl, don't—now don't mention her! She, you know, was perfect; but there are no such women now—are there, master rector? Adad, no! now they must paint, and wear muffs, and ride in the ring, and such fallalery. There are no such women now, Mabel. But there, don't pout; thou'rt a good girl, and shalt ride Black Jack to-morrow, and go a-hunting just as thy mother used; and thou shalt see a buck killed too, that thou shalt; and, though I'm but a poor gentleman, and forgotten by the king,—God bless him!—thou shalt sport a blue feather with the best. So cheer up, girl, and don't be angry with the old trooper, though he is rough; for he loves thee to his heart,—don't he, master rector? And thee shalt have a husband,—an honest fellow come of good Tory stock, who can follow hounds; and none of your scented fops, with wigs and snuffboxes, who don't know a barb from a Galloway sorel, and never breasted hunter in their lives."

"Will Mr. Troutbeck be in the field to-day?"

"Don't mention the name, wench," said the father, with a furious look. "The Troutbecks and the Darcys are sworn

foes,—Whigs and Tories, cat and dog, baker and devil; as my father used to say, our blood wouldn't mix in a basin. Didn't the old Whig laugh when Roger told him that I was going to cut down ten more elms in the avenue? and the next day, in the hunting-field, didn't he sneer (d— him!) and ask me if I could sell him some good elm-wood to make gates for his five new farms? And he a Whig, too," said the old Cavalier, "and an exclusionist, and a whining, psalm-singing, snuffing rogue in the old times,—one that, by God's grace, would have cut off the blessed martyr's head with his own hands."

"And how did you answer him, father?" said Mabel, with a smile at her father's vehemence.

"Answer him, wench? Why, I told him I did not know how much coffin-plank was a-foot since the day after Wigan Lane, when I had to bury some of his canting brothers; and then I rode off, whistling."

"And let him be confounded,
And so be every Roundhead."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," said the rector. "Marry, the knave was well answered, with his proud flouting; and some might even have repaid him with a buffet."

"Egad," said the old soldier, "when I rode by the side of Prince Rupert through Birmingham we pistoled a dozen of them for daring only to call out 'Down with the robbers!' but then they were armed and had swords. I would not strike even a Puritan if he had no sword on; besides, there has been blood enough shed in that quarrel."

Sir Robert Darcy was an old impoverished country-gentleman, so long removed from court, and even the camp, that he had become in manner little better than a farmer. In education he had never been much superior to one. He was an excellent swordsman, but a bungler in logic; a sure shot, but a bad grammarian; a bold rider across country, but ignorant of any book but the Duke of Newcastle's pedantic work on horsemanship. He would have ridden forty miles before breakfast to see a game-cock of a particular breed, but not one to have converse with Dryden. Neglected by the court, in whose cause he had mortgaged acre after acre, he knew nothing of court-politics beyond what the weekly papers told him of the Popish plot, which he thought an imposture; and occasional scandals about Madam Cawwell and Mrs. Gwynne, about whom he was very tolerant. His time was now spent in hunting, hawk-ing, and cock-fighting, interspersed with visits to the assize town; where he delighted to beard the Whig gentry, quarrel about precedence, tell old tales of Goring and Lunsford, and discuss a bowl of sack with old Tories like himself. His daughter's education he intrusted to Mr. Richard Wilson, a poor, expelled, nonconformist clergyman of ultra-Calvinistic principles, whom he had learned to tolerate from love to the memory of his wife, who had turned heterodox during her last illness, and had engaged the persecuted man for her private chaplain.

Mr. Richard Wilson was one of those men whom persecution educates from time to time to preach toleration to the world. His family had been dowered by just nature with two gifts—virtue and misfortune. His father had been shot as a spy while praying with a dying soldier of the Ironside regiment. He himself had lived a life of concealment and disguise; but in spite of all this, his mind had remained unhardened; what might have made other men cynics made him a gentle lover of mankind, pure as an apostle, but too humble and shy to become a reformer or a public preacher. He had learnt to suffer for his faith, but not to extend its doctrines; nay, his gentle spirit had almost learnt to dread too zealous proselytism as a first step to persecution. Of the vices of the court he knew little. Shut up among his books, and absorbed in religious abstractions, which to him were the only subjects worthy of study in life, he had grown into a shy student, whose only wish was that his sect might be tolerated, and that Popery might be rendered harmless.

To Mabel, whom he taught as a daughter, he had con-

fided all the polite learning of which he was master, including Italian hand, a little French, the use of the globes, and an outline of the legendary botany of those days. Taught to consider it necessary for a gentlewoman,—for Lady Jane Grey was Mr. Wilson's type of the Protestant gentlewoman,—he had enabled her to read Virgil with ease, and was now busily engaged in trying to make his less steady but affectionate pupil master the Greek alphabet; Greek being, as he told her, in his stiff and old-fashioned phrase, "a speech very rich in fit epithets, and, as it were, the foster-nurse of all succeeding languages of the European family."

"So the old play says, dear Mr. Wilson," said Mabel, disregarding the slight shudder with which her instructor heard the source of her quotation:

"The ancient Hebrew, clad with mystery;
The learned Greek, rich in fit epithet,"—

Do you hear?—

"Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words;
The Chaldee wise, the Arabian physical;
The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave;
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French."

"Very apt, very apt, dear child of mine," said the minister; "for the Roman doth always sound to me, peaceful as I am, resonant like a blast of the *lituus*, as Horace calls it,—but we have not got so far as that, or the battle-trumpet,—and useful chiefly for orators and princes (while God permits such men to dominate); while the Greek is fit for lovers, or warriors, or statesmen, or citizens, or any one, being alternately soft as the breath of Zephyrus, stormy and loud as Aquilo or Boreas—*Arbiter Adrie*. Do you remember, dear, Horace's words, *Quo non arbiter*—?"

But Mabel, whose mind had been much wandering from her book during this harangue, suddenly clapped her hands, and flinging down the Greek Grammar, ran to the window, dancing like a child with delight. "O, Master Wilson, look here!" she cried; "here's Roger currying Black Jack; and I'm to ride him to-day to the hunt, and will lead the field, papa says, and ride like a beggar on horseback. Put on the fringed housing," said she, "good Roger. Clean the heavy silver hunting-whip," she cried, opening the lattice, and calling out of window to the delighted servant, an old soldier, with a long white scar down one side of his face. Roger looked up delighted, and pulled off his felt-hat.

"Alas!" cried the pale student, sighing over his books. "Behold, said the preacher, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun, and one event happeneth to all."

"And why, dear sir, these unhappy texts? Is not your religion happy like mine? Does not the same Being say, there is a time to laugh, as well as a time to weep?"

"But he putteth 'to weep' first; and even the Pagan writer learnt to say, *Τὸ ἦν ἀπὸ λύπης ἀρχόμεθα, we begin life with sorrow*. Well indeed did the Thracian, as Nicomedes tells us, weep when a child was born, to think of what he should suffer, and laugh when he died, to think of the sorrows he had escaped. But it is natural for thy years to assert that the Vulgate says: '*Man* is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upwards.' God forgive me for such flippant and madversion to Scripture."

The laughing girl, sobered in a moment by the serious look of her instructor, turned again with a half-sigh to her Greek alphabet, covering the letters one by one with her tiny finger, as if committing their names to memory; while the tutor, bending with closed eyes, as if absorbed in inward meditation, repeated half-aloud the dicta of his stern creed:

"And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Zion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having His Father's name written in their foreheads;" and he repeated again in a low chant, "having His Father's name written in their foreheads." Then a low murmur, as of a prayer, and these words became audible: "And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defleth, neither what-

soever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life—but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Yes!" cried he, starting up as from a sort of trance, his hollow eyes turning in their sockets, his thin hands clasped and raised in adoration towards heaven, his whole frame quivering as if shaken by a spirit, "before the earth arose, or light was born, the number was written in the volume of the Book; before the voice was heard in Patmos, or the great cry of 'How long, O Lord, how long?' resounded in the golden courts, and over the crystal sea; before the pale horse had trodden Paradise into graves, or death and hell had blasted the smiling world;—and it shall be found there, when the stars have fallen like ripe fruit from the wind-shaken tree, and the blood-stained Ahab of the world have crept into the caves, and the heaven is rolled up like a scroll, and the sea turned to blood, and the last trumpet broken, and the globe, like a cup of glass—"

"My dear Mr. Wilson, what means this? My father will hear you—"

"Be not frightened, maid; for I am moved to speak of these mysteries, and the vision of the night stirs in my blood like a fever."

"My dear Mr. Wilson," said Mabel, clinging to his arm, and gently forcing him into his seat, where he sat for a moment exhausted, shading his eyes with his hand, and wiping the moist drops from his pale forehead, "I have long seen you troubled, but dared not speak, lest my father should mayhap anger you with some rude story about those dreadful times of bygone trouble. I observed you pale and haggard when you came down to breakfast, and you did not smile when my father filled up your cup, and made his usual joke of Sir John Barleycorn being able to throw the best wrestlers in England; and on Tuesday—yes, Tuesday—when we walked out together to cull simples in the Home Wood, you picked Ragged Robin and called it 'Bedstraw.' Now, dear Mr. Wilson, do tell me what's the matter with you. Tell your own child Mabel;" and she fondled and kissed his hand with all the tenderness of a child. "What has happened? My father loves you, and never thinks of your admiration for Titus Oates; he's forgotten that. Has Roger dared to taunt you? He shall go in a moment;—yes, that he shall,—though he did save my father's life at Naseby. What of that? Would not any brave man save another's life?"

"Nay, dear Mistress Mabel," said the minister calmly as before, "it was but a vertigo, a cephalic weakness;—nay, go not for the cordial-water; it would but heat my blood."

"I can think of but one thing. Roger told me that the stage-coach dropped a letter for you last week at the lodge-gate; and that when you saw it, you turned pale, and muttered between your teeth 'God give me strength' three times."

"I had a vision last night," said Mr. Wilson, answering without replying to the question. "It was in the dark night,—the middle of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men,—I lay awake and prayed, and the moonlight, which had been for hours moving across the room like the shadow upon a dial, at that moment fell athwart my couch, and shone upon my face. I could hear the great clock ticking above me in the turret; for the owls had long ceased hooting, and the dogs had fallen asleep, weary of howling. The pale-blue light fell, I say, upon the wall and upon the floor, and seemed now to me the same light I had once seen when a child,—the day before my father's death,—when I awoke at midnight, and felt a cold hand upon my forehead. Suddenly the light seemed to grow into a spot of brightness, and I was aware of a presence; and fear, as the Uzzite says, came upon me, and trembling, and made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before my eyes, shadowy and vague; and I heard a voice. Then I shut my eyes, and prayed; and when I looked again, I saw my father just as I beheld him after death,—calm, almost

smiling, a bloody rag about his forehead, his hand pressing the death-wound in his side; and I leaped from my bed, and would have embraced him, but he waved me back, and pointed thrice in a particular direction. Then I hid my face and prayed for strength; and when I looked up again, the moonlight had faded, and the wind had risen, and the rain lashed in fitful drifts against the window-glass, and I fell asleep commending myself to God."

"And whither pointed the apparition?" said Mabel.

"That I may not tell thee. But let us resume our studies. The storm is gone. It is as the preacher says so beautifully: 'Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land.' Do you remember, dear child of mine, how Flaccus tersely describes such a change, which, although he speaketh of the physical microcosm, does not unaptly resemble the vicissitudes of the microcosm:

*'Solvitur acris hiems grata viro veris et Favoni,
Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas;'*

referring here, as the commentators tell us, to the launching of the galleys and frigates at the approach of spring. Then, again, with equal truth:

*'Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni;
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.'*

Yet how inferior is the Roman to the Jew, inasmuch as he does not see the moral beauty of nature in its typical and profoundly prophetic aspect! For are not day and night emblems of joy and sorrow; winter and spring, of life and death? Does not spring arise like a beatified soul, as St. Jerome hath it, from the icy grave of winter? Are not the flowers God's love, written in strange cipher, differently interpreted by each? Are not the winds and storms types of sin and evil? That swallow yonder, just flown beneath the eaves, is an emblem of the soul's migration. Is not the sunlight full of the present, and moonlight of the past? Then look, again, at the voices of the year. The robin carols sad and lonely in autumn, like a lament for youth, which is spring, and manhood, which is summer. Then the nightingale embodies the deep but unsatisfying joy of summer, and the cuckoo the hope and promise of May, repeated and babbled over as children chant the names of those they love. And why does spring change into summer, and then just as we learn to love it fade into autumn, and then sink into the old age and death of winter, whose corpse is strewn with dead leaves and frozen flowers? Why, doth not the scripture answer all this in a breath, and say: 'Man is but a pilgrim and a sojourner; few and evil are his days. Man groweth up, and is cut down; he is like the morning-gloud and like the early dew; we pass by, and lo, he is not.'

"O, dear sir, why did you not become a poet or a preacher?"

"When I was yet in the bonds of iniquity, and was still at college, I did hanker, my child, after the flesh-pots of Egypt; but when I grew a Christian man, I put away the things of the reprobate child."

"These words of thine are but to divert me from my question," cried Mabel; "and though I know little of the world, I know I have not yet plucked out the heart of thy mystery, as the playwright says.—But here is my father: let us to our studies."

As Mabel hurried to her book, the tramp of a heavy jack-boot could be heard along the corridor, accompanied by the jingle of spurs, the occasional crack of a hunting-whip, and the whimper of a gaug of puppies, whom the owner seemed attempting to keep in order, while he shouted out a Tory song with such accompaniment as the following:

*"He that is clear
A Cavalier*

(Come, thine, Towler.)

*Will never give repent,
Although so low*

(Come, to heel, I say.)

(Howl of the dog, as if belaboured to the music.)

His substance grow
That he may not drink wine.

(Rat ye! Who-o-o-p, Dewlap; down pup, down.)"

Several doors were opened and shut, with curses; then the voice broke out again with the old Cavalier song:

"It was a black cloak,
With truth be the joke,
That killed many thousands, yet never much spoke:
With hatchet and rope
The gallows old Scopo
Did join with the devil to pull down the Popo.
He set all the sects of the city to work,
And rather than fail would have shared with the Turk.
Then let us endeavour to pull the cloak down
That cramped all the kingdom and crippled the crown."

"The morning to ye, Master Wilson; and, in the name of the brave king, where have ye been, Mabel; for I've been all through the house,—in the still-room, and the blue chamber, and the tapestried chamber, and the queen's room, and Heaven knows where; for it's dull work ferreting a warren with a hundred holes when there's only one rabbit. Why, girl, I'm in such spirits I could run a deer down on foot, if it wasn't for a twinge of rheumatism in the hip—a remembrance of cold caught by night-bivouacking; I haven't felt in such spirits since Edgell morning. Roger remembers it: we've been talking over it. Roger, are the hounds ready?" said the old Cavalier, shouting out of window into the court, where the sound of hoofs, and neighing, and clatter of pails indicated much bustle.

"In a trice, your honour," shouted a lusty voice.

"That bright morning, I say,—don't waste your time over those books, Mabel,—when the Show troop, as some of them called us, and I at their head, prayed to lead the charge with the Life Guards at Edgell, and all the orange scarves waved before us like a field of marigolds,—I had only time to bend to the mane of my horse, and say,—egad, I could think of nothing but grace, for it was just dinner-time,—For what we're going to receive the Lord make us truly thankful." Jacob Astley laughed, and said, "Darcy, say after me a soldier's prayer: 'O Lord, Thou knowest how busy we must be this day: if we forget Thee, do not Thou forget us.'" Five or six of us said that; for we knew 'No brave man need be afraid of hell,' as the adage goes. "'Tis good to begin well,' is one good proverb; and 'He can want nothing who has God for his friend,' says another. The enemy lay before us in waves, thick as corn in a field. There were Denzil Holles' men, flaming in red—that was the reserve; and Lord Brooke's, in purple; and Ballard's, in gray; and Mandeville's, in blue; and Stapleton's lobster, as we called them,—they were so difficult to crack,—that alone in steel like so many looking-glasses; and we had some of Newcastle's 'lambs,' white as the foam on our horses' breasts; and Rupert's men, like grave-diggers, as they were, in black. And his majesty rode down our restless ranks, his star shining on his breast; and Rupert, his scarlet cloak glittering as if it was on fire, swept after him; then the trumpet rang out, 'God and King Charles!' and we drove through them with a burst and a crash, like the hawk through a cloud of larks, or like a whale through a shoal of herrings." Unable to restrain the wild flow of his spirits, the old soldier broke out,

"Marching along, fifty score strong,
Brave-hearted gentlemen, singing one song."

"Well, but father," said Mabel, wishing at least to divert the conversation, if she could not stop it,—for it was at Edgell that her tutor's father was shot,—"tell me that story I am so fond of, of the siege of Bristol, where brave Colonel Lunsford was shot by your side on the steps."

"At the Frome Gate, my wench—the steps at the Frome Gate," said Sir Robert, delighted to launch into the full tide of his old recollections. "You remember the old ballad:

'There came a post from Banbury,
Riding on a blue rocket,
And told how bloody Lunsford fell,
With a child's arm in his pocket.'

Well, we were with the Cornish men, and were played upon by musketeers from windows, so near that we were literally scolding one another,—ay, that were we: and 'robbers' and 'copp-heads' flew about as quick and stinging as the bullets. Well, we had two or three brisk bouts, and were just putting a petard to the city-gate, when they saluted us with iron slugs and pike-shot, and ten of our van fell, and Lunsford among them. Sir Nicholas Stanning was groaning, for a case-shot had broken his thigh; and Colonel Bellasis was bleeding in the forehead. I myself had a shot on the bar of my headpiece; you may see the mark still, for it hangs in the hall." (Mabel had seen it a thousand times, and heard the story as many, but she listened with smiling interest. A tale of such danger had always a charm, especially when endured by one so beloved.) "Lunsford, when I went up to him, was shot through the brain, and past all surgeons; but seeing Stanning groaning, I went up to him, pouring out a flask of canary that I had about me into a steel cap that lay near, and held it to his lips. 'White coat,' he said to me,—he thought I was his friend,—'white coat, it tastes of blood.' But before I could answer, Rupert came spurting by, and ordered me to lead the attack on the Windmill Fort, and I dashed off; and, 'Come rack, come rope,' said the prince, 'we'll turn out these vermin before dusk.' I took it with a wet thumb, and was about to lead a party of the gravediggers to wade over the quay into the city, when they sent out a drum to desire a parley, and I sent back a trump; and, egad, if before night we weren't carousing in the governor's own house, and at day-breaking were marching to storm Berkeley. And who rode with me through Gloucestershire but Will Scroop, a young scape grace, whom his blessed majesty had just before reconciled to his father, who was as proud as Lucifer and haughty as the devil. He was the same who said at Edgell, 'I am now going down the hill, my son, to serve the king; and if I be killed, you, my son, will have enough to spend.' 'And if I be killed,' said the witty rogue, 'you'll have enough to pay.' Egad, the boy, though, died. They were mad times, lass, mad times; and it's

'Farewell, my Lord Wharton, with hev,
And farewell, my Lord Wharton, with ho;
The sawpit did hide him;
And spade did unh de him,
With my trolly, lolly, ho!"

"And were either of the brave gentlemen killed?"

"Old Sir Gervase was found stripped, lying among a heap of sixty dead men of Lincoln,—pikemen,—and with sixteen wounds in his front,—always the front; no true Cavalier got shot in the back. And why? because he never showed it. We left that for the Rumpers. Sixteen wounds had he, and all in defending the standard; but the frost had stanch'd the old man's Plantagenet blood."

"One would think by your talking, father, that blood improved, like wine, with age."

"So it does, girl, if a man does not turn sour with Whiggery. Well, the brave lad his son found him out; warned him by a fire of broken muskets; poured some wine, which is as good as life-blood,—poor old man!—if it be any thing like our claret; carried him to a warm lodging, and the next day, in the king's coach, to Oxford. Those were the times, when with Tories it was

'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Saddle the roan and the flea bitten gray;
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'

But you seem glum, Master Wilson, as if you hadn't heard these old campaigning stories of mine before; and Mabel here hearkens with as much relish as a Whig listens to treason. Have you seen to-day's *Gazette*? Egad, I thought as long as Tony (Shaftesbury) lived, and those murdering Londoners, no true Tory would ever get in the saddle again;

but here, I see, the Duke of York was busy last week in Scotland, trying his new sort of boots on the Covenanters. 'Once a knave, and ever a knave,' is a good proverb; and 'If clods won't do, try stones.'

"Blood-drinking Rabshakehs!" cried Mr. Wilson, suddenly starting from his seat with a vehemence that astonished the old knight, who always upheld him for the only good Roundhead he had ever known, his heavy folio as he rose falling, and nearly crushing one of the puppies, who had been playing with Sir Robert's whip-lash.

"Blood-drinking sons of Belial, there shall come a day when James of York and such as he shall drink of the wine of God's wrath; for in his hand there is a cup, and the wine of that cup is red!"

"My dear sir," said Mabel, "be composed. My dear father, his head has been much disordered; his pulse is feverish, and his mind a little wanders. Let me lead you to your room, Mr. Wilson."

"Ah, do," said Sir Robert kindly; "for he talks rather at random. And, harkee, tell William the butler to mix a glass of strong waters, and bid the cook make him a posset for night. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' 'Better a penny to the doctor than sixpence to the sexton.' And read some of 'D'Urfeys Pills to purge Melancholy,' forget Ahab and Rabshakeh, and I wager a Jacobus to a bad halfpenny you're well before the day's run out. But what's this?" he said, stooping to the floor and picking up a paper the puppy was tearing with his teeth. "A leaf from the—the—what? the Prophecies of Muggleton! What, Muggleton the mad tailor! And this? 'A pious justification of the Parliament's conduct in the late war.' Is this what you teach my daughter?"

"No, no, father, indeed he does not; he never speaks of any thing but Virgil and Horace."

"Who's Virgil, wench? Not Virgil that wrote on Fariery? it can't be he. You don't mean that Virgell who held Stamford against us for six weeks, and made his men poison their bullets, d— him. Now look you here, Master Wilson, I respect you as a good sort of man; you've taken much trouble with this sweetening here; but drat it, may I never stride horse again if I don't turn you out neck and heels if I find you talking any more nonsense about your Rabshakehs and Ahabs. Leave that for Sundays and Church-of-England men, who have got a right to the Bible, no thanks to Oliver."

"I cannot hold my tongue," said Mr. Wilson, whose usual fear and respect for his patron seemed melting rapidly in the force of a fanatical fervour, which increased in the very attempt to repress it, "when the Lord bids me speak. No—not, Sir Robert, even for thy bit and sup, can I hold my tongue. 'I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall be continually in my mouth.' I have put my hand to the plough, and have looked back; I have been luke-warm in the true cause, and shall, if I amend not, be spit out like those of Laodicea; for I have been neither cold nor hot."

"'Eaten bread is soon forgotten,'" said Sir Robert, with an angry snort, bursting into a quotation from one of the few books he ever read:

"'Still so fervent and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite;
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.'"

"Am I to honour God or man most?"

"O, none of your cant with me. So ho, Towler! But I warn you, Mr. Richard Wilson, if you teach your cursed rubbish to my daughter, my doors shall be shut upon you. No, no, Mabel, don't talk to me. I'll have no canting fellows here, to make the maids hang themselves because they think they are not elect, or any butler cut my throat and steal the family-plate on the strength of his predestination. We're old friends, Mr. Wilson, but take care; egad, the Darceys keep their word."

And so saying, Sir Robert, whose spring of cavalier re-

collections had revived all the partisan fury of his younger days, his Toryism having been somewhat fanned by the remembrance of its being the anniversary of Edgehill, strode out of the room, clacking his whip and followed by his train of puppies, who yelped and howled and barked as they chased each other down the long corridor. Mr. Wilson, according to his usual custom, wished the hunting-party farewell at the hall-door.

"I tell you what it is, Mabel,—and give me a kiss, my beauty,—they're a bad lot; and, as the proverb goes, 'What's in the bone won't out of the flesh.' I'm sorry I said any thing about the meat and the drink,—why, drat it, if he was Old Nick himself, he was welcome to that,—but my blood was up; and it does gall me to hear a man quote Scripture as if it belonged to him and no one else. For he's a worthy gentle-hearted man,—tender as a woman; and I hardly know what I had done without him. But there, you know what it says in *Hudibras*. Talk of wit!

'He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice,
As if divinity had caughted
The itch on purpose to be scratched.'"

This was, however, said in a low voice, so as not to be overheard by Mr. Wilson, who, having apparently relapsed into his former fit of abstraction, was wandering slowly after them, with his finger keeping a place in a ponderous book which he brought with him, either unconsciously or from pure affection.

Sir Robert, gay in a rich embroidered suit, had already mounted his old chestnut charger, and was administering playful and paternal flips to the incorrigible puppies, who seemed to do nothing but roll on their back, and run about with the stumbling sprawl peculiar to the youth of such animals. Mabel was jaunty enough on the back of Black Jack, her delight, examining her whip, looking at her bridle, and patting her horse's neck with all the grace of the full beauty of maidenhood. But we must describe Mabel, and not leave the reader to invest her with false attributes. She was now about nineteen, and the toast of half the county, though she seldom appeared in public but during assize-time, once a-year, at the county-ball. Her cheek wore a flush of sunny crimson, her complexion being of that mellow brown which you see on a newly-expanded hazel-leaf. Her eyes were of a deep summer-blue, of the hue of a pure twilight, contrasting richly with the deep lustrous ruby of her full lip and the snowiness of her bosom, which the dress of that day left rather more exposed than in the severer costume of modern ladies. Her blood had a pretty habit of rising in beautiful flushes of "rosy red," as Spenser calls it, in moments of enthusiasm, when she heard a thrilling story of bygone patriotism from her father, or some recital of stern martyrdom from her gentler tutor. She was dressed in a tight-fitting horseman's coat of fine purple cloth, the broad golden buttons of which left it open below the waist; its flapped pockets spreading over a skirt of a deeper colour, which fell in broad folds below her feet. A bright yellow breast-knot fastening her jerkin at the throat, left two broad pendent ends to flutter up against her eyes, or cling to her cheek. And when she coquettishly cast them behind her to flutter around her, waving in the wind, her father, gorgeous and erect, in black velvet and silver-lace, eyed his daughter with pride and fondness; and her old charger fretted wantonly and proudly with its little burden, as she adjusted her fringed gloves and her French riding-whip.

"Where's old Roger?" said Sir Robert impatiently to the rough-haired stable-boy who held the horses.

"I'm a-coming, Sir Robert," said Roger cheerily, as he appeared, according to immemorial custom, bearing a huge silver race-cup upon an embossed salver; "and a blessed day of remembrance it is, Sir Robert, to think what a different hunt we were leading this day twenty-two years. Well, my—if Miss Mabel isn't as beautiful to-day as a rose on a June morning!"



THE HOLY FAMILY. BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

"None of your flattery, Roger, or you'll turn the minx's head. She is pretty enough, as times go; but you should have seen your missus when she danced the Canary with me at the king's mask. But we shall be late. Here's to the memory of the blessed martyr," he said, raising the cup to his lips, while Roger took off his hat with the deep veneration of a trooper of the old school. Mable took a sip; and Sir Robert handed it to Mr. Wilson, and bade him drink to the blessed memory.

Mr. Wilson, without replying a word, replaced the cup on the salver, put both down on the door-step of the hall, and re-entered the house.

"The man's moon-stricken," said Sir Robert, shrugging his shoulders. "He used to laugh when I spoke thus; but now, a — of him, he turns as black as Hugh Pétars: he'll be forbidding the name of the king to be mentioned in my own house."

"If you please, your honour, I think it was this day twenty-two years ago a party of our gravediggers shot his father, I've heard say; but in my humble opinion, if he would preach up treason, they did quite right."

"If he preaches rebellion here, out he goes," said Sir Robert. "I'll make every jade and fool in the house sign an oath of allegiance to the king."

"He can't abide the king, Sir Robert; I seed him turn up his nose when you said something about the health of the king's martyrs."

"Turn up his nose, adad; I'll cure him of that. But

never mind now, Mabel; it's an hour's trot to the 'Three Oaks.' Mount Roger, and shout

'For liberty and privilege,
Religion and the king,
We fought; but O, the golden wedge,
That is the very thing.'

Now then, Roger, strike in, and let the old psalm-singer hear it:

'There lies the cream of the cause,
Religion is a Whig;
Pure privilege eats up the laws,
And ories for king—a fig.'"

Then, to the loud blast of the French horn, which Sir Robert wore strung round him, and which sent the rooks in a black cloud out of the elms, to the cracking of whips, and the joyful yelp of some half-dozen stag-hounds, the party swept down the avenue.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

By MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of all the artists of great name, there are none whose early works are so well known to us as those of Michael Angelo, and still fewer of whose first efforts an equal number are preserved; a circumstance which may be attributed to the fact that almost all of the productions of his youth are of a religious class of subject. The reason why these works

are so well known and esteemed in England is, probably, that the great Italian has always been a favourite with us islanders, from a certain love we bear to him on account of his personal character, which greatly resembles that we arrogate to ourselves as Englishmen. Indomitable, haughty, full of a high reverence and feeling for duty; reserved and cold to strangers, yet to those he loved truly loving,—he was a man exactly after our own heart.

The engraving before us is from an admirable specimen of what is called his "early style;" a period of his practice the simplest, purest, and most charming of all. It represents the Holy Family,—a subject he delighted in,—and has been drawn from a cast in the Crystal Palace of the original at Florence. Its specific qualities are delicacy of line, simplicity and purity of design, and marvellous truth of texture, evinced both in the draperies and the flesh; a quality remarkable in sculpture, and which distinguished Michael Angelo from others. The reader will notice the ineffable sweetness of the Virgin's expression, the graceful form of the child, and the beautifully natural casting of the draperies. The manliness and tenderness of the whole work is palpable; there is nothing petty, but all is simple, graceful, and severe. It appears to have been executed very early, probably soon after quitting the school founded by Cosmo di Medici for the study of the antique, evident traces of which it bears.

There are, we believe, no less than five similar works of this subject by Michael Angelo; of which probably the most beautiful is in the possession of the Royal Academy, given by Sir G. Beaumont, R.A., whereon may be seen the chisel and rasp marks of the great artist's labour just as he left it unfinished.

I. I.

IN THE MALLE-POSTE.

It started hours later than the heavy diligence, and would arrive long before that huge conveyance. It was, besides, a smoother and more grateful mode of travelling, this by Malle-poste. As to the propriety of going forward at all that night,—it was the proprietor of a certain wayside house of entertainment who was speaking,—it was not of course for him to counsel monsieur. (Shrug.) He would merely submit (shrug) that certain *infames* had been heard of lately along the road,—wretches who came from behind hedges, and used travellers with small courtesy. *Mon Dieu!* was it not only the other day that the Great St. Omer diligence was stopped by a band of these *larrons*, the ill-fated *voyageurs* being stripped of every thing, even to their upper garments? It was not for him to speak. There was in his house cheer of the very best; every thing comfortable. On the morrow there would be ravishing weather; and if he were in monsieur's place—

There was sound philosophy in what the good host was putting forward; and there was, besides, a snug aspect about his house, even more seducing than his arguments; to say nothing of a certain persuasive savour, as of impending *bouillie* and rich *potages*. But it fell out, unhappily, that I was at that time journeying homewards in hot haste, and could not afford to lose an hour. I must confess, too, I had but slender faith in the robber-legends, holding them as a transparent innkeeper's device for the decoying of weak and timorous souls.

When, then, did this Malle-poste come by?

It would be here in—say about half an hour; at—say six o'clock. The *cuisiniers* would have just time to get ready the divinest little *biftik*, or *oettelette*, with a garnish—say of pistachio-nut, with potato *à la maître-d'hôtel* (ubiquitous, but ever welcome); or, indeed, any thing else that monsieur would please to name. As to wine, a flask of the choicest should be standing before monsieur in rather less than a *clin d'œil*.

Flinty indeed must have been the heart that could have withstood mine host's wistful offer. Though I be-

lieved not in his *biftiks* and pistachio-garnish, no, nor in the acid watery mixture which I knew would shortly figure on the table, I felt as though I had defrauded him of his anticipated prey, and bound in honour to do something for the good of the house. So he went his way rejoicing, and soon was busy with all his household manufacturing the stranger's *biftik*. Such virtue as mine was not to go without its fitting reward. In course of time the *biftik* came up, strangely charred and sodden,—a gristly stringy morsel; and the wine, but for its tint, an admirable substitute for table-vinegar.

In about an hour's time, when I was looking ruefully at the *biftik*, which remained much in the same state as when it came up, I heard the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs clattering over stones outside. Raining over to the window, I saw the Malle-poste coming up in good style to the door. It had grown dark by this time, but I could make out pretty well what kind of vehicle it was: a light *britzka*-like vehicle, with capacious hood and huge springs, with a pair of fiery rough-coated quadrupeds attached, who bore signs of having come this last stage at a headlong pace,—this was the Malle-poste. Seated aloft, with his horses well in hand, was a smart mustached figure,—the driver of the Malle-poste,—now busy cracking his whip and calling to the inhabitants of the inn with melodious *Où! Où!* He could give some account, if called on, of terrific hillside descents, of desperate precipices barely shaved, of runaway beasts with bit between their teeth,—all, perhaps, all within the compass of that last stage. There he sat, chanting fragments of a Poste-song popular among his brethren, cracking his whip *à bras armé*, every now and again calling fiercely and with malediction on *ces gens-là* to come forth. To him presently appeared the overworked being who performed the various duties of *garçon*, ostler, boots, *fille-de-chambre*, and very likely, judging by the day's performance, those of chief cook. He brought a pail of steaming compound for the horses, furnishing, besides, pleasing recreation to the driver on the box, who was skillfully directing strokes of his whip within perilous range of the attendant's person. This I noted from the window, waiting until it should please my host to bring me his little account. But looking further into the depths of that vast hood, I made out something that looked like the shadowy outlines of figures, significant of the presence of fellow-travellers. At the same moment, sounds of excited language, mingled with *sacrés* and such profane adjuration, reached my ear. I stood out upon the top of the stairs to listen. "Are we to stay here all night? What do we wait for; is not every minute precious to me? We must get forward to-night, I tell you. Ten thousand *sacrés*, yes." Host, in mortal fright, was murmuring something about a stranger who was going on that night. "What stranger? Where is he? The Malle-poste is for us, hear you; for us alone." By this time I was standing upon the top of the last flight, and saw in the hall, by the light of a flickering rush-candle held by the host, a figure with coal-black hair and beard gesticulating violently. When he perceived me descending the stairs he became quite calm of a sudden, and taking off his hat, bowed low to the ground.

"Monsieur is to be our *compagnon de voyage*, it seems," he said, in a deep musical voice. "It will enliven our dreary progress wonderfully. Permit me to make myself known to you as M. Poirotte. Madame, who is in the carriage, will be charmed to know you."

I could only reciprocate such truly French approaches by others as gracious, and was being desolated at the bare idea of incommencing madame, when there came to us in clear tones from the box of the Malle-poste, "*Sacré bleu, messieurs!* why do we tarry? These *faguns* of mine are pulling like ten thousand devils!"

"*Allons donc*," said M. Poirotte, making for the door. "After you. O yes, after you."

And at some risk from the capricious movements of the horses, I was with difficulty lifted into the Malle-poste,

and found myself seated safely facing my new fellow-travellers. With a sudden lurch our steeds sprang off, scattering stones and gravel profusely; a hollow concussion, repeated at intervals, signifying that the body of the vehicle had been struck by the hoofs of these spirited animals.

After a few versts or so of journeying, M. Poirotte begged to be allowed the honour of introducing me to madame. I could see nothing of madame's face or figure; but a low voice came forth from the depths of the hood, murmuring some sounds I could not well make out. Presently M. Poirotte grew communicative, and, it must be confessed, very entertaining on sundry passages of his past life, which were of a Bohemian tinge. He had travelled over many lands, and had seen strange countries. In short, before many minutes were over, I was persuaded that I had opposite to me a man of a striking and original turn of mind. It was very different with madame, who remained obstinately retired within the shadows of the great hood, with her white handkerchief covering up her face. She spoke scarcely a word, except in answer to his oft-repeated inquiries—was she cold? would she like more covering? But when M. Poirotte came to dwell enthusiastically on certain fair plains far away in Franconia, where abounded shady bowers and musically-flowing streams, it seemed to me that the handkerchief was agitated curiously, and that hysterical sounds came from the dark clouds where madame lay reclined. Madame was weeping, it was plain. Upon which M. Poirotte became nervous and fidgety, and was for many minutes whispering with vehement utterance, every now and again stamping his foot impatiently.

"Let us go back,—O, let us go back, *mon ami*," I heard her say; "there is yet time."

"It is too late, *ma belle*," whispered hoarsely M. Poirotte, and with something like a laugh.

"O non, non," she continued, leaning forward. "Tell him, monsieur, to stop—to return."

I saw madame drawn back hastily into her dark corner, and could just hear M. Poirotte hissing forth some sharp impetuous words. Upon which she appeared to grow more composed, and to subside into weeping and silent affliction; M. Poirotte meanwhile being busy twisting his moustache and grinding his teeth audibly. I was indebted, however, to these mysterious motions for a hasty glimpse of madame's face, which seemed of a marbly character, with darkest of eyes and eyelashes, and a strangely sorrowful cast all over it; very handsome was madame, if I could put faith in that hurried glance.

From thenceforth M. Poirotte became moody and reserved, keeping up ceaseless thrumming on the carriage-side, and every now and again whispering to his companion. Left thus to myself, I fell into speculation on the two figures before me. What could they be? where were they going? or was it some newly-married pair setting forth upon their travels? Which last conclusion seemed likely enough, since madame by this time had put down her white handkerchief, and was whispering softly; in monsieur's tattoo dying gradually away.

All this while we had been making a species of mad progress up steep hills, down precipitous declivities, being drawn along as it were by wild horses. It was surprising how we bounded across little gullies in the road, over great stones and mounds of mud, without immediate breaking-up and going to pieces of our vehicle, like a ship upon the rocks. Still our conductor sat aloft unshaken, whipping, perhaps scourging, forward his fiery beasts, and contriving somehow to keep all together. Very cheerful, but still perilous, was this mode of travelling by *Malle-poste*. In this fashion we got over many leagues of road, enduring sad concussion all the while, until, at a little past midnight,—or, indeed, it might have been close upon the stroke of one,—we drew near to a small cluster of cottages and farmhouses, which I was told was the village of Aulnoy, and pulled up sharply at the little inn of the place, which bore the name

of the Ardent Conscript. The Ardent Conscript was on the sign-board overhead (in gaudy colouring), swinging to and fro with every breath of air.

Madame could go no farther that night, being very much exhausted and fatigued. Monsieur was for going on at all hazards, as soon as fresh horses could be put to, remonstrating besides in fierce whispers: "It was plain, however, that she was not equal to it, having sunk down at her first entrance upon a sofa altogether *abattue*, as remarked the good-natured landlady. We thought at first she had fainted, and wine was brought; but it was evident that she only wanted rest and refreshment. They had been coming many days without stop, and had travelled over some hundreds of miles, and had good right to be tired. So said M. Poirotte to me confidentially, as we stood in a group round madame upon the sofa, the landlady busy rubbing her forehead with eau-de-cologne and other restoratives. This was by the light of a dull lamp upon the table, which spread a kind of ochre-tinge upon all objects round,—upon madame's marble-like face also.

I turned to M. Poirotte. "What need," said I indiscreetly, "of this headlong express travelling? Have you any particular object in—"

He bowed low, with a kind of sarcastic smile. "I was welcome to many things at his hands," he said, "being good *compagnon de voyage* and agreeable; but there are certain little secrets—monsieur, being man of the world, will readily understand this—which we do not confide to every *premier venu*, or first comer."

I muttered some apology for my rather brusque question, but did not the less speculate on the mystery attending these travellers. Could it be that they had been concerned in some strange secret robbery, some vast fraud, accompanied, perhaps, by some dark deed, and they were now flying with guilty haste from justice? Most unlikely, I thought, after a minute's reflection,—most unlikely.

Madame would go straight to her chamber, which was now ready for her, and so wished us good night. Suppose we,—that is, M. Poirotte and I,—were to sit a little by the fire, with cigar and something warm, for—say one half-hour. It was decidedly dreary turning from the cold carriage into still colder cots. For his part, he always fancied a cigar at bedtime. "Nothing could be more welcome, as far as I was concerned. And so, under guidance of the sleepy *garçon*, we descended the ancient flight of stairs, which creaked unmusically at every step, making progress towards the kitchen, where was to be found the sole fire alive at that early hour. Perilous indeed was the descent, with *garçon* going on before, and giving warning of fearful chasms, recurring periodically at about every third step. At last we found ourselves in a large stone-flagged room, with a great fireplace facing us, and a gallery, which served as a passage between the bedrooms, running across. The fire was burning very low as we entered, and was stirred up by our conductor into a fitful blaze, which showed to us antique strangely shaped bits of furniture, and some black wooden figures looking down from various corners of the room. They might have been saints' effigies, or perhaps images of the *Grand Henri* or *Petit Caporal*; but looking out as they did from darkness, the firelight lighting up with sudden flash some grotesque feature, I felt as though we were sitting in strange company, and should have fancied our host's own private little *salon* in preference.

Two tall high-backed chairs were drawn in to the fire; and *garçon*, having stirred up the smouldering embers into spasmodic life, went his way, leaving us together.

I was little inclined to talk myself, being heartily tired out with the day's journey. It was certainly a curious feeling, finding myself in that lonely cabaret, at long past midnight, stealing every now and then a glance at the black locks and lustrous eyes of the Hebrew countenance near me. By and by M. Poirotte fell into a monologue, going far back into passages of his previous life, which would seem to have been wild and desperate enough. Dark tattigue,

midnight adventure, love, hatred, with one duel à l'outrance, —through such stormy paths had been his course. "Even to this hour," he went on, looking up after the curling smoke of his cigar,—"even to this hour must I follow these troubled ways. What do you suppose has set me down in this wretched cabaret, in company with madame upstairs? Can you guess? You are making for England, so there is little to fear in your knowing it."

A light broke in upon me of a sudden. Could it be that madame had—

"Left her home, husband, children, friends,—all for the sake of the unworthy being who is now speaking."

"I am truly sorry to hear this," I said; "for rash steps bring with them only misfortune and remorse."

"Ay," said M. Poirotte, "I believe so in my heart; and for that matter, so does poor madame. It were better for her had she staid with her gray-haired colonel, a brave man and fond husband."

"But it is not too late," I said very earnestly. "Do take my advice—return at once; and if my good offices can be of any use—"

"Ah, *mon ami*," said M. Poirotte, with a bitter smile, "you know not what manner of man that ancient colonel is. A tall gray warrior, who has seen many battles, and borne scars, full of pride and trust in her. Ah," continued M. Poirotte, writhing uneasily in his chair, "that part of the business I would like to shut out from my eyes. I feel we shall owe many troubled dreams to that gray colonel."

"Goodness!" I said, "if you really think this, in Heaven's name, why not do as I say. I tell you again and again it is not too late."

He shook his head. "No, no; we must go on as we have begun, though I know well his grim figure will haunt me, for the shame of it will kill him."

"Hark!" I said, holding up my finger. There was a jingling sound as of chains outside, with rattling of wheels over stones, and postillion's sharp *Ola! ola!* for some one to come forth. Then came mixed voices and clatter of glass as the door was shut-to.

"More travellers on the road," said M. Poirotte, rising. "O, this weary night-journeying! We ought to be tired, God knows. Some way my head seems full of dismal fancies."

We did not speak for some minutes, but sat looking at the grate, each in a reverie of his own. Presently it seemed that there were sounds of footsteps afar off, in the direction of the gallery, as though some one were approaching. Through the low arched door at the entrance came light, moving unsteadily, displaying against the wall long dwindled shapes of the old crooked rails of the balustrade. It flickered spasmodically, growing brighter every instant; and presently appeared the *garçon*, going on before with a lamp, after whom walked a tall figure, with gray moustache, and wrapped in a military cloak. He passed solemnly across, like something seen in a dream, and was gone in a moment. I scarcely dared to breathe, as I watched the mysterious passage. M. Poirotte had sunk down into his chair and covered up his face with his hands.

"*Mon Dieu*," said he at length, "all, then, is lost! How well I knew it would come to this! And now, to have this other sin upon my head. What is to be done?"

"But," said I, "things are not come to that yet. He does not know that you are here; and if you are gone early in the morning—"

"Ah, what has been his first inquiry, think you? No, no, my good friend, leave me to myself. It were best. Leave me, I conjure you, and I will strive and think of something."

Seeing him so resolved, I did as he desired; and taking in my hand a primitive lamp which was on the table, made my way up the ancient staircase to my room; a small apartment, garnished with old-fashioned cabinets and bits of furniture, quite black and polished with age.

All was now quiet in the house; but in the next room to

me I could hear a ceaseless steady tramp, as though some one were walking up and down; no doubt the gray colonel, wrapped in his cloak, and brooding sorrowfully upon his wrongs. It went on monotonously, that heavy pacing, as though he were keeping guard, until it grew, as it were, into a lullaby, and sent me off in a profound and wearied slumber. Just as my eyes were closing, it seemed to me that his door opened, and that his footsteps died away far down the gallery.

* * * * *

Bright and frosty was the next morning, so bright, that M. Poirotte and Monsieur le Colonel had gone forth together shortly after sunrise. They were old friends, *garçon* believed, laying out breakfast very cheerily. The scenery was fine about Aulnoy, and *voyageurs* came long distances to see it. And madame? Madame was still in her chamber, too tired, he suspected, to go forward. By the way, did I know that the early diligence would come by in about two hours, at, say twelve o'clock? It was strange, certainly, that messieurs had not returned from their walk.

Not quite so strange did it appear to me, who, to say the truth, was filled with heavy foreboding. Some way I was interested in the brave old officer, and could not shut out from myself that mysterious vision of his passage across the gallery, with the light playing on his forehead and gray moustache. Even when I heard the sound of wheels and the clank of chains outside at that late hour, I felt a sort of presentiment, as though some avenging spirit had arrived. Not much relish for breakfast had I that morning.

An hour passed away, then half an hour, when, as I was looking down the road—for the twentieth time perhaps—I saw a horseman spurring hard towards the inn-door. He pulled up quickly and produced a letter from M. le Colonel, directed to madame. M. le Colonel himself would arrive about noon. He had come straight from a small town some ten miles further on, outside which there had been a murderous duel, *sans témoins*. M. Poirotte was at that moment lying under the trees beside the brook quite stiff and stark, being pierced through by M. le Colonel's sword.

As he spoke there was to be seen a cloud of dust at the corner of the road, and a familiar jingling sound, mingled with winding of horns, fell upon our ears. It was the great diligence coming over the hill. The little children came running up from the roadsides, the women stood forth at the cottage-doors to see it halt and change horses, and mine host and his following were busy getting ready anticipated *petites verres* and other refecton. Place was found for me inside the huge mountain; and in a few moments the horn was winding cheerily, and I was rolling along the rough high-road, having left far behind me madame, sitting guiltily in an upper chamber of the Ardent Conscript inn, with no company beyond her letter, with black despair in her heart, and waiting judgment at the hands of her offended husband.

ANAX ANDRON.

"Who can tell me any thing about Michael Angelo?"

"Please, sir, I can. He wanted Moses's body."

Now I do not mean to say that my reader would make such an eccentric blunder as this; nor jumble together the account of the monument of Julius II. and the incident mentioned in the 9th verse of St. Jude's Epistle. Yet I do mean to assert that very little is known by the general reader of one of the greatest names in Italian, or any other annals. Michael Angelo was a sculptor and architect, and built St. Peter's at Rome; he was also a painter, and adorned the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. All this "every schoolboy knows;" not, indeed, the schoolboy mentioned above, but those omniscient schoolboys with whom we are all acquainted.

And yet Michael Angelo was something more than architect, sculptor, and painter. He was a most genuine poet;

and, best of all, a most true Christian. Shall we try to learn a little of his inner life,—the life that is not shown to us in statues, pictures, and lofty corridors? His history is not so full of romantic incident as that of Luis de Camoens, which we considered some weeks back. He passed through no such stirring adventures, suffered no such evil fortune, as Portugal's hero; yet I doubt not we shall find something to interest us in the long life of this wondrous old man.

The first thing that I notice in Angelo's character is his steadfastness in the belief that he was called to be an artist. Astrologers at his birth had read the story of his future greatness in starry language. Mercury and Venus, in conjunction with Jupiter, were benign of aspect on that memorable 6th March 1474. They betokened that the infant who first saw the light under their beneficent influence should be an extraordinary genius, whose success should be universal, but especially in those arts which delight the sense.

A modern philologist, with more ingenuity than philosophy, has attempted to trace back the word "calling" to the time when tradesmen sate at their shop-doors and bawled out to passers-by the nature of their wares. Now I venture to affirm that "calling" is a very far higher thing than that. It is a voice within a man, and not without,—a voice telling him, "This is thy work, do it." Thus it was, at least with Michael Angelo. He was sent to school; yet the pedagogue was not his schoolmaster. He stole from his books, and gave himself up to painting. He ought to have qualified himself for some learned profession. Yet, in spite of threats and reproaches, spite of lamentations over the degeneracy of a descendant of the Canosse, he listened only to the voice which bade him be an artist. He was thoroughly honest. Once resolved to accomplish any thing, he would work with all his powers of head and hand that it might be fully and perfectly completed. So that whenever we speak of him as a sculptor, think of him as a painter, or write of him as a poet, we are dealing with a master entirely competent, because he had studied much, copied much, thought much, and had altogether been an eminently hard-working man.

I find, moreover, that amid universal praise he never became proud, never degenerated into one of those spoiled children of fortune whose history so often saddens us. He never scorned the advice of others, when kindly given; and would follow it were it given wisely. The story of the laughing faun is too well known to be repeated. It was this readiness to listen to friendly criticism which laid the foundation of his future advancement. Michael Angelo was proud of his profession; however men might speak against him, they should at least respect that. He would not endure that petty hucksters should haggle with the Muses or the Graces.

His biographer, Duppa, relates that a Florentine gentleman, Angelo Doni by name, once gave him an order to paint a Holy Family. When the picture was finished it was sent home, with a note requesting the payment of seventy ducats. Doni did not expect such a charge, and told the messenger he would give forty, which he thought sufficient. Michael Angelo immediately sent back his servant, and demanded his picture or a hundred ducats. Doni, not liking to part with it, returned the messenger, agreeing to pay the original sum; but the artist, indignant at being bargained with, then doubled his first demand; and Doni, still wishing to possess the picture, acceded, rather than try any further experiment to abate the price.

If great men, or rather men in high station, sought Angelo's friendship, they must have it on equal terms. In that age of servile reliance upon lordly patrons, this independence is the more remarkable. Even the most exalted must treat our artist with due respect. Being rudely refused by the groom of the chamber permission to see the Pope, he immediately left the papal territory; and being commanded by Julius to return, he steadily refused, saying, "That being expelled the antechamber of his Holiness, and

conscious of not meriting the disgrace, he had taken the only course left him to pursue consistent with the preservation of that character which had hitherto rendered him worthy of his confidence." It was only after long persuasion that he consented to revisit Rome.

In the year 1529 Michael Angelo comes before us in quite a new character,—in that of a soldier. He was a thorough master of the science of fortification; so that Vauban, and other celebrated engineers, were afterwards greatly indebted to him for much of their scientific knowledge. The republic of Florence was at this time girt about with foes; the Emperor of Germany and the Pope had leagued together for its destruction. The assistance which the Florentines had expected from France Francis was in no condition to afford. In this strait they resolved to fortify their city, and hold it against all attacks. The defence was intrusted to Michael Angelo, who, by his ingenuity and fertility of resource, long time baffled the operations of the adversary.

Indeed the siege, which lasted for nearly a year, was terminated only by the treachery of the captain-general of the besieged, who insisted upon capitulation. Michael Angelo, knowing well the revengeful character of the Pope, hid himself when the city was taken; and it was only under Clement's most solemn assurance of safety that he could be induced to return to Rome.

We have seen that Angelo would not permit any petty chaffering or bargaining for works of art; yet he was by no means avaricious. On more than one occasion he assisted young artists and sculptors by furnishing them with designs. But the crowning act of disinterestedness is connected with the noblest architectural achievement of modern times. For eighteen years he gave up his time to the building of St. Peter's without emolument; and when Paul III. sent him a sum equivalent to forty pounds of our money, for one month's pay, at the commencement of his undertaking, he returned it.

He was attended by an old and faithful servant, Urbino.

"What will become of you, Urbino, if I die?" his master one day asked him.

"I must serve some one else," replied Urbino sorrowfully.

"Poor fellow!" said Michael; "I will take care that you shall not stand in need of another master;" and immediately made him a present of two thousand crowns; an act, as Vasari exclaims, only to be expected from popes and great emperors.

Michael Angelo never married; and yet he had a warm heart. He appears to have been tenderly attached to his father and brother. On the death of the former he has written some very touching lines, of which I quote the few last:—

"Thy death reminds, and teaches me to die,
O happy father! I in thought behold thee
Where the world rarely leads the wayfarer.
Death is not, as some think, the worst of ills
To him whose closing day o'ercalls the first,
Through grace eternal from the mercy-seat.
There, thanks to God! I do believe thee gone,
And hope to see thee, if my reason can
Draw this cold heart from its terrestrial clay.
And if pure love doth find increase in heaven
'Twixt son and father, with increase of virtue,
Rendering all glory to my Maker, there
I shall, with my salvation, share thine too."

Angelo seems for a long time to have been content with art, and to have required no other friend than that. Ever some bright idea floated before him in all its perfect loveliness of form and expression. His constant aim was to transfer this high vision to the canvas or the marble. In one of his poems he says:

"Beauty was given at my birth to serve
As my vocation's faithful exemplar;

* This and the following pieces are taken from Mr. J. E. Taylor's very elegant and scholar-like little work *Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet*.

The light and mirror of two sister arts:
Who otherwise believes in judgment errs.
She alone lifts the eyes up to that height
For which I strive—to sculpture and to paint."

Thus dealing with abstractions, and ennobling them into realities, Angelo passed sixty-four years of his life. At that time, i. e. in 1537, he formed an acquaintance with one of the best and most highly-gifted women that has ever subdued all hearts.

Vittoria Colonna had won a proud name in her country's annals. The daughter of one brave general, the wife of another still more illustrious, whose career of victory had been cut short by an untimely death, she herself renowned for beauty, wit, and intellect of the highest order; but known best of all as the true and most constant wife of him whom she had loved so well while in this life, and whose memory she still cherished, whose deeds of valour she still sang, now that he had left her in widowhood.

In Vittoria Angelo saw embodied his very highest ideal. With a face still of perfect loveliness, though long years and many tears had changed its expression of unclouded happiness into a touching sadness, with a heart chastened by deep sorrow, it is not wonderful that Angelo, with his lofty spiritual sense of beauty should thus speak of her:

"I can no image figure to myself
Of naked shadow, or of earthly cast,
With highest thought, such that my ardent might
Therewith against thy beauty arm itself.
Parted from thee, I seem to all so low,
My heart of every power is bereft."

It was at Rome that poetess and artist first met. Angelo's regard for Vittoria was that of reverence as for some glorified being. His earnest prayer was, that he might not be left to mourn her loss whenever she should depart to everlasting rest.

The prayer was not granted. In 1547, that is, ten years after the commencement of their friendship, Vittoria was taken seriously ill at the convent whither she had retired. From thence she was moved to the palace of Giuliano Cesarini. She rapidly grew worse. On the 15th February she made her will; and soon after her gentle spirit rejoined the spirit of him whom she had so long loved, and from whom she had been so long severed.

During the last moments of her life Michael Angelo came to her bedside, and taking the hand now well-nigh cold, reverentially pressed it to his lips. Afterwards he grieved that he had not kissed her cheek, since this, he said, was the last time that he was ever to gaze upon her face.

The great sculptor mourned long and deeply. He had felt that it was his duty to love this pure-hearted lady. Of her he might most truly say, in modern words:

"So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be a theme of endless praise,
And love—a simple duty."

But Angelo was growing old apace. Already, when he first mourned his departed friend, more than threescore years and ten had silvered his hair and ploughed deep furrows on that massive brow.

What a life his had been! How much he had thought, how much brought to perfection! Yet though his name called forth praise from every tongue, this noble-hearted man, noble in his humility, mourns his unprofitableness, entreates pardon for all that has been done amiss; says, .

"My weak, infirm, and tottering powers,
Wearied of error, do for pardon cry."

When Angelo was eighty-two years old his faithful servant Urbino was seized with his last illness. The master now became the attendant, and waited upon him as he wanted. What a study for an artist; what a bright example for a moralist! Picture to yourself this "king of men," crowned with honours, and now bending under the weight of more than fourscore winters; fancy him watching by the bedside

of his aged servant, leaving him not night nor day, and "at length closing the eyes that death had darkened! There is something sublime in this devotion,—sublime in its very simplicity.

Shortly after this Angelo wrote to Vasari, who has left us those inimitable lives of the painters:

"MY DEAR GIORGIO.—I am but ill-disposed to write; however I will sit down to answer yours. You already know that Urbino is dead. His death has been a heavy loss to me, and the cause of overwhelming grief. . . . He lived with me twenty-six years, grew rich in my service, and I found him a most rare and faithful servant; and now that I calculated upon his being the staff and repose of my old age, he is taken away, and has left me only the hope of seeing him again in Paradise."

Seven years more were to pass before Michael Angelo should behold again those whom he had best loved. In February 1563, he was attacked by a slow fever. He sent for his nephew; but as that relative did not arrive in time, the dying man called together his physicians and attendants, and made this short verbal will: "My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly possessions to my nearest of kin." Soon after Michael Angelo slept his last sleep,—February 17th, 1563,—he being then eighty-nine years of age all but fifteen days.

On the 20th his funeral took place; and his remains were deposited in the Church of St. Apostoli at Rome. But the Florentines claimed that his bones should rest in their city. The request was granted, and the body was removed to Florence. There, soon after, the obsequies were again performed; and amid tears and sighs, and the solemn strains of the mass for the dead, the dust of Italy's noblest son was finally committed to the ground by the altar in the Church of Santa Croce. E. SPENDER.

"TOM!"

"What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." I'm not quite sure about that; your patronymic is not so immaterial, my reader, don't fancy. There is a large family of the Smiths; next to the Joneses, they are the largest family in the United Kingdom. As to the John Smiths, they are Legion. All you have to do, if you go into a church in a strange town, is, to ask the beadle or pew-opener to put you into Mr. John Smith's pew, and then to one during the service you will rub your shoulders against an alderman. They are an enterprising, go-a-head, wide-awake, pushing family; the Smiths. You hear of Lady Smythe's ball (*Smythe*, my reader, be informed, is the polite of Smith), of the seminary conducted by the Misses Smith, of poems by S. (of course S. stands for Smith). Then you have the Right-Reverend-Father-in-God Smith, Smith, Q. C., the Honourable Smith, Lord-Lieutenant Smith, Doctor Smith, General Smith, Admiral Smith, Smith the lawyer, Smith the mayor, Smith the banker; and, if you will notice that linen-draper's shop, with printed cottons hanging out of every window, and with placards headed, "General Election!" "War with China!" "£50,000 reward!" &c., a hundred to one that shop belongs to a Smith. But this is neither here nor there; a volume might be written about the Smiths. The point I aim at is, to show what is in a name; for, as sure as you are alive, fifty out of every hundred would sacrifice ten years of their lives (presuming they had twenty to live) to exchange their plebeian cognomen for something that smacked of the aristocratic. Now how can any man with the least breeding in him, with the slightest pretension to being something or somebody, say that he would not prefer Mountsorrel, Mauleverer, Fitzgerald, Fortescue, Wilmington, or other high-sounding surnames, to the vulgar Smith? It is ridiculous to think of such a thing; there is not such a stupid antiquated being in the world.

This, patient reader, is a short argument prior to my introducing to you the gallant and romantic, highly-civilised

and anti-heathen name of "Tom." Talk about the "wisdom of our ancestors!"—I glory in the *wisdom* of mine, who dubbed their charming and precocious brat the euphonious "Tom." It is, if you please (your humble servant, of course, excepted), synonymous with all that is rollicking, dashing, brilliant, generous, and brave. They are the first in your galaxy of heroes, true "hearts of oak," Englishmen to the backbone. Of such stuff are the "Toms" made, that the success of any enterprise is doubtful without them. They are the young "bloods" who make your country's fame, who plant your colours on the bloody Alina, who first entered the Redan in Sebastopol; who by tact and prompt action give such a triumphant turn to events, that the prestige of Great Britain will never be at stake while the vigour and energy of the "Toms" remain unimpaired. Instances of undaunted skill, and of unparalleled bravery and courage abound. One of your first generals was Sir Thomas Picton. There was a "Tom" for you!—a "Tom" all over. So overawed were the French at his "fighting brigade," that Wellington placed it in the most conspicuous position at Waterloo, and gloriously it maintained its ancient valour. That great captain knew well what it was to have a "Tom" like Picton at his right hand. Because of his intrepidity and soldier-like qualities, his men loved him as they loved their father. He was the Hotspur of the Peninsular war. There was nothing of the feather-bed and lavender-water prowess about him. As he galloped past his troops to give the charge, his eye flaming with the genius of victory, the bronzed veterans in the lines were electrified at his voice: "*Now, boys, show those blackguards how English bull-dogs can bite!*" And have we not recently seen the courage and heroism of another "Tom" at the Battle of Inkerman, who, having both his legs shot off, mounted one of his own guns, and continued to command and fight until exhausted by loss of blood? I never hear his name mentioned without calling to mind a notable hero in *Cherry Chase*:

"For Witherington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps."

We all remember another "Tom," a brave old ex-chancellor, whose head, glorious with gray hairs, was bespattered with its own gore to gratify the caprices of a despot. And who, when he sees those three golden balls (the armorial bearings of the Lombards), which pawnbrokers use as the ensign of their shops, thinks of that noble and magnanimous man Sir Thomas Gresham, who drove from the country those extortionate usurers who for years had robbed the Crown, and plundered his fellow-citizens? As you tread beneath the roof of the Royal Exchange, how many remember his princely gift to the nation of the first "Exchange," the foundation-stone of which he laid with his own hands in 1565? Passing on, we meet with another "Tom," who in his day was no mean authority as a philosopher and metaphysician—Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury. And fragrant to the memory is the recollection of that pure-minded judge,—a philosopher, a lawyer, a dramatist, and poet combined,—who, on delivering his charge on the bench at Stafford, yielded up his benevolent spirit to the mandate of a higher judge,—the Judge of all the earth?

Glorious in the annals of poetry, "the pet of the first gentleman in Europe," our catalogue is graced by another "Tom" (his boasted *sobriquet*), the author of *Lalla Rookh*. To his strains the most delicate natures in the globe responded with their lyres. In the mud-cabins of the "finest pisantry on airth," and amidst the luxuries of the most gorgeous harems of the Orient, his songs were echoed, and his productions welcomed with enthusiastic acclamations.

And, alas for the fame of England, alas for the untimely departure of one mighty spirit,—

"The wondrous youth of Bristowe's plain,
That pour'd in Rowley's garb his solemn strain."

Had his resplendent talents been fostered by the assumed

guardians of literature, instead of blasted and blighted by their remorseless spleen, who can predict the miraculous attainments his daring intellect would have achieved? If ever it was permitted human genius to scale the highest peak of Parnassus, that grandeur and dignity was reserved for Thomas Chatterton.

And scarcely is the turf green upon the grave of poor Tom Hood, who at one time would make your sides crack with laughing over his *Annals*, and at another draw copious tears from your eyes by his matchless pathos. In many a dismal garret, in many a lordly mansion, by senipstress and popinjay, he is remembered, whose tablet bears the one memento,—"*He sang the Song of the Shirt!*"

Time would fail me to enumerate instances of the universal good-nature, courage, achievements, and immortality of those who boast this envied appellation.

This distinction, too, is universally acknowledged. If you have read *The Wreck of the Waterwitch*, from the *Log of an Old Sailor*, you will remember that the hero of the production is our friend "Tom."

In perusing the *Lady Amaranthe Golightly's Memoirs of the Court of George the Fourth*, you will find that she alludes in very happy terms to a well-known "Tom," the very handwriting of the family generally.

Dramatists, tragedians, writers of pantomimes, it is to be observed, are sure, if they wish for the applause of the gods, to introduce a "Tom."

Mothers, by all means, and whom you christen "Tom." The name has now a very respectable celebrity; it would be the death of all of us old "Toms" if you were to call any thickheaded, mulish, hoggish, fretful, malicious archin by the sacred name of "Tom." Study physiognomy well; and if your hopeful has a clear complexion, a smiling face, twinkling, wicked, mischievous, eyes,—if he has a good set of teeth, and tolerable craniological developments,—if he has those little, knowing, old-fashioned ways about him,—you understand (they are the marks of a genuine "Tom")—by the duties you owe to society, to your country, and to your child, I implore you let him—let him be called "Tom."

T. BAKER.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS. In other words, "No woman is ugly when she is dressed" (Span.).—*Compuesta no hay muger fea*; at least she is not so in her own opinion. "The swarthy woman dressed up fine speaks scornfully of the fair one" (Span.).—*Baza compuesta la blanca de nuega*.

W. K. KELLY.



WAR TO THE GARDEN DEPREDATORS.

THE fall of the year is the heyday of all garden-pests. The last crop of caterpillars converts the cabbage-leaves into colanders; the slugs and snails, rejoicing in the autumn-rains, eat up the late-sown lettuces; and the dahlias are infested with their inveterate foe the earwig. The vigilant gardener keeps a look-out at all seasons for his enemies; but autumn and spring are the seasons when they are most to be feared, and when war against them should be waged most fiercely. As this is the season when the earwig is the chief enemy, it may be useful to many beginners if I here enumerate a few of the best plans for ridding the garden of them, and especially of saving the late blooms

of the dahlias; and this naturally brings me to notice a new and valuable invention called "Edwards's Earwig Trap."

No one with the slightest pretensions to purity of taste can look on a bed of dahlias without wishing the earwigs at Bath or Jericho, or any other of those places which we select for banished enemies. Not because his destructive efforts are visible at first sight, but because the dahlia-grower resorts to such queer ways of trapping him. There, in the midst of graceful vegetable forms, you see a regiment of tall grenadiers,—a very awkward squad,—whose duty it is to guard the flowers, and take prisoners those midnight marauders that annoy them. We see lobster-claws, crab-shells, kettle-spouts, inverted flower-pots, and a hundred other ugly monsters mounted on stakes so as to be very visible; and utility is compelled to sanction such monsters in the very hall of Flora. Years ago I said in the *Town Garden*, "I would have my whole garden devoured by a swarm of locusts rather than abuse my neighbours and render myself miserable by the spectacle of these scarecrow vermin-traps, so frequently set up by London dahlia-growers in the midst of their fine plants, as if the two extremes of ugliness and beauty were to stand side by side. Do not, my dear reader, fix the death's-head and cross-bones in the centre of your bright-coloured flowery banner." Now I repeat this, and have the good fortune of being able to recommend a substitute, which in appearance is graceful, and in use the most effective of any contrivance ever hit upon for the extermination of the marauders.

Edwards's Earwig Trap is figured above. Fig. 1 represents its external appearance; it is made of iron, japanned, and its colour a dark olive-green; it is three inches in diameter at bottom, and four inches high. In fig. 2 the inner construction is shown. A is a fluted cone, open at top and bottom. B is another cone of plain metal, joined to the top of the cone A, but having a wider base, so that there is a clear space, about half an inch wide, between the cone A and the cone B. C is a third cone, joined to the top of the others, but spreading at the bottom, so as to leave about half an inch space between it and the middle cone B. D is the outer case, fitting closely round the base of the cone A. E is a movable lid or cover.

In using the trap, the training-stick is placed inside the cone A; the projecting portions of the flutes hold the stick tightly, and there are spaces for the insects to crawl up; a little coarse sugar is placed inside the trap. The insects enter the trap through the opening at the top of the cones, and passing down the outside of the cone C, drop on to the bottom of the case D. They are now effectually imprisoned; for there is no other outlet than the hole by which they entered, to reach which they must traverse the whole up-and-down route indicated by the dotted lines and arrows in fig. 2, besides which they will have to turn the sharp angles at the bottom of the cones; a process almost impossible to them from the peculiar construction of their bodies, the legs being all at one end, and the chief weight at the other.

Here, then, is a certain means of ridding dahlias of their most inveterate enemies. The efficiency of the invention may be judged from the fact, that such flor-

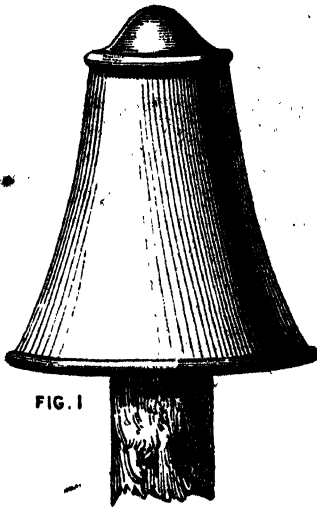


FIG. 1

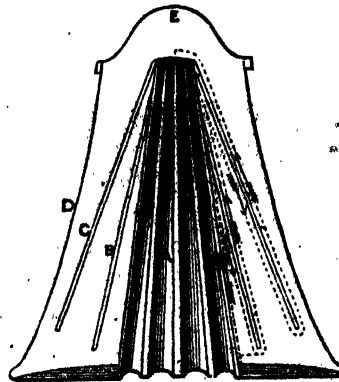


FIG. 2

ists as Mr. Turner, Mr. Keynes, and other of the most celebrated dahlia-growers in England, trust entirely to them for trapping these abominable vermin. Mr. Edwards says, that "as many as sixty earwigs have been caught in one trap in a single night." It should be added that their appearance is ornamental, and being japanned of a neutral green, they do not obtrude upon the eye as all other objects do that are used for the same purpose. They may be obtained of the inventor, Mr. E. Edwards, St. Paul's Square, Birmingham.

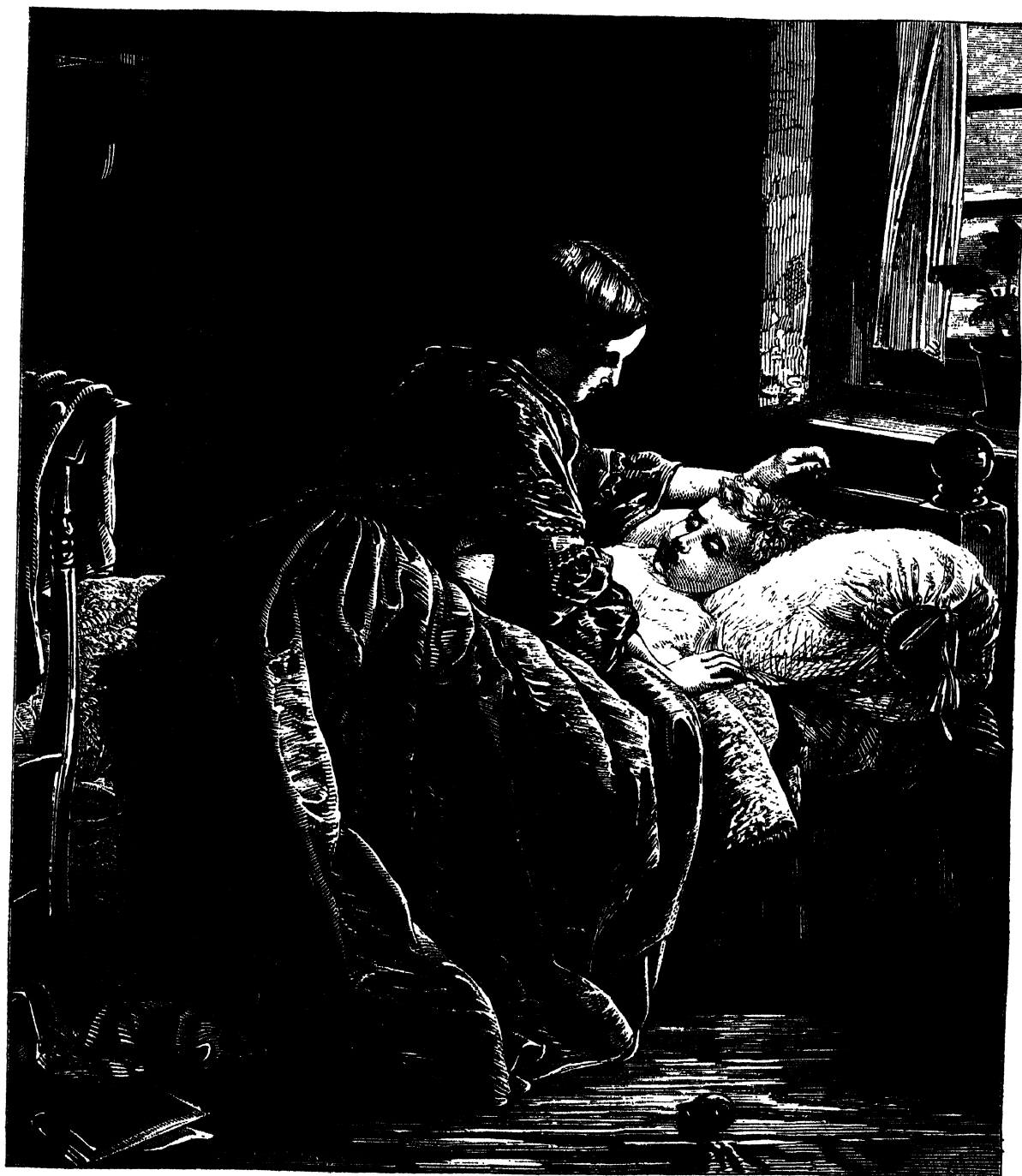
Mr. Edwards is also the inventor of the Crystal Flower-sticks, which are elegant supports for flowers in pots.

In the absence of proper traps, earwigs may be trapped by means of dry bean-stalks, cut into six-inch lengths, and thrust in among the stems of the plants. The stems of the *Heracleum*—a plant now much grown—make admirable traps, when cut up and stopped at one end with a few leaves; and these are so durable that they may be dried, painted, and preserved for years. The insects will enter any dark and dry retreat; and whatever trap may be used should be examined every morning, and the prisoners blown out into hot water.

Slugs and snails are every where submitted to with extraordinary complacency, as foes that are not to be conquered. But I will maintain it, that the oldest garden, if literally eaten up and wholly possessed by them, may be cleared in one season, if a vigilant system of trapping be adopted. A few cabbage-leaves, laid in a heap and moistened in the evening with water, will be found early next morning to be covered with them. A few brewer's grains, laid in heaps near their quarters, will trap them by dozens; and so will half-decayed rubbish of any kind, for they prefer garbage to fresh food. Now that the gardens are being cleared of much herbaceous refuse, these nocturnal devastators may be destroyed by wholesale, if the rubbish is laid in small heaps and kept moist, and examined regularly every morning, as soon after daybreak as possible. I have of late years had to do with an old hedge that swarmed with snails, and I used to sow three crops of lettuce to get one, but by having the hedge cut in and cleared, and the rotten pieces of fence removed, I have in one season subdued the enemy, and positively have to look sharp to find such a thing as a slug any where. The same with the wire-worm, that made havoc with every thing; I trapped them by dozens with slices of carrot buried just under the soil, and it is rarely that I see traces of them now.

Other pests common to autumn are those parasitic growths which the moist weather induces on the soil and on the plants. Mould on stems and leaves may be destroyed by a dusting of sulphur; but fresh air and sunshine are the grand preventives of all such things. Let the soil in pots be stirred once a fortnight, to prevent the surface getting sour and mossy. Loosen the soil about the bedding plants, and make preparations at once for potting-off and housing whatever is unable to stand the winter; and while you get your pots looked out and washed, and your composts made up, I will pen a few hints for your guidance that shall appear in time to be useful when the curtain falls on the summer glories of the garden, and the greenhouse stock will require nursing again.

SHIRLEY HINBERD.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XVIII.

PAINTED BY ROBERT CARRICK.

THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE.

THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE.

By ROBERT CARRICK.

THERE were few pictures in the recently closed exhibition of the Royal Academy which attracted more attention and admiration than that from which our engraving is taken,—the work of a young man of whom little was previously known. It was recognised as containing qualities which mark the artist as a thoughtful man, of whom much may be expected; and as a skilful executant, whose technical ability is sufficient adequately to represent his ideas and feelings of homely subjects. Its genuine homeliness augurs well of his possessing that sincerity and modesty of feeling so very rare in the painters of *genre* subjects; for how few such there are wherein we do not observe some affectations and attitudinising, utterly out of keeping with the simplicity which should distinguish all works that depend for their interest upon the representation of domestic incident! So common are these pictorial follies, that no one would be surprised to meet with such a subject as a servant-girl beating a mat with a grace like that which the writers of the time of Queen Anne delighted in attributing to Virgil; who, they would have it, was remarkable for the "air" with which he loaded a dung-cart! How different from all this is the attitude of the young mother, seated on the bed of her child, and building for him "castles in the air," seeing in the future time deep vistas of happiness and honour, down which he paces, her protector, her thanksgiving, and her pride! If we judged by her face, the world-path she has chosen for him is no high one; he is to be no great man, no conqueror or leader of others, but rather the fulfilment of her idea of a good man: a life calm and beneficent, happy in its progress, and happy in its close. She sees herself in future years, bending under Time's hand, tottering and feeble; he walking by her, strong and handsome (what woman's son should not be handsome?), her stay then as she now is his. A lowly and a peaceful life and death for her and him; clearly no high-handed domineering man to rise from that humble bed: "Rather let him be good, O God!" prays she.

If the reader agree with us in these fancies, or will weave others for himself, he cannot fail to think how much of the true end of painting may be found in this work; he will, moreover, recognise how great a thing is that art which can not only suggest such thoughts, but actually bring the scene before our eyes in palpable presentment, with all its tenderness of expression and reality of natural effect.

The artistic merits of this picture are most noticeable in its being so singularly well studied and thoughtfully perfected from nature by careful elaboration in the details. The excellent manner in which the shadow on the wall behind the bed is rendered, with its perfect truth of effect, having a large amount of accidental light sent back upon it from the walls and floor, will not fail to attract the observer. This quality is also observable in the execution of the end of the pillow, the rendering of light upon which is a very beautiful piece of study; it is to be noticed how softly and broadly, yet powerfully, the whole chiaroscuro of this portion of the picture is given, being quite brilliant and luminous with its exceeding variety of light, shade, and reflection. The broad folds of the mother's dress are most scientifically and thoughtfully mastered and rendered; indeed, we scarcely remember to have seen a work in which more judgment of this kind had been displayed. The varieties of texture throughout are admirably depicted, as the reader will observe, by comparing the skilful drawing of the folds in the different fabrics, as the mother's dress and the heavy counterpane, with the thin and sharp forms of the gathering-in of the pillow-case.

The production of such a work as this would be an honour to any one, and as coming from a young painter, it is full of promise for the future.

L. L.

CURIOSITIES OF THE "CONTEMPORARIES."

FOR some time back an ingenious Frenchman has been busy winnowing the jivelier portions of his neighbours' lives, and furnishing such nourishment periodically to the public. He casts about him diligently for such floating legends touching authors and artists as may have gone round the *salons* ages since, sprinkling over his work a few piquant and salty details to add flavouring. He has all prettily printed by M. Havard, of the Rue Guénégaud, dresses it out with bright yellow wrapper and steel-plate effigies of the victims, and so serves up a very appetising little *plat*, at the humble charge of one half-franc, or five-pence of our money. These histories are all so many *chroniques scandaleuses*, and have been welcomed with delight by all who love the stirrings of such unwholesome waters. Some of the subjects,—their very names holding out abundant promise of entertainment,—have had a prodigious success. Thus Monsieur Alexandre Dumas the son has rushed through no less than six editions; while Dumas the elder, with Jules Janin, Madame Sand, Rose Chéri, and many more, have all enjoyed a certain tide of popularity. From his little factory in the Rue Guénégaud has M. de Mirecourt—for such is the name of the ingenious Frenchman—turned out hebdomadally over one hundred of these little chronicles; some a little *scabreuses*, as our neighbours phrase it, but forming on the whole a body of very curious and entertaining reading. Here are gathered as in a gallery artists, actors, musicians, *hommes de lettres*, *publicistes*, &c., as set forth on the face of the little yellow books. All are in a manner pilloried for our delectation; and the scalpel is used dexterously but unsparingly; every slip, every speck and blunder being brought out in happy relief. In this fashion are anatomised, besides those above mentioned, Rachel, Paul de Kock, Balzac, Sue, Girardin, Hugo, Veron, and poor Rosa Bonheur, who must be brought away from her Highland sketching and patient horned beasts, to figure in this singular apotheosis. The last submitted to the process has been no less a person than the erratic Lola; and the dissection of that famous lady has, as might be expected, been attended with marvellous success and profit. But it has not yet gone abroad, the publication being so recent, whether the lively countess has pleased to endorse on De Mirecourt's person this flattering *accueil* of his humble efforts. How grateful would be such delineations on our own side of the Channel; how refreshing such free portrait-painting, such peeping behind screens and into skeleton closets! But the interior life of our *hommes de lettres*, *publicistes*, &c., would seem to promise but dull entertainment, and lack the piquancy and flavour belonging to that of their Gallic brethren. The great caustic novelist would cut up tamely beside the ingenious creator of the frail and fair ones so partial to camellias and to pearls. His life and adventures would read humdrum compared with the *bonnes fortunes* of young and sparkling authors. Perhaps one day De Mirecourt may take the work in hand himself, and indulge us with an English series; but, alack, for the cruel shackles upon the press, and villanous *ex-post-facto* censorship, taking shape as a criminal information—terrible engine, which has been before now worked by Mr. Attorney-General specially. It were wisest, perhaps, to bring over Havard in person; or, better still, keep within the safe precincts of No. 15 Rue Guénégaud.

But curious to say, *messieurs les hommes de lettres*, *publicistes*, &c., have not entered with the enthusiasm that might be expected into De Mirecourt's views. They objected, unreasonably perhaps, to the very frankness of these disclosures,—to having their early indiscretions, the last *mot* made at his or her expense in the privacy of a select *salon*, given with this charming candour to the world,—and strangely enough, proceed to remonstrances in courts of law and elsewhere. The results of such proceedings have been unhappily disastrous for the interest of biography. M. Mirés,

a great capitalist and speculator, was perverse enough to remonstrate—in legal form, that is; so was M. de Girardin, so was M. Dumas the elder, so was M. Gustave Planché. M. de Mirecourt has been cast in many actions, and mulcted in heavy damages. Stern lawyers have made descent upon the Havard publishing premises, and seized whole impressions of the little yellow volumes. M. Samson was so spoliated—M. de Mirecourt's Samson, that is; M. Mirés experienced similar treatment. Sad to say, profane hands have been laid on the biographer's person, which has been borne off violently to Ste. Pelagie, and other strong places, there to lie for many quarters.

Still has the undaunted chronicler contrived to hold on his way, sending forth up to this present hour his little stream of piquant scandal and unique particulars. The journals have been thundering; critics and *feuilletonists*, bleeding and stricken sorely, have denounced this free lance to the four quarters of the empire. The work still goes bravely on, the little histories come out weekly as before; and M. de Mirecourt now promises, in addition, a journal wherein he may more conveniently do battle with his opponents; having, as he says, abundance of loose sheets and stray facts lying in his portfolio, infinitely curious and not made use of in previous biographies. These shall all see the light in the new journal. Havard has been disposing of his little yellow volumes by tens of thousands, and M. de Mirecourt, it is whispered, has reaped huge profits. There is certainly something seductive in their very aspect. The portraits are spirited, and have the air of likenesses; the type is brilliant, paper unexceptionable; the whole wooing irresistibly to binding speculations.

Under the circumstances, it is only natural that M. de Mirecourt's relations with his brethren should not be of the most harmonious character. At this present moment every man's hand is lifted against him; he is in a manner interdicted from fire and water. It is a combat *acharné*,—war to the knife. Through the medium of certain bulletins prefixed occasionally to the chronicles, we are made acquainted with the stages of the contest, and how it is faring with the combatants. They take occasionally a dramatic air, telling at one time how at that precise instant,—say four o'clock, p.m.—two law myrmidons have effected forcible entrance, and are busy below packing up for removal the whole impression of a particular *publiciste*, or *homme de lettres*; or that a gaoler had just paid him a visit in his prison of Clichy, bearing him word that the doors were open, and that he was free from durance. Here, too, in this *Chronique des Contemporains*, as he calls it, are given the smart shafts that are prelude to the fray, the letters and retorts, with De Mirecourt's cool criticism on the same. All are curious, and certainly a little astonishing; but especially so are his encounters with the greater leviathans, his duels with Alexander the prolific and Janin the *feuilleton* king. He had taken the latter in hand, and dealt with him very summarily, his sketch of the author of the *Dead Ass* being rubbed in with a startling personality and freedom of hand.

It seems that there has been a notion abroad that the great Janin is not wholly removed from little weaknesses of vanity, and partiality in the distribution of his praise and censure.

"You must fondle him," says the little yellow history, "and pet and coax the creature, and burn under his nostrils the incense of sweet flattery. You must scratch the poll of this parrot, which hops once in the week upon the perch of the *Débats*. Be sure to tell it that it is a little pet and a pretty thing, and has a beautiful bill and lovely plumage. Never insinuate that it has but the one tune for every Monday."

But if you neglect these delicate attentions, and are not ready to lay yourself flat upon the ground before this Grand Lama of the *coulisses*, you are utterly lost. Say good-by at once to fame and glory, not one ray of which will ever light upon your unlucky head. If you have only forgotten to uncover as he goes by, make up your mind to lie for ever in that dull limbo to which he consigns every genius that refuses to bend low before his round and majestic figure.

Ah, take it or leave it, Jules will tell you. 'Just listen to

my profession of faith. I do criticism, and must turn a penny by it. Then why complain? Do I put my hands in your pockets? No, thank God. But you will see me lurking, like some bandit, in a dark corner of the *Débats*, pen in hand and my words well charged with grape, ready to rifle managers, and levy blackmail on authors; stopping poor authors on the road, and making them give up their money or their life. O, keep your money by all means, gentlemen—but, good day to you, morbleu—that's all!"

M. Janin was blessed at one period of his life with an exemplary aunt, who supported him at her own proper charges for many years; which circumstance enables M. de Mirecourt to add a happily conceived note of the form suggestive. "It has been said," the note observes, "that she died utterly abandoned, without food or fire. This must be impossible. Janin could not have been so ungrateful towards the devoted friend of his infancy, to the benefactress who gave him her heart's blood even, who lodged, fed, and supported him through all his youth and early efforts."

So far M. de Mirecourt on the writer of the *Dead Ass*. But retribution will come presently, and the *feuilleton* king is already sharpening his tools for work. On the twenty-fifth day of December—a curious Christmas morning's entertainment by the way—he puts forth from that dark corner of the *Débats* the following smart *riposte*:

"Happy indeed are all you artists," says Janin, taking for his text the premature death of a certain young actress of the *Français*, "whom the poet glorifies with his poetry, the painter with his colours, the whole city with its applause. Happy *artistes* indeed! Their every word is caught up, their features reproduced in a hundred shapes—by the burin, by the sun. If they fall sick, their illness is told to every fresh comer; and if they die, what deep regrets, what grief!"

All this while there are others, followers of the spoken or written word, who become the spoil of some wretched pamphleteer, preying upon their very lives. For such there is no hope of rest or mercy. There is a ruffian lying in wait for them hard by the Forest of Bondy—waiting with a poniard in his hand to strike them in the dark; who, when he sees them lying bleeding, flies with his bloody knife, which for the next eight days will serve him to cut the morsel of bread this glorious exploit has earned for him. At the end of that time he wipes his knife, and skulks back to the same spot to wait for another victim. He will strike him too, and then return exulting to his den, until some day one of the victims, in ripe humour for vengeance, shall have killed the creature with a kick in that part of the person *où le dos change de nom*, to use M. Tousez's phrase."

These are good set terms; but it will be noted that M. Janin has stolen that great bandit metaphor from his enemy, heightening it, however, with forcible details, much in the Callot or Ribera manner. There must have been high jubilee that Christmas morning among all good Janinists; the piratical craft being utterly shattered and gone for ever, and Jules the glorious triumphant. But within a very short span comes forth again the rover from his creek, refitted with sails set and colours flying, and pours a broadside into his enemy. After all, that wholesome counsel of avoiding encounter with certain sooty professionals, on the score of defeat or victory being equally fatal to cleanliness of person, suggests itself with singular force in this battle of M. Janin's; triumphant or prostrate, the result would be much the same to him. It is worth while hearkening again to the bold De Mirecourt returning fresh and vigorous to the fray.

"A sweet bit of Old Bailey eloquence," he begins. "But thou, mighty theatrical prosecutor! your quotation from Tousez is not happy. The man who attacks you boldly, face to face, brigand or biographer, since it pleases you to couple the two professions, can be struck himself only in the face."

You are dreaming, Janin, or else your rage makes your head wander.

The kick you speak of—no one knows it so well as you—is only administered to harlequins and pierrots in that particular locality. . . . But have no apprehensions. We have no idea of challenging you. You are not a man, only a magpie,—something that screams and chatters, and then flies off.

Who ever thinks of fighting with a bird? But you know well, Janin, we have let you off very easily. What piquant details we might have presented to our readers, had we been so minded! See—here are at least twenty letters upon our desk,

all accusing us of having left out an infinity of precious facts, all essential for a true picture of your life. Let us look through this correspondence together.

'Why,' writes one, 'not have mentioned Janin's macaw—that superb creature with its long tail, who disturbs all the neighbourhood with its cries? It is the very pendant of his master in his books. Why not tell us of his rage for old books, out of which, by the way, he picks all his learning? His love for handsome copies of his own works, which he has got expressly printed for himself on Dutch paper? When he wants to put his father-in-law, Huet, in a rage, he brings him off to a sale at the Salle Sylvestre, and bids up the first old lot that offers to an extravagant price. You have also forgotten to tell us how Mdlle. G— used to employ a man to follow the great critic every where, and make out a daily report of all his sayings and doings. One day Janin took the spy by the collar, and made him confess all. He was getting three francs a-day for this nice duty. "Hark you," said Janin, "you shall have six, but I myself shall write the reports." It was agreed; and from that time Janin set down to his own account the most extravagant exploits.' This letter, signor critic, comes from one of your most intimate friends! O friends, friends! they are more to be dreaded than poor biographers. Says another: 'Sir, your sketch of Janin pains me exceedingly. What! not a single word of Ricourt—poor Ricourt! It cannot be in the nature of things that you have never heard of that singular character. . . . Are you not aware that it was Ricourt—no other than Ricourt—that made Janin, made Raehol, *invented* Ponsard, and a host of others? Alack, what criticisms has not Janin written, without having ever seen the pieces, solely on the report of Ricourt! If a noble thought has ever strayed from Janin's pen, depend upon it it belongs to Ricourt. For years back has he been Janin's henchman and prompter.' To this, Janin, is attached a signature which would make you start. So we would advise you to keep silent for the future. Never allude to knives, or blood, or to wretches flying at men's throats. It is you that handle the knife every Monday morning. It is you who lie in wait for writers outside the Forest of Bondy, in that *feuilleton* of yours. There you find occupation in tearing to pieces their glory and their talents. For the last thirty years you have been spreading on your bread their fair fame and honest pride.'

It will be observed what additional power the famous bandit metaphor has gathered since its last appearance. But it will be heard of again before long, reappearing heightened with even stronger charnel-house imagery. On one other Monday morning, M. Janin steps forth from his Forest of Bondy, and salutes M. de Mirecourt rhythmically as a man

"Sans foi ni loi,
Sans feu ni lieu,"

as a low rascal; in short, the born image of those Cartouches of the quill who fasten on respectable men to levy black mail, or else fatally blacken their characters. Then fetching out another morbid image—fit pendant to that of the bread and bloody knife—he thus despatches his enemy finally:

"At the end of all," says he, "being utterly worn out, covered with shame and contempt, exposed to the rain and winds of heaven, he *steals a rope*, and hangs himself from a beam in his own barn. In eight days' time the body is heard to fall to the ground from decomposition; and from sanitary reasons rather than from pity a scrap of winding-sheet is thrown over it."

The incident of the rope is quite akin to Doctor Samuel Johnson's rejoinder to a certain water-party on the Thames, reflecting so severely on one of that water-party's nearest female relations. So stands this very pretty quarrel, with whispered rumour of M. Janin's clinching his argument unhand somely by appeal to the tribunals.

This way it was that the biographer fell out with M. Alexandre Dumas. It came to pass some ten or twelve years ago, when that ingenious writer was working at double and treble tides, busily spinning fiction for those great journals the *Siecle*, the *Presse*, the *Débats*, and many more, working so diligently that in the year 1845 alone, over sixty printed volumes were turned out of that strange workshop. It came to pass, then, that some prying soul bothered him of a calculation. Thé-prying soul was M. de Mirecourt, and his calculation simply this: It is certain that the most skillful copyist in the world, working steadily for twelve hours in the day, can barely finish sixty ordinary

pages of print, that being at the rate of five octavo volumes in the month, and sixty in the year; supposing always the unhappy scribe to be in a manner writing for his life, not halting for a single second. Now the world may take it for granted that M. Alexandre must have had other occupation besides romance-writing. There were his plays, visits, amusements, and *petits soupers*, to say nothing of the famous fusil and the great toy-house, or Monte Christo Castle. For these, one half at least of the twelve hours must be set aside, leaving thirty volumes for the modest product of the year's labour; still supposing it calligraphy pure and simple, sheer hodman's work, wrought *au grand galop*.

Having so happy a text, M. de Mirecourt proceeded with all speed to bury the hatchet, and sent forth presently a little book bearing title *The Firm of Alexander Dumas and Co.* Herein were set forth the whole secrets of that prison-house. How Macquet had furnished, as per order, plot, incident, every thing, to *Monte Christo* and *Reine Margot*, the *Trois Mousquetaires*, and their bulky sequels; to the *Chevaliers d'Harmenthal* and *Maison Rouge* both; to the *Dame de Montsoreau*; in short, to all the most striking and effective of the Dumas *répertoire*. How Paul Maurice supplied *Ascanio*, the *Deux Dames*, and *Amaury*, all complete, fitted with upholstery and decoration. How Fiorentino, the Italian, brought in the sparkling chronicles of Corricolo and Speronare. How the popular *Balsamo Memoirs* were openly filched from the *Revue Britannique*, and *Albine* from an old German romance. How Gérard de Nerval, Théophile Gautier, Emile Souvestre, with a host of others, have laboured for him at the innumerable dramas that bear his name. With these facts the curious have been for some time familiar. The world, too, has had its suspicions, and looks distrustfully on the great name as though associated with certain charlatan influences.

Such being the significance of *The Firm of Alexander Dumas and Co.*, it will not excite surprise that it was a little unacceptable to the great romance factor. It led to an interview between M. de Mirecourt and certain other parties, the history of which is unfolded very pleasantly in one of the little books. He is sitting one morning in his room, No. 15 Rue des Martyrs, when to him enter two fierce gentlemen bearded like pards.

"M. de Mirecourt?" they say interrogatively. "I am that person, gentlemen." "You are the author of certain articles in the *Silhouette*?" "I am." "This is a matter that admits of but one solution. We are come to ask satisfaction in M. Dumas' name." "With all my heart, gentlemen. My seconds will be with you at any hour you please to mention. Your principal, it seems, declines further appeal to the tribunals." "Excuse us," strike in the pards politely, "we do not come from M. Alexandre Dumas père, but Alexandre Dumas fils." "O, in that case I have a different answer." Here the bell is rung, and the *bonne* appears. "Bring down Master Edgard." Presently Master Edgard is brought in, a lad of some six or seven years old, the state of whose mouth and adjoining parts indicate that he has been indulging freely in jams. "Gentlemen," says M. de Mirecourt, putting forward the interesting youth, "let me make known to you my son, who will take up his father's quarrel with at least as much spirit as M. Dumas the younger will exhibit in his own. My son will be happy to meet your wishes in any way."

The pards are furious. "The joke is ill-timed," they roared together. "Excuse me; I have no other way of showing the absurdity of the situation. The author of *Henri III.* has a steady eye and steady foot. What hinders him fighting his own battles? Should I have the misfortune, I won't say to kill, but even to inflict a scratch upon his son, we all know what a tumult he would raise. He would have the whole public on his side. Just get me a letter from the great romance writer, authorising this duel, or better still, give my seconds your word of honour that you have his authority, and I agree. That is my ultimatum. Gentlemen, your most obedient." They departed without a word more, and never returned. From that day forth there was vendetta between the houses of Dumas and De Mirecourt. The latter goes out, hunting down his enemy pitilessly, thirsting, as it were, for his scalp, and

pursuing him with stray allusions through many of the yellow books.

The little embroglio with Madame Sand next deserves attention. It may be well conceived that the giving an impartial view of that lady's life and adventures would be a service of considerable delicacy, requiring nice tinting and shading off, which duty has M. de Mirecourt contrived to accomplish very satisfactorily. But madame is not content. She takes exception to M. de Mirecourt's portraiture, though, strange to say, she enters no protest against the awful effigy that hovers at the threshold of the book. In a letter to the *Presse*, she remonstrates with M. de Mirecourt in her own *spirituelle* fashion: *

"Sir," she begins, "with all thanks for the handsome terms in which you have spoken of me, allow me to correct sundry mistakes into which you have fallen. I know, as well as the rest of mankind, the exact measure of importance to be attached to these lives of men of the day, which are founded on pure conjecture, and on supposition more or less ingenious, more or less gratuitous. My own, above all others, has but small chance of being correct, considering that I have not the honour of being acquainted with the writer, and that he has not received either from me, or friends that *really* know me, any sort of assistance whatever. These lives may have a certain literary value as pieces of criticism; but taking them as historical documents, they might as well have never been written. I can easily prove this by going regularly through the one that treats of my own life. There is scarcely a single fact set down correctly, not even my name or age. I am not called Marie, neither was I born in 1806, but in 1804. My grandmother never lived at L'Abbaye-aux-Bois. My father was not a colonel. My grandmother esteemed the Scriptures considerably above Rousseau's *Contrat Social*. At fifteen, I did not practise shooting, nor did I ride, being at a convent all that time. My husband was neither old nor bald. He was just seven-and-twenty, and had plenty of hair. I have never inspired with attachment an humble merchant of Bourdeaux. The 'twentieth chapter of a romance' is nothing but a chapter of romance. . . . The trait you mention of M. Roret is extremely honourable to him, and I believe him quite capable of it; but he could not have presented me with one thousand francs on the success of *Indiana*, for the simple reason that I have never had the pleasure of engaging in any transaction with him whatsoever. Neither MM. Kératry nor Rabbe were ever invited by M. Latouche to pronounce upon *Indiana*. M. Latouche pronounced upon it himself; besides, he never had any kind of relations with M. Kératry. I never engaged a suite of apartments, or threw them open to my friends after the success of *Indiana*. For five or six years I always occupied the same little room, and received the same small circle.

I now come to the first of those facts which I am most anxious to disprove, making you heartily welcome to all the rest. Allow me to quote your own words, monsieur. 'In this intoxicating flood of success it was not generous of her to forget the faithful companion of her struggling years. Sandeau, wounded to the soul, set off alone for Italy on foot, and without a sou.'

1. M. Jules Sandeau never set off for Italy on foot, and without a sou. As you would insinuate that this was my fault, which supposes that he would accept of money from me after our disagreement, the last thing you would wish to convey, I do now assure you, as he will do also, if you require it, that he had plenty of means, supplied, too, from his own resources.

2. He did not set off wounded to the soul. I have letters of his, as creditable to him as to me, proving the direct contrary, —letters which I have no reasons for making public, knowing that he always speaks of me with the esteem and affection he owes me.

Allow me, also, to remind you that a certain lively anecdote, relating to one M. Kador—not known to me with that initial—is very pleasant, but utterly without foundation. Modesty, too, obliges me to inform you that I do not improvise quite so well as M. Listz, who is my friend, but not my master. He has never given me lessons, and I cannot improvise at all. The same feeling of modesty obliges me to tell you that we dine in very simple fashion at my table, and without all that elegance you so kindly give me credit for. As regards this, I am truly grieved to be obliged to contradict you; but I believe it will not do you very much harm, and that in choosing me for the heroine of your pretty little romance you had no other object than to display the skill and talents you really possess.

Receive, monsieur, &c. &c."

To her M. de Mirecourt ingeniously replies, eschewing with infinite wisdom the real matter of discussion. He was indeed no match for the clever lady.

Said M. de Mirecourt:

"Madame, you do me the honour of addressing me in the *Presse*, and you attack my humble little books with that omnipotent pen which has so stirred the reading world. . . . I am not altogether a child, madame; I am not even a young man, as you would seem to suppose. I have lived long, seen much, learned much. Before presenting my readers with this gallery of celebrated men, I was quite aware of what was in store for me. No man can lay his hand on living subjects without stirring the muscles and making the flesh quiver. No one can try and make his way into the secrets of a life without an attempt being made to put him away from the door.

Unhappily that cannot be done so easily. Celebrity is but a glass-house. We can look in at all hours, even though the doors are closed. You live in such a house, madame. I look in and see, and tell what I see. If you say that I have not seen properly, I can only repeat that my eyes are excellent. If you persist in maintaining that I am short-sighted, I can only bow without a word more," &c.

Next comes the most surprising incident of this curious passage of literary history. As was hinted at the commencement, the even tenor of his life has been much disturbed latterly. The unhappy chronicler has been leading a sort of Cain-like existence, every man's hand being lifted against him, and furnished with a stone against occasion serve. He is waging desperately a kind of guerilla warfare, as it were, from behind rocks and trees. Pierce diatribes, fines, decrees, have been showered plentifully upon him, so that he may be said to lead the life of a dog, or some wretched hunted hound. But the most cruel blow was to come from within,—from a traitor and deserter. Some two months since a little blue pamphlet stole into the world, born of one Peter Mazercollie, bearing title *The Firm of De Mirecourt and Co.* Here is ample and unreserved confession, every thing told with delightful candour, by one who lived beneath M. de Mirecourt's roof and eat of his salt. From him it is to be gathered that there is no such party as De Mirecourt, but there is Jacquot—plain Jacquot of that ilk; which offers to reviled Janin most sweet revenge and crushing retort for those sobriquets of parrot and macaw, showered on him so plentifully. It is also here unfolded how the said Jacquot, when slaying the *Sieur Dumas* so pitilessly for sending forth books not his own under his proper style and titles, had all the while been pursuing the selfsame course, having collaborators, aides-de-camp, and other assistants of his own, to do the work. It is here revealed that of these hundred and thirty biographies, scarcely forty have been written by delusive Jacquot himself; that of these forty, Heaven only knows how few have not been stolen wholesale from old journals and forgotten books. That the collaboration was conducted much after this fashion: the informer going about questing, as it were, lying in wait for critics and literary people, decoying them into corners, and entrapping them into short histories concerning the subject then being written up. Or Jacquot would invite likely people to certain little dinners, or *petits soupers*, pumping them adroitly, while the collaborator took notes diligently under his napkin, these little piquant anecdotes going in for seasoning to the biography. Sometimes there came a dearth of anecdotes, and the biography languished hopelessly, this, too, after all the usual recognised sources had been tried. There was then nothing for it but to fall back upon such humble inventive talents as the writers might happen to possess. This our king's evidence confesses to with admirable *naïveté*; and to his happy fertility are owing some of the livelier anecdotes relating to the older Dumas and his brethren.

After this, what is there left for unhappy De Mirecourt, or rather Jacquot? Clearly nothing, save to close his workshop, and expatriate himself with all speed; or else realise literally that picture of Janin's, wherein he is prefigured as purloining the cord wherewith he shall after hang himself until he drop.

The last thing in the world he is dreaming of. Never was the maison Jacquot et Cie. so full of faith and indomitable ardour. The journal before spoken of has been set up,

and comes forth once a-week, filled with those more awakening anecdotes hitherto kept back. Hearken yet again, and for the last time, to M. Jacquot: "The gross treatment of the newspaper-writers has decided us on issuing a sheet that will protect our honour. There we shall have the right of replying to our enemies every eight days regularly. . . . So God protect us, and give us heart and courage!" Amen, M. Jacquot!

NICK.

A CHILD'S STORY.

THERE dwelt in a small village not a thousand miles from fairy-land a poor man, who had no family to labour for, or friend to assist. When I call him poor, you must not suppose he was a homeless wanderer, trusting to charity for a night's lodging; on the contrary, his stone house, with its green veranda and flower-garden, was the prettiest and snug-gest in all the place, the doctor's only excepted. Neither was his store of provisions running low: his farm supplied him with milk, eggs, mutton, butter, poultry, and cheese in abundance; his fields with hops and barley for beer, and wheat for bread; his orchard with fruit and cider, and his kitchen-garden with vegetables and wholesome herbs. He had, moreover, health, an appetite to enjoy all these good things, and strength to walk about his possessions. No, I call him poor because, with all these, he was discontented and envious. It was in vain that his apples were the largest for miles around, if his neighbour's vines were the most productive by a single bunch; it was in vain that his lambs were fat and thriving, if some one else's sheep bore twins: so, instead of enjoying his own prosperity, and being glad when his neighbours prospered too, he would sit grumbling and bemoaning himself as if every other man's riches were his poverty. And thus it was that one day our friend Nick leaned over Giles Hodge's gate, counting his cherries.

"Yes," he muttered, "I wish I were sparrows to eat them up, or a blight to kill your fine trees altogether."

The words were scarcely uttered when he felt a tap on his shoulder, and looking round, perceived a little rosy woman no bigger than a butterfly, who held her tiny fist clenched in a menacing attitude. She looked scornfully at him, and said: "Now listen, you churl, you; henceforward you shall straightway become every thing you wish; only, mind you must remain under one form for at least an hour." Then she gave him a slap in the face which made his cheek tingle as if a bee had stung him, and disappeared with just so much sound as a dewdrop makes in falling.

Nick rubbed his cheek in a pot, pulling wry faces and showing his teeth. He was boiling over with vexation, but dared not vent it in words lest some unlucky wish should escape him. Just then the sun seemed to shine brighter than ever, the wind blew spicy from the south; all Giles's roses looked redder and larger than before, while his cherries seemed to multiply, swell, ripen. He could refrain no longer, but, heedless of the fairy-gift he had just received, exclaimed, "I wish I were sparrows, eating—" No sooner said than done; in a moment he found himself a whole flight of hungry birds, pecking, devouring, and bidding fair to devastate the envied cherry-trees. But honest Giles was on the watch hard by; for that very morning it had struck him he must make nets for the protection of his fine fruit. Forthwith he ran home, and speedily returned with a revolver furnished with quite a marvellous array of barrels. Pop, bang—pop, bang! he made short work of the sparrows, and soon reduced the enemy to one crestfallen biped with broken leg and wing, who limped to hide himself under a holly-bush. But though the fun was over, the hour was not; so Nick must needs sit out his allotted time. Next a pelting shower came down, which soaked him through his torn ruffled feathers; and then, exactly as the last drops fell and the sun came out with a beautiful rainbow, a tabby cat pounced upon him. Giving himself up for lost, he chirped in desperation, "O, I

wish I were a dog to worry you!" Instantly—for the hour was just passed—in the grip of his horrified adversary, he shook himself, a savage bull-dog. A shake, a deep bite, and poor puss was out of her pain. Nick, with immense satisfaction, tore her fur to bits, wishing he could in like manner exterminate all her progeny. At last, glutted with vengeance, he lay down beside his victim, curled his tail about his legs, and fell asleep.

Now that tabby-cat was the property and special pet of no less a personage than the doctor's lady; so when dinner-time came, and not the cat, a general consternation pervaded the household. The kitchens were searched, the cellars, the attics; every apartment was ransacked; even the watch-dog's kennel was visited. Next the stable was rummaged, then the hay-loft; lastly, the bereaved lady wandered disconsolately through her own private garden into the shrubbery, calling "Puss, puss," and looking so intently up the trees as not to perceive what lay close before her feet. Thus it was that unawares she stumbled over Nick, and trod upon his tail.

Up jumped our hero, snarling, biting, and rushing at her with such blind fury as to miss his aim. She ran, he ran. Gathering up his strength, he took a flying-leap after his victim; her foot caught in the spreading root of an oak-tree, she fell, and he went over her head, clear over, into a bed of stinging-nettles. Then she found breath to raise that fatal cry, "Mad dog!" Nick's blood curdled in his veins; he would have slunk away if he could; but already a stout labouring-man, to whom he had done many an ill turn in the time of his humanity, had spied him, and, bludgeon in hand, was preparing to give chase. However, Nick had the start of him, and used it too; while the lady, far behind, went on vociferating, "Mad dog, mad dog!" inciting doctor, servants, and vagabonds to the pursuit. Finally, the whole village came pouring out to swell the hue and cry.

The dog kept ahead gallantly, distancing more and more the asthmatic doctor, fat Giles, and, in fact, all his pursuers except the bludgeon-bearing labourer, who was just near enough to persecute his tail. Nick knew the magic hour must be almost over, and so kept forming wish after wish as he ran,—that he were a viper only to get trodden on, a thorn to run into some one's foot, a man-trap in the path, even the detested bludgeon to miss its aim and break. This wish crossed his mind at the propitious moment; the bull-dog vanished, and the labourer overreaching himself fell flat on his face, while his weapon struck deep into the earth, and snapped.

A strict search was instituted after the missing dog, but without success. During two whole days the village children were exhorted to keep indoors and beware of dogs; on the third an inoffensive cur was hanged, and the panic subsided.

Meanwhile, the labourer, with his shattered stick, walked home in silent wonder, pondering on the mysterious disappearance. But the puzzle was beyond his solution; so he only made up his mind not to tell his wife the whole story till after tea. He found her preparing for that meal, the bread and cheese set out, and the kettle singing softly on the fire. "Here's something to make the kettle boil, mother," said he, thrusting our hero between the bars and seating himself; "for I'm mortal tired and thirsty."

Nick crackled and blazed away cheerfully, throwing out bright sparks and lighting up every corner of the little room. He toasted the cheese to a nicety, made the kettle boil without spilling a drop, set the cat purring with comfort, and illuminated the pots and pans into splendour. It was provocation enough to be burned; but to contribute by his misfortune to the well-being of his tormentors was still more aggravating. He heard, too, all their remarks and wonder about the supposed mad-dog, and saw the doctor's lady's own maid bring the labourer five shillings as a reward for his exertions. Then followed a discussion as to what should be purchased with the gift, till at last it was resolved to have their best window glazed with real glass.

The prospect of their grandeur put the finishing-stroke to Nick's indignation. Sending up a sudden flare, he wished with all his might that he were fire to burn the cottage.

Forthwith the flame leaped higher than ever flame leaped before. It played for a moment about a ham, and smoked it thoroughly; then, fastening on the woodwork above the chimney-corner, flashed full into a blaze. The labourer ran for help, while his wife, a timid woman with three small children, overturned two pails of water on the floor and set the beer-tap running. This done, she hurried, wringing her hands, to the door, and threw it wide open. The sudden draught of air did more mischief than all Nick's malice, and fanned him into quite a conflagration. He danced upon the rafters, melted a pewter-pot and a pat of butter, licked up the beer, and was just making his way towards the bedroom, when through the thatch and down the chimney came a rush of water. This arrested his progress for the moment; and before he could recover himself, a second and a third discharge from the enemy completed his discomfiture. Reduced ere long to one blue flame, and entirely surrounded by a wall of wet ashes, Nick sat and smouldered; while the good-natured neighbours did their best to remedy the mishap,—saved a small remnant of beer, assured the labourer that his landlord was certain to do the repairs, and observed that the ham would "eat beautiful."

Our hero now had leisure for reflection. His situation precluded all hope of doing farther mischief; and the disagreeable conviction kept forcing itself upon his mind that, after all, he had caused more injury to himself than to any of his neighbours. He remembered, too, how contemptuously the fairy woman had looked and spoken, and wondered how he could ever have expected to enjoy her gift. Then it occurred to him that if he merely studied his own advantage without trying to annoy other people, perhaps his persecutor might be propitiated; so he began thinking over all his acquaintances, their fortunes and misfortunes, and having weighed well their several claims on his preference, ended by wishing himself the rich old man who lived in a handsome house just beyond the turnpike. In this wish he burned out.

The last glimmer had scarcely died away, when Nick found himself in a bed hung round with faded curtains, and occupying the centre of a large room. A night-lamp burning on the chimney-piece just enabled him to discern a few shabby old articles of furniture, a scanty carpet, and some writing materials on a table. These looked somewhat dreary; but for his comfort he felt an inward consciousness of a goodly money-chest stowed away under his bed, and of sundry precious documents hidden in a secret cupboard in the wall.

So he lay very cosily, and listened to the clock ticking, the mice squeaking, and the house-dog barking down below. This was, however, but a drowsy occupation; and he soon bore witness to its somniferous influence by sinking into a fantastic dream about his money-chest. First it was broken open, then shipwrecked, then burned; lastly, some men in masks, whom he knew instinctively to be his own servants, began dragging it away. Nick started up, clutched hold of something in the dark, found his dream true, and the next moment was stretched on the floor—lifeless, yet not insensible—by a heavy blow from a crowbar.

The men now proceeded to secure their booty, leaving our hero where he fell. They carried off the chest, broke open and ransacked the secret closet, overturned the furniture to make sure that no hiding-place of treasure escaped them, and at length, whispering together, left the room. Nick felt quite discouraged by his ill success, and now entertained only one wish—that he were himself again. Yet even this wish gave him some anxiety; for he feared that if the servants returned and found him in his original shape they might take him for a spy, and murder him in downright earnest. While he lay thus cogitating, two of the men reappeared bearing a shutter and some tools. They

lifted him up, laid him on the shutter, and carried him out of the room, down the backstairs, through a long vaulted passage, into the open air. No word was spoken; but Nick knew they were going to bury him.

An utter horror seized him, while at the same time he felt a strange consciousness that his hair would not stand on end because he was dead. The men set him down, and began in silence to dig his grave. It was soon ready to receive him; they threw the body roughly in, and cast upon it the first shovelful of earth.

But the moment of deliverance had arrived. His wish suddenly found vent in a prolonged unearthly yell. Damp with evening dew, pale as death, and shivering from head to foot, he sat bolt upright, with large staring eyes and chattering teeth. The murderers, in mortal fear, cast down their tools, plunged deep into a wood hard by, and were never heard of more.

Under cover of night Nick made the best of his way home, silent and pondering. Next morning he gave Giles Hodge a rare tulip-root, with full directions for rearing it; he sent the doctor's wife a Persian cat twice the size of her lost pet; the labourer's cottage was repaired, his window glazed, and his beer-barrel replaced by unknown agency: and when a vague rumour reached the village that the miser was dead, that his ghost had been heard bemoaning itself, and that all his treasures had been carried off, our hero was one of the few persons who did not say, "And served him right, too."

Finally, Nick was never again heard to utter a wish.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

THERE WAS NE'ER ENOUGH WHAR NAETHING WAS LEFT (Scotch).—When all is eaten up, it is a token that the commons were but short. "There is not enough, if there's not too much" (French).—*Assez n'y a, si trop n'y a.* Beaumarchais makes Figaro utter this pretty hyperbole about love, which has also become a proverb, "Too much is not enough,"—*Trop n'est pas assez.* W. K. KELLY.

ITALIAN GIRL KNITTING.

By MAGNI OF MILAN.

It is very much the custom in Italy, as in all countries where the people depend mainly upon agriculture for a subsistence, that the females of a household should employ themselves in knitting for the benefit of their more active relatives, whose avocations call them out of doors—in field, farm, or vineyard work. While a girl is yet too young to go abroad with her father or brethren, as we lately saw in Mr. Eagles's "Il Ritorno della Contadina," she sits at the cottage-door or in the chimney-corner knitting assiduously, listens to the querulousness of the infirm and aged grandparents; overlooks the boisterous romping of the juniors, keeping them out of mischief; or, if in a lone house, prepares the labourer's meal, and afterwards takes it a-field at noon.

If she dwells in a mountain cottage, built of stone and mossed over, held by the family from immemorial time (that is, immemorial to them), she may sit on a rock before the door under the vine-arbour, and see far below the droves of black and long-horned cattle tumultuously rush along the distant roads on the Campagna, above which hangs a purple haze from dawn till night; or behold the solitary traveller far off creep along mile after mile over the seemingly endless, dusky, and sullen plain that has presented to him day by day the same flat unchanging horizon, till at last he hails delightedly the mountain land upon whose very front, perhaps, may be discovered, while yet a thousand feet below, the glittering white walls of the cottage, brilliant against a belt of sombre pines upon the hill above.

L. L.



ITALIAN GIRL KNITTING. BY MAGNI OF MILAN.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX.

A STORY OF THE SHAFTESBURY PLOT.

By G. W. THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHAPTER II.

* THE STAG AT BAY.

It was scarcely more than eight o'clock; the dew still lay gray upon the grass, over which they cantered, laughing and singing, beneath the tall trees, some of which were already destined for the axe. The wind had arisen, and seemed chasing the shadows before them, as the quick slant sunbeams coursed over their path, swift and silent as if scared by the sound of the horses' hoofs. The birds hushed their song too as they approached, or flew with startled notes down the hedges. The rabbits leaped away amid the furze; and the hare limped off over the long bare fallow.

After a time, turning to the right from the avenue, they entered a long sandy lane, shut in with hedges; and from thence, over a high upland of downs, on to the edge of the covert, which was their destination. Before them lay a broad country, of dark plough-land, green meadows, and wheat stubble. The horizon stretched far away, like a broad purple sea, amid which the white farms lay like white-sailed

barks, the spires cutting the sky-line like the tapering mast of some huge craft the hull of which escaped the eye.

The morning was fresh and bright, and the wind piped merrily amid the tangled rigging of the dwarf oaks that edged the covert within which lay the wild stag, whose doom was already decided. Overhead the white piles of clouds floated like ships under a press of sail through a glassy sea of blue, which turned here and there to amber, as if washing the roots of some golden island as yet out of sight.

Many were the greetings that met the ears of the party. "Good morning, Sir Robert; and how's the rheumatism?" "Pretty Mistress Mabel, all the pleasures of summer attend you." Or it was, "Sir Robert Darcy, I greet you well; and, Miss Mabel, the summer's sun smile on you." Or, "Brave Sir Robert, well met on this glorious anniversary." And Sir Robert flung out his hands to them all, and sang, and shouted, and quoted proverbs, and talked of Edgehill; while Mabel looked at her glove-buttons, and played with her whip, and smiled, and darted arch looks, and won half a dozen hearts, and sent home old gouty justices—those at least who were bachelors—to drink her health, after the third bottle, from a jack-boot, and with other fantastic feats of gallantry now very justly passed into oblivion. And as the party, every moment gathering in number, the riders not merely in scarlet,—for they were chiefly old officers,—but in all de-

scriptions of gay colours, cantered up, rode along lanes and past farms, slowly following the huntsman as he moved forwards to the second cover, it was an exhilarating sight to see the children run out, and comely maidens in straw-hats, throwing flickering latticed shadows over their pretty sun-burnt faces, hurry to open the gate, with a "God save ye, gentlemen, and send you good sport!" and none without a special greeting for Mabel, who would stop behind for a moment with all sorts of kind inquiries after bedridden grandmothers and crippled fathers, and then gallop off to join her impatient father, or some old Cavalier-gallant with a long black patch saddling his nose, from whose long-winded compliments she had broken, perhaps, somewhat abruptly. But though none felt more keenly than Mabel the charm of the sportsman's expectation, she had been dowered with a sense of many pleasures more subtle though less palpable.

That summer-morning her imagination, though she never wrote a verse in her life, and certainly had as yet not read many (for such beings as poets had no part to play in Mr. Wilson's gloomy cosmogony), was filled with sounds and senses that hurried in mingled sweetness through her mind, leaving no image, but merely a vibration of music but just suspended, or that perfume of Paradise that surrounds us when we wake slowly from a dream of unattainable happiness.

She heard the larks singing in clusters as they stormed heaven's gate, or tried to outrun the returning sunbeam, or to nestle in that low white cloud that, all brightness itself, overshadowed their nests, and then, drunk with the madness of song, fell back from the sun they could not reach with all their ceaseless strivings. She marked with no straining effort,—for her love of nature was a beautiful uneducated instinct,—the vast striding shadows passing over the young wheat as if they were wandering round the world; every sound of the wind was full to her of unformed words, and music hinted at sweeter than was ever heard on earth; and she laughed as the butterfly hovered round her cheek as if he took it for some rare flower. Then with a pretty pettishness she would beat her glove with her whip, and say: "Forsooth, this stag is very slow in rousing;" and the next minute, remembering a scrap of the Horace-lesson of the morning, would hum it to the old French air of "La Vendange."

"I don't like your cursed French words," said a horse-dealer, who was heaping a lover's praises on a certain 'bit of a mare,' and almost persuading Sir Robert into a purchase; "and I don't like the people, or none of their lingo."

"Give us 'My father was born before me;' that's the tune, Mabel," said Sir Robert; "and don't buzz in that way, like a bee in a bottle, but out with it; for zounds, there's no one here with so pretty a pipe."

"Fie, father! what, before all the field? And besides, 'My father was born before me' is a jig; and I only know minuet tunes."

"I think, by the plenitude of this solar light," said an old brother-soldier riding up at this moment, and shaking Sir Robert ferociously by the hand, "as we used to say at court, I never saw this little lady of thine look so charming."

Mabel, who had, of course unconsciously, just turned her head to watch a lark rising, now suddenly flitted round, and greeted the old friend with girlish warmth; for in those days cold prudery was not thought a necessary voucher for maidenly purity.

"Ah, ah! Tom, none of thy old court compliment, or you'll turn her giddy head. 'Tis a pretty thing enough," he said, fondly chucking his daughter under the chin, just as if she was a foal he was buying; "and these roses don't lose their colour in a shower like a court-madam's."

"Stars and planets!" whispered a young bystander to the horse-dealer; "but the Whigs of Oxfordshire can show nothing like that."

"Kick me," said the horse-dealer, rather disgusted with Sir Robert, who had broken off on hearing the silly was by the Troutbeck runner out of Rapid Jack; "you should see

Miss Lucy Bellsizes! why, she'll drive her father's coach-and-six full gallop round Compton Park."

"Well, but I thought—"

"Well, there was something unpleasant about young Churchill."

But we leave their conversation to return to stout Sir Robert, who, affable, a good boon companion, a brave old soldier, a sound Tory, and above all, what was of more consequence in such a company, a superb rider, whom no fatigue—even now in his sixtieth year—could weary, and no fence daunt, was already surrounded by a dozen friends. Never before was seen such pulling at gloves, and shaking of hands, and touching of whips, mingled with such curses at straggling dogs and jibbing horses.

"Quite a stranger, Sir Robert; and your fair daughter here, I vow, a complete vestal. Is Crow's Nest turned into a nunnery?" said a stiff-throated gentleman in spectacles, rather leaning to the Whig persuasion, and no very cordial friend in consequence of Sir Robert, whom, however, he respected as of gentle blood and an old stock,—almost as old as his own,—for proud men do not like a prouder race. "We saw nothing of you at the race-ball; and there was Lady Wildfire running every where to find this charming young lady here. Are you growing precise, eh, Sir Robert, eh?"

"Reasons, Mr. Wildfire, reasons. Mabel was not unwilling," he chuckled, "to go, you may bet a jacobus. Egad, when you find a Darcy quarrel with mince-pies and plum-porridge, and rail at a cistard, hang him for a d—d Trimmer; he's none of those fellows who won't sit down to eat a stolen goose, but nevertheless trot off snuffling a psalm on a stolen mare, as Tribulation Barebottle does in the play. Do you remember what Rabelais says?"

"Now don't quote that naughty book, there's a good papa," said Mabel, laying her hand gently on his.

"That's where it is; this daughter of mine won't let me have my own way; she rules me like the Associations did the seven counties. Is that old knave Troutbeck here to-day?" he said, abruptly turning with a frown upon his honest face to the stiff-necked friend, who had dismounted to tighten his saddle. "What? I can't hear what you say with your head under that flap."

"Mr. Troutbeck, I hear, has gone with sixty of his tenantry, armed back and breast, to meet the Earl of Shaftesbury, who is coming at the head of four thousand men of the London Protestant club to attend Charles Stuart at the Oxford parliament, that opens to-morrow; and pray God we be preserved from Popery and bloodshed."

"And a pretty way to prevent it, to let old Tony bring down his clubmen, with their cursed blue ribbons and leather lungs, to shout down all good men who love God and the Church of England. And harkee here, Mr. Wildfire; you're of a good old family, and have suffered as I have for the right, but to prevent quarrelling, pray call the king the king, and not Charles Stuart."

"And may I also beg of you, Sir Robert Darcy," said the Trimmer, with a starched smile, "to denominate that true Protestant the Earl of Shaftesbury by his full cognomen of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury?"

"What!" said Sir Robert Darcy, digging his spurs in his horse, and pulling him almost on his haunches, just to give vent to his indignation. "What! Anthony Ashley Cooper Earl of Shaftesbury and his gracious Majesty in one breath! Out upon it, if I wouldn't lay him by the heels, and Oates too, and the whole of the crew! There, there, Mabel, never mind me. Egad, it sends the blood to my head, and fills me full of those old songs; for what does the old proverb say? 'He is a fool who cannot be angry.'" And he broke out, much to Mr. Wildfire's indignation, with

"Farewell, Say and Seale, and hey,
Farewell, Say and Seale, and ho,
And those sons of Ayman

Shall hang as high as Haman,
With the old Anabaptists they came on,
With a hey trolly lolly ho."

"He's a fool who cannot be angry," he growled again.

"But he's a wise man who will not," said a merry voice, as a horseman rode up and took Sir Robert's hand; "and there's a proverb clonched. In these times," he said, whispering in his friend's ear, "we want plaisters and not blisters; even a brave man should not wilfully offend his enemies. Here's a mutual friend here you little expect; let me introduce you."

But before Sir Robert could clap his merry-eyed but prudential friend upon the back, a clump of horsemen, rather more soberly dressed than the other gallants of the field, and some of whom had had their backs turned to Sir Robert, broke up as he approached, and, to the utter astonishment of all, Mr. Troutbeck and his son were the leaders of the troop.

But as these two nonconformist gentlemen are likely to play a somewhat important part in our story, we will interrupt the scene for a moment, even at this critical period, to describe the new actors who have just entered abruptly on the stage.

The elder of the two, who was clad in a sombre coat, unadorned by lace, except on the cuffs, was a morose-looking sallow man of about fifty, who, disliked by the world, had consoled his pride by turning round and hating mankind upon strict Calvinistic principles. His eyes were hard and cold, his features had no life or pliability, and his mouth was drawn down by habitual melancholy. In stature he was tall and thin, and stooped slightly, as if from long sedentary habits. If report was true, Mr. Troutbeck was a dangerous man, an enemy of the Government, a member of many secret societies; and his enemies said, even of the notorious "Calves' Head Club,"—a club that, among Tories of this age, had acquired as disgraceful a notoriety as the noted Hell-Fire Club did among quiet people of a century later. He was said to be a correspondent of Shaftesbury, a leader of the disaffected of the county, an attendant at secret conventicles, and an applauder even of the bloody tenets of the Fifth-Monarchy men. To add to the incongruities of his character, although in his own county cold, reserved, and difficult of access, he was said to be a sociable visitor of the London coffee-houses, an occasional attendant at court, one who knew Algernon Sidney, and attended the meetings of the Royal Society. Sir Robert he looked upon as a decaying gentleman, hardly worth regard, but for the oldness of his family,—a claim which his pride acknowledged, although with some reluctance.

But gray November and golden June are not more dissimilar than this unloving plotting sire and his son, who rode beside him, not on that pale horse that made the peasantry call his sire Father Death, but on a chestnut stallion, full of fire, and curveting in all the measured antics of the *manège*. He was a frank-looking open-browed young man, of some five and twenty; clear-eyed, and with a slightly sarcastic smile always playing round his mouth, which was yet firm and clamped at the corners, matching a full and prominent chin. He was rather pale, and the red had retreated a little to the centre of his cheek; his crisp brown moustaches were twisted up from the lip. He wore no wig; but his thick clustering hair fell in dark masses on to his shoulders, almost hiding the plain broad lace-folds of the snowy Steenkirk, that contrasted with the deep green of his velvet hunting-coat. His broad-brimmed hat was ribboned with green; his high boots, and heavy hunting-sword, with its silver hilt hanging from a purple fringed sword-belt, gave him more the character of a Cavalier than a young Whig huntsman.

As the gentlemen raised their hats, with a few short cold greetings and stiff salutes, a keen observer might have observed that Mabel slightly coloured, and grew suddenly anxious to disentangle a knot in Black Jack's mane; while the young man's eyes turned towards her, and rested there, as if rather by instinct than will.

"I had heard you were gone to attend this meeting at Oxford," said Mr. Troutbeck to Sir Robert; "for we coted by the way two gentlemen from the court, who asked us the

nearest way to Crow's Nest; but I heard them say, as they rode off, there was not much chance of your not being a Trimmer, for they heard that you kept a nonconformist chaplain, and had ceased going to the race-balls."

"And I heard," said Sir Robert, much elated by the news, and cutting the air with his whip, at the bare thought of turning Trimmer, "that you had ridden to join Tony and his 'prentices, to go and shout 'No Popery' with our good king's bastard."

"We ride a troop of sixty," said Troutbeck, drawing himself up to his full length; "and join the earl at the cross-road by Williton; boot and saddle after dinner, and a few Protestant toasts."

"One fool makes many," that's all I say," said Sir Robert; "and you may take it to snuff if you like,—you, or any man. If the old days of buff and Cavalier come again, if I won't melt down every spoon, ay, and my lady's silver fan here present; egad, and pawn my last acre, and cut down my last oak too, for the good old cause. And though I haven't three hundred men at my back, as I once had, before Whiggery ate into my land, I can still mount half a dozen; and half a dozen true men can make twenty Round-heads,—don't take offence,—turn tail; for blood and heart is not lost with fields and farms, no, nor bought with them; and your paltry Grecian pillars, what are they to an old avenue that no man can buy?"

"I don't come here to quarrel," said Mr. Troutbeck, his lips whitening with rage; for a dozen Tory gentlemen were laughing round him, to hear what they called 'Sir Robert's ballragging the old mummy of a Whig;' "but my door can be found at any time by any friend of yours."

"A challenge, a challenge!" roared a dozen squires' voices. There was no knowing what might have happened, for the two parties were beginning to knot and pair, when a loud blast of a horn was heard; and the next moment, half a mile distant, a stag of ten was seen for a moment crashing through a low bushy copse, and the next breaking out across the champaign country beyond, with a few of the foremost hounds hard at his heels. In an instant the disputants forgot their feud,—forgot king, crown, covenant, and Whiggery,—and galloped off like mounted demons in the direction of the yelp, that came by starts upon the wind. Not the last among them was Sir Robert, restored in a moment to perfect serenity and happiness, leaving Mabel, if she could not reach his side,—which she generally did,—to follow, guarded by Roger, whose watchful eye never lost sight of her for a moment; although, when he heard Sir Robert at words with the "old Whig," he had, it must be confessed, pushed into the ring, to strike a blow again beside his old master if the need came.

Conspicuous in the flight was the horse-dealer, driving his steed at extravagant leaps in order to show its mettle and enhance its price, although with great probability of breaking its neck before he achieved a sale. "The paco is too fast for music," old Roger said, when he saw Mabel's cheek glow with excitement as she cleared a hedge like a swallow, and joined him in the charge. Behind them old Troutbeck and a few of the staid men could be seen following at a leisurely pace, rather like spectators than abettors of the sport. Above all sounded Sir Robert's horn, cheering on the dogs, and urging them to the attack with all the energy of the old soldier.

Young Troutbeck rode moodily beside his father, his laced cocked-hat drawn over his eyes, appearing, from frequent whispers, to be restrained from joining in the chase; but fate destined him, however unexpectedly, an important share in this day's achievement. The stag, cut off from escape in the direction of the Troutbeck woods, "took to soil," as hunters call it, in a small stream which wound amid the sloping meadows some six miles distant. The Troutbeck party, striking across the country, to be in, if possible, at the death without fatiguing their horses by the chase,—for they had other work on hand,—were among the first who arrived at the water, where the stag of force, with

sweeping antlers, of ten times at least, was standing at bay, eyeing the furious and baffled dogs that lined the river-bank.

In an instant the Troutbecks, and a few stragglers who had now joined them, leapt from their horses, many of them, especially one fat justice, at the great risk of never mounting again; for getting off a horse, if you are at all of the Falstaff build, is something like abdication, a difficult thing to retract.

"Make in at him," cried half a dozen voices; but no one seemed inclined to be either drowned or gored.

"I care not a straw for a stag on dry land," said the horse-dealer, who had come to display his horse, not his courage; "but I can't abide them cattle on that *terra infermer*."

"What's this, what's this,—a camp-meeting?" said Sir Robert with a sneer, as he burst into the ring, having been delayed by a stirrup-leather breaking, and saw their checkmated position. "Swim in, and prick him out with your sword, and never mind the old woman's saying,

'If thou be hurt with horn of hart, it brings thee to thy bier;
But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou needst not fear.'

A man who has got four inches of fat on his brisket can't be hurt very much by a prog with a buck's horn. Here goes, man!" and Sir Robert was actually tugging at his immense jack-boots in order to wade into the stream with less impediment to free action, when the deer, with a furious splash, scramble, and bound, leapt upon the bank, escaped a dozen blows of hunting-swords made at it, gored one dog, trampled another, and galloped off not a hair the worse, dripping as it went, and tossing its broad antlers as if in scornful delight at its triumph.

This time young Troutbeck was something more than a spectator. Stung by Sir Robert's taunts, which Mabel had heard,—for she had by this time joined the baffled party,—and vexed by a fall which he received from his foot slipping on the moist clay of the bank just as he cut at the fierce and dangerous prey, he had even been foolish enough to be offended at the horse-dealer, who had laughed and whispered to a friend, as if implying that the fall was well-timed. But the horse-dealer, being of a cold temper and essentially prudent, stammered out a hasty apology, and slunk off for fear of any further quarrel. In a moment the young horseman's brain was fired with the thought of a disgrace with which he now imagined himself, in the fumes of his pride, to be forever tainted. In a moment, with his untired horse, he had distanced Sir Robert, and was close upon the heels of the stag, and some distance before the huntsman. Three dogs, staunch and swift, had already "set him up" at the foot of a withered fir that, barked and bleached, stood like a skeleton at the entrance of a grassy glade. Troutbeck tried at first to gallop in roundly, but was afraid of hurting the hounds that were trying to get at his throat. A noble spectacle of courage under adversity was that royal stag, his dark dun hair steaming, his eye glaring, his foot spurning the turf, as he stood beneath that withered tree, with his face firm set against a world of foes, hope cut off, yet still heart-whole and undaunted; round him, like so many creditors round a debtor in sanctuary, barked the hounds. One tawny-muzzled dog of more than usual courage lay with its nose between its paws waiting for an opportunity; the rest yelped, howled, and raved, while keeping at a prudent distance from the sweep of those terrible antlers, already tipped here and there with crimson.

In a moment the deer broke through the dogs, and making at Troutbeck, tore his horse's side close to his thigh. This escape made him more wary, desperate as he was; for he heard the hunt rapidly approaching, with Sir Robert at their head, fretting at being outridden by a "whining young Whig." Firm, and of ready apprehension, the young huntsman leapt from his wounded horse, tied him by the bridle to a neighbouring tree; then cheering the dogs to a rush, so as for a moment to draw the deer from the pine-trunk that protected him, he leapt in and ham-

strung him with a single sweep of his heavy hunting-sword, then leaping on his back, cut his throat with a second blow from a hand as sure as it was quick.

When the first rider came up, and Sir Robert had sounded the mort, or death-signal, they found Troutbeck bestriding the fallen deer that still quivered with life. His hat had fallen off, and his hair blew over his eyes. One hand held the red hunting-knife, and the other, dripping with blood, held the antlers in its firm grasp. The Whig party were loud in exultation at the bravery of their young hero; the Tories loud in depreciation of his rashness at the hazard. Some shouted applause and waved their hats; others whipped off the hounds and shrugged their shoulders. Sir Robert wound his horn to summon stragglers, and said nothing.

"Wasn't it bravely done?" said Mabel, putting her hand on his shoulder, as her father drew somewhat back from the exulting crowd, that pressed to shake hands and congratulate the young huntsman, who was examining his horse's side with great anxiety.

"Pretty well for a Whig," said Sir Robert testily, turning away his head; "but, 'zooks, the thing's done every day.

'We're not the only person durst
Attempt this province, or the first.'

Don't go shouting in that way, Roger, as if you'd the falling-sickness. Haven't you seen me do this very thing a score of times; besides, didn't Swapem tell us the young psalm-singer slipped down at the brook to escape going. 'All's well that ends well,' is true enough; but 'Well begun, is half done,' is truer still. I say the lad's no mettle, and hasn't ridden to-day as a gentleman should; slinking about like a schoolboy at his old father's back, who's as black-hearted an old Puritan as ever sat on the bench."

"You lie," said a low stern voice behind them. It was Troutbeck himself. "It is not for this slander alone that I demand satisfaction," said Mr. Troutbeck, leaping from his horse, and calmly drawing his sword, "but for a growing insolence, that I see nothing but blood-letting can cure."

"It shall never be said that a Darcy was slow at that game," said Sir Robert, giving his horse to Roger, and bidding him ride home with Mabel, who neither screamed nor swooned, but clung to her father's arm, and in a low voice poured passionate entreaties into his ears.

"There, there, girl! Now, for God's sake, don't disgrace me. I know you would be an orphan; but still I cannot let my name be stained for twenty times worse than that; and there's your uncle at Paris, and he's an old man. Mr. Troutbeck, I'm at your disposal. We need scarcely measure swords; we're too old for such fencing-school tricks. The sun is in neither's favour, and we're both in boots—a plague on 'em. Room, gentlemen, room!"

By this time the whole hunt were around them, wrangling, encouraging. "There's always been bad blood between them, and there was with their fathers before them," said one. "A cold-blooded upstart," said the Tories; "a proud old ribald," said the Whigs.

"I claim the privilege of meeting Sir Robert Darcy," said young Troutbeck, putting his hand on the shining blade of his father's sword; "the insult was to me."

"I have already told Sir Robert," said his father sternly, "that I draw my sword to avenge twenty years of foul-mouthed insolence, and not the mere petulance of a baffled huntsman."

"D'ye hear that," said Sir Robert, beating the ground with his foot. "Adzooks, and haven't I been outwitted of my land, gentlemen, acre after acre, by this old plotting fox—my patrimony torn from me by crafty deeds."

"Lead the lady away, my son," said Mr. Troutbeck. "This is no sight for women's eyes; and we may not both go hence alive. There shall be one enemy of liberty less on the earth to-night, if God nerve this arm."

"Don't let him touch her," said Sir Robert furiously. "A Roundhead shall never come near a daughter of mine."

Roger, take home my daughter. Mabel, God's blessing on thee!"

Before she could reply, the duel had begun. Mr. Troutbeck, contrary to expectation, fought impetuously; and Sir Robert coolly and contemptuously, parrying with careless ease a succession of furious and hasty lunges, scarcely seeming to be willing to risk an attack on a thinner and more active man till he was in some degree wearied out.

The audience grew red-faced with shouting applause as Whig or Tory effected a thrust or parry of unusual dexterity. On a sudden Sir Robert assumed the aggressive, put in three swift thrusts, and then, receiving a slight flesh wound in driving off his enemy's sword, passed his blade through the fleshy part of his adversary's shoulder, who, staggering back, stumbled against a molehill, and fell heavily to the ground, amidst roars of approval from Sir Robert's Tory friends.

"My old trick, my old trick," said Sir Robert. "I knew I should have him. A Whig is never prepared for a new move; and that last stoccato of his was weakly put in." As the crowd of friends were gathering round the fallen man to see if he was able to renew the combat, a richly-dressed horseman came up puffing and blowing, his arms working, and his whole bearing full of full-blown bustle and importance; while a thin sallow ferret-faced man rode on a small pony close at his side, with a blue bag swollen with papers dangling like panniers on either side.

"Quite against the law, gentlemen," said the country justice; for such was the new arrival.

"3d Elizabeth, cap. 36," whispered the clerk.

"3d and 4th Elizabeth cap. 56 is against you, gentlemen," said the justice courageously; "and I must beg you to disperse. Sir Robert, I am astonished to see a gentleman of your years. Mr. Troutbeck, a person of your gravity,—you surprise me. Do not compel me; do not accelerate me into reading the Riot Act."

"3d and 4th James I."

"Eh, what? O yes, 3d and 4th James I., I am informed—"

"And 2d Car. I."

"And 2d Car. I. prohibit all riotous assemblies, and make all such gatherings treasonable. Don't drive me, gentlemen, to sign a mittimus."

"There's no occasion for statute-law," said Mr. Troutbeck, as the crowd opened and showed him pale and with his arm bound up; "nor any of your exertion of arbitrary and tyrannical power. I cannot lift my sword again to-day; but there'll come a time—there'll come a time." And so saying, he rose, assisted by his son, mounted his horse, and rode slowly in the direction of Troutbeck.

"One less for old Tony's procession," said Sir Robert, bursting into *Hudibras*:

"Alas, what perils do environ

The man that meddles with cold iron."

But he drew it on himself, and was never a good neighbour. I'm sorry, though, I decried the young fellow's stroke; 'twas well done; but never mind. Now Roger, join in the chorus:

"A hound and a hawk no longer

Shall be tokens of disaffection;

A cock-fight shall cease

To be breach of the peace,

And a horse-race an insurrection."

"Allow me to congratulate you, Sir Robert," cried a horseman, advancing from the crowd, "on your success over the old Whig, as I hear he is. I have seen something of sword-play, but never saw a thrust in tierce better put in. I am the bearer of a message from his grace the Duke of York; and I and my companion here, Colonel Claverhouse, having sought you at Crow's Nest, found you were out hunting, and came on hither. I am Mr. Churchill of the Second Life Guards. Allow me to introduce to you Colonel Claverhouse, just arrived from putting down disturbances in Scotland, and who is dying to be acquainted with so well known and gallant an officer as Sir Robert Darcy."

CÆSAR WITHIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYDNEY FIELDING," ETC.

THERE is a distinctive peculiarity about really great natures which causes them always to wear an aspect victorious. Amidst whatever strokes of misfortune or affliction may chequer the course of their lives, they are always self-possessed, amiable, and invincible. And this does not spring from the indifference of apathy, or a careless and unreasoning defiance of fate; but from a noble patience and philosophic heroism, which rise superior to chance and circumstance, and take from even the bitterest reverses a warning and a stimulation. In such persons is manifested the finest development of human nature, a maturity of moral growth, a perfect manliness.

The distinction stands apart from what we are accustomed to speak of as "special gifts," and indeed arises not only from moral excellences, but very frequently owes much of its existence to physical advantages. Where the distinction exhibits itself in a purely moral form, and without the auxiliary of physical perfections, it is so much the more grand and notable. Talent and genius are not its necessary accessories; it is as much exemplified amongst those who climb the mountain's side with dire plodding and labour, as amongst the lucky ones who, with pinions like the immortals, arrive at the summit by easy and brilliant flights.

O, happy they who possess this enviable constitution! who, amidst all vicissitudes and trials, rise superior to despondency and despair, and nobly maintain the Cæsar of self-possession enthroned within! who, beneath the bitterest strokes of misfortune and disappointment, can still support a sweet temper and a hopeful and unconquerable spirit, and lead their own captivity captive!

But alas, how few of us possess this strong and robust moral health! How few among us who do not find the evils of the passing days almost more than they can bear! Were it not for that merciful provision which causes us to forget our sorrows, to awake to each succeeding day with new thoughts and feelings, how intolerable this life would be to the great majority of mankind! Worthy old Sir Thomas Browne has wisely remarked in his beautiful *Religio Medici*:

"Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us."

Is not this true of the generality of people? Do we not find our sorrows heart-breaking and unbearable at first, and do they not soon pass away, leaving "but short smart upon us?" Do we not groan beneath every calamity that falls to our lot, imagine it to be a special trial, believe that all incentive to further exertion is crushed within us, and yet, a few days later, upon the slightest lucky turn, are we not ready to smile and declare that all is for the best? The cruel reverses that bowed us to the earth last year, do we not find it possible to regard them with equanimity now, and indeed feel ourselves quite unable to recal the acuteness of suffering that overwhelmed us then? The melancholy Cowper wrote,

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away."

And surely if the poet—at once one of the most gifted and melancholy of men—could enjoy the deliverance that each to-morrow yields to its yesterday, those more happily constituted should never repine.

Again, the worthy Sir Thomas Browne remarks:

"To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses, not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions."

True, indeed; and if we could only bear well in mind the transitory nature of all things in this life, and what will

form its inevitable termination—to all alike, to Dives as well as Lazarus—it would help us to acquire that dignity of temperament alluded to—an unceasing faith and trust in the omnipotent wisdom of the great Governor of the universe, and the inseparable accompaniments, patience, courage, and self-respect. For, as every man's thoughts and speculations are turned to that region of hope, the future, some of them must necessarily extend to the life beyond the present; and they are the best and the greatest among us who can calmly front and steer through the troubles and crosses of this world, fortified by the sweet and heroic virtues of the Christian, and by the glorious promise of the Christian's faith.

One of the most touching stories of patience, industry, and undaunted struggles with incessant and multiplying difficulties ever known, has lately been presented to the world in the *Memoirs of Charlotte Brontë* and her sisters. The whole great heart of society has been set throbbing by the most solemn and affecting narrative contained in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. What a series of pictures it presents from first to last, the whole culminating in interest, peculiarity, and power to touch the heart, until the catastrophe actually wrings the soul with agony! And all the while the moral of the book, of the lives it portrays, is of the highest order, illustrating, almost in every page, the beauty and dignity of some of the foremost Christian virtues. Amidst all the records of their cheerless home, their domestic miseries, their constitutional afflictions, their poverty, their many attempts to improve their position, their many disheartening failures, their patience, energy, and persistence, until at length success was won, but not, alas, until the grave was yawning for the tenderly-constituted heroines,—amidst all, the Brontë sisters rise and shine, through all defects, like spirits of virtue and genius. The world bows its head, and does sincere and loving homage before the youthful and much-tried trio. Never was the beauty of patience, industry, and persistence in duty more finely exemplified, than in the lives of these young ladies, at once strangely gifted and strangely afflicted.

The biography of Robert Hall is another fine story of a brave and heroic soul leading a life of ardent devotion to duty, amidst difficulties and afflictions the severest and bitterest. He, too, stands grandly up, amidst all the dark and painful features of his story, his gaze on high, his footsteps for ever in the difficult narrow path,—Cæsar enthroned within—his own captivity led captive.

Melancholy, despair, indulgence in grief, cowardice and weakness beneath affliction or misfortune, are nearly allied to sins; and, indeed, if severely and acutely examined, will be found to bear some relationship to blasphemy, as implying a censure of Providence, and a denial of the wisdom and mercy of God. We are here not for our own sakes alone, not to promote our own comfort and indulge our own feelings alone; but, in our course of probation, to render all the allegiance in our power to the grand attributes of our faith, to offer due homage to the Creator and Saviour by a worthy and useful ordering of our lives, and by doing our utmost to serve our fellow-creatures. I have observed that the happiest people in the world are generally those who are most useful in their sphere, who are always ready to do a neighbour a good turn, and also that such people invariably evince as much sagacity of mind as kindness of heart.

Among the many noble contributions of Addison to the *Spectator*, there is a paper on "Cheerfulness," in which the subject is so beautifully, so loftily treated, that one's mind is more refreshed, elevated, and encouraged by reading it, than by listening to a score of sermons:

"An inward cheerfulness," says the great essayist, "is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in His conduct towards man. A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he

looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this, its entrance into eternity; when it takes a view of those improvable faculties which, in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness. The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive. . . . We find ourselves every where upheld by His goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being whose power qualifies Him to make us happy by an infinity of means; whose goodness and truth engage Him to make those happy who desire it of Him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity. Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please."

Let the timorous and despondent read these fine and vividly-expressed thoughts, and take heart again. They form but a fragment of the essay; and though they are by no means the best,—there being a rare equality of merit throughout the whole performance,—they are good specimens, and, we trust, will tempt the reader to study the composition in its entire form for his own pleasure and profit. All the compositions of Addison teem with this bright and wholesome philosophy. We rejoice in the surety of their immortality, in the certainty that our posterity, generation after generation, will profit by them; they are calculated so expressly to strengthen, ennoble, and sweeten the nature of every reader, and they are written so pleasantly, and yet with so much force, that few who read can fail to lay them to heart. Addison himself was one of the most beautiful characters that ever trod this earth,—a true Christian gentleman, genial and elevated, through every phase of his life, in every line his genius prompted. And be it remembered, that he—this cheerful and placid one—no more escaped his trials and sorrows than his fellow-creatures; but amidst them all, however severe and bitter, he always turned a serene and hopeful face to the world. His career was one of constant vicissitudes of fortune up to the few last years of it; but the self-respect and dignity of the Christian gentleman never failed him. When, in 1710, upon the overthrow of the Whigs, and the accession of the Tories to power, he suddenly found himself deprived of place and pension, and at a time when he had just suffered large pecuniary losses,—and when, moreover, he stood most in need of fortune's favours to promote his suit with the Countess Dowager of Warwick,—he quietly accepted his fate, and turned his thoughts upon procuring a subsistence by his old profession of tutor.

"He told his friends," writes Macaulay, "with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy; that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his fellowship, and his mistress; that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever."

Most notably he was one of those who can lead their own captivity captive; who could, under whatever straits, be Cæsar unto himself.

Especially to young men,—and, above all, to those whose maintenance through life will depend upon their own labours,—should the cultivation of a spirit of self-reliance and unfailing trust in Providence be recommended. Disappointments and reverses fall to every lot. Nor man nor woman ever passed through life unscathed by these. It should, therefore, be our grand object to study how to bear them in a manner becoming to the proper elevation of human nature, both in the sight of God and our fellow-creatures. If we fail to-day, let us not be altogether cast down; let us still preserve a courageous heart, for we may succeed to-morrow. If our enterprise meets with checks

and difficulties, still let us not desert it and give way to despair, but knock again and again, remembering that constant droppings will pierce a rock, and cherish our perseverance and patience. Let us consult the pages of the *Biographical Dictionary*, and note how the greatest men have invariably been the hardest workers, and how nine out of ten of them have had to encounter tremendous obstacles, only achieving success and fame by dint of incessant labour and unconquerable determination. If our labours fail to secure their due reward, still we shall enjoy that delicious self-approval which honourable industry always begets; and even if cruel straits and difficulties fall upon us, we shall have the respect and sympathy of our fellow-men, which, by the way, the idle, discontented, and apathetic never obtain. There is an excellent maxim, which says, "If we pursue good with labour, the labour passes away, but the good remains; if we pursue pleasure with evil, the pleasure passes away, but the evil remains." Let us make our election, and work to the highest purpose we may, never permitting the abdication of the "Cæsar Within."

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

MONSIEUR Charles Marcotte de Quivières has written a graphic and amusing volume, which he has entitled *Deux Ans en Afrique*. A translation of this (with the consent of the author and the publishers, who reserve their rights) into English would obtain, I think, a decided success amongst our numerous lovers of light reading and entertaining sketches of foreign life. Almost all its episodes are brief; and I detach one of the shortest, just to give the reader an idea both of the difficulties that painters have to contend with, and

HOW A "HOLY FAMILY" IS SOMETIMES COMPOSED.

While I remained in the environs of Hyères (says M. de Quivières) I occupied rooms in an old chateau called Léoubes, said to have been built by Queen Jeanne. It was a delicious retreat, completely isolated. The only stranger who ever joined our patriarchal table was an honest curé of the neighbourhood, who came to say mass in the chapel on Thursdays and Sundays. This chapel reminds me of past transgressions, which I may as well confess at once.

During a stay which I made at Toulon in 1842, my sister's mother-in-law begged me to compose a grand altarpiece for the chapel of Léoubes, which was then undergoing restoration. She fixed upon the subject. She wanted a St. Joseph, a Virgin, and the Infant Jesus, and a crowd of angels' heads, in the style of Murillo. That, and nothing else, would please her.

When she had made her conditions, I laid down mine. In the first place, I made a strong opposition to the little angels' heads, which were likely to give me a deal of trouble. Madame insisted; she stuck hard and fast to the angels.

"You will arrange all that," she said, "in such a way as not to be obtrusive in the picture. You can put them out of sight; you can screen them with something."

I accepted the commission, which would bring me in a musical mass, the benedictions of a great number of devout persons invited to the re-opening of the chapel, and an unlimited extent of plenary indulgence. I set to work. I had reserved the right of selecting my own models. One of my sister's nieces, with rather strongly-marked features of the southern type, had one of those pure and calm countenances which was just the thing to inspire my pencil. She consented to sit for the Virgin. My sister had lately presented me with a nephew, a plump, fresh, and rosy boy, who seemed to have come into the world expressly to figure in my picture. I was therefore provided with my Infant Jesus.

But where was I to find St. Joseph? I was anxious to produce a conscientious work. I wanted my composition to bear the stamp of a truthfulness in conformity with the idea which certain persons have conceived of a family composed of a virgin who is the mother of a child who is not the son of his reputed father, and of a father who is not yet the husband of his wife; the whole, nevertheless, forming but a single and the same family.

While perplexed with these deliberations, I passed my left hand through my beard; and, on accidentally glancing at a looking-glass opposite, I perceived—St. Joseph, who appeared to be buried in deep reflection on the difficulties of the situation. I snatched up my crayon, and rapidly sketched, without stopping till I had finished, my St. Joseph, who perfectly combined all the conditions required for the personage of my picture. I had a father, a virgin, and a child, all belonging to the same family. As to the angels' heads, after having drawn, rubbed out, made and remade two or three around my group, I at last decided to screen them behind a palm-tree, whose branches entirely hid them from view. The background of the picture was a romantic site close to Léoubes; so that my "Holy Family" had altogether the air of a local production.

The old lady's turn to inspect it came. Scarcely had she set eyes on the picture, when she worked herself into a pious rage.

"What have you been doing there?" she cried; "the portrait of Zoë? I can never allow that. I love my granddaughter very much, but I will never consent to go down on my knees before her. It would be the height of impropriety. Alter that head."

In vain I insisted, explaining to her my notion of a Holy Family, and reminding her of my conditions; she would not hear a word.

"No," she said; "I never heard of such a thing as that a grandmother should go down on her knees before her own granddaughter."

I was obliged to yield; and I promised to make some alteration in my Virgin.

"And my angels," she continued; "where are they? I cannot see them any where."

"But that point was settled between us," I said. "It was agreed that the heads should be placed in such a position as not to be seen. Very well; you don't see them. They are screened behind the palm-tree, although they are trying hard to peep through its foliage."

I had a hard task to convince her; but as I had yielded in the matter of the Virgin, it was only fair for her to make a few concessions in respect to the cherubim. In short, my picture, magnificently framed, was ceremoniously carried to Léoubes; and a grand musical mass, accompanied by a distribution of medals, consecrated the holy work of the great master. In spite of this sort of canonisation, I can scarcely help laughing when I look at my own portrait in the costume of St. Joseph; and I confess that I now experience, in respect to myself, the same scruples that grandmamma felt touching her granddaughter. I really make up my mind to go down on my knees seriously before myself.

E. S. D.



THE FAMILY COIN-CABINET.—GOLD NOBLES.

In my capacity of amateur numismatist to a pretty extensive circle of friends, I was called upon the other day to explain

the Latin legend of a curious old gold coin, of which the possessor was unable to make good sense in his attempted translation. The coin was one of those fine old pieces of money so graphically termed "broad pieces," after the introduction of the more modern coins produced by the mill and screw process, which, being thicker than those made by hammering, were of course less "broad." It was, indeed, one of the earliest specimens of the "broad-piece" class, being a "half-noble" of the reign of Edward III.

After the departure of the Romans, no gold had been coined in England,* with the exception of the small experimental issue of gold pennies of Henry III. till the reign of the third Edward. The Plantagenet stem seemed to have attained its full height and strength in the person of that prince; and the thorough blending of the long antagonistic Saxon and Norman races at that period, both in manners, customs, and language, was productive of a knitting of the national vigour and character, of which that of its prince formed one of the most striking illustrations.

In the year 1344, it was determined to issue a gold coinage, and one too that should be worthy of the growing greatness of the country. The young king's claim to the throne of France, and his brilliant successes in the prosecution of his claim, had greatly raised England in the scale of European nations; and the development of her national wealth had kept pace with her military renown. It was, as stated, in the year 1344 that the famous gold nobles were issued; but a smaller gold coinage of pieces termed florins had been previously essayed, which, however, neither satisfied the people nor the sovereign. It was therefore determined that the new issue should be superior to any gold coinage in modern Europe up to that time. These determinations were fully realised by the issue of nobles, half-nobles, and quarter-nobles; the full noble passing for 6s. 6d. The noble of the first issue weighed 136 grains troy, and was consequently of the value of about 24s. of our money.

The device of the obverse, unlike the characterless heads of the previous coinages, was a striking design, formed by the full figure of the king standing in a ship, a shield with the quartered arms of England and France on his left arm, and holding a straight sword erect in his right hand, as shown in the engraving No. 1. This device is supposed by some antiquaries to have been adopted in commemoration of the great naval victory obtained over the French fleet on Midsummer-eve 1340, when the two French admirals and 30,000 men were slain, and 230 of the largest vessels captured. Others, however, suggesting that a ship was a Roman emblem typifying "the state," consider it probable that the king at the helm of the ship of state may have been intended by this device. Others imagine that the British sovereignty of the seas is alluded to; which, however, is an hypothesis scarcely tenable, as Edward's claim to that sovereignty was not asserted till the year 1359, fifteen years after the first issue of the nobles. The legend which surrounds the device is well wrought in finely-formed

A GOLD NOBLE OF EDWARD III.



Gothic letters, and stands, EDWARD·DEI·GRA·REX·ANGL·Z·FRANC·D·HYB·, in some cases still more abbreviated. Supplying the letters omitted, it reads, EDWARD(VS)·DEI·GRA(TIA)·REX·ANGL(LÆ)·FRANC(LÆ)·D(OMINVS)·HYB(ERNIÆ) ("Edward, by the grace of God King of England and France, Lord of Ireland"). The inscription sometimes reads, "Lord of Ireland and Aquitaine." As the mode of distinguishing kings by numerals following the name was not then adopted,* it is rather difficult to assign the silver coins of the first three Edwards to their respective issuers; no such difficulty, however, occurs with the gold, that of Edward III. being the first that was issued. Another peculiarity in the inscription is the introduction of the words "Dei gratia," which then appeared for the first time on

the English coinage,† probably in allusion to his pretended accession to the throne of France, to which inscriptions on subsequent gold issues also refer.

With the establishment of the gold coinage a complete revolution in the legends of the reverses of the coins was effected, some text from Scripture—very frequently from the Psalms—being generally adopted, to the exclusion of the name of the place of mintage, which, however, still kept its place on the silver coinage. On the nobles, the motto or legend on the reverses of the first issue was, as shown on the specimen engraved, IHS·AVTEM·TRANSIENS·P·MEDIV·ILLORVM·IB·, which, supplying the abbreviations, should read, JESVS·TRANSIENS·PER·MEDIVM·ILLORVM·IBAT ("Jesus, passing through the midst of them, went away").‡ This passage had been long before adopted as a talisman of preservation in battle, and also as a spell against thieves; and has therefore been deemed a most happily selected motto for the first issue of valuable gold coins. It was no doubt considered highly appropriate, as it was continued on the nobles of succeeding reigns; and afterwards on the *rials*, and other coins, by which the original nobles continued to be represented.

The half-nobles of Edward III. had at first the well-known passage from the 6th Psalm, *Domine ne in furore tuo arguas me* ("Lord, rebuke me not in Thine indignation"); which in some cases was "blundered," as the numismatists have it, by the engraver, the *ne* being left out, which of course entirely changed the sense of the passage. It was this "blundered" legend which had so puzzled my friend.

The second illustration is a gold rial of the reign of Elizabeth, one of the last representatives of the noble, on which the device of the king in the ship is still continued, though in this case the sovereign is necessarily represented in petticoats. The coins of James I. were the last exhibiting this device, and by the mill and screw introduced in the reign of Charles I. a better executed coinage soon prevailed. The picturesque old broad pieces, however, remained in circulation as late as William III., and were much sought by goldsmiths and others for gilding purposes, as being of purer gold than the modern money.

H. N. H.

* Except in the case of the silver penny of Henry III.

† With the exception of the disputed groat of Edward I., which is possibly a coin of the third rather than the first Edward.

‡ See Luke iv. 30.



HENRY LINTON.
SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XIX.

PAINTED BY JOHN PHILLIP.

THE SALUTE.

THE SALUTE.

By JOHN PHILLIP.

THE urbane and gallant lounge before us has been enjoying his evening cigarette,—and with true Spanish delight in the luxury of the *dolce far niente*, has been happy all day, doing nothing but listlessly stroll on the shady side of El Prado, if the locality of the picture be in Madrid, varied with an occasional game at dominoes with some equally energetic personage—a game which most Englishmen think dull and childish, but, “*Que voulez-vous?*” it passes the time, and that is all they desire. We suspect, however, from the pattern and texture of the nondescript garment which serves the purpose of a coat with the gentleman, that the scene is rather in Cadiz; for these are evidently derived from the noble race of the Arabs, whose long dominion in the south of Spain has left deep traces upon their successors, a race inferior to themselves. In Cadiz be it. So we guess he has reclined since his *siesta* at full length somewhere by the harbour, which is the fairest of the fair, and indolently let his eye range about the most glowing bay; knowing little and thinking less how over those golden waters the fleets of many nations have ridden, nations of whom his ancestors were lords paramount. If he thought of this at all, can we think it was without shame to know how his country's glory has departed?

Haply as the sun sank he thought a dance would be an agreeable finish to a day whose morning was idle, whose noon a doze, and whose afternoon spent in indolently watching the clouds, the sea, and the smoke of his own cigarette. Upon the thought he rose, shaking himself so that his dress fell about him like a king's robe, and then sauntered magnificently along. He strolls through several streets, traversing blazing sunshine and black shadow,—looking like a fire-fly in the light, and like a beetle in the shade; down some of the streets he caught glimpses of the harbour, blue as heaven; down others glanced into a murky district, filthy and wretched beyond parallel in any capital but Constantinople. On the one hand, what nature gave, and on the other, what man has made of it. Onwards he went to a certain market-place, where, by a fountain amongst the fruit-stalls, he knew he should meet a damsel who would also at that hour be looking for a partner. There she is, good reader, fan in hand, shawled, ear-ringed, her hair almost blue in intensity of blackness, and, like himself, heartily idle. Garmented in all tawdry finery, she is half an animal (though a fine one); for see her coarse flat nose, her foolish forehead, and gross mouth. This is the picture, then. He, with the grace of a true Spaniard, taking off his hat, inquires, “Will she dance?” Of course she will; the end of her existence is dancing, her thoughts are only of dancing; she was born but to dance, and dance she does. So we will leave her, with the prospect probably of joining in the humane amusement of a bull-fight, as suggested by the placard upon the wall.

We have endeavoured to lead the reader's thoughts to the subject of this picture in order to bring before him what seems to be the painter's object in depicting an example of the manners of one class of the Spanish nation,—fancying, doubtless, that at some future time, when all these things have changed, this record of his pencil might have value with men.

Something of this sort has evidently been in the mind of the painter; for we have observed a systematic and consistent choice of subject in his pictures for some years past. He has chosen Spanish character to delineate, and taken, as the predominating motive of his works, that phase of it which we, for want of a better word, call humour. In a technical sense, these labours are most admirable; the rich broad vigour of colour, the power of telling the tale which he constantly evinces, and his remarkable gift in rendering expressions proper to the subject, are such as to place him in a position very high indeed amongst the painters of this age who can in any sense be said to exhibit original and powerful minds labouring to a set end.

L. L.

A VISIT TO CARTHAGE.

By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

How many people of mature years, having read the Roman history in their youth, and having carried away from that austere field of learning many noble legends, and not a few theories of social life, have any clear idea of what they would see if they went to the site of the city of Hannibal?

A general impression appears to exist that the very place of its foundation is uncertain, and that all vestiges of the great maritime metropolis of antiquity have passed away. Nineveh has rendered up her tale of burnt bricks; and the gigantic basements of the temples of Baalbec are still an inscrutable amazement to modern engineers. To the traveller who stumbles amidst the forest-tracks of Central America, the richly sculptured monuments of Mexico record a principal civilisation whose lineage is unknown. Thebes and Memphis yet rear their massive columns from out the drifted sand. Rome has her Mamertine prisons, half-built, half-scooped from the living rock; her Cloaca Maxima, her Servian ramparts, yet attest the public spirit of the early Tarquins; and torches let down into the foundations of the Capitol reveal the huge steps of that secret staircase trod by senatorial feet two thousand years ago. The Parthenon, now shattered in its fair proportions, stood nearly perfect on the Acropolis until the century before last. Not until 1687, when it was used as a powder-magazine by the Turks, at the time of the city being besieged by the Venetians, could the Temple of Pericles and the shrine of Minerva be said to be fairly ruined. But Carthage, which was a great city when Rome was but a herdsman's village; Carthage, the daughter of Phœnicia, whose lineage stretches back into the dim morning-twilight of time; Carthage, the wealthy, the ambitious, the luxurious, she who sent out armies to the fields and galleys to the great waters, and whose founder was a priestess-queen,—what is she now? I will tell you, for I have seen her:—a wide grassy plain, slightly raised above the level of the blue Mediterranean; an uneven, desolate, dangerous plain, covered for miles with lumps of ruin, mere cairns of stone tumbled together, where the traveller must pick his way with heedful steps, lest he fall unawares into some yawning chasm,—the cellar or the water-cistern of a Carthaginian house, or perchance the very dwelling itself, lying far beneath the level of the accumulated soil; a mere gulf of blackness and death to the unwar. And this is Carthage.

I had come from Algiers, coasting eastward along the north of Africa in a French steamer, which stayed some hours at each principal port,—at Bougia, at Philippeville, at Bona, and finally at Tunis. The steamer was advertised to leave Algiers on Tuesday, the 10th of March; but the Mediterranean had lashed itself up into such a state of fury that the captain did not dare put forth. In twenty-four hours the sea, though still running heavily, had so far subsided that we started; but what occurred during the next twelve hours deponent sayeth not, being only able to cast occasional hurried glances at the mountainous borders of Kabylia, their snowy tops seen through driving mist. Much of Kabylia is still unconquered by the French; though lying in the very heart of the colony, its rocky fastnesses protect its warlike mountaineers, who boast themselves the aboriginal unsubjugated race, whom neither Roman, nor fiery Arabian Moor, nor glory-loving son of Gaul, have yet enslaved beneath their yoke. The Kabyles are in many respects the best of what may now be roughly termed the native races. They congregate in villages, and do not live a nomad life. They dwell more in huts than in tents; and they display a remarkable aptitude for handicrafts and manufactures, fashioning and even engraving gun-stocks and barrels; for they are workers in metals, like Tubal Cain of old.

Early on Thursday morning we had left the shores of their territory, and landed at Bougia, once a large Roman city, and still retaining, in its fragments of massive wall and one

perfect arch, the trace of Roman occupation. A great many monkeys are said to inhabit the hills at the back of the town, and we saw two tame ones playing in the garden of a private house. Midday, we steamed off again; and at dawn on Friday found ourselves at Stora, the little port of Philippeville. The latter town lies also at the water's edge, some three miles off; but for some reason it is not safe for boats to run up to it. It has never been a Moorish, but was once a Roman site. There are immense cisterns high up behind the town, which have been roofed in by the French and restored to full efficiency. There is also a fragmentary amphitheatre, whose stone seats and semicircular wall form part of the playground of a boys' school; and before the church stands the statue of an imperial Cæsar, nameless and noseless, but supposed to be Hadrian. Every relic of antiquity possessing real interest has been sent off to France.

At Philippeville I had to remain nearly two days, for the steamer goes no farther,—if I remember rightly, it turned north for Marseilles,—but on Saturday came another, which started in the evening for Bona; for the plan of Mediterranean steam communication is always that the vessels travel by night, halting by day to pick up passengers and merchandise and to unload stores; for of course all the luxuries, and many of the necessities, of life are brought from France. I remember how red the sunset was that night over those wild African hills, the richness of the wayside flowers, as the kind consul drove me himself to Stora by a road that wound close to the edge of the beautiful bay.

At Bona, next morning, there was plenty of bustle, Sunday though it were. There is a large Arab population, and it seemed to be market-day for them outside the town; inside, the bells were ringing for early mass, and all the French were abroad. One of the ship's officers, a certain M. Pijon, who had travelled in the east the year before with Mr. Holman Hunt, very kindly took me on shore to see the long line of a Roman aqueduct at the back of the town.

We passed a large party of barelegged creatures in bernouses, chaffering round a sorry white horse, which was "going, going, gone" for a sum of money equivalent to 5*l.*; others were buying and selling edibles, and all the strange bodily gear in which half-savage nations delight,—articles made of leather, and cord, and coarse coloured cloth, of such shapes and sizes as no European could invent for a prize. As a dead contrast, I remember trying to find some readable literature in Bona to while away the many days of sea-travel that yet lay between me and Italy, and that I could get nothing but immense, yellow, double-columned French novels, with pictures of very fine gentlemen on their despairing knees to very fine ladies in Parisian salons. It was at that wild and wonderful Bona, on a Sabbath morning, the clear chime of the Catholic bells rising above the Arab clamour, that I came across *Marguerite, ou les Deux Amours*, by the fair and witty Delphine Gay, the Corinne of France, afterwards Madame de Girardin; this was a story of a fair young lady who was sought in marriage by two equally devoted lovers, and who, reversing the sad plight of Captain Macheath in the *Beggar's Opera*,

"Could be happy with neither away;"

and being finally married by the most obstinate of the two, heard that the deserted man had shot himself, and died *herself* on her wedding-day—"of worry," says the unromantic English reader.

It was likewise at Blidah, famous for its orange-groves, under the spurs of the Atlas, that I came across *Ruth, par Madame Gaskell, auteur de Marie Barton, etc.*; while the military band was drumming and fifing with might and with main all sorts of wild and warlike melodies, uncongenial enough to the clacking mills of Manchester, or the purple hills of peaceful Wales. Nowhere does the penetrative power of literature appear in more impressive contrast than in the French colonies of Northern Africa. As I looked round the place, where Jews, Arabs, and *militaires* were sitting in pairs upon the benches, I felt a great temptation

to buy *Ruth* there and then, and present it, with its African perfume of orange-blossoms, to "Madame Gaskell," and was only deterred by the idea of dragging the volume over sea and land for some 1500 miles, ere it could reach its English destination.

Another great contrast of these African towns is seen in the shops for the clothing of the different sections of the population. In one magazine are bernouses, leather shoes of bright red and yellow, rope girdles, coarse cloth jackets inlaid with gaudy stars, and Jewish coifs and stomachers rich with gold thread. Round the corner is a little French *modiste's*; Paris collars and ribbons, light kid-gloves, lace, coloured silk-handkerchiefs, and a handsome French baby, sitting up as good as gold, in splendid bibs and tuckers, its wide open eyes taking accurate note of the phenomena of French colonisation in Algeria.

But I am wandering a long way from Carthage, from which I am yet only a "day's journey." But it is a very different day from that of the Patriarch; being the evening and the morning of a very good French steamer. We left Bona at noon, passing on our way to the boat many parties of Arab women, stalking about in a ghastly blue costume, swathed up from head to feet, only *one* eye peeping out to enable them to pick their way over the rough alleys.

Leaving the harbour, we sailed past the site of ancient Hippo, where lived and died one of the greatest Fathers of the early Christian Church—St. Augustine. Some huge ruins, apparently those of water-cisterns, yet remain, and a tomb which bears the name of the saint; but his body is believed to be at Pavia in Italy. It is recorded that, on the siege of Hippo by the Vandals under Genseric, St. Augustine prayed to God that he might be taken away before the city fell into the hands of the enemy. Whereupon he was cut off during the siege by a violent fever. This was in the year 430.

We left Bona at noon, March 16th. The day was calm and lovely, and never shall I forget how twilight fell that evening. The heavens were divided as into two opposite camps of light and darkness, sunset and night, with a sharpness of division at the zenith wholly unknown to our northern latitudes; and when Venus rose, she cast a long track of light upon the sea. It was nearly the date of the brightest night of her brightest year, and I sat on deck till the heavy dews fell drenching round me, and the western glow had faded into the blue gloom. When at length I went below, I found all the officers and ship's passengers assembled round Herr Max Böhrer, the famous German violinist, who was unpacking his beloved instrument much as a mother would lift her child from its cradle; and there he sat and played "Home, sweet home," "Yankee Doodle," "Partant pour la Syrie," and "God save the Queen," till full night fell upon the shores of Africa, and shrouded the wild hills from even the man at the helm. When I awoke, we were at anchor in the Bay of Carthage.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MESSENGER," ETC.

IN every life—even the quietest, even the least disturbed and eventful—there must surely be some little vein of romance, some golden vein in the earthy ore, if we might be permitted to trace it in the sunshine. I do not like to think that any of the thousand throbbing, hoping, fearing hearts I meet can be all clay, all indurated selfishness; the hardest, most unpromising people, for aught we know, may have acted long romances in their own proper persons, and have grown cold and passive after them to a degree that would lead one to believe they had never felt.

There was Miss Fernley of the Bankside, for instance, a maiden lady of immense antiquity, whom we used to visit when I was a little girl. She lived in a large, genteel, red-brick house, enclosed in a stiff garden, with a great iron gate guarded by grim stone lions on either side. Miss Fernley

was precision and neatness personified, but her parlour was intolerably dull and gloomy; moreover, it was infested with three of the surliest cats I ever knew, and a parrot, the most vixenish of its race. I remember with awe the solemn tea-party, to which all the children of her acquaintance were annually invited. Depression fell on my spirits as the gate clanged behind me; by the time my bonnet and cloak were taken off I was rigid; and when I was sat down on a stool, at a considerable distance from the fire, but within reach of the cats, I was petrified into stupidity for the rest of the night. Miss Fernley delighted in me accordingly; she was accustomed to say to my mother, that "I was such a quiet prettily-behaved child;" and in consequence she often sent for me to spend the afternoon on Saturday half-holiday, giving as a reason that she liked company. She was a kindly, ceremonious, old lady, with no idea whatever of amusing a child. Every time I went she gave me an old brocaded-satin bag filled with ends of worsted and silk for tapestry-work; these she bade me sort out into packets according to colour; and when she had done that, she let me alone until tea-time. Once I abstracted from its shelf an illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which Apollyon was represented as a handsome Crusader in scale-armour, standing on prostrate Christian. I did admire Apollyon, he was so grand, and had such wings; but an audible remark to that effect caused me to be immediately deprived of the book, and in all subsequent visits at this period my attention was divided between the end-bag and the cats.

Miss Fernley's parlour never underwent any change. If one of her pets died, it was replaced by another of the same sex and colour. All the cats were king-cats, and gray,—and they did spit sometimes! The wainscot was painted drab; the straight-backed, slender-legged chairs always stood primly up by the walls; the heavy sofa preserved its angle by the fireside as if it were fastened to the floor; and the discordant old piano was for ever open. I used to perform upon it a line and a half of "Paddy Carey," the only tune I knew without music, every time I went. Later in life, I did the "Caliph of Bagdad" and the "Battle of Prague," to Miss Fernley's delight; and I remember her once singing to me, with the remains of a very sweet voice, "The Woodpecker tapping," and a little Spanish air.

There were two circular portraits in this room of Miss Fernley's brothers, both in uniform; the elder had been drowned at sea, and the younger killed at the battle of Talavera. She loved dearly to talk of these two brothers, when once she had begun to be confidential, and would quote a great deal of poetry in her narrative of their histories; I believe she grew to love me for the interest with which I always listened to the oft-told tales. It probably never occurred to me until some years later to think whether she were a pretty or an ugly old lady; she was tall, thin, stiff; scantily dressed in silks of a uniform cloud-colour, with a lofty-crowned cap with a good many white bows; she wore a frill of fine rich lace about her neck, and ruffles at her wrists when nobody else did, and had a particularly precise and almost courtly air—I should say she was proud; and one bit of ceremony always observed by me to the day of her death was, never to sit in her presence until invited to do so. She made many remarks on the manners of her young friends, and always said that familiarity was vulgar.

The way I became acquainted with the life-romance of this gray, lonely, old lady was as follows. She invited me to take up my abode at her house for a week when I was about sixteen, to be company for three madcap girls, her nieces, and daughters of the younger brother whose portrait decorated the dismal parlour. Their exuberant spirits were very trying to Miss Fernley; they outraged the cats by dressing them up in nightcaps and pocket-handkerchiefs; they taught the parrot to be impertinent, broke the strings of the old piano, whistled as they went up and down stairs, and danced threesome reels in the hall, to the great scandal of the primmy old serving-man and serving-woman.

One long wet day their pranks went beyond all bounds; they wanted to act a play in the drawing-room, and to bribe them from their intention, Miss Fernley gave them the key of a great lumber-room, and bade them go and ransack the chests of ancient apparel therein contained for amusement. Up we all accordingly went. Out upon the dusty floor, with screams of laughter, the wild girls tossed armfuls of garments of all degrees of hideousness and antiquity; startled sometimes by a moth fluttering out from the heaps, and arrested often by the sight of some article of attire more curious than the rest. One of them—Letty, the youngest—lit upon a sacque of crimson silk, and immediately cried out that she would dress up, and astonish Aunt Jeanie. Her costume, when completed, was rather incongruous; but a quaint old mirror against the wall showed her a very pretty, if fantastic figure, draped in the crimson sacque, with amber-satin petticoat, and a black Spanish hat, with a plume shading down over her golden hair. Lettie Fernley was a bright-complexioned Scotch lassie; and as she walked a stately step before the glass you might have thought her a court-beauty of fifty years ago stepped down out of a picture-frame.

Meantime the eldest sister had been pursuing her investigations into the depths of a huge black trunk, and drew forth a packet of letters tied round with a faded rose-colour ribbon. "What have we here?" cried she; "a mystery, a romance; somebody's old love-letters!"

In an instant Lettie, still in the crimson sacque, was down on her knees by her sister, full of vivid curiosity.

"Gently, gently," said the other, turning aside her impatient fingers; "let us consider a moment before we disturb old memories. What hand traced these discoloured characters? Is the hand dust yet, or only slow and heavy with the dead weight of age?"

"Have done with your speculations, Minta, and let the letters speak for themselves," interrupted Lettie eagerly.

Minta loosened the string, and divided the packet carefully. A piece of printed paper fell to the floor: it was a column cut from a newspaper; the story of a great battle, and an incomplete list of killed and wounded.

"Let us lay that aside till we seek a clue for it,—till we see whose name on that list is connected with these letters," suggested Minta; and we all approached our heads close together to read the faded yellow pages. The first letter was written from a vicarage-house in Cumberland, and bore date half a century ago; the writer was one Francis Lucas. We had never heard the name before; but we connoised the lines lingeringly and with interest, for they were such as all hearts echo to—warm, loving, tender.

"Francis Lucas, whoever you may have been, one thing is sure," said Minta, as she read; "you were a gentleman and a true knight of dames. I can picture to myself the blushing face that fifty years ago bent over these lines, and laid their sweet promises away in a heart as worthy as your own."

We paused long over that letter; for its speech was so full of life and love and hope, that we were loth to put it away amongst the things of the past,—almost as loth as must have been the "darling mouse" to whom it was addressed: it still breathed the same old song of love and trust which is never out of date, and sounded as true as earnest passion ever does. There were seven letters with the date from that vicarage amongst the Cumberland Fells; the last spoke of a speedy meeting in words that thrilled all our maiden pulses.

"O, Francis Lucas, I hope you were happy with your 'faithful heart,'" cried Lettie. "I hope you live yet in a green old age together amongst those wild bleak hills."

The next letter was written after an interval of two months, in May 17—. Francis Lucas was then a volunteer in the army in Flanders; and his bright glad words reflected the high courage which he knew "would make his darling love him more." Those were his words. There was but one other; it was very short, written on the eve of battle, and it was the last.

"O, Minta, I could weep for that 'faithful heart,'" said Lettie, with tears in her eyes. "Look at the list now; it is no longer a sealed page to us; there is his name,—'Francis Lucas, killed.' There the story ends."

"But the 'dear mouse,' the 'faithful heart,' who is that?" asked Minta, turning the yellow paper over, while Lettie idly twisted the ribbon that had tied the letters together,—"who can it be?" The moisture cleared from our eyes slowly; more than one great tear rolled down my cheeks.

"It is Aunt Jeanie, Aunt Jeanie!" suddenly exclaimed the second sister, who had read in silence. "You remember, he says 'darling Jean' in the first letter."

"Aunt Jeanie," echoed Lettie. "O, I wish we had not been so curious; it was very wrong of us!"

"But who could have thought there had ever been a love-story in her quiet life?" said Minta. "How beautiful and how nice she must have been! I dare say she might have been married over and over again."

"I am glad she was not; I shall like to think of her as Francis Lucas's 'faithful heart' better than as the richest lady in the land."

"And so shall I; and O, Minta, how we have plagued her! Help me off with this red thing," said Lettie, pulling at the crimson saccue. "It would be profanation to go to her jesting, after what we have just found out. Dear Aunt Jeanie! If she has had a faithful heart, she must have had a suffering one too."

The door opened softly, and Miss Fernley looked in. "Children, you are so quiet, I am sure you must be in mischief," said she, in her gentle voice. She came amongst us, and looked over Minta's shoulder as she sat on the floor with all the papers scattered in her lap; stooping, she took up the strip of newspaper, and gazed at it through her spectacles; I saw her lip quiver, and her hands tremble.

"Where did you find these letters, children? You should not have opened that black trunk," said she hastily. "Give them to me; have you read them?"

"Yes, Aunt Jeanie," replied Lettie penitently. The old lady took them from Minta's hand without another word, and left us to our researches; but we had seen enough for one morning, and quickly restored the old dresses to their dusty receptacles, and left them to the moths and the spiders.

When we descended to the parlour, rather subdued, and ashamed of our curiosity, we found Miss Fernley rummaging in an ancient Japan cabinet; she brought out two miniatures, and showed them to us; one was Francis Lucas, a young gay-looking soldier, the other was herself. The latter bore a marked resemblance to Lettie, only it was softer and more refined in expression. Then she told us her love-story,—how she was to have married Francis Lucas on his return from that fatal campaign, and how she had consecrated to him, in life and death, her faithful heart.

"O, Aunt Jeanie, I may be like you in the face, but if I were to live to be a hundred I should never be as good or as kind as you are!" cried Lettie as she finished. And this was the romance of old Miss Fernley's youth.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH SUPERSTITIONS.

I.

Few countries are richer than Scotland in old legends and the lingering memory of ancient superstitions. Ireland, Brittany, the remoter parts of Hungary, and the wild districts of Spain, are all fertile sources; but Scotland is equal to any of them, both in richness of material and in picturesque arrangement. We propose to sketch out a few of the most striking instances of what was once believed and practised in Scotland—that land of mingled credulity and logical acumen; where the critical faculty comes in as an aid to superstition, and where men demonstrate mathematically the necessary properties of a chimera.

Of course a belief in the power of the Evil Eye stood prominent among the articles of ancient northern faith. Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, thus formularises that belief:

"That also some are of so venomous a Constitution, by being radiated in Envy and Malice, that they pierce and kill (like a Cookatrice) whatever Creature they first set their Eyes on in the Morning; so was it with Walter Grahame, some Time living in the Paroch wherein now I am, who killed his own Cow after commending its Fatness, and shot a Hair with his Eyes, having praised its Swiftmess (such was the Infection of an Evil Eye); albeit this was unusual, yet he saw no Object but what was obvious to other men as well as to himself."

A certain woman, looking over the door of a cowhouse where another woman sat milking, shot the calf dead, and dried up and sickened the cow, all by the "venomous glance of her Evil Eye;" and the murders committed in this manner by witches and warlocks were almost as numerous as those performed by means of charms and elf-arrows. In 1616, a poor old woman, one Janet Cock, was indicted for "overlooking" Jeane Forrest's child; and in the same year, Janet Irving was brought to trial for having suffered Satan to teach her the use of that fatal power. It was proved and sworn to that her infernal master had told her, "if she bore ill-will to any body, to look at them with open eyes, and pray evil for them in his name, and she would get her heart's desire;" it was also proved that she had translated this before into deeds, and had actually caused the death of many by overlooking. She was burnt as a witch on that sapient count. But this was almost invariably one of the "items" in those disgraceful dittays for witchcraft to be found in the Justiciary Records. The evil eye was one of the prescriptive possessions of a witch, and never failed in proof. For remedies or preservatives, the most favourite were: "the foure-nooked claver;" a cross made of the elder-tree, and affixed to stables and cowhouses; branches of the rowan, or mountain-ash, which, adorned with heather and flowers, had been carried thrice round the fires of Beltein, or Bael's time (of which more hereafter), then hoisted on to the roof of the dwelling-house; or a portion of that consecrated branch, cut, peeled, and wound with a thread, then fastened to the lintel of the cowhouse; charms and spells of rude prose or ruder verse; horseshoes and foxes' heads (in Aubrey's time, there was a horseshoe on most houses at the west end of London); amulets worn round the neck, and prayers said fasting. These were the counter-agents to the evil eye most in vogue, and of course found wonderfully efficacious.

Another superstition of fatal results, not confined, however, to Scotland, was that of the murdered dead bleeding at the presence or the touch of the murderer. Andrew Smeaton was taken up in 1636 for the murder of a man found dead in Belnalow Moss. He was held innocent; not on any legal proof; but because, at the request of his master, the Laird of Abercairnie, he not only simply touched the corpse, as all the rest of the assembly had done, but "lifted him up, and embraced him in his arms, and willingly offered to remain a space in grave with him." As no blood followed on this contact, Andrew Smeaton was held guiltless of the murder; which doubtless he was, poor fellow, though his acquittal might have been based on wiser grounds. In 1644, four men were drowned by the upsetting of their boat in a calm. Marion Peebles, a "noted witch," was charged with having changed herself into a porpoise, and under this form of having wrecked these unfortunates. Proof conclusive was obtained when at her touch "one bled at the collar-bone, another in the hand and fingers; gushing out blood thereat to the great admiration of the beholders and revelation of the judgment of the Almighty." Another noted witch, Christiane Wilson, was at variance with her brother. One day, in 1661, he was found dead in his own house, naked, and with "a bloodless blow" on his face. Christiane was suspected of having murdered him; partly because of her careless carriage on hearing the news of his death, partly because of her refusing to see and touch the corpse, according to custom, and as the rest of the townspeople had done.

At last, after much confusion, the baillie and the ministers haled her to the dead man's house; and as she touched the corpse, she prayed that, "as the Lord made the sun to shine and give light into that house, so also He would give light in discovering that murder." As she spoke, says the record, the blood gushed out upon the dead man's body, and dyed her fingers lying on it. On this evidence she was arraigned. This was the same Christiane Wilson who, when she was being carried off to prison for a witch and a murderess, was suddenly lifted off the pillion and flung into the stream by a furious blast of wind, though the sky was cloudless, and no storm followed this satanic demonstration. This fall of poor Christiane from her horse was included in the ditty as one of the counts against her, and as proving her witchcraft. In 1688, Sir James Stansfield was found dead in a stream. He was interred somewhat hastily, but soon after was exhumed for a post-mortem examination. After the examination, his son Philip, who stood on one side, helped to lay the corpse back into the coffin. Perhaps he was nervous, surely he was awkward; be that as it may, the incisions on the side next to him were strained, and blood fell on the young man's hand. He was instantly arrested on a charge of parricide; and on his trial it was argued against him that this accident "was the disclosure of some occult crime by the will of Providence." He was executed February 15th, 1688. Johan Norkott died in 1628. Some time after her death, rumours of foul play crept about; and at the suit of her young child, her husband, mother, sister, and her sister's husband, one Okeman, were arrested on the charge of murder. The body was exhumed for the ordeal by touch.

"The body being taken up thirty days after that party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants being present, were required each of them to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife fell upon her knees, and prayed to God to show a Token of her Innocency, or to some such purpose; her very words I have forgot. The appellees did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion colour, began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise on it, which increased by degrees, till the sweat ran down in drops on the face. The brow turned to a lively and fresh colour, and the deceased opened one of her eyes, and shut it again; and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring and marriage-finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood from it on the grass."

Sir Nicholas Hyde tried these poor wretches, and doubted the legal validity of this miraculous testimony against them. However, he was convinced of the fact by the minister of the parish; and the father and grandmother of the child were executed, professing their innocence to the last. Okeman was acquitted, and his wife was spared because about to become a mother. Again, Janet Rendall was convicted of having slain a certain man by sorcery, because when she came into the house where the corpse was laid out it bled, "as a sure token that she was the author of his death." There was not a shadow of proof against her but this; and her only possible mode of murder was by sorcery, seeing that she had not visited him in his sickness, nor had she held any communion with the family. She was executed on that charge and on that proof.

Distempers could be given, cured, and transferred, by means of witchcraft and spells. The touch and the look were both as powerful for blessing as for banning, though it mattered little to the "assisa" in which direction their power was used. The king's touch was especially miraculous; and this was the only instance in which that power was held to be from God, and not from Satan. But folks had not learnt then to regard royalty as ordinary humanity. Arise Evans, the celebrated seer, was sorely troubled with scrofula. He dreamt that the king's touch would cure him; so rushing up to Charles II. as he passed through St. James's, he rubbed his scrofulous nose against the royal fingers; "whereat the king was disturbed, but the patient was cured." Yawning, breathing, and licking, were all potent remedies, but all subordinate to the touch. Chris-

tiane Gow, by yawning and breathing over one William Mylne, he "being deidlie sick, and the winding-scheit laid at his head to be put on him, the said diseased persone maid him that he instantlie becam whole and weil." And it was a frequent practice to bewitch body-linen so as to cause or cure disease. The seventh son too, if born in wedlock, and with never a daughter intervening, had peculiar powers that way. Aubrey's friend, young Sam Scot, could cure almost any disease when quite a lad, but the power weakened in him as he grew older; and other instances are to be found, names, dates, and residences all duly set forth, as "guarantees of good faith," and as challenges to contradiction and inquiry. Saliva had also singularly sanative properties. If cows fell sick, and their milk dried up, where so good a remedy as that used fasting? "Nay, when three ears of barley, previously spit upon, were thrust into the mouth of one [cow] almost suffocated in the mire, the animal quickly recovered." For blindness it was an especial specific; but blindness was cured by more than one method. An incipient cataract was once healed by a little water found lodged in a certain hole in a certain marble tombstone, which the patient had dreamt would work the cure; and "May-dew was held a great dissolvent" for this malady. The king, of course, could heal blindness, either by his prayers or by his touch; and warlocks and witches could do the same. Patrick Lowrie, after having struck a woman stone-blind by his enchantments, restored her sight as he had withdrawn it. The same Patrick also cured a child by "taking a cloth from its face, which he hallowed and crossed with his hand; and returning in eight days to cover it again with the cloth, the child slept two days without awakening, when one of the eyes formerly blind was found to be restored." This was about half a century before Valentine Greatrakes began his career as the "Irish Stroker," and about a century and a half before Mesmer and his disciples set all Europe in a flame by practices founded on the same principles as those of the poor convicted wizard Patrick Lowrie. Certain wells and springs were of course efficacious in restoring both sight and general health, if resorted to on proper occasions and with due ceremonies. St. Fillan's Well, if bathed in, or its waters drunk, on the 1st of May and the 1st of August, and if previously thrice encircled, would heal all complaints whatever, but especially distempered eyes and insanity. The water of a well at Struthill also cured insanity. The fountains of the chapel of Craikquerrelane, on the hill of Lochgreven, would cure any disorder on earth, if used on St. Patrick's eve; and if sickly children were carried on the first Sunday in May to St. Anthony's Well, near Maybole, they need not be taken much care of afterwards: the well would do all. Immediate death or recovery followed a draught from a well at Chader, in the island of Lewes; and the Dow Loch, in Dumfries, not only healed all maladies, but bestowed the gift of prophecy as well. But south-running water, coupled with silence and a wet shirt, could do more than all. To the prophetic glory of the hydropathic school there are multiplied instances of witchcraft, proven by cures wrought by wet shirts steeped in south-running water. Other ceremonies were added, certainly; but though the blood of a red cock mixed into a certain bannock; though the dead silence to be preserved while carrying the healing water, the charmed circling of the well thrice and the going widershins round it once (*widershins* means, "contrary to the way of the sun"), the straw which was burnt at the four corners of the patient's bed; though all these ceremonies and adjuncts were doubtless of the greatest possible benefit, as likewise the lumps of salt and the fairy-stones cast into the pail or stoup,—still we are inclined to place the most trust in the south-running stream and the wet shirt *pur et simple*. But it was a dangerous remedy in those unwashing days. A jury of, it is to be presumed sane, Scottish men convicted a woman on the charge of "washing the inner nuke of her plaid and apron;" and it was made a capital offence to have bathed a sick man several times after sunset in the sea, by which unhallowed bathing he was

healed. In 1674, the kirk-session of St. Cuthbert's resolved, that "none goe to Leith on lambes-day, nor tak their horses to be washed that day in the sea." Von Preissnitz would have had bad innings, had he fallen into the hands of those worthy sessionists.

Salt and wheat together were excellent charms for animals. Some of each, if bound in a cloth to a cow's horn, would preserve her from disease; and salt and wheaten bread, put together into a cow's ears, would make her a good milker. Salt was laid on a corpse to drive away Satan, who has a mortal enmity to that condiment. It is thrown into the churn to exorcise any demons who may be in hiding there; and it is also mixed with the milk first taken from a cow after calving as an anti-satanic spell to preserve both mother and young.

Diseases could be transferred as well as given by sorcery or enchantment; transferred to the brute creation as easily as to the human. A cat, washed in the water which had just before washed a sick man, received the disease, whatever it might have been; and Katherine Grieve cured Elspeth Tail-yocour by casting her sickness on her calf. Helen Home's disorder was taken from her and laid on Janet Clark, her servant-maid, and then "it was cassin vpon a nee lamb;" and dogs or cats often intercepted the diseases sought to be thrown by sorcery upon their mistresses. Agnes Sampson, the grave matron-like "grace-wyffe of Keith," was convicted, amongst other similar crimes, of having first taken Robert Ker's sickness on herself, then of transferring it to Alexander Douglas; and a certain woman shook all her maladies into a hank of yarn, whereby James Liddel lost his life, he being the first to cross the threshold after the morbid yarn had been lain as a trap for the unwary incomer. Baptista Porta speaks of this power of transfer; but he asserts it as a natural fact, not as a miraculous or satanic agency. He says that a duck laid on a diseased part receives the disease and dies; and that a dog can be made to draw off the malady of his master and fix it on himself.

But all ancient sanative superstitions were not mere idle imaginings. Some had a dash of rationality in them. If Abracadabra written in a triangle would not be now held as a specific against ague, and of superior potency to quinine, —if the blood of a red cock might be advantageously exchanged for a course of steel, and the bite of a mad dog be dealt with by actual cautery better than by "rebus, rubus, epitepscum," written on a piece of paper to be swallowed by the dog or the man,—still the virtues of the "fox-tric" (fox-glove), of mercury, of the "oyle of worms," of a combination of black wool, olive-oil, and eggs for a cold; of a black hen's eggs and "aqua vitæ" for weakness,—were virtues real in fact, if somewhat exaggerated in degree, and modern science has not discarded them. We do not think we should put much faith in a draught from the horn of a living ox, repeated nine times, as a cure for our baby's whooping-cough; nor hope for marvels in the same malady by putting her, with certain ceremonies, nine several times in the hopper of a grinding-mill; nor should we believe in the special efficacy of grain against which she had been weighed three successive mornings—at least not so far as the weighing went; and we think we should prefer chloroform and extraction to writing three times,

"Mars, hur, abursa, aburse,
Jesu Christ, for Mary's sake,
Take away this toothache,"

and believing that when these three spells were burnt the toothache would go. Also we think that more certain remedies for children in hectic fever, and for patients in consumption, might be found than putting them thrice through a circular wreath of woodbine, cut during the increase of a March moon, and with the interval of twenty-four hours between each gymnastic; and that blue woollen thread, grey woollen thread, woollen thread drawn through holy oil, green yarn, &c., made into a circle, through which the sick person was passed, might advantageously give way to cod-liver oil,

rhubarb or magnesia, or brandy and opium, for the sundry diseases which these charms professed to cure. Still all was not moonshine; there was a substratum of truth even in the midst of these hygienic eccentricities. E. L.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX.

A STORY OF THE SHAFTESBURY PLOT.

By G. W. THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO AMBASSADORS.

"COLONEL CLAVERHOUSE," said his companion, bowing coldly, and keeping his stern unmoving eye fixed on Sir Robert, "is proud of meeting one who has bled for that good cause which seems now again endangered."

"Adzooks, gentlemen, both," said Sir Robert, flinging abroad both his hands at once, "no court *congés* with an old trooper, who can only beg you to come and take a poor Cavalier's refreshment at his broken-down house of Crow's Nest. Egad, I wish Mabel was here. Did you meet a lady and a groom as you skirted the Ravenhill woods?"

"We did, indeed," said Churchill, kissing his hand to an imaginary goddess; "beautiful as Diana, and queenly as Hippolyta. My friend here, who has a poetical vein, Sir Robert—"

"I a poetical vein," scowled Claverhouse, but did not speak.

"Says," said Churchill, quite undaunted, "that the flowers sprang up from the foot-prints of her horse, while the sunbeams seemed to run before her like heralds of her coming."

"Pretty court language, but thrown away on a poor squire's daughter. Your news from his Grace?"

Breaking abruptly into this conversation, Claverhouse, in a few soldier-like words, informed Sir Robert that his Grace the Duke of York being alarmed, not for his own sake, but for his Majesty's, at the rebellious procession of the Green Ribbon and other Protestant clubs, headed by Shaftesbury and the heads of the Whig party, has made an effort to muster all the Tory gentlemen of Oxfordshire who are of approved loyalty and stanch adherents to Church and king, and who are begged to attend the opening of the parliament with as many blue-coat men and tenants as they can muster, armed back and breast, and carrying pistols in their holsters. "The lands of Crow's Nest we find, by an old return of the troubles, furnishes sixty horse?"

"It did," said Sir Robert with a sigh. "But now, thanks to that Whig scoundrel I just pinked, my own servants are all I can mount."

"You're steel of the true temper after all, I see," said Claverhouse with a cold smile. "But to be frank with you, Sir Robert, I expected a far different response; for I heard you were but little better than a Trimmer, and even kept a Puritan chaplain."

"So I do," said Sir Robert with a wince; "it's more from charity than choice. But, egad, I keep him down, and make him drink loyal—at least—that is—he's a good sort of man."

"Try him with the oath of allegiance," said Claverhouse; "that is the best touchstone in these times; and then—"

"My friend Claverhouse," said Churchill laughing, "is exceedingly anxious to introduce several new systems of torture into England; and is determined, if the boots do not become popular with English judges, to join Kirk at Tangiers, and devote the rest of his life to exterminating the Moors."

"Churchill, you know the limits of my patience; so keep your wit for La belle Hamilton or the blushing Bagot. If my feeling of duty seems cruel or ascetic, that is between me and my God. I have not devoted my life to the study of dress-wigs, Martial's gloves, *ragouts*, or *chateaux*; on the fidelity of such gentlemen as Sir Robert Darcy, the *de jure* succession may depend."



CANAL AT ST. OMER. BY E. MORIN.

"Now don't be angry, Claverhouse," said Churchill. "I yield to no one in a sense of a soldier's duty; but we may surely sometimes stand at ease. You're always seeing great political consequences in Bab May's treading on the tail of the king's spaniel, or in Chaffincho's combing his flaxen wig."

"And you," said Claverhouse, "must have earthquakes or volcanoes, sieges or battles, or you think the world standing still."

But as during this short conversation, which was carried on in a low hot whisper, Sir Robert was attentively observing the two messengers of the court, we may as well briefly give the result of his experience.

Churchill, the younger of the two, may perhaps be better known to our readers under his more celebrated name of Marlborough. His features were bold, his eye keen, and his presence commanding; yet report deemed him at this time a mere voluptuary of the court, remarkable even then for parsimony, and tarnished by several acts of meanness. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and wore his cocked-hat pinned up with a large crimson rosette. His companion, a few years later immortalised as Dundee, was of a pale complexion; his features of great beauty and delicacy; his mouth small but firm; his face almost Grecian in the perfection of its oval. He wore no scented wig like his companion, but his own dark brown hair, that fell flowing to his shoulders; a short musketoon hung at his saddle-bow, and his saddle was high-peaked, and of the military fashion. His eyes, the worst part of his face, were cold and melancholy, and his mouth sad and sarcastic. A keener observer than Sir Robert might have shuddered to see a man who, in the stern asceticism of his ambition, would go through the world pitiless and cruel, though he had to wade in blood up to the lips.

"Beautiful excrescence of earth, intended by nature to pay debts!" said Churchill, looking up at the trees of the avenue through which they were now riding.

"Ah, ah, very well, sir, very well!" said Sir Robert, giving him a tremendous thump on the back, that set him coughing, and drove the powder in a cloud out of his wig.

"Killigrow is witty," said Claverhouse with a sneer, "though he does play the buffoon; but yet the buffoon is as good as the fop."

"You're too bitter," said Churchill in a whisper; "but, egad, that old gentleman's clap on the back was my best punishment for stealing the joke."

"An excellent good spot for defence, if the Whigs ever rise," said Claverhouse, his eye kindling as he rose in his stirrups, and pointed to the old hall in the distance between the trees. "A double ravelin there, with a traverse or high breast-work;—or a redoubt would stand well on that knoll where the three beech-trees are, though the pass would be shallow."

"A true young soldier," said Sir Robert, eyeing him from top to toe with an eye of admiration. "Crow's Nest had the honour, sir, of being for six months an outpost of the Oxford garrison; and in that time we repulsed no less than five attacks of Haselrig's men with only forty Babecaters and ten musketeers of Moyle's brigade. Once they fired the barn with a grenade, and another time put a petard to the kitchen-door and blew it in: but we soon rallied; and played upon them from the upper windows with pistols, and with culverins from the top of the clock-tower roof, though Moldrum had sworn to bring me into London alive or dead. But it's always the same,—one Cavalier to three Roundheads. 'He who fears death lives not,' as Hudibras says:

'Their words

Were sharp and trenchant, not their swords.'

So when they sent in the trumpet, they found me sitting on a powder-cask in the hall, and holding a black flag that we had carried off in a sortie; a broken drum near me full of white cockades for night-attacks, and a smoking musket leaning against my barrel. 'Base slubberdegallion,' said I,

'go back to thy masters, and tell them that we'll stew all our buff coats for soup before we surrender!' And egad, it was all a trick; for that night they broke up, and this house you see here was never taken after all."

"We shall never hear the last of this," whispered Churchill, who had been for some time betraying marks of uncontrollable *ennui*, fingering guitar-tunes on his scabbard, humming French airs, and otherwise diverting himself.

"A brave man's story can only be dull to the thoughtless," said Claverhouse between his teeth, as they rode into the courtyard.

"No apologies, gentlemen; no apologies. I see you whispering together. The chine of beef's ready, and the claret is longing to see the daylight. An old soldier cannot allow two young troopers to boot and saddle without spilling some sack or a little burnt wine. 'No pottage is good without bacon,' the proverb says; and I say, a fig for a meal without wine. And here's my daughter, come to bless God her father's got off scot-free; and she will add her wishes to mine to detain you; unless times are altered, young soldiers do not often refuse requests from such mouths."

Of the gallant compliments paid to Mabel; of her modest pleasure at the homage of the gay Churchill and the cold Claverhouse, heightened by her joy at her father's escape, which she had long ago known, for she left Roger to watch the result; and of the old knight's campaigning stories,—we will say nothing. Suffice it, that after a hasty collation, the two gentlemen mounted their horses, with the understanding that Sir Robert and his four men would be ready, armed, at the park-gate at ten o'clock of the morrow, prepared to fall into the king's train as he passed on his way to Oxford.

"Gallant gentlemen both," said Sir Robert, as they rode off. "That proud lad is the riper man; yet the gayer fellow is no worse soldier. But it will be a busy evening with me, girl; for I must look up my best back-and-breast piece, and the Danascene gorget I wore at Edgchill; and Roger must brush up the crimson housings with the gold-lace fringe; for I must turn out as a Tory gentleman and one of an old family should do, to guard his king from a pack of noisy rebels, who would set up another Commonwealth, if Shaftesbury were but another Cromwell."

With these words the old knight hurried off to execute a series of multifarious duties; namely, to see his dogs fed, his hawks ditto, his armour cleaned, his pistols furbished, and his saddle-cloth brushed; not forgetting, however, amid all his occupations to inquire for Master Wilson, who had not attended as usual to say grace when dinner was served up in the hall; luckily, perhaps, for him, as the toasts were chiefly "Down with Tony," and "A strong rope instead of a green ribbon."

Mabel's first impulse on returning home was to inquire for her tutor. The old housekeeper, Mrs. Rachel, supposed he was poring over those everlasting books. Pretty Betty tossed up her head, and said he was moping as usual up in his room in the clock-tower. Roger was sent to call him. No one answered. Mabel grew anxious, and tripped up in search of the indefatigable student. *Tremor cordis* was upon her; she did not know why. She felt a strange vague apprehension, the more terrible from its causelessness. A sense of approaching evil hung over her. She stood still a moment at the foot of the worn brick-steps leading up to the often-visited room; she could hear many sounds,—the swallows chattering under the eaves, the great iron pulsation of the clock above, the distant noises in the court, her father's voice whistling and cheering his hawks, and even the muffled throbbing of her own heart. The sunset-light fell red and soft upon the whitewashed wall, still dented here and there by the marks of Puritan bullets. She listened; there was no sound,—not even a leaf of a book turning, a pen scratching, or a foot shuffling on the matted floor. Should she call her father?—there might have been murder.

Half-ashamed of her fears, and remembering that she was a soldier's daughter, Mabel ran up-stairs. The door was ajar; should she push it open? It creaked bodingly; the wind moaned sadly and desolately through the key-hole. She entered; the room was empty. The light cane-backed chair stood at the same place, with the crutch-headed cane leaning against it; the old quarto Horace still lay open at the ode they had read that morning; some dried wild-flowers lay on a shelf; rows of folios basked on the floor, leaning against each other for support, some marked for reference. Mabel could not help looking behind the arras, as it waved, apparently without wind, to see if any one were concealed behind its screen. She opened a small bureau; it was empty. Mabel was about to leave the room, to inform her father of Mr. Wilson's strange disappearance, when a volume of Calvin that lay on the table arrested her attention, for a strip of paper projected from between the covers. She drew it out. It contained only these words, evidently the last farewell of the fugitive:

"MY DEAR CHILD AND BELOVED PUPIL,—Bernardus Viscontinus doth say, that Hypericon, or St. John's-wort, gathered on Friday in the hour of Jupiter, when it comes to its effectual operation, that is to say, about the full moon in July, suspended or borne about, or hung at the neck, nightly helps digestion, cheers the heart, nourishes the brain, and drives off all fantastical spirits. Farewell on earth."

When Sir Robert heard of the flight, he ordered Roger to saddle Black Jack, and make inquiries for twenty miles round. Roger insisted on searching the ponds because, he said, "Master Wilson was melancholious." The housekeeper always thought it would come to that; for he had lately refused her succory pottage, and taken to extreme fastings. Betty had always said he was a witch, and she was sure of it; for she had seen, three days running, a black mouse run round his room while she was sweeping, and he bade her not harm the little creature. And hadn't she seen at Daventry the Rev. Mr. — drive a devil out of a young man with the falling sickness, who afterwards confessed he had five familiars in the shape of dun chickens?

Sir Robert was up next morning before cock-crow, when the busy rooks were only just awaking one by one, and croaking drowsily here and there high up in the mist of a summer-morning. The hawks whistled from their perches when they heard his voice, shook their wings and fluttered; the dogs rattled in and out of their kennels, and the horses neighed greetingly from the stables; the red-haired stable-boy had to be squeezed into a tight buff jacket, made for Sir Robert when he was at Westminster School; the gardener had to hide his spindle-shanks in enormous jack-boots, with broad flaps of stirrup-leather.

It wanted about an hour of the time of meeting; and terrible was the amount of work still to be done. Roger could only find two odd spurs; the gardener's stirrup-leather broke; and Sir Robert had lost one of his Edgchill pistols. At this crisis, as Mabel was tying on her father's crimson scarf, as well as his fuming, singing, and perpetual motion would allow her, a horn was heard sounding three times at the extreme end of the avenue; gradually the sound came nearer; and the next moment a gay carriage-and-six, with outriders, and running footmen carrying the usual sticks of office, drove rapidly up to the gate.

"It's his majesty, by St. Peter!" said Sir Robert, observing the royal arms on the panels, and hastening to the hall-door to receive his illustrious visitor. Can that be the king that steps out, shakes his wig into order, looks at himself in a small pocket-glass, then bows three times till his wig touches the door-steps; while the servants laugh and chatter, and the coachman bends from his box to hear what he says? The new visitor, king or no king, takes no more notice of Sir Robert, but anxiously superintends the unpacking of several small valises and chests, crying out various directions in a shrill important voice:

"Antoine, ser, prenez garde, canaille! Zat sauce zall be

ruined if zu zall distoerb heem. Jacques, fripon, break zat flagon, and it vill bring you to the échefaud—vat you call gibbet."

"Zooks, what's all this? Do you take my house for an inn?" said Sir Robert.

"Sare," said the Frenchman, putting on a conical cap of white linen, shrugging his shoulders, and thrusting down his hands in his pockets, "I am Monsieur Ortolan, cuisinier français, zat is, French cook to his majesté; and am come to prepare a small collation for his majesté, who will be here tout de suite. (Vieux bête Anglais!)"

"There, there, he says something more. Run for Mabel, Roger; it's something about the king and a relation."

"Don't be flustered, your worship," said one of the running footmen, leaning complacently on his stick, and whispering to Sir Robert with a side-glance at Monsieur Ortolan, who was unpacking a case of silver stewpans, polished like mirrors, and of a dozen different sizes; "it's only the way of them furriners. His majesty is going to luncheon here on his road to Oxford."

The hall was now strewn with chafing-dishes, bags of charcoal, cases of essences, stewpans, trussed fowls, and various long-necked bottles of propitious appearance. In five minutes Monsieur Ortolan was attired in a white dress, with his case of spoons and knives by his side, absorbed in the manufacture of various fricassees of delicious odour, timing every thing with a stop-watch, taking snuff with an air of great nonchalance, and occasionally looking at the walls and ceiling with an insolent shrug of affected pity.

"Lor' a mussy on his messes!" said the cook, indignant at being expelled from her own dominions; "if he only knew how to cook a good honest joint!"

"If I can cook ze cotelette, if I can cook ze soupe Néapolitaine,—mon Dieu, if I could make ze dying man eat! Antoine, apportez-moi ze poivre. Le vieux soldat, qu'il est en colère! Pah! ah, ah, coquin, ah! I will teach him to respect his majesté's officer de cuisine."

"What does the wizened old fellow say, Mabel?" said Sir Robert, looking at him with mingled curiosity and wonder. "I see his jaw going like an ape's with the ague."

"Plait-il, mademoiselle, que vous êtes charmante. Qu'est-ce qu'il dit, ce vieux monsieur-là? Il est farouche comme tous les diables, n'est-ce pas?"

Acting as prudent interpreter between her father and Monsieur Ortolan, Mabel soon discovered that he had been sent forward, according to the king's usual custom when his visits were sudden and unexpected, to save Sir Robert any annoyance by preparing a hot luncheon, in order that he might rest before his public entrance into Oxford, and await a strong escort of Life Guards, under Colonel Claverhouse, who was to join him at Crow's Nest; the attitude of the mob who swarmed the road being unusually threatening and alarming.

Mabel ran to put on her silver-lace gown, and begged her father to resume his black-velvet coat and his—

"No, no, girl," said he; "proud as I am of receiving his majesty this day under my roof, I will receive him as a soldier, and not as a courtier; egad, if I don't feel as gay as a hawk that's just whistled off the fist." And he began, much to Monsieur Ortolan's amusement, to shout, "The king shall enjoy his own again!"

"Only look at them messes, Sir Robert," whispered Roger; "they aint fit for a dog to eat."

"They turns my stomach," said the housekeeper, who had been stalking about with upturned nose and folded arms.

"An Englishman would be ashamed of himself," said Roger, "for spoiling good beef in that heathenish—I call it heathenish—way. Lord, Sir Robert, do you remember how we cooked that horse-steak on a ramrod after Edgehill; and how it was done to a turn?"

There is no knowing what series of campaigning stories this might have led to, had not at that moment a second horn been heard, and the next instant two coaches, at-

tended by a few outriders, dashed up the avenue, and drew up at the door.

The door of the heavy gilded coach flew open, and with a hearty laugh the merry monarch stepped forth, depositing a long-eared spaniel upon the ground, gave it an affectionate kick with his royal foot, and took off his hat, as Sir Robert sank upon one knee, and welcomed him as "an old Cavalier soldier to his poor house of Crow's Nest." Who but knows the swarthy deep-lined face, full lip and mouth, heavy eyelids, dark upturned moustache, and black periwig of Charles, the worthless good-humoured *bon vivant*? He was dressed in deep-blue satin, looped back at the cuffs to show the full ruffles of his wrist. Round his neck was a cravat with long ends of the richest Flanders lace. He wore the blue ribbon of the Garter; the George, set with diamonds, hung under his left arm. His stockings were of the finest pearl-coloured silk, and his shoe-buckles glittered with crystals. Behind him came Arlington, with the black patch saddling his nose, that Killigrew so often laughed at, produced originally by a pistol-wound received during the civil wars; his uncurled light wig falling on his shoulders, remarkable for a certain stiffness of manner, that made him the butt of the gayer part of the court. Then arm-in-arm walked the Earl of Rochester and Sidney Godolphin; the former not the licentious wit, but the son of the great Lord Clarendon; his handsome piquant features contrasting singularly with Godolphin's double-chin, high broad forehead, and massive features, always bland and calm, and attuned to that courtly smile that had raised its master from a page to the Treasury bench. Cautious and calm, he offended no party; clear-headed and incorruptible, he was equally useful to all. "Sidney Godolphin," said Charles, "is never in the way nor out of the way." Prudent and cool, he detested factious men, and was a Conservative from necessity of temperament; grave and reserved, he might have passed for a bishop, had it not been known that all his spare moments were spent in horse-racing and cock-fighting.

His friend Hyde, quick and penetrating, a fervent Tory and experienced statesman of the Cavalier school, might have made an excellent prime minister but for his arrogance and violence of temper. His consistency, however, in such a corrupt age, made Hyde seem respectable.

Last of all, his head bent as if absorbed in meditation, came a mind that far transcended either that of the king or his two companions. This was Sunderland, the secretary of state, the wildest diplomatist of that abandoned age, when statesmen were without principle and women without virtue,—cold-hearted, keen-eyed, restless, insatiable, sold to France, a lukewarm republican in theory, a lukewarm royalist in action, a microscopic observer of character and life, but with a less comprehensive glance than Shaftesbury. He was a distinguished writer himself, cunning, supple, shameless, free from all prejudices, and destitute of all principle, courted and feared by all parties, in the royal closet potent, at the council-board taciturn, in the House of Lords a mute and sneering listener to the brilliant and philosophic Halifax and the adroit and ready Shaftesbury. Fascinating, yet insincere, he was the fair-spoken Belial of his century's politics; and had an utter contempt for such visionaries as Algernon Sidney, whose purity seemed to him Quixotic.

But leaving for a moment these statesmen, let us describe the hall into which Sir Robert ushered his guests, and on whose ponderous table, thanks to Monsieur Ortolan, a dainty luncheon was already smoking.

It was a lofty room, the ceiling covered with square panelling, with coats-of-arms painted at the intersections. The floor was paved, but covered here and there with mats, and where the king sat in Sir Robert's state chair, with a small Turkey carpet. The walls were panelled with oak, and studded with stags' horns, foxes' brushes, and a few pikes and old matchlocks. At one end stood a perch, on which rested four hawks, two long and two short winged, adapted for the striking either heron or partridge. Over the vast fireplace hung a tapestry of fox-skins. In one corner

of the room, on a heap of straw, was a litter of puppies; in another a bunch of hunting-poles. From the chimney-piece dangled a string of hawk's bells and a long twisted whip; while on a shelf above was an old felt-hat full of pheasant's eggs, and on the window-ledge a pack of old cards and a pipe, besides a book of Chronicles and a work on farriery. A low door at one end of the hall opened into the chapel, a spot now seldom used; the pulpit of which served Sir Robert as a convenient cupboard in which to keep a cold chine of beef and a pastry for a "snack" between whiles.

THAMES ROWING.

A CLEAR summer morning, deep in July, was the first occasion of my going on the water this year. The sky was intensely blue, and dappled with little cloudlets that floated over its firmamental depths white and lustrous as the swans that are scattered about the blue-reflecting bosom of the river.

Getting into the beloved boat again, it is noticeable that she appears to have grown crankier since the winter;—such a thing is use,—whereas seven months ago it was the simplest thing in the world to enter this feather of a boat; yet now, that interval passed without practice, it is with some nervousness that I part from the landing-place in a vessel whose entire weight is under fifty pounds, while her length exceeds twenty feet. The boat, in fact, is of the class designated by a distinguished critic on art, "a floating chisel," with the further assertion that it possessed no beauty whatever. To me this preremptory decision is absurd. I see immense beauty in a wager-boat; firstly, because it perfectly fulfils its function of extraordinary swiftness (and the perfection of fitness to function I hold to be the prime essential of beauty); secondly, when examined out of the water, the eye will immediately recognise an elegance of form about such a boat, unless, indeed, we are bound to receive only curves which are portions of circles of small diameter as beautiful, excluding the forms of many leaves and many fish;—from the swiftness of which latter have been taken the moulding lines of the out-rigger, or wager-boat. Also, such a boat, when in the water, is beautiful to me because there is a sort of analogy and keeping, so to speak, between its horizontal parallelism of line and the similar character that distinguishes the place of its service—the river; thus in the same manner a bluff-bowed boat is beautiful at sea, because partaking of the characteristic forms of the waves, and of those rounded shapes which water-worn rocks assume as the result of and best protection against attrition by the waves. To say that the apparent insecurity of such boats detracts from their beauty, is simply an augury of a want of knowledge in the observer; as, to those who know how to manage them, these vessels are by no means insecure. The same thing might be said of the form of man himself, who appears top-heavy, until we learn his power of adjusting the centre of gravity; the swan, a universal type of beauty, seems in danger of going down bow-foremost, without our knowledge that the weight and power of counter-balance which his feet possess beneath the water is sufficient to rectify this.

Thus thinking, I dispute that fiat on the beauty of wager-boats; while the feeling which results from their use is extraordinary,—for the royal effortless power exerted, and the speed which a skilful rower attains in them, surpassing as it does any other rapidity which man can gain by his own muscular power, is a perfectly human victory. Having been up in a balloon, and travelled on a locomotive at the rate of sixty miles an hour (the swiftest method of progression), we boldly assert neither of them to be comparable for delight with the result of a man's own efforts—rowing in a "floating chisel." Floating chisel, indeed! We should like to put the critic into training, and make him row on the Thames for half an hour, getting over six miles of water, as he might do in a floating chisel. We know perfectly well

that speed is a small result, maybe a poor thing, when gained; but that is a question which does not affect the beauty of the instrument for its accomplishment; and it might have occurred to the critic that some people will prefer to go fast, although he desiderates slowness.

When last on the water its whole character was gloomy and monotonous decay; the full stream that flowed along like oil, the heavy gray sky, the trees, whose leaves fell from them in showers,—all combined to give an air of sad and breathless desolation, very depressing to the mind, and fully in keeping with the utter loneliness of the water. Now every thing is bright and sheeny; the wavelets ripple crisply in the morning air, like the clear smile of a young girl; and the trees, which were fast growing stark and bare, seem fairly overlaid and heavy with leafage; they rustle drowsily under the hot noon, seeming to take a *siesta*, and shift themselves uneasily in the heat. The thinnest dress, and the lightest pair of sculls, suit best this burning day. Despite the intensity of the heat, my progress must be swift, having to overtake some comrades previously started, and in their company witness one of those great festivals of the river—a rowing-match. The light boat rushes through the water easy, steady, and swift; cuts a path that ever closes in a hissing track behind from under the polished and keel-less bottom. The rigid iron outriggers groan with the stress of each stroke, and the fairy craft leaps at every effort like a flying deer. Onwards, onwards, leap upon leap, for mile after mile is the speed kept up, until I have recovered so much time that it is advisable to rest and let the tide (which is at the spring) fill the river. Here is a shady place under some trees, a usual cooling place of mine; into it, and float stilly upwards as the water flows. This place feels chilly after the heat and exertion of rowing, and has within it a murmuring and hissing sound that is like the clustering of myriads of bees, yet not an insect is to be seen; indeed, the noise is too much of a hiss and simmer for the drony sound of wings. There is no wind to cause it; it is too universal to be from any thing concealed in the grass, or I might fancy it came from some of the beetle tribe. Neither in the air, nor in the trees, nor amongst the grass upon the bank, and yet encircling me in all directions, the sound can but come from the last place one would look for it—the water; and so it is indeed; for all around are bursting incommensurable millions of bubbles; that rise from the clay-bed of the river, rustle to the surface in a tiny tract of light, and explode each its little life into the common air. I can see them clustering like strings of pearls around the chinks in the earth below.

The tide, being of the spring, rises high against the bank, so that it is easy to look upon the meadows. There, nestling among the flooded grass, is the little Cyclops, the Darling! the Daisy! Hail, Margarita! Salvi! Salvi! I take off my cap to you, Queen of the Meadows; that last stroke of the scull sent the ripples thronging about your stem, and you nod to me the most affable salutations. I may err in this, however, and the action be defiant, and yourself

"A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself some fairy bold
In fight to cover."

Thus Wordsworth names you; but let the reader recall the poem and see which of that shower of similes is the truest; or take the flower, and make a thousand more. Let him cast himself on a bank of them dog-like, roll over in them, scatter them above him in handfuls, or bite them if he will.

I must pull onwards; so, Queenling, *au revoir!* What, not a kiss of the hand to me, your first visitor, your only lover this day! Who else shall heed you when the tide falls? On the next flood only the moon shall look upon you; will she "take off her veil of light" as I my cap? Will you wait for the lover of another day? I trow well that to-morrow those little triplets of crimson shall be shuddering together like the fingers of a frozen hand. Ah, little one, I knew you for a prude despite your rose-tipped fingers. Adieu.

The moon, that shall be the only greeter of that jilt of a daisy, looks always sweetly on the river; the very thought of it recalls a night I spent some miles above here, which I will attempt to describe. It was not a full orb such as shall this night smile that flirt of a flower out of countenance, but a dying luminary of the third quarter. A silvery lustre hung about the horizon's edge, which broadened until the brief-reigning planet arose,—paced her short arc,—made the earth like her own face,—spaces of blackness and bright light;—soon declined again, and sank beneath the poplar-tops; faded behind the willows on the stream; glinted upon their motionless branches for a while; then paled away to naught but a faint radiance that sank,—sank, and vanished from the sky, leaving the night, the river, and the land to the stars' silent ministrations. And well were they performed. Then I lingered through the dark; the stream lapsing languidly upon the boat's side, and the long sighs of wind seeming to be night's hushing breath bidding me not wake the echoes that the solemn darkness stilled. I woke them not; but drifted, drifted, by village and hamlet and solitary house, silent and sleeping; now among a fleet of swans that shimmered in the darkness, now into the mysterious depths of blackest tree-shadows. What nights were those! Saw I not giant Orion hang his great shield on high, mystic Aldebaran lustrously shine, and Ophiucus glitter like a taper? Thus I watched,

"—— till the bear had wheel'd
Through a great arc his seven slow suns."

The Thames is, of course, not without strange specimens of humanity peculiar to itself; one has just passed me, pulling steadily in a funny; a man known as the "Flying Dutchman," a sobriquet well deserved, not for the swiftness of his rowing, but from the fact that, at whatever hour one is on the water,—morning, evening, or noon,—sure as the tide runs, you meet this man; a stoutish, decent, white-haired individual, who steadily sculls along with unhasting even stroke. I can certify that at all hours, and in all places, and, what is more strange, on all occasions of being on the water, I have seen this person. Going down the river to Greenhithe, steering a six-oared boat in the mazes of the Pool, I was startled by his appearance, pulling steadily round the bows of an ocean-going steamer. Far above the locks, when under the elms at Wargrave, I have seen him sweep easily along. Morning, noon, and evening, did I say? I aver that once, just before dawn, having made fast to a tree on the north side of Twickenham Ait, I was knocking off the neck of a bottle of milk-punch, when hearing sounds of sculls in the misty darkness, I cried, "Look ahead!" to which a mild monotonous voice replied, "All right." And then I saw *him* sweep by, pulling steadily stroke over stroke. Indeed, I was amazed; the sight cost me the bottle of punch, which slipping, plunged into twenty feet water, and became jetsom for the naiads; may it warm their chilly British blood! I am the only man who has heard him speak, that is one comfort. If he lives any where out of the boat, it is in a lone house up a rushy creek at Wandsworth, at the mouth of which he has been seen to hover. Such is the Flying Dutchman of the Thames. Rowing-men say he is condemned to scull eternally for having neglected to save a drowning man. If you ask a boat-master, he avers in an undertone that it is a judgment upon the sculler for having refused to pay for the boat in which he rows.

Swallows, here again! from what unknown valley under shadow of Atlas Mount are you returned? You that skim the placid river here so closely that I hear each bill snap upon its prey,—may have, nay, must have, seen the lion come to drink in tarns of Libyan hills; and near as you are to me, have as closely fitted by some canoe-man drifting (as I do) on a river flowing from southern hill-slopes which look on to the Unknown Land. Perhaps in the palm-groves of Lake Tschad your twitter has been heard; or you have overswept its cane-brakes with glancing wing, and could tell if from the same hill flow both Nile and Niger.

Some time must pass before I meet my comrades and reach the racing-ground; let us beguile it with recollections of the aspect of the water at a very different time from the present, when it is so still that one might fancy oneself on a tideless lake, where the trees stand breathless and gasping, and there is a sort of hum about the earth simmering in heat, which the drowsy air drinks in; the birds themselves sing sleepily, and so calm is all about that I hear them on both banks. An idle dog looks at me from the shore, too hot and lazy even to bark. Not a drop of rain has fallen for weeks, until the very thought and hope of such is refreshing. Not a cloud is now above me; all the islands and swan-like clusters have vanished under the overpowering heat.

Then there were odd piles of fantastic cloud about, covering the clear spring-sky; and I noticed more especially one, lying along the horizon like a recumbent angel, resting upon an elbow, and seeming as if set to watch this plain, with lance planted slopewise before him. He had been motionless for an hour, till I almost fancied the faint heavens of air that shook the poplar-tops must have been his sleepy suspirations. But not so; angels never sleep. Just then I saw him raise his hand, and toss it backward for a signal. Instantly, far away on the other horizon, banners arose, appearing, uprising, legion after legion, like a host; they stream athwart the sky, followed by strange-shaped clouds (dreadful aerial engines of war, maybe); ere this array was half-way over the sentinel stirred, and seemed to put forth, first another arm, then wing after wing, when he sped onwards as leader of the advancing throng called to battle by some companion-watcher, whose southern post was the last of a chain extending from a great battlespace over the Atlantic plain. Ho! the need is urgent; for see, the war-engines are left behind, and every cohort levels itself more and more to fly the swifter, while the motion of their innumerable wings makes the poplars swerve backwards to the very root,—soughing. From the north-east, more and more, army upon army, and that level cloud with hillocky whitenesses upon it, which erst I took for an encampment, proves itself so indeed; for, see,—all the tents are struck, and the whole body marches hitherwards, black and portentous.

How strange that soundless march did seem,—millions on millions,—and all I hear is the loud wrestling of the trees and the lapping of the water, which the wind of the army's multitudinous motion dashes smartly against my boat! Silent, I said;—but what means that mutter-like shuddering sound? why do they from the encampment linger overhead, and draw together into a mass? O, I see! they were the reserve, and my watcher their general; for here he comes again in the higher regions of the air (indeed he did sleep, angel as he was, and should have been begone before), sadly smirched, not a plume remaining, rose-tinted as they were; nor alone either, for hither drives the whole South-West, big with rain too,—that spot went through my dress. On with my waterproofs, and let the boat drift while I see out the fight. Nor without partisanship; for it is the North and East against South and West—Winter against Summer—doing battle under the pale sky of Spring. There they come; my level flyers driven backwards, heap upon heap. The poplars scarce move now, but creak with an uneasy swing. More muttering; and rain-drops, like flights of javelins, hiss into the river. The sun is shut out awhile, and the battle goes on; wreaths of whitish cloud scud across low down,—forlorn hopes, probably,—all in tumultuous gray confusion. That rift to the north shows that the main body is broken. Close up!—Close up! make the darkness deeper for a last struggle. Too late; the faithless East is flying. Rolling mass upon mass, the black South-West has it; and far away they go, West and South and North and East, into the country of the invader. Opened out the bright sky again, bluer than before; the poplars toss again, and the aspens upon the bank turn up their white leaves to the sunlight, hisping and fluttering a joyous

echo to the river's plash. Just where the encampment stood, some of the South are erecting a triumphal arch; and there, where the forlorn angel lay, a city is rapidly building, which the setting sun shall illumine with crimson, vermillion, and burning gold, to honour the bridal of Spring.

If Sardanapalus built Anchialus and Tarsus in one day,—or boasted that he did,—what shall be said for the aerial architect yonder, whose materials gather to him out of the sky itself, who is heaping palaces a mile high, and laying their foundations forty miles from end to end; nay, for mere whim, and without a waft of air, he has brought for a background a whole range of mountains out of immensity, upon whose riverless sides the sun pours a flood of opal-coloured light, more lovely than the most gorgeous fantasies of Imperial Dreamland itself. How long has he been doing this? Why there!—the lower boughs of that green-black arbutus are still dropping jewels which had not parted from its summit when he commenced to labour, and now,—when the last globules glitter upon the grass,—Palaces and mountainous Pyramids and Arcades,—columned like Indian rock-temples,—stand as steadily as icebergs upon a lake, and are based upon as stable a foundation as either of the Assyrian's Mesopotamian cities.

In these remembrances of spring I have almost forgotten that this is burning summer, but must not forget my appointment, and the object of the excursion. A mile or so onwards is the racing water, and there are the men I have to meet. The race is just about to start. Now, best of readers, I am not going to describe this match, for the correspondents of the sporting papers did that with an enthusiasm unattainable by me; but shall rather put you into my own position, when seated in a racing eight-oared boat, on another occasion, and prepared to row for a prize.

I had been in training for some time, and attained to the utmost tension of muscular strength and vital power, feeling like a young Adam, every nerve being braced to the height of clear sense, like a musical instrument brought to concert pitch. The rowers and the boats were ready at the starting-place. We sat steadily, each man with his oar backed at full stretch, ready to dip and pull at sound of the signal gun: I held my breath anxiously, and the light wind shook a loose neck-ribbon against my cheek. Bang! went the gun, and with an instantaneous consent the eight oars touched the water, the lengthy boat leapt into swift motion in a second, and, amidst a shout from the spectators, the competitors flew onwards. Although the river-banks were lined with men manifesting their interest by yells and shrieks, yet that cry at starting was all I heard; excepting when the regular beat of the oars, and their sharp roll in the rowlocks, struck my ears, or a call from the coxswain of "Steady!" was audible above the sort of fierce devouring rush which the sharp-nosed boat made in cutting the water. Naught was the effect which my strength appeared to produce upon the boat while merged with that of the other seven rowers. The gesticulating crowd seemed to waver as we flew by; and it was not until after rowing some minutes that I found we had passed all the boats but one, and of this were but half a length astern. I could see the efforts of the crew as they strove to keep the lead. Gradually we slipped past; first being abreast of the midmost rower; then of No. 3, who sat immediately ahead of him; then No. 2, and at last a mighty stroke brought the boats exactly level with each other. Perceiving this, our opponent "put out," partly recovering the advantage; then we also strove, regaining it. We passed them and stole ahead; they fell back, and our boat fairly tore through the water,—it seemed like riding on an arrow; the cleft stream parted in a bright fan on either bow, while the wind of our own progress was like a fresh breeze. Regular, steady, swift, and strong, onward we went, thinking the prize our own. But our antagonist unflinchingly toiled behind, and I could perceive that his skilful coxswain was gradually edging our boat out of the force of the tide; on rounding an angle of the bank, this told against us, and he, cutting sharply across the chord of the arc we had made, shot more

than a length ahead; an advantage we could not regain, so close to the winning-post as we were. They won, and fairly won, the prize. Such is a boat-race; but I could never tell you of the fierce effort, the exhilaration, and the feeling of strength and might, which one feels during its occurrence.

The great match I had come to see was over, with the usual amount of noise, rejoicing, and disappointment; and I quitted my companions to row higher up alone, enjoying the glorious day now fast sinking into stilly afternoon. I went onwards some miles in silence, rested for refreshment till the tide turned, and began easily to scull homewards; when one of those little showers which break even the fairest day compelled me to rest under the branches of an elm hanging upon the water. The rain over, a smart breeze sprang up, and compelled me to row close to the bank, for the fretful river chafed pettishly, leaping into the boat. But what drenched and wretched figure is this, rowing as it were out of a willow whose pendent branches sweep the stream? By Leander, my excellent friend T!—! Says he, "A smart shower that, Fritz; where were you?" "*In nubibus*," I reply, and row on; with a remark not complimentary to my veracity, he dashes after.

Now this man, a good creature otherwise, is one of those dreadful bores, a logician, who calls himself a transcendentalist and a political economist of the rankiest growth; who is so argumentative that I do believe he would reason the Widow out of the propriety of giving her Mite. A mortal I dread, so fly from with all the speed of my swift boat. He dashes after; for awhile I keep ahead, the long powerful sculls flashing momentarily over the water like the pulsing tips of a hovering hawk's great wings. But he is the stronger and heavier, and before my more trained power of endurance can tire him out will catch me for his prey. A little farther onwards is an inlet under trees, into which I can dash, lie shadowed, and let him overtake me. Crash among the feathering boughs, wet from the shower, grind upon the shingle I go; then pause breathless and still. Heedless and hasty, he plunges by, driving the nose of his boat under water, passes, and I am free this day from his pitying smile at my ignorant want of logic and irrational feeling. Victoria, Victoria! the race is not with the swift!

I disentangle myself from the boughs, glorying in escape. But, woe is me! "Don't halloo till you're out of the wood," says the proverb. Back he comes, suspecting the trick, and I am caught. Pitying reader, I can tell you no more; he puts me,—*z*, the unknown quantity,—into his mill, till I come to a doubtless just conviction of having been born a fool; he sticks to me all the way to Chelsea again, and sees my boat hauled up at Coates's, arguing the while; then, with a conceited smile, says, "Good day." Good day, indeed! sheers my week's holiday in half, and talks of good day. All I get out of him is the bitter conviction that "I must learn logic some of these days." F. G. S.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.—This is an exact rendering of an ancient Greek adage, which is repeated with little variation in most modern languages. The Italians say also, "*A tree often transplanted is never loaded with fruit*,"—*Albero spesso trapiantato mai di frutti è caricato*.

W. K. KELLY.

THE ADELPHI ARCHES.

A PASSING wayfarer down the Strand may have noticed certain dark archways on the south side; he may have noticed, too, if topographically observant, that the Adelphi buildings stand on level ground, whereas the streets on either hand slope abruptly down towards the river. Those yawning mouths lead to long avenues, ramifications of damp vaulted passages, which constitute altogether the *Adelphi Arches*, lately the subject of much comment. The

next time he is in the neighbourhood, let him enter, and explore the labyrinth to its furthest recesses; let him, indeed, do this twice—once in the day-time, and again by night; for night alone can reveal the scenes of existence which that labyrinth discloses.

Reader,—you and I, who are fortunate enough to have a home, and who perhaps, on some occasion when jaded with long wandering, and hungry, have solaced ourselves each step we took by thinking how soon we should be there, how the creature comforts of supper would soon be before us, and how soon we should commit ourselves to the solace of care-killing sleep,—think what our condition would be without a home, without a supper, and without a bed. Some thirty thousand such there are every night all the year through in this great hive of bricks and mortar to whom an archway,—some place whither they may escape from the elements, and from the noisy turmoil of life without,—stands in place of home. The railway-arches come in for their share, and the dry arches of bridges; but all sink into insignificance by comparison with the labyrinth of vaulted passages which we are about ideally to explore.

The entrance is steep and slippery; always damp, even when the weather is dry. Vainly the neighbouring sewers yawn and gape up through their grating prison-bars to catch whatever of slush and impurity may chance to pass their way. The Adelphi Arches have an insatiate maw for filth. Down the flowing pollutions come, and in they roll. As you cautiously tread your way, each passing footfall reverberates like the clanking of fetters. If you speak, your words come back again like voices of whispering ghouls, with which, indeed, it takes no great stretch of imagination to picture the labyrinth as peopled. This is our preparatory exploration: it is by day, the human creatures who people its recesses by night are wandering. Though midday, the arches would be quite dark were it not for the gas-lights sparsely distributed here and there along the walls, or hanging from the roof. You shiver with cold though you go there in the dog-days. Wandering onward, the sound of wheels meets the ear, and presently through the gloom you perceive a cart approaching; it is filled with ice: for, besides the long vistas of open archways, there are others branching off from the main road, let as warehouses. A bottled-beer purveyor uses one, several confectioners make ice-cellar of others. From one of the latter the cart rumbles away, and is returning to the shop with ice-slabs from Norway or Wexham Lake. The Adelphi Arches are naturally cold, but these ice-cellar make them colder still; the blood in your veins almost threatens to freeze as you pass near them.

Having made our primary exploration by day, let us vary the scene, and learn what the Adelphi Arches have to show us in the dead of night. The clock strikes twelve as we enter. Groups of tired wanderers are flocking in, and taking up their stations as fast as the police will allow them. But now and then one of Sir Richard Mayne's pretorian guards paces his subterranean rounds and disturbs the refugees.

Listen! what is that?

"Beds, beds, beds, a penny a night, a penny a night! Vater, soap, and fire for vitt'ls! All for a penny a night. Now's yer time, ladies and gentlemen; now's yer time."

Wherever a few pieces of money are gathered together, even though they be copper coins, there, in this great mart of speculation, will business be done or attempted.

"Beds, beds, beds! a penny a night, a penny a night! Soap, vater, and fire for vitt'ls!"

The individual from whose noisy throat these cheering promises come is a touter sent out by a Jew from the back-slums of Covent Garden. That Jew keeps a lodging-house for travellers, not quite fitted up in accordance with the act of parliament anent lodging-houses; but the Jew keeps clear of informers. He and the informers best know why.

"A penny a night, a penny a night! Any more ladies and gentlemen as wants a bed for a penny?"

To many of the wandering outcasts who are beginning

their career, to whom the Adelphi Arches are new, and the Jew's touter is a stranger, the promise of a bed for a penny comes like a peace-bearing herald from the world—their enemy. To others the same words are gall and wormwood. Many are without a penny; or, if they have one, desire to save it for the morning's loaf. About half a dozen find a penny each, and accept the conditions. Some pay at once; others, more suspicious, reserve the precious coin until they see with their own eyes what they are to get for it.

"A penny a night! a penny a night! Any more ladies and gentlemen vot wants a night's lodging, with soap and vater, and fire for vitt'ls in the morning, all for von penny?"

But the number of penny lodgers seems fully made up; no more candidates appear to be forthcoming, when occurs the strangest scene of all.

"Vot lady or gent," inquires the touter, "would like to have a night's lodging for a fardin?"

"I, and I, and I," exclaim the former penny candidates.

"Stop a bit," says the touter, beckoning them away. "Is it reasonable for to suppose that any gentleman or lady can get a fust-rate feather-bed, with piller to match, with soap and vater, and fire for vitt'ls, all for a fardin? Vy, the soap's worth all the money." (So, indeed, it would be, if used according to the necessities of his ragged *clientèle*.)

"Then don't get chaffing us, governor; we're tired, so come along."

But the touter's work is not yet complete. He knows how to extract more coins from those seemingly empty pockets.

"Now if four ladies or gentlemen vill subscribe four fardins, and toss,—vy there's a bed for the von vot vins."

He who thinks that every notion of sport and speculation must depart and vanish from regions of misery like those we are exploring, is mistaken. Perhaps there are no conditions of humanity so low, no fortuitous groupings of humanity so hungry, depressed, and jaded, but that hopes and fears remain; degrees of betterness and worseness marked on the dial-plate of existence, revealing a moment of happiness sparkling from amongst the dusky hours of misery, or a moment still blacker than the rest. Ay, there is ambition, hope, solace, trust in some lucky revolution of Fortune's wheel, even under the Adelphi Arches. Many a marquis scheming to be a duke, many a merchant planning increase to his wealth, has looked up to the longed-for crowning-point of his aspirations, and down to the shipwreck of his hopes, with no stronger emotions for the time being than those experience who contribute their farthings to win the golden chance of a bed for that night.

A ragged group assemble under one of the gas-lights. The bed-touter has a sort of rough wit; a talent which got him his place, and which helps him to keep it. He sets forth in glowing language the Elysian delights of his employer's lodgings, until smiles are evoked upon countenances so wan and worn that you would have supposed they could not smile. The touter's eloquence is not fruitless; pockets are fumbled, and rags are shaken, secret ways leading out of pockets into the tangled recesses of shreds and patches are probed with claw-like fingers, until farthings come forth. The destiny which rules over the Jew's beds is thus made apparent. The touter tosses a farthing. "Heads," cries one of the first group of four. "Heads it is." "Tails," cries a second. "Very sorry, it is heads," says the touter; "stand aside." In this way each group of four is weeded, until one remains; to that one the night's lodging belongs. On her or him the Adelphi fates have for that night been propitious.

Thus group after group are disposed of, until the first handicap is played out. Gambling is contagious even here. Many of those who have lost their first chance discover other farthings, and make another handicap. Again the distribution of beds is repeated. At length the touter departs with his recruits; and the Adelphi Arches, weary of their prosperity, are tenanted by the very dregs of the London misery.

What voice is that which comes from the fog depths

of the cavern? A baby's? Yes. That crouching female figure, from whose pallid face the last drops of life-blood seem to have departed, is a mother. That baby's voice fills these dark regions with shrill echoes, but they do not seem to pierce the darker labyrinths of the mother's heart. There she sits, crouching and statue-like; but on approaching nearer, I see her bosom heave; I hear choking gurgles in her throat; I note the convulsive twitching of her fingers, more telling than noisiest grief. Hers is the deeper agony, too deep for words. 'Tis the old tale, perhaps. That mother may have been happy once, hopeful, loving, trusting. But she seems to have quaffed the cup of suffering to its dregs. She is tempted now, and the river is near. To-morrow you shall see placarded in front of the police-offices a statement to the effect that the bodies of herself and her infant have been found in the Thames.



SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE CANARY.

It is far too much the custom among us to keep our little pet-birds confined to their small cages; and we are apt to express wonder if, under such circumstances, they are unwell, moody, or indisposed to sing. The wonder is that, so treated, they ever sing to us at all. As for their being in good health, that is generally owing to the natural vigour of their constitution; no thanks to the thoughtfulness of their masters and mistresses. But *all* bird-keepers are not thus thoughtless. Many throw open the doors of their little prisoners' cages, and let them have the range of a room; and very delightful it is to see them roaming about in the full enjoyment of liberty. Their voices, how sweet! their antics and mimic performances, how grotesque and amusing! But I am about to tell of something even better than this. What if I propose letting our *favourite Canaries have their full liberty in the open air*? This may be done readily, under certain circumstances; and with extraordinary results, as I shall show. To view a Canary in all his glory, he should be sprightly; in full activity, and not restricted to space. No bird enjoys freedom more than he; yet how seldom is it granted him!

A friend of mine, residing not more than some sixteen miles from this great metropolis, has at the present time a whole colony of Canaries *living and breeding in the open air*. They are "free" as the air they breathe, unrestricted in their flight, thoroughly domesticated in their habits, and tame as any heart could desire them to be.*

I have long asserted, and *proved* it in my *Book of British and Foreign Song-Birds*, that the Canary is a hardy bird. When on the wing, he can endure *any* amount of cold, and winter anywhere with the stoutest of our native birds. In confinement it is different; deny him exercise, and he suffers like his owners.

I will now describe the spot where this fairy bird-land lies concealed from the prying eye of the public. I have seen it often, and revelled in the sight quite at my leisure. On entering the picturesque mansion, the eye is arrested by an extensive and charming view from the window. Seated,

* I hardly need say that I am no stranger to what may be done with birds in a flower-garden. Thirty years' experience with nearly 400 choice pairs—all of them rare songsters too—have suggested no end of interesting experiments "in the open air."

or rather embosomed in its own grounds, from the windows downwards there is a verdant lawn, extending by a gradual slope to the margin of a large open park—there being no interruption to an almost unbounded prospect. Immediately contiguous to the dwelling-house is an ample shrubbery, beautifully laid out, and comprising trees and shrubs of all kinds. Here the birds nest, and hold their conferences. This shrubbery extends all round the house. To the left, immediately beyond the flower-garden, and in a shady corner, is a sheet of water overarched by trees. Here the cattle resort to drink; here, too, the birds assemble to enjoy the cool breezes, when the blazing sun banishes them from the park and open fields.

Such is the spot where dwells this happy family of

Canaries. Here they live, day and night, in perfect liberty; here they build their nests; here they lay their eggs and rear their young; here they play; here they sing.

Sometimes a nest is found in a Wistaria, immediately beneath a window. Look at it if you will; pass your finger over the back of the sitting mother: it is no offence. When the young are hatched, and three days old, look at *them* also if you will: the parent is pleased, and her offspring are fearless. So among all the trees and all the bushes. I speak from actual experience. It is a most amiable sight to behold these pretty creatures, of all hues and all colours, feeding their young. And how the papas make the welkin ring with their floods of melody!

Here let me remark, that the musical powers of the Canary, heard in an open park or shrubbery, are novel as they are beautiful. When thus "free," he is heard to perfection. Birds in confinement are under restraint. They sing, it is true; but their song is monotonous. It lacks the energy and spirit of a roving bard.

These birds are free of the house; they eat at table, fly on the young ladies' shoulders, and make themselves "quite at home" with the household. Moreover, their food, in choice variety, is placed for them in a very large cage on the lawn, which they enter by certain small openings. Would you detain them, a slight invisible cord, skillfully touched by a gentle hand, bars every point of egress; they are your prisoners!

For a succession of years has this colony existed and thrived; and many a treat have I had, while contemplating what may be accomplished by only a little tact and a kindly disposition.

I have been invited, while on a recent visit to Dorchester and Weymouth, to establish a similar colony at West Lulworth next summer. Trees are to be planted there, shrubs raised, and all sorts of preparations are to be made. It is a most lovely and picturesque spot; and if the savage gunner can be held in check, and his bloodthirsty propensities arrested, such a Canary Island as I shall establish in that cove will be one of the world's wonders.

It may be asked, What about *the cats*? "Thereby hangs a tale," which needs not be unfolded *here*. Canaries and cats (vermin) cannot "live" together. Let this suffice. *Au reste*, there needs only a suitable site, a snug retreat away from a public road, a quiet neighbourhood, and kind neighbours,—you may then have Canaries living and breeding in your own grounds.

WILLIAM KIDD.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS; NO. XX.

PAINTED BY H. S. MARKS.

BOTTOM ENACTING PYRAMUS.

BOTTOM ENACTING PYRAMUS.

By H. S. MARKS.

Who does not remember Bottom, the inimitable Bottom, whose hungry zeal made him desire to act a whole play by himself, and who truly said that his chief humour was to be a tyrant?

This is he, as Pyramus, upon discovering the mischief "that fearful wild-fowl, your Lion," had done to the garments of Thisby the tender, his lady dear. He might have been Thisby himself, and torn by the Lion; nay, wished to be the Lion, with unpared nails, to roar "as gently as a sucking-dove," and tear Thisby, and cause himself, as Pyramus, to weep. But even he could not divide himself into three characters,—Lover and Lady and Lion,—so was perforce content with that of Pyramus, "the sweet youth and tall."

Playing Pyramus he is, happy in his glory, placed before his fellows, and singly filling the scene. He had had his interview with his other half, his would-be self, his Thisby, and was pledged to meet her at Ninus' tomb in the moonlight of that Assyrian night. Lion and Moonshine had had their say, when Pyramus (Bottom) enters again to us, the torn mantle of Thisby catches his sight, and he begins to "condole" in this measure:

"Come, tears, confound;
Cut, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky;
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now, die, die, die, die, die."

We have before us Mr. Marks's idea of Bottom and his acting: his dull eyes, and his mouth without compression of the lips, betraying the conceited habit of a mind at once domineering and weak; the coarse, lax, and flabby cheek forms with these a grotesque contrast to the grandeur of the high-crested helmet, whose side-wings are in sarcastic allusion to the ears he wore when he was "translated." The stage-tradition that the character of Bottom should be played without a beard is in keeping with his own inquiry as to what coloured one he should best play Pyramus in. He was certainly one of those little fussy mortals who laboriously scrape nothing from their chins,—whom nothing but flattery will make satisfied with a thing,—such delightful flattery as was administered by that diplomatist Peter Quince (he ought to have been a minister of state) when deciding that the part of Pyramus should be played by Bottom only because he was a "most lovely gentleman-like man"—"a sweet-faced man." Upon the administration of this sweetmeat, our "bully Bottom," as he was called, subsided into Pyramus, and has rehearsed and played it before the world's inextinguishable laughter since that day.

Look at the way in which he holds the sword, as if it were a tool of his handicraft—a shuttle of his loom. Look at his other hand, which the habit of labour has made to resemble a paw, the fingers separating themselves in purposeless distension. Look at his legs, and the shambling, gait they indicate,—at his feet, which are like paddles, worthy supporters of such a corporeity. They were a curious set, this Bottom and his companions; but we must not forget that it was all well meant for loyalty, and that for Theseus's sake their parts were "conned with cruel pain."

Let us with Theseus thank him and them, and, for Bottom especially, hope that the intention was accepted as a service; or, in the words of Francis Flute, that the duke thought so well of him, that he hath not "lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing." L. L.

ORIENTAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THE book of which we have given the full title below is perhaps the most important book of the season, and will for many seasons remain a most important book. It is an autobiography of a Mohamedan,—not of a Mohamedan only, but of a Mohamedan gentleman;—a gentleman with all the advantages of birth and education; an orthodox Mohamedan, with his mind yet liberalised by intercourse with Europeans, preferring, indeed, his own customs and creed, but not ignorant of those of others. Such a work is of the greatest value. We know ourselves better by knowing him; our own religion better by learning his; our own nationalities better by understanding those of Asiatic peoples. We have underrated their minds, their manners, their beliefs. We have not seen any of those things so clearly as they are made to show themselves in this most entertaining of volumes. Nor have we had an opportunity of properly apprehending how we appear to the view of orientals,—those, we mean, of the enlightened castes, and whose minds are as free as ours to admit all manner of knowledges. That opportunity this remarkable work presents; and let us avail ourselves of it in a conscientious spirit.

The work commences with the pedigree of the author, beginning with Adam and ending with the Sheikh Lutfulláh—ninety generations. His father, Sheikh Muhammad Akram, was a Mohamedan of the Sacred Order, a descendant of Shah Kamáluddín, who was a great saint of his time, in the province of Malwa, being the spiritual guide as well as moral preceptor of Sultán Mahmúd Khilji. From the liberality of this sultan the family inherited certain mausolea, a mosque, three hundred acres of land, and a pension; rights which were enjoyed until A.D. 1706, when, after the reign of Aurangzeb, the Maráthas having possessed themselves of the province, confiscated both the lands and the allowance, leaving, however, from the former about two acres for the support of the writer's great-grandfather. "Thus," adds he, "was a family which for a period of nearly three centuries had enjoyed affluence reduced to a state verging on destitution. To use an Eastern metaphor, the light of the day was withdrawn, the shadows of night had gathered around them."

Lutfulláh himself made his "first appearance in this world of wonders in the ancient city of Dháránagar, in Malwa, on Thursday the 7th of Rajab 1217 A.H., corresponding with the 4th of November 1802 A.D." He was brought up from the age of four years by his mother, then a widow. Their place of residence was liable to attack from the Pindarees. At the end of a year his poor mother had exhausted the jewels of her dowry, on the sale of which she had subsisted during a period of dearth, pending which his uncle's means were insufficient to provide necessaries. Lutfulláh was a mischievous boy. He caught frogs and slily put them into the ladies' work-baskets. At five years of age he proved too troublesome to be kept at home, and was sent to school. He was a ready pupil, and in six months knew his Kur'an "as well as any mullá," and all the prayers of Islám by rote.

Being removed from the Alkoranic school, Lutfulláh next received instruction in Persian and the Arabic grammar. He became also a poetical student, and by the age of eight he had read through the works of Sâdi. About this time he was saved by a benevolent Brahmin from drowning; a death contrived for him by his nefarious cousins. This accident led him to reflect on the subject of religion. His mind was startled by the prevalence of polytheism, and the various opinions held by Christians on the doctrine of the Trinity and the person of their prophet. He contrived, however, to establish himself in sound Muslim principles,

* *Autobiography of Lutfulláh, a Mohamedan Gentleman, and his Transactions with his Fellow-creatures; interspersed with Remarks on the Habits, Customs, and Character of the People with whom he had to deal.* Edited by EDWARD B. EASTWICK, F.R.S., F.S.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65 Cornhill.

and by the age of thirty "he knew what he was, and how to perform his devotions to his Creator." He begs, however, to observe that he is still ignorant of his first origin, and of what he is to be on his being transferred to the undiscovered country "from whose bourne no traveller returns." Our readers will perceive from this brief citation that Lutfulláh is a reader of Shakspeare: quotations from him, indeed, frequently recur, as also from Burns, Lord Byron, and others.

He speaks of the appearance of European adventurers when they first alarmed the people of the East. It was, among other things, affirmed that they

"Had no skin, but a thin membrane covering their body, which made them appear abominably white. They were perfect in magical art, which made them successful in all their undertakings. They did not believe in our blessed Prophet, and they called themselves Christians; but would not act upon the laws of the sacred Anjil, which holy book they had changed in several places to serve their worldly purposes. Most of them still worshipped images, and they ate every thing, and particularly things forbidden by the holy Moses, and this in spite of the order of the sacred Anjil (St. Matthew, v. 18 and 19); nay, they did not spare human flesh when driven to extremity. They had made three Gods for themselves instead of one,—the only Omnipotent Supreme Being,—contrary to their first commandment; and, most absurd of all, they attributed to the Almighty God the having wife and children; and by the same token they called their prophet and themselves Son and children of God. Such reports were the topic of almost all conversations, and many other things were said against them, and only one in their favour,—that they were not unjust; but in the administration of justice they never deviated from the sacred book of the ancient law of Solomon the son of David."

These characteristics are not unamusing; nor are his remarks on polygamy, which Lutfulláh prefers to monogamy, though, like many of his countrymen, he never practised it. On an enlarged acquaintance with European society, and even after his visit to England, he maintains his Mohamedan notions on this point. Summing up the character of the English, he says:

"They are entirely submissive to the law, and obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limit of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable."

Such is the picture which is drawn of us by Mohamedan intelligence. We recognise therein—we mean, the intelligence—a degree of purity, simplicity, and primitiveness,—qualities which particularly characterise Lutfulláh's own creed and conduct. First comes the simple teaching of his mother, enforcing the belief in God, and directing him to refer all his actions to the superintendence of reason and conscience. We then find him shuddering with horror at entertaining for a moment the notion of the eternity of matter. This story deserves to be told *in extenso*.

"Previous to my settlement at Khaira I made a trip to Mandavi to satisfy my curiosity in seeing the sea for the first time in my life. On beholding the immense body of water, and its regular ebb and flow, I was struck with astonishment at the unlimited power of the one Supreme Being, before whom the whole of our universe is no more than an atom. Deeply engaged in such meditations, as I stood one evening at the seaside looking at the waves on which the large ships moved up and down, I began to think of the Jain tenets, according to which matter is eternal and self-existent; but before arriving at the conclusion of the blasphemous syllogism I was startled by a severe bite from a dog in the calf of my leg, who came slyly behind me, and, after punishing me for my crime, ran away like a shot. I followed him with my stick for a little distance to revenge the injury, but in vain; the animal vanished from my sight, and I returned home with very great pain in the leg."

As we have already suggested, the subjects of polytheism and idolatry also troubled him, and particularly the Brahminical practice of suttee. On this subject he wisely remarks:

"Religions pure in their origin in course of time beget superstitions. The religion of the Hindús in its origin is pure and

sublime, as will be clearly seen from the books of their Ved, or theological works, which were in existence about 1800 years before our era of the Hijra, or about 1100 years before Christ. They consider the only Supreme Being to be the self-existing ruler of the universe, styled Bramha. His first attributes are the following Trinity: Bramha the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. These attributes have each a peculiar image, as a medium required for the material being to think of the immaterial being, who is one creator of all the visible and invisible worlds. He is the Almighty, who rules and governs all His creation by a general providence, resulting from first-determined and pre-established principles. From so sublime a source of the genuine principles of their religion runs the pure stream of their law, which strictly prohibits all the crimes punishable by the laws of the present civilised world. Besides, suicide, infanticide, and sacrifice of all kinds, not only human but of any kind of animals, are ranked amongst the heinous crimes. But superstition and fables, and the selfish character of their priests, have in the lapse of ages produced immorality and corruption to this degree, that the generality of the Hindús of this time are no more than infidels in the high opinion of Vedantists or theologians."

He mentions in the same chapter the custom of a schismatic class of Mohamedans, who receive a certificate of the priest for every dead follower, addressed to the Archangel Gabriel, recommending a place in the blissful region suitable to the amount of the fees paid on such occasions, which document is carefully placed in the shroud of the deceased. In relation to this practice, Lutfulláh tells an amusing story of Dr. C. D. Straker, the civil surgeon of Súrat for many years, who attended the mullá (or high priest) during a bad illness:

"When it came to the month of Ramzan (the Mohamedan Lent), the doctor told his reverend patient not to observe fasts until his recovery, as that act of devotion at that juncture would prove injurious to his weak constitution. But the crafty priest, in order to show his religious zeal, observed that the omission of an indefeasible duty, strictly ordered in his sacred book, must be the cause of a severe punishment in the world to come. To this Dr. Straker replied, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, 'No, no, Mullá Sáhib, don't you fear about that; I will give you a certificate, which, being shown to your brother archangel, will surely procure absolution for this necessary transgression on your part.' This remark of the pure-hearted Englishman produced a smile mingled with mortification from the priest; and the bystanders could not help turning their faces to laugh, especially two or three orthodox Mohamedan servants, who were obliged to leave the room to conceal their mirth."

Pure theism on the one hand, with a holy dread of every variety of superstition on the other, would, judging by Lutfulláh's example, appear to be the state of religious sentiment most natural to the Mohamedan gentleman. He loses no opportunity of denouncing the mischief arising from popular ignorance and credulity. It is thus he speaks of the people of Kach:

"Infanticide, the most heinous crime of all,—a crime unnatural and uncommittable even by irrational beings,—is committed by men of this country, and that not by common people, but by the governing race of the land, who are Járájá Rájputs, originally from the Summa tribe of Sindh, who governed that part of the world in ancient times, under the title of Jám. These people must have brought this horrid custom with them from their original country. It could not by any means have been invented by the Hindús, who detest the very idea of the act. These Járájás think themselves so much higher than other Rájputs, that they consider giving their daughters in marriage would ruin their character. This absurd pride has hardened their hearts to the perpetration of infanticide to such an extent, that on inquiries I found the population of Kach to be five hundred thousand souls, out of which there are twelve thousand Járájás, and of these but thirty-seven are females. The country now fortunately falling under the control of the British, the late Ráo having been deposed for his vices, his son Ráo Desaljí, a minor, remained under care of the English government until he came of age, during which time many reforms were effected."

As an interpreter of languages, Lutfulláh became attached, in various capacities, to the English government in India, and on every occasion expresses his admiration of it. This relation of Lutfulláh to ourselves it is which makes him so desirable an acquaintance, and renders an inquiry into the basis of that relation especially interesting. Sus-

pending any remarks on that topic to the close of our article, let us dwell yet awhile on Indian customs. Here is a picture of the Ghirnar mountains and their inhabitants :

"This range, though inferior in loftiness to other mountains of India, is very pleasant to sight, being fertile and verdant every where. It is held sacred by all the Hindús according to their legends, whence the ancient name is Rewtachal. One of its branches, extending towards Palitának in Goelwár, is decorated with Jain temples of various sizes, and regarded by that class of the ancient Hindús with great veneration. The mountains abound with game of every description, from the royal lion to the quail. Going about in this wilderness, one sometimes happens to see a Hindú monk, whose zealous austerity prompts him to give over all, and devote his life to the worship of the Deity uninterrupted by worldly people. He lives upon the vegetable productions of the place, makes fire by rubbing two pieces of wood against one another to warm himself in the cold nights, and keeps his body rubbed over with ashes, which thin cover keeping the pores closed renders him independent of artificial covering. After ten or twelve years' life in this state he becomes like the wild beasts, and runs at the sight of man. The people in this part of the world have a mistaken idea that these devotees are cannibals, and devour man's flesh if they can get hold of a single unarmed person; but this is not credible. One morning, as I marched with my scholar, we entered into a long conversation upon the subject of spirit and matter. Being deeply engaged in this very interesting topic, he left his party in charge of a subordinate officer, and desired me to accompany him, at a little distance from the road, to talk more fully and with less interruption. So we turned our horses to the left of the party, and walked on engaged in confabulation, taking care, however, not to lose sight of our small troop. All of a sudden we came up to a bonfire without any human being near it. The fire being alive, it seemed as if somebody must have been there. We lighted our cheroots, and asked our grooms the cause of the fire in that solitary place. Their unanimous reply was, 'that the fire belonged to some Aghori Babá (i. e. omnivorous father), and that it was dangerous for us to stay there longer.' This excited our laughter, and we proceeded on without any concern about the matter. After going a little further, we came to the side of a valley enormously deep; and on looking down we had the honour of seeing the monk himself, the demigod of the Hindús, about a thousand yards from us, running down as fast as he could, cautiously looking behind every now and then, as if somebody were pursuing him. The poor grooms, on seeing him, were overpowered with fear, bowed to him, touching the ground with their foreheads. My scholar, with European curiosity, hailed the man, and beckoned to him as if he had to make some important communication to him; but these acts of civility, instead of producing the desired effect, accelerated the flight of our unenvied host, and the impracticable declivity altogether prevented my curious European companion from following. So having recourse to our telescope, we had a full view of him. He was a strong and powerful man, the silvery hair of his head hanging over his shoulders dishevelled, and his long beard in the same state; his eyes were quick, and sparkled with fire, and his shaggy body was rubbed over with ashes. Having seen so much of him, he vanished from our sight."

Oriental eccentricities such as these appear to excite as much astonishment in the Mohamedan as in the Christian mind. We mention this because there is an evident tendency to confound in one common description the characteristics of the East. There is no sympathy between the Muslim and the Brahmin; the superstitions of the latter are abominations to the former. But the mind of the Mohamedan is too bare in its purity; it ignores art, and cannot understand the lighter amenities of European life. Lutfülláh's remarks on many things in London are curious from their naked simplicity and narrow convention. Thus, for example, while admiring St. Paul's Cathedral as not having its equal in the world, he is loud in his dislike of the multitude of statues and images, "all of them scientifically sculptured," and, as he knew, "not designed for worship;" but, he adds, "a temple dedicated to sacred purposes, whether humble or majestic, ought to be plain, so as not to withdraw the attention of the congregation from the sermons and preachings." By the time he arrived at Westminster Abbey this feeling had subsided. But a similar purism is obvious in his description of the performances at the Italian Opera. Yet even this is exceeded by his account of the Diorama in Regent's Park. He calls it "a place of incantation;" and the room into which his party was conducted by the keeper was

"as dark as an infidel's heart." There too the said keeper might have maltreated them if he had liked, but kindly offered them chairs instead. Then it was that they heard distant music, and beheld a beautiful scene—that of a frosty morning, with a rough clownish vegetable-vendor at the river-side asleep in his boat, and his wife and children also sleeping on the cargo that he had landed. A palace was beside the stream, and its inmates engaged in their various employments. After a while, the evening came on, and the scene changed: the man was transformed into a pretty woman, the stars were visible, and the moon rose. The palace moreover was illuminated with lamps and chandeliers. Other changes succeeded: the interior of an empty church, but the next minute filled with the congregation. "The morning," continues Lutfülláh, "then turned to day, and the day, in a few minutes, into evening; and then night came on, and then, to our great delight, we were helped out by the keeper from this house of false magic." Such was the impression made on the cultivated mind of a Mohamedan gentleman. Some of his companions, he tells us, would have the house to be under the power of evil spirits.

The limits of the Mohamedan intelligence became manifest also during a visit to the Polytechnic. Among other things, the diving-bell much amused the Asiatic party. Lutfülláh undertook to descend, but his chief and companions would not only not venture, but dissuaded him from the attempt, saying it was "an act of great imprudence to endanger life in such useless sport." Nevertheless, pronouncing his Bismillah, he got into the bell with four Englishmen; and returned with safety, to the surprise of his companions.

In particulars like these we have a gauge whereby to compare the measure of mind in the East and in the West. That of the former needs enlargement by knowledge; science, philosophy, remain in their infancy; and the men, however civilised, are yet only children of a larger growth.

The name of our hero, Lutfülláh, being interpreted, signifies "the Favour of God." The appellation is in a measure prophetic. Lutfülláh was destined to work his way out of obscurity into light, through many perils. Even as a boy he was esteemed learned, but he was at the same time a most mischievous imp, and justly incurred punishment by his dangerous tricks. He too, in turn, was the victim of the machinations of his relatives. Redeemed from the death which they had purposed for him by the good Brahmin, and recovered from the disorders of infancy, we next find him travelling with his uncle to Baroda, and making the personal acquaintance of the English, whereby he was enabled to correct his former notions founded on hearsay. Four persons excited his curiosity, two equestrians and two pedestrians. They were engaged in conversation; "their jargon sounded harsh and wild to his hearing; their dress tightly fitted their bodies, without any skirt to screen such parts as the law of modesty has taught man to conceal." These conventional notions of costume, and their bearing on English morals, are exceedingly noteworthy.

The time arrived when the family-home became intolerable to Lutfülláh, and he fled from it in despair. His adventure with the Hindú shepherd, and other simple incidents of a similar kind, read like a chapter or two cut out of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and are, in fact, as exquisitely beautiful as they are undoubtedly true. His story of escape from the hands of a Thug is most interesting, and reads like a patriarchal adventure. His visit to Delhi also must at this time be especially interesting; but the more characteristic event is his acquaintance with the Jamadár Músá Khán, who hired him as secretary at a salary of ten rupees per month to keep the accounts of "his twenty-five Patháns." These turned out to be thieves. Unaware of their character, and deceived by their apparent piety, Lutfülláh travelled with them to a wild Bheel valley, when they threw off the mask. In that valley, said Músá, resided his lord and master, the chief of the Bheels, by name Nádir, who always had about five hundred of his tribe ready at his command; who, with

a party of Afghans, plundered caravans and travellers, and infested the passes and roads of the mountain. The booty was brought to Nádír, and divided into three shares. Lutfúlláh was fain to console himself with the circumstance that he had nothing to do with their excursions, and that their accounts engaged of his time only about half an hour every month. He was compelled hypocritically to consent to become the accountant of these robbers for the stipulated period of a twelvemonth. The following is a portrait of the chieftain:

"As the evening began to set in we reached a cave, at the mouth of which we beheld a black well-made man squatting on a four-legged frame interwoven with fibres of wild creepers. He was also naked as the others; but a pair of thick golden bracelets on his wrists, and a sword placed before him, in addition to the usual bow and arrows, and a chafing-dish with live fire at a little distance, encircled with several squatting Bheels, clearly showed that he was the chief of the banditti. Músá, looking at him, saluted and said, 'There is Nádír Bhái, the good prince of the wilderness; make your respects to him and go home; I will be with you after a little while.' So all of us raised our hands to our foreheads to the Bheel, who got up from his seat, returned our saláms, and desired Músá to approach, which he did, and sat near him on the ground, leaning against one of the feet of the rude throne."

Is not this exquisitely primitive? And even such is the Orient to this day. The book is, as it were, a piece of photography, presenting exact views of persons and places, without art, and unconscious of any plan. We too have the Muslim creed in fate, or destiny recurring. If we have found our hero in bad company, he was not to blame; he "must submit to the decrees of his fate in the same way as man, wise or fool, whether endowed with the philosophy of Plato or the stupidity of Khozib, whether with the crown of royalty on his head or the wallet of misery over his shoulder."

These Bheel marauders were severe politicians. When one of their own party happened to be disabled by wounds from keeping up with them, they immediately cut off his head, which they buried or burnt to avoid being recognised, and to prevent the secret being divulged, as the individual, being tortured, might confess and bring on a general misfortune. Lutfúlláh had to be cautious with masters like these. At last he escaped, owing to an assault made by the Bheels upon the Afghans, who were about to leave the former, and might betray them. He ran for hours, until, nature exhausted, he stayed his flight in a forest, and rested for the night on the bough of a tree. For four days and nights he travelled in this condition. At last, after some picturesque adventures, he arrived safe at the village of Hásilpur, and afterwards reached the city of Indúr, where he found his mother, now again a widow. Not long after she died, leaving with him the rule of faith and conduct to which we have before alluded:

"My son, be virtuous, and guide yourself by your reason and conscience in the world. Take care of that orphan-boy of mine, who is only in his sixth year, and has no one else to look to; treat him with brotherly affection, and may God be your protector wherever you are. As for me, I am now perfectly sure of being obliged to return to the same region whence I was obliged to come."

Words these as sublime as they are simple! We must now contract within the narrowest limits the remainder of this interesting narrative.

Soon after his mother's death, Lutfúlláh, having studied the English language, received employment as post-clerk in the Honourable Company's service, and resided for some time at Dharampurí, in a Hindú temple, with his suite of seven harkáras, or runners. He held this office for a short time only, and next obtained a situation with Lieutenant B. MacMahon, the Bheel agent at Nálchá, as Persian teacher, and afterwards acted in the same capacity with Lieutenant C. F. Hart. From this point Lutfúlláh is connected with the European world, and his mind, as far as it could be, became Anglicised. Up to the year 1835, indeed, Lutfúlláh regularly held the profession of a teacher of the Persian, Hindústáni,

Arabic, and Maráthí languages to the new-comers from England, and travelled with them from place to place. At Sátará he married, but was unfortunate in his attachment, his wife being pettish and hypochondriacal. In Súrat he found many scholars, and amongst them W. J. Eastwick, of the 12th regiment Bombay N. I.—a name connected with that of the editor of this interesting volume. He had also a son whom he named Kudratullah, but who died early; and about the same time he entered the service of the Nawáb of Súrat as secretary, and afterwards filled an office under the political agent in Káttíawar, which he resigned in order to accompany his old friend Captain Eastwick.

In the course of this narrative we find Lutfúlláh mixing with the Sindhis, and learning the idiom of their language by conversing with them; and by this means we become acquainted with the feeling of certain eastern peoples towards ourselves. These people, sitting at the doors of their tents, have no other occupation than political talk. They are afraid of English encroachment, think sometimes of resisting, or if they acquiesce, do it in this surly fashion:

"'A man,' said a white-bearded Sindhi, 'may overmatch another, or perhaps two or three, if the contest is to be decided by the sword; but these cowardly satans have no sword, and if they have any, it is as blunt as your walking-stick. They will kill you with their rascally shots whilst you are a mile or so off from them, and then what is the remedy?'"

Lutfúlláh endeavoured to impress upon them that the Sindhis stood in no danger of the English, whose forces were then passing through the country for the purpose of protecting their possessions in India, as well as the Amírs' territory, from foreign aggression. To this they would reply with a chorus of laughter: "What you say, sir, may be true; but we are rude people, we cannot comprehend high policies of government. Ha, ha, ha!"

The high policies of our government are, indeed, far too high for these populations, whose intelligence nevertheless is not to be scorned, though their manners be rude and primitive and their knowledge prove very contracted. In our intercourse with the natives we have overrated them in one way and underrated them in another, and in both ways have made fatal errors. These considerations are at this moment intensely interesting; and, indirectly, we know of no book so likely to give the right tone of thinking on the subject as the Autobiography of Lutfúlláh.

A VISIT TO CARTHAGE.

By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

II.

ON reaching the deck, a fine but most desolate scene presented itself. At the distance of half a mile lay Goletta, the port of Tunis, a small strip of buildings—arsenal, custom-house, fort, two "palaces," and a few smaller dwelling-houses. To the left, at the further end of a long, shallow, salt-water lake, or lagoon, lay Tunis, shining white in the morning sun, and about ten miles distant; to the right the grassy uneven plain, backed by low hills, where once stood Carthage. A bluff headland, near which is the modern village of Carthage, lay beyond, still farther to the right. The panorama was nearly encircled by mountains; the chain was carried out by precipitous islands rising from the sea. The odd shape of these mountains is hardly to be described, except by saying that they reminded me of cheese that has been cut by a knife. I never saw so many straight lines and approximate right angles in a hill-chain before.

After long delay by the slow-boated Turks, we were at length landed at Goletta, and received by M. Cupisol, who acts as both French and English consul. As we passed along the quay, we observed the pure Mussulman and half-savage look of the buildings and people compared even to Algiers. Queer painted houses; wood-work of scarlet, yellow, and all smart hues; and little, dwarfish, Tunisian soldiers

keeping guard, and looking at the European strangers with an air half lazy, half ferocious.

We were much nearer the site of ancient Carthage than we were to the city of Tunis, and therefore determined to visit the latter while yet the heat of the day had scarcely commenced. On March the 16th the temperature of northern Africa was about equal to that of our warm summer-days.

M. Cubisol, our consul, promised to see to our luggage, and we were soon seated in a hired carriage and *en route* for Carthage. Such a carriage! I gave in a former letter some description of Algerine omnibuses. This was a vehicle with four seats, and a roof which could be put up and down at pleasure, and the driver's seat was also protected from the sun; the whole an unutterably shabby turn-out. I saw afterwards various other forms of carriage at Tunis, evidently of European build, and reduced to the last stage of vehicular existence; giving the idea that the bey was in the habit of buying up cheap every old phaeton, barouche, *calèche*, or cab that had been pronounced unfit for use by Parisian authority.

We soon reached the edge of the grassy field where lie, bleaching in the sun of centuries, the scattered bones of murdered Carthage. It can hardly be called a plain, as there is on the whole a gentle inclination towards the sea. We made first for the house of Mr. Davis, who is excavating for the British Museum, and who resides with his wife and children in a square erection of quite modern build. The nearest habitations to his are a bath and mosque, close together, and of dazzling whiteness. I call them habitations because there are always residents attached to these Mohamedan institutions. From this point we took a general view of the ground, which swells up and down, broken here and there by rugged lumps of ruin. Nothing approaching to an entire ancient edifice is to be seen, and the massive fragments which rise above the turf are to be attributed to the later times of Roman occupation. Every vestige of Punic Carthage lies under the level of the present soil, overgrown with grass, asphodel, and tare.

The immediate foreground was occupied by Mr. Davis's garden, a gentle horticultural pretence with which the English ladies were unwilling to dispense. Close to his house he had caused pits to be sunk,—pits from fifteen to twenty feet deep,—which appeared to lead to certain ancient tombs; for bones and pottery were brought up, and lay about the displaced earth. Some of the gentlemen went down by a rope; but the aperture was narrow, and the descent difficult for a woman, so I did not go down. In the house was a miscellaneous collection of articles,—beads, little idols, and fragments of glass; which latter peel, from decomposition, into thin laminæ, and exhibit beautiful prismatic colours. There was also a small black stone inscribed with Punic letters, as yet undeciphered. The bey stipulates that any articles composed of the precious metals shall be paid for if found, otherwise he appears to leave the investigation unmolested. On the ground-floor of Mr. Davis's house were certain mosaics on a large scale, intended for the British Museum. One design represented a priestess—Dido, perhaps. I apprehend that considerable doubt must exist as to whether they belong to Punic or to Roman days. Many of these mosaics had been carefully backed by new cement, otherwise they would have crumbled in their removal to England.

Leaving the house, we proceeded towards the famous cisterns, which, with the exception of an aqueduct, form the only remains of Punic Carthage in tolerable preservation. The road, as I said before, is very unsafe; and though we had one horse with us belonging to Mr. Davis, he was soon led by the bridle riderless. Here and there is a cultivated field; but the greater part of the ground, so far as I could observe, is rough with the remains of antiquity, and treacherous with deep holes, through which the pedestrian might at any moment fall headlong some twenty feet into a black oblivion. Either these cavernous abysses were the cel-

lars and cisterns of the ancient houses (such were sure to be an important feature in the architecture of that burning climate), or else the lower stories yet standing have been gradually buried in the course of ages by accumulated rubbish. This has happened in Rome to an astonishing extent; and the foundations of ancient London lie far beneath the present level of Chepe. The field of Carthage being thickly overgrown with a low but luxuriant vegetation,—tall grasses, brambles, and many bright and beautiful flowers,—the reader may imagine that it proves rather dangerous walking.

Presently the traveller is called upon to descend a sloping excavation towards certain vaulted holes or chambers, and finds himself at the extremity of the enormous range of cisterns, seventeen in number, side by side, with vaulted roofs, and made accessible by two corridors running along either end. These are yet partially filled with water, and are lighted by shafts from above. The masonry is of cyclopean size, and the grand masses of light and shadow surpass any effects I have seen in architecture. There appears now no doubt that these remains are those of public cisterns; though Lady Mary Wortley Montague says that they were thought in her time to be elephants' stables. We subjoin an extract from her letter to the Abbé —, written from Tunis 139 years ago, viz. July 31st, 1718.

"At Tunis we were met by the English consul who resides there. I readily accepted the offer of his house for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable that it is impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is for the most part sandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive, and fig trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. . . . About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct which carried the water to Carthage over several high mountains the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention; and Mr. Wortley assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, that very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after daybreak I arrived at Tunis. . . .

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage. I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments which they called *The Stables of the Elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in them many broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country-people. . . .

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa; and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. It is now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgment of it."

Although the learned abbé who was correspondent to the lively Lady Mary may have known all about the history of Carthage too well to have needed any further particulars from her pen, there may be some among our readers to whom a few historical notes in connection with our present subject may not be unacceptable. We have to go back nearly a thousand years before Christ, to the time when Dido, "granddaughter to the famous (or infamous) Jezebel," came from Phœnician Tyre, and purchased from the native inhabitants "only so much land as an ox's hide would compass," which hide she forthwith acutely cut into strips. Here she built a citadel called Byrsa. It is quite immaterial that this tale is generally "exploded by the learned." For the rest, Dido's unhappy love-affair with Eneas, and her

suicide upon the funeral pyre, are very old stories. Many of our readers will remember the anecdote of Porson, who, when some one defied him to make poetry out of the Latin gerunds, replied quick as thought,

"When Dido found Eneas would not come,
She wept in silence, and was *Di, Do, Dum.*"

To come to a more authentic class of facts. The English traveller who sails into that lovely bay, girded by its quaint mountains, where now reigns a deep and desolate silence, will not forget that here rose and flourished and decayed the *greatest maritime nation of antiquity*. It is enough to make him accept Macaulay's famous prophecy of the New Zealander gazing at St. Paul's from the ruins of London Bridge, when he remembers that here was once all the bustling life of a thronged seaport, "lined with large quays, in which were distinct receptacles for securing and sheltering from the weather 220 vessels. The city had high walls and splendid temples, "and all kinds of accommodation for the sea men." It had its Bermondsey and Blackwall, its huge St. Catherine's Docks, and doubtless, too, its Greenwich Hospital; magazines and storehouses containing all necessities for the arming and equipping of fleets; and near the old port was a temple of Apollo, with a statue of the god in massive gold. At the beginning of the Punic War the city had 700,000 inhabitants. Livy says it was twenty-three miles round; and as I looked over the plain from an eminence, I seemed to see no end of the ruin.

"Aristotle speaks of dinners given by various societies, probably like our clubs, in which political questions were discussed." And lo, politics and clubs and club-goers are mingled alike with the grass of the field; and only Mr. Davis, digging away at the stricken roots of Carthage, may hear, if he listens rightly, the sobbing sigh of past greatness, like that of fabled Mandragore.

Mr. W. Torrens McCullagh, in his *Industrial History of Free Nations*, says:

"The earliest commercial treaty whereof any memorial has been preserved was one between the Carthaginians and Etruscans. When as yet Mount Anentine was a wolf-walk, and in the clefts of the Tarpeian rock eagles of but inarticulate and undisciplined rapacity had as yet brought forth their young, the Etruscans were the most influential race in Italy. They are linked to the Carthaginians by the bonds of reciprocal traffic; the exports and imports between them are carefully regulated by treaties; courts of justice are jointly established, where the citizens of one state may sue for redress of injuries inflicted by those of another. (Vide Aristotle.)"

Among the Greeks too: "Many Greeks traded to Carthage, and the Punic merchant is spoken of in comedy as one of a class familiarly known at Athens."

But there is a special interest attaching to this deserted plain in English eyes. From hence sailed the bold traders who bought our Cornwall tin, and then tried hard to keep the mines a secret from all the rest of the mercantile world. So amiable were the Phœnician cousins of Carthage, that though they knew more about the Mediterranean than any other people, and had explored far beyond the Gates of Hercules,—usually held to be "the terminus of human adventure and aspiration,"—Mr. Grote informs us that "their jealous commercial spirit induced them to conceal their track, to give information designedly false respecting dangers and difficulties, and even to drown any commercial rivals when they could do so with safety."(!) Strabo relates that a Phœnician captain, returning from Britain, was pursued by a Roman galley, and ran his own vessel on the rocks that the Roman might be tempted into the same destruction; and he did this that the enemy might not discover where he had been and what was his cargo—British tin. This metal is supposed to have been also found in the Scilly Isles, then called *Cassiterides*. Heeren says that the ore dug up on the mainland "was carried to the small islands lying off the Land's End, accessible to waggons at the time of ebb-tide."

What all this tin was wanted for is not so clear; but "the

Phœnicians were celebrated for their skill in the art of dyeing; and the Tyrian purple, which was either a bright crimson or a scarlet, was held in the highest estimation. Hence it has been conjectured, with much probability, that the Phœnicians were acquainted with the use of the solution of tin in the preparation of that colour." Their mirrors were also made of copper and tin mingled together.

In Mr. Grote's *History of Greece* are many picturesque and interesting allusions to Carthage and her parent. He says, vol. iii. p. 366, "The Greek word Phœnicians being used to signify as well the inhabitants of Carthage as those of Tyre and Sidon, it is not easy to distinguish what belongs to each of them;" but from the coast of Palestine to the coast of Cornwall there was no merchant-ship to buy or sell goods except these Phœnicians. The relations between mother and child were ever amicable, so far as they have come to our knowledge. At her period of highest glory Carthage sent messengers with a sacred tribute to Hercules of Tyre during the siege of the latter town by Alexander the Great; and the women and children were sent from the beleaguered city to the protecting care of the colony, who thus repaid a debt of two centuries' standing; for when Cambyses was bent on conquering Carthage the Tyrians refused their fleet.

Sign of harbour there is none upon this desolate shore at the present day, and the contour of the coast is somewhat altered; but from the elevated site of a Tunisian fort close to the sea are still to be seen, ineffaceably stamped upon the hillside, the broad lines of an ancient flight of steps. Overgrown with grass and flowers, they yet retain a grand architectural semblance, and nothing which I saw at Carthage struck me with so profound a sense of forlorn contrast. These steps, what were they? Did they lead up to a temple of Apollo, with its god of massive gold; or down to the quay, thronged with the bustling feet of many nations? And how comes it that their ghostly outlines yet remain, when city and seaport are utterly vanished? Is it that in the warm, blue, starry midnights of the African shore mysterious processions yet file upwards and downwards, and wandering over the grassy plain, and by the murmuring tideless Mediterranean, recall with mournful wonder those fateful words, *DELENTA EST CARTHAGO*?

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

HERE is an engraving of the famous "Shepherd Boy," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which so many critics consider to be his *chef-d'œuvre*, and which certainly contains most of the characteristic merits of the painter's style, and perhaps less of those peculiar affectations so popular in the modish taste of his day,—

"In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
And while the patch was worn;"—

times which were not even sincere in their feeling for such fopperies, but only wished to be thought so, and therefore merely succeeded in persuading themselves into a thoroughly artificial manner of thinking, and into not half believing their own words.

The breadth of Sir Joshua's style is most noticeable here, united with much sweetness of expression and grace, well meant for naturalness and rusticity. The reader will perceive that this is no genuine Shepherd Boy, any more than the high-bred dog which follows the pipe is the rough and weather-beaten guardian of a flock. The whole work is a pretty pastoral, and as such we may be thankful for it; only regretting that so much talent and sweetness of feeling was not supported, or rather directed, by a deeper confidence in nature, which would have shown the great artist how infinitely fresher and more delightful was its simplicity than were the graces and drawing-room airs of his own day. We are, however, parts of our times: had Reynolds lived now,



THE SHEPHERD BOY. BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

we should probably have found him as uncompromising a realist as any of the present day. In some sense, he may be said to have been the first-born son of English art, from whom, if not from Hogarth, all the honours and glories which now distinguish her have descended; and the more frequently his works are examined, the higher will be the admiration he will receive. Some such Hercules was doubtless needed to clear away the *cliquanterie* which more than one age of trifling and insincerity had gathered about the art.

L. L.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX.

A STORY OF THE SHAFTESBURY PLOT.

By G. W. THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOT LUNCHEON.

SIR Robert would have served as cup-bearer, but the king insisted on his taking his usual seat at the table; while he himself sat beside Mabel, who, with many blushes, had been introduced to his majesty.

"'Tis a good wench," said Sir Robert, fondly pinching her arm; "better daughter than her old father deserves; and though she knows few of the modish airs, can play 'Selonger's Round' indifferent well on the old spinet, ay, that can she."

"As beautiful and virtuous as her father is honest and brave, I venture to swear," said Charles, with an admiring smile that won Sir Robert's heart.

In five minutes more Sir Robert was stirring round his wine with a sprig of rosemary.

"Is the day fixed for my brother Tony's coronation?"

said Charles, breaking suddenly into the conversation that at the other end of the table was now swelling into a loud murmur. "Has Little Sincerity been measured for his crown, or will the old one he had made for Poland serve his turn?"

"I have not heard, your majesty," said Godolphin; "but I met the old mole on the road to-day, at the head of the Green Ribbons, all lettered 'No slavery, no Popery,' and shouting, I'll wager a crown, as if they were going to fling down the walls of a new Jericho."

"And yet, odsfish, if Tony hasn't more divinity than all my bishops, and more law than all my lawyers. No one sees quicker into a heart than Cooper, yet he must needs use the stirrups of religion to get up into the saddle of power. Killigrow says he is now devoting himself to prove that I am engaged with the Jesuits of St. Omer in a plan to cut my own throat."

"How well old Hudibras sketches him!" said Sir Robert, pouring some syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack:

"'Mong these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision;
So politic as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy.'"

"Have you heard of the last joke of the Tory wits at the Rose?" said Godolphin.

"No, nor of their first either," said Charles; "but what is it? Nothing more of drubbing poor Dryden in Rose Alley, or acting D'Urfey's terrible duel with Mr. Bell at Epsom, when they fought for one hour by the clock at the Wells as to whether a note in the last Gavotte was B flat or G sharp, and ending with one of the combatants receiving a cut on the lute-finger, giving him such exquisite torture that he fainted."

"Better than that. To commemorate Shaftesbury's

dropsy, they have dubbed him Count Tapaki, a Polish title adopted by him when he missed the Polish crown; his emblem with them is a tap, and they drink their wine out of a silver urn with a tap accordingly.

"May that urn be a type of his funeral urn being nearly ready," said Essex bitterly.

"Nay, nay," said Charles, "I wish Tony no hurt. He is as agreeable a companion as ever helped one to kill an hour. I like Little Sincerity as well as many better subjects. Odsfish, it makes me laugh to hear James talk of his plots to cut me off at Hampton, or surprise me at Newmarket; and then the next day to see Tony hobble in, with an air of eternal friendship on his brow, and a gentle smile on his mouth."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by Fido, the king's pet spaniel, who having been for a long time tugging at the long lash of Sir Robert's whip that hung invitingly from the mantelpiece, had at last succeeded in pulling it down, together with an old copy of Foxe's Martyrs, three tobacco-pipes, and a hat full of pheasant's eggs; then snapped at Roger, and ran between his royal master's legs, where he barked, half-frightened, half in defiance.

"He has done no hurt, your majesty; only a few birds the less; and the old book there, I only use to keep my May-flies in; I'm getting too old to fish."

At this moment Roger, who, from behind his master's chair, had kept his eye during the whole of dinner fixedly on the king, suddenly broke out into a sort of crying laugh, and cried, "I beg your majesty's pardon for the liberty, but your blessed face is so like your father's, of immortal memory."

"I forgive you, Roger," said Charles, with a smile, pulling down his wig; "but I'm sorry to find you already tainted by court-flattery. I'm universally known to be the ugliest dog in the three kingdoms, ay, and clap the colonies into the lot. But, Sir Robert, you seem uneasy; do not let me disturb your daily habits. Do you go to bowls after dinner, or do you take the tobacco?"

"If you please, your majesty," said Roger, "and begging pardon for the liberty, as an old soldier, and one who won the colours at Edgehill"—(Sir Robert was all this time making deprecatory signs, and frowning terribly)—"but my master, for twenty years, whenever the pudding is brought in, has been accustomed to sing, 'My part lies therein-a.'"

"Well, your majesty, it's no use denying it; but in your presence I would not—"

"Pish, Sir Robert! Clap into it as you love your sovereign, and perhaps I will give you a song of my own writing afterwards, if Baptiste has brought his French lute. Now, man, no coughing and clearing of the throat, but roundly, as if it was a view-halloo."

"Your majesty, it's nothing but an old thing not worth the hearing."

"Now don't be coy, Sir Robert; and mine's only a new thing, not worth the hearing. Silence, gentlemen, for Sir Robert's song, and none of your critical carwatches."

Thus encouraged, Sir Robert pushed back his plate and knife and fork as if they were in the way of his voice; took the cover off his London pudding, which Roger had brought in to give him inspiration; folded his hands on his sturdy chest, half shut his eyes, and sang in a clear lusty voice the following trifle:

"There is a pudding by the fire,
And my part lies therein-a;
The lads in the hall, go call them all,
And bring them all within-a."

Loud applause followed this quaint ditty, upon which Sir Robert bowed, turned red, drank a full bumper of claret to hide his confusion, and then, as if able to eat after the observance of his usual habit, fell to on his plate.

"Sir Robert, a slice of yours. It must be a good pudding that produced so good an air. Mine is but a poor lackadaisical thing. I wrote it in an old avenue at Buda, where I used to walk and think of England, and wonder how I should pay for my next new clothes."

"O no more of that, an't please your majesty. That raises the waters," said the good old baronet, whose sympathies two bottles of claret had helped to elicit.

"Baptiste, the lute, *Merci*. Here's the song. You all know it," he said, turning to his courtiers, "as well as my Worcester stories; but you'll pardon the fondness of a father." Charles, then standing up, and putting one foot on the red cushion of his chair, sang to the accompaniment of a lute, which he played with considerable skill, the following song in a rather hoarse but powerful voice:

"I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love;
I survey every walk now my Phillis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then, 'tis I think that I think there's no spell
Like loving too well."

But each shade and each conscious bower that I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind;
I see the print left of her shape in the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again.
O then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love."

But adooaks," said Charles, as he finished his song, and threw his lute with a careless air to his attendant, "love is not what it used to be in our young days: then lovers broke their necks in the tiltyard to show their constancy."

"And now they do it in fox-hunting," said Godolphin. "Once they used to show the strength of their limbs, now they show the strength of their heads. They ride like mill-horses round the Ring in the Park, till they get as dusty as a miller's man, and then spend half the night in drinking Burgundy to wash the dust out of their throats."

As Charles had time to reply, a thunder of horses' feet muffled by the turf, but ringing out louder at intervals, was heard; it grew deeper and clearer, till the rattle of swords and scabbards against metal-bound saddles or jingling stirrups could be heard mingled with shouts of command; and the next moment a troop of fifty Life Guards, headed by Claverhouse, dashed—the men red-faced and the horses covered with foam—into the courtyard.

"Egad," said Sir Robert, starting up and slapping his thigh with delight, "it does me good to see the willing hearts there are in the land to sweep away the Green Ribbons."

In a moment Claverhouse entered, and addressing the king, assured him that the appearance of the mob that was then passing rendered it necessary for his majesty to arm; and at the stamp of his foot, three pages entered carrying a helmet and breast and back piece.

Charles gave a groan at the sight of these, threw himself back in his chair, filled up his glass, and yawned; got up, stretching his arms and looking in the glass, while he stood bareheaded without his wig, and put on his helmet,—a curious contrast to his other dress.

"Egad," he cried, "I sometimes wish I could shut up Whitehall for the summer-months, pawn my crown to old Metrolle the goldsmith at Temple Bar, ship my twenty-four fiddlers that D'Urfey made the song about, and sail off with Nelly to some snug little island out of reach of the cry of 'No Popery' and the jingle of Bow bells. Chaffinch should be my cook, and Bay May my groom."

"Theatres and tennis-courts and pall-malls are rare in desert islands, and the exchequer of such delectable places is generally rather scanty," said Godolphin, as he helped to buckle on his monarch's sword. "A king would be very happy without subjects; but unfortunately where there are no subjects there is no one to pay taxes."

"Well, thank God," said Charles, "Monmouth's away, dancing at country-fairs for the sake of Protestantism somewhere in Somersetshire; and James and that blustering Lauderdale are busy hanging in Scotland. They are all better out of the way when London comes to Oxford."

"Killigrew was right," whispered Godolphin to Arlington, "when he said Charles could see if he would, and James

would see if he could. There are the materials here for something better than a Whitehall *soirée*."

Ere Charles had done arming, Roger, who was also a skilful gardener, and proud of his skill, came in, and with a scrape of his leg and an awkward bow, begged his majesty would allow him to put in the royal carriage a basket of pearnains and jennetings from the home-garden.

"Another day such as this," said Charles, with a good-humoured laugh, as he threw himself back in his chair, stretched out his legs as if they were still cramped by the confinement of the coach, first looking at his shoe-buckles, then readjusting his blue ribbon of the Garter, and lastly, passing his fingers through the scented curls of his black wig, "and Tony will lose half his subjects. How many a fat alderman to-day from Portsoken or Bishopsgate has endured martyrdom on a hard-trotting horse! Odsfish, Arlington, how the portly feeders must have shuddered at the thought of such a ride, and consoled themselves by the thought of all the bonfires of Smithfield and the 'blessed cause'!"

"Upon my life, your majesty," said Hyde, "it's too bad to saddle the Papists as they do. If a fellow is knocked down at Hammersmith and loses his silver-hilted sword, the highwayman is always a concealed Papist; if a man reels into the gutter on his way home from his club, and a link-boy picks his pocket, it's a Papist; if I go into a tavern, and won't pay my host's exorbitant bill, he mobs me with all the drawers, and dubs me 'Papist;' if I cane a bully in Spring Gardens for treading on my toes, he shouts 'Papist!' and I'm driven out and treated worse than a bailiff in Whitefriars."

"Egad," said Charles, laughing at Hyde's Tory indignation, "I take these things philosophically, and laugh at them in my sleeves; but, faith, the people are moonstruck, I think. There's Nell told me this morning that the people round the theatre yesterday were crying, 'Protestant pears,' and 'Hot Protestant pudding.'"

"Your majesty is too good-natured with the *canaille*," said Hyde fiercely. "This earl of theirs will be turning '81 into '41, and Aldersgate into Whitehall. We shall have yet to trample them under our horses' feet, and pull down that den of sedition where the old traitor sits all day and night fanning the coals of rebellion."

"Why you're another Rupert, Rochester," said Godolphin, with a good-humoured smile, helping himself as he spoke to a favourite dish near him, and then holding up his glass to the light with all the gusto of a connoisseur. "We shall have you heading the Life Guards in the battle of Moorfields."

"And the great siege of Thanet House," said Charles.

"Defeating the allied forces of Little Britain and Shoreditch," echoed Arlington, with his usual stiff deliberation.

"We shall have Buckingham introducing you as one of the kings of Brentford, with an army of three bandy-legged drummers and a knock-kneed pikeman."

"If your majesty choose to turn every thing into a jest, well! You chased a moth all the night your fleet was burning, just as Nero fiddled when Rome was blazing."

"I know the taunt," said Charles; "I've read it twenty times in the Protestant newspapers. Go on: Finch is not here to indict you for treason."

"Your majesty must pardon my natural vehemence."

"His majesty is too accustomed to such vehemence to be the least disturbed. Besides, after court compliments, it is quite stimulating. Go on. It's like hearing a trumpet sound a point of war after listening to Torcelli's lute, or that siren Davis a-trilling of French airs."

"It troubles me to see your majesty bear so patiently the factious workings of these turbulent spirits,—these knaves who under their Geneva gowns carry the assassin's knife and the headsman's axe. Methinks, when I mount the peak of history, and look upon the past and future like two oceans, I behold this glory of all islands, this mistress of

four seas, a prey to the flames of civil war and the whirlwind of rebellion."

"I see—why you're all in the heroic vein to-day, Essex," said Charles wearily; "but cannot you keep this eloquence for the council-chamber to-morrow, and not weary me and Sir Robert, who will certainly think me a strange uncivil guest for thus shutting him from our conversation?"

"Will you not, sire," said Hyde passionately, after a moment's musing, "remember that those whose hands were dipped in the most innocent blood of that illustrious martyr—?"

"O now, I can't stand that old clap-trap; odsfish, man, I can't stand that," said Charles motioning. "Is a man's father of no use but to reproach his son with? Only the other day, at my last levee, Bishop Fell had the impudence to tell me I swore more than became a good Christian; and I said to him, 'Your martyr swore worse than that.'"

"The king of blessed memory," said Sir Robert, rather shocked at the levity with which the thoughtless monarch spoke of his royal father, "was not sparing of adjurations when he was directing a charge, or riding down the squadrons; for I remember, at Newbury, when we had to jumble in a heap over a low wall to get at some cursed musketeers that galled our flank, his majesty, in my hearing, called out lustily, 'A pest on those fellows, they are shooting us down as if we were young crows!'"

"That's nothing. In Noll's times," said Godolphin, "when the Parliament put fines on swearing, it is said to have cost that young Hector Bellasis a thousand a-year for oaths alone; but 'pest' counts for nothing."

"I'm afraid we're growing effeminate," said Charles, "in oaths. Look at Queen Bess, that the *Weekly Discovery* is always talking about; she swore by God's wounds, and such grand Popish oaths; but now our ladies lisp out, 'Upon my honour,' a foolish oath; and 'Upon my reputation,' a venial oath. To return to Rochester; what has made him turn a Wentworth all at once?"

"I wager he was scared by the Green Ribbons, or the 'prentices hissed him the last time he went into the City," said Sunderland sarcastically.

"James is fonder of hunting than I am," said Charles; "I prefer the paradise at Hampton Court, and chasing about my gardens after a rabbit with my spaniels. Odsfish, if gentlemen like you, Sir Robert, wouldn't rather have hares than friends, and would forswear any king who dared to hunt on your land. Egad, if I have ever liked the sport since I was hunted so myself after Worcester. When we were last at Newmarket, James and I went out every day; and every day, at a certain place, we met an honest fellow of a butcher, who, from my speaking to him, got in a habit of asking what sport we had. If we said we'd had a good run, he always said, 'Did you kill?' and if we said, 'No,' he put his fingers to his nose, and jogged off. Odsfish, at last, if I didn't get ashamed of looking the fellow in the face."

"I was once riding with the Duke of York," said Arlington, "near Windsor, when we were warned off an enclosure by a gentleman in a greasy buff coat. 'Do you know who you have, sir?' said his grace. 'Yes,' said our friend; 'I am speaking to a duke; but on my own property I am king.' His grace grew black, and was much troubled at this; and I think but for me would have sent back, and have had the dogged fellow's nose slit."

"If I had been there," said Charles, "I should have laughed, and bowed, and said, 'Sir, you make me feel I am the greatest prince on earth; for while others rule over slaves, I rule over a race of kings.' He'd have been a Tory ever afterwards."

"I think Sir Robert beats all fox-hunters I ever met with," said Sunderland, "but old Matchem of Leicester, who rode twenty stone, and his huntsman eighteen; he got drunk every day to the toast of all the hunters in Christendom; and once, after a hard day, when he went home with two brushes in his hat, had the fox's head devilled for dinner."

"Ah, ah! and better too than your foreign kickshaws," said Sir Robert, looking hard out of window to prevent his eye glancing at his majesty's plate.

"Is that a good dog of yours?" said Charles, pointing to a foxhound that was muzzling his nose with his master's hand.

"Never a better, your majesty, ever gave tongue. Stout and tender-nosed, and no babbler; stanch and true, swift and keen; one that has tasted fox before this. With your majesty's leave, I'll propose his health. 'Grappler's Health, with three times three.'"

With demure faces the company filled their glasses, and drank the toast.

"Gentlemen," said the king, "I have now to propose a toast which I am sure will be drunk with enthusiasm: 'The Little Whig.'" Sir Robert, not seeing the allusion to Sunderland's beautiful wife, tossed off his glass with a look of inquiry.

"I never heard of that dog," said Sir Robert, "your majesty; there was Whigger, by Glider out of Blossom, well known in this part of England."

"It's a well-known toast," said his majesty, "but not confined to sportsmen."

"Ah," said Sir Robert, "save your majesty, I see them all abreast, carrying a lead, never coming to a fault, spreading like a sky-rocket, twenty-five couple all in a clump. Then push forward all of yo; scream, yelp, bark—such music! Halloo, forward! gone away! Tally-ho! he gets a head; they're gaining him!"

"Heigh, Baffler, Buxom, Bounder! So ho, Conqueror, Chimera, Crasher! Ho, Forester, Flasher, Jester!"

"Heigh, Traveller, Racer, Reveller!" said Godolphin, led away by the enthusiasm.

"Tally-ho, tally-ho! tear him to pieces," said Sir Robert, throwing up his arms as if flinging the dead fox to a mad-dened pack, and then sinking quite relaxed into his chair, with a stammered apology to his majesty.

"No words about it, Sir Robert. I love an honest sportsman, and I know Godolphin's taste of old. But isn't this much better than the field? here's all the excitement and no fatigue. And how long did that chase take?"

"Let me see," said Godolphin, smiling and looking at his watch, wiping off the heat-drops from his good-humoured forehead; "by this stop-watch, exactly one hour and twenty minutes. We went away with a dog-fox, stuck to him down Wetherby Hill, had a check at Guymassy Woods, tried back at Wollerton, were thrown out at Clanson Earths, and killed at last at Winnesly Bottom, after a twenty-mile run."

"The fox is sagacious, and of much discernment," said Arlington inquiringly; "but still a very loathsome vermin, and not worth the catching."

"As to its smell, I prefer it to wig-powder, or ladies' sweet-washed gloves, on a clear morning," said Sir Robert. "As to sagacity, I should like to hear any one, saving his majesty, match this story of mine. When I was with Lunsford's regiment in Essex, in 1643, we went three days running to Cricksell Wood, and always lost in the churchyard. We were all at fault, stumbling about among the graves, when a celebrated bitch, Fidget, leaped up several times at a buttress and gave tongue. Some thought nothing of this; but trusting to her stanchness,—for she was my favourite,—I leaped off my horse, and climbed up by some ivy to the low roof of the church, where we found a kennel sure enough. We helped three or four couple of dogs up, and sounds, they went in full cry on the chancel-roof in a moment; and there Reynard died without benefit of clergy, after a five minutes' run."

"Extraordinary," shouted all.

"I know another old fox," said Charles aside to Arlington, "who generally uses the Protestant Church as a place of refuge."

"I never heard of another," said Sir Robert, in high glee at the interest the royal party took in his sporting stories.

"You mean, Sir Henry Woollet; at the Gable House at Chesham."

"Yes, yes," cried every one, to get the quicker to the story; "well?"

"I was hunting there once, when we ran the fox up into a tree; and there, twenty feet up, we found a hole with four cubs. Egad," said Sir Robert, "I don't know if a kingdom is not easier to manage than a pack of fox-hounds; and some of our rules might, mayhap, be of use to your counselor-gentlemen here. Hit your dog first, and rate him afterwards, for instance."

"Lauderdale does both," said Charles; "for he scolds a poor devil of a Covenanter and then hangs him."

"Silent at going into cover, noisy at coming out, is the huntsman's business."

"As men who are quiet in office are noisy in opposition," said Godolphin.

Sir Robert looking rather puzzled at these allusions, Charles good-humouredly asked him, "What are the requisites of a good foxhound?"

"Legs like arrows," said Sir Robert; "wide breast, your majesty, and deep chest; broad back, thin neck, small head, and thick tail."

"I remember some old distiches about a greyhound," said Godolphin:

"Head like a snake,
Neck like a drake;
Back like a bream,
Side like a beam;
Tail like a rat,
Foot like a cat."

"True enough, true enough, sir," said Sir Robert, approvingly, looking round benignantly, and filling his glass "to the immortal memory."

"And what are the best sort of mornings for your fox hunting?" said Arlington sedately.

"The scent lies, look you, when the wind's southerly or westerly; north and east are what I call Whiggish winds, good for nothing but to save foxes' brushes, weary the dogs, and send the huntsman swearing like a trooper; a warm day without sun, a hot close fog, and when there's a white frost, hard rain, and mild air, are good. But of all things in the world, there's nothing spoils an honest man's sport more than your cursed stinking violets. Drat me, if I don't hate the sight of them."

"Ah, ah!" said Charles, bursting into a laugh at this odd antipathy. "Why, you're like my old huntsman at Windsor, who goes about the park wishing all the sheep were foxes; and well he may, for I pay him 80*l.* a-year for nothing but hallooing."

"As well earned as a lawyer's money," said Sir Robert; "and I wager a very honest fellow, and one I should like to crush a pot with."

"All I wonder is," said Arlington, "that a man ever hunts twice—running, like a madman, after a bad smell, just to feed a set of dogs, who are the only creatures that relish the sport."

"Out upon you," said Godolphin. "Sir Robert's right. The finest moment in life is when the first challenge is heard in the dark of the cover, 'Hark to Chirper! bark to Rattler!' as the dog speaks in the thicket, and owns the fox."

Charles rose to go; but Sir Robert, who by this time had taken far too much claret, held the king's hand, and dragged him back to his seat, entreating him, with tears and many allusions to "the blessed memory," to finish the bottle.

With a good-humoured smile, the king released his coat from the good knight's grasp, and whispering, "A drunken man is as great as a king," sat down and completed his task, much to the indignation of Essex, and the delight of the pliant Godolphin.

With a discharge of patareros from the roof of the clock-tower, the cavalcade set forth, the king riding at their head fully armed, to express his apprehension at the armed followers of Shaftesbury.

"Honest old fellow," said the king, "as I ever saw; full of old Cavalier stories that would delight Rupert, and as fond of fox-hunting as his servant is of gardening."

"What in the world took Rowley to that dreary old house?" whispered Churchill to Claverhouse.

"A pretty face, as usual," said Claverhouse; "and he talks of sending for her to court, so let Portsmouth tremble."

"Bah," said Churchill, "what fear from the red cheeks of a village Cicely? Take canary, and rinse your brain clear. A fiend when seen through a rainbow-cloud by lovers seems an angel."

"Yes," said Claverhouse,—"there, don't shrug and bite your glove,—but to the vulgar herd only an imperious wanton Jezabel."

"What's that about Jezabel, gentlemen?" said the king, turning round. "Churchill hasn't turned Quaker, I hope, to win favour with the duke. As for Claverhouse, he never turns, except he turns colour when he's angry, and that's too often."

"Have you heard Tony's last trick, your majesty?" said Godolphin, as the royal party rode on.

"Not I," said Charles, whistling a song of Dryden's.

"Why, Tony declares an agent of his in France has discovered in a convent at Paris a little black box, containing the deed of marriage of a gentleman named Stuart with a Welsh girl named Walters. It's now on its way over."

"A little black box," said Charles, laughing. "What next? And so Monmouth turns out James, and gives the empty box as a money-chest to Shaftesbury, who keeps the Exchequer under his own key. A little black box, ah, ah! Very good! A little black box! Ancora. Very well, very well indeed."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE great scientific event of the month has been the meeting of the British Association at Dublin; and it is matter for congratulation that its twenty-seventh annual session has been one of the most successful it has held. The Rev. Humphrey Lloyd was the president; and his inaugural address, notwithstanding his apology for the restricted notice he was able to give to general science, contains a pretty complete exposition of the scientific progress of the past year. Commencing with astronomy, he drew attention to the continued discovery of new asteroids. In 1852 no fewer than eight were discovered, and last year five; during the present year three others have been added to the list,—one discovered by Mr. Pogson, of Oxford, the other two by M. Goldschmidt, of Paris,—making the whole number now forty-five. Notwithstanding their number, the total mass of these forty-five worlds is very small; the diameter of the largest being less than forty miles, and that of the smallest little more than four. Adverting to the aid which star-catalogues had lent to these discoveries, the president directed attention to the startling fact, that no fewer than seventy-seven stars previously catalogued are now missing. This is no doubt to be attributed partly to errors; but there still appears reason to believe that many members of the sidereal system have become, and are becoming, extinct. Though the greater part of celestial phenomena are explicable according to the same laws of gravitation which govern the planetary motions, yet the operation of other forces is suspected, the laws of which may remain long undetermined. The spiriform nebulae discovered by Lord Rosse are phenomena without an analogue in our own system; they have been accounted for by the assumption of the compound agency of a gravitating force and a resisting medium; the latter being assumed to have a smaller proportion to gravitation. As an illustration of the practical value of apparently recondite facts, the president noticed the seemingly convincing argument of Arago, that the sun is not an incandescent solid, but surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, because light from incandescent solid bodies can be polarised by refraction, whereas solar light, and

heat emitted by gaseous bodies, is unpolarised by similar means. Adverting to researches bearing upon the figure of the earth and the tides, the president mentioned some results of the Ordnance survey of Great Britain which had been communicated to the Royal Society by Colonel James, superintendent of the survey. The ellipticity deduced is $\frac{1}{298}$; the mean specific gravity, as obtained from the attraction of Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, is 5.316. Magnetic storms was the next subject, and the remarkable connection of these phenomena with mutation of solar spots was pointed out. One important deduction which a study of these phenomena leads to is, that the periodic changes of the earth's magnetic force, usually referred to thermic effects of the sun wholly, can for the future be referred to that agency only in part. Passing from astronomy and magnetism to the kindred subject of light, the most important recent fact to be noted is that recently made out by M. Jamin, that no distinction can be drawn, in respect of polarisation by reflection, between transparent and opaque bodies; as all bodies transform plane polarised light into elliptically polarised light, and impress a change of phase at the moment of reflection. As regards the photographic application of light,—or rather the heliographic power, whatever it may be, associated with light,—the president prominently referred to the production by M. Poitevin of plates in relief, for engraving purposes, by the action of light alone. Our readers will have already seen an abstract of this process in one of our previous scientific articles. The philosophy of the correlation of physical forces, and the mutual equivalents of power, was touched upon as its importance demands; and as a corollary, the point was not left unnoticed that recent discoveries have given the *coup-de-grace* to caloric as a special element. We need not follow the president in his remarks about aluminium, silicon, and boron,—tortured as they have been by such unrelenting inquirers as St. Claire Deville, and Wöhler,—our readers having been already made acquainted with the salient points of their discoveries.

Passing from science to the administration of scientific functions, the president adverted to the labours of the Parliamentary Committee of the Association; who, in reply to the question whether any measures could be adopted by Government that would improve the position of science, or its cultivation, in this country, recommend the providing at national cost of a central building in London, in which the principal scientific bodies may be located, and the formation of a scientific board to have the control of the public funds allotted to the advancement of science. Something in this direction has since been accomplished by the grant of Burlington House for the use of the Royal, Linnæan, and Chemical Societies; for which a *very* warm eulogy was passed upon the Government.

Even a slight abstract of the papers read in the various sections would occupy more space than we can devote to such subjects. To some extent we shall have to refer to them hereafter; but in many cases the points of interest have already been brought before our readers in preceding Numbers.

Perhaps there does not exist a scientific problem of greater general interest just now than the construction of submarine telegraphic cables. Lamenting, as one necessarily must, the temporary failure which has postponed for a time the establishment of telegraphic communication between these isles and America, it is nevertheless satisfactory to know that the failure has not been without its teaching; that with the introduction of a few obvious means of safety, suggested by misfortune, we may confidently look forward to ultimate success. Meanwhile it may be interesting to learn what intelligent foreigners think about the construction and capabilities of the cable. M. Baudoin, a gentleman who has had much to do with the telegraphic lines of France, has pronounced the structure of the cable to embody every principle which he is able to suggest. He considers the distribution of the metallic conductor into several parts, instead of restricting it to one, to be a peculiarly important

and though he regards the external wire-coating as a matter of superfluousness, not at all necessary except as a safeguard to the cable in case of its grinding upon a ridge of sharp rock or coral reef, yet he grants that practically it subserves the purpose indicated by an electrical theorist, M. Balestrini, of discharging such electricity as may linger by induction in the gutta-percha coating. M. Balestrini suggested the attachment of masses of light material to submarine cables at various parts of their length, just as paper slips are attached to the tail of a boy's kite, by which he thought the descent of the cable to great depths would be moderated, and the risk of breakage proportionately lessened. M. Baudoin shows the fallacy of this notion, though one in which he had been himself inclined formerly to put faith. He calls attention to the fact that at great depths below the surface of water all practical distinction between lightness and heaviness ceases; either the water gets forced into the pores of a body, or the particles of which the latter is composed are so pressed together and condensed that their floatative power is destroyed. This fact will be readily conceded when we remember that at a depth of 1100 mètres the pressure is equal to no less than 100 atmospheres. He believes that the sole provisions of safety against rupture of a submarine cable from its own weight must be imparted to the structure of the cable itself; and, with a segment of the Atlantic cable in his possession, states his conviction that it is in every way fitted for its purpose.

The French government has long had in contemplation the establishment of telegraphic communication between France and Algiers; but hitherto no contractor has been found willing to undertake the work on the terms offered, namely 50 centimes per mètre. According to M. Baudoin, if the expense can be reduced to 60 centimes per mètre, the French government may have reason to be well satisfied.

Mathematicians need not be reminded how necessary it is that logarithmic tables should be absolutely exact. To work with incorrect tables, is very much like trusting oneself to the casualties of an ocean voyage in a leaky vessel. A paper has been recently communicated to the Mathematical Department of the French Academy of Sciences by M. Dupuis on certain errors in the logarithmic tables of Callet. In these tables there is found at the end of each page logarithms marked S and T, with their variation V for 10 seconds. The logarithms S and T, which represent ratios, being added to the logarithms of the number of seconds of a small arc, the logarithms of the sines and tangent of that arc are obtained. Calculating the value of S and T to ten decimals, there is found to be an error in the seventh figure in certain parts of the latter. Of course it would be out of place to print the corrections here, but they may be found in the *Comptes Rendus*, vol. xlv.

Amongst the curiosities of modern manufacture, making artificial stone is not the least remarkable. At a first glance, few operations would seem more unpromising, few more unnecessary. Not only is stone almost every where found, but for the most part in abundance. Nevertheless, the fact of bricks being made in localities where stone is plentiful would seem to point to drawbacks or difficulties in its use. In our own country, we have had Mr. Ransome following a process of nature very closely, and manufacturing stone by gluing sand together (if we may use the word "gluing") by means of silica dissolved in caustic soda; we have also had the stone-like compound of aluminised plaster of Paris. The former is coming extensively into use, but the cost is a serious drawback to the latter. M. Felix Abate has lately published the particulars of a process for imparting a stone-like hardness to plaster of Paris; and he produces manufactured articles in it at a price scarcely greater than those made of ordinary plaster. He deposits the burnt plaster in a cylinder, into which he passes aqueous vapour to the full extent of the plaster to absorb. The plaster, which does not in this condition lose in the slightest degree its pulverulent form, is then packed into moulds and subjected to powerful pressure. The material thus finally

resulting is very compact and hard, and takes the polish of marble. Bas-reliefs of the most elaborate character may be fashioned out of it with all the fidelity of the original models. An experience of three years demonstrates the unchangeableness of the new substance under atmospheric influences.

Saccharine substances have been of late subjected to much chemical scrutiny; and, as we announced in a previous Number of our monthly abstract, mannite, sorbine, and glycerine were demonstrated to be fermentable with the production of alcohol when properly treated. A question of great interest to physiologists is, whether sugar be or be not ordinarily generated by the liver of animals, and whether it be or be not discoverable in the venous system more peculiarly belonging to the liver, i. e. the system of the *vena portæ*. In 1855, M. Figuier was the first to call attention to the presence of sugar in the *vena portæ*. Certain physiologists having turned their attention to the matter, subsequently denied the conclusions to which he had arrived; founding their denial on the fallacy that the substance termed sugar was not capable of fermentation. To this M. Figuier properly replied, a far surer test is the potassio-tartrate of copper. He moreover now states that the saccharine substance in question can be made to ferment by proper treatment. The most important point arrived at by him, however, is, that sugar is discoverable, not in the blood of the liver alone, but in blood from every part of the animal system; there seems, consequently, no further reason to assume that the liver is specially endowed with the sugar-generating function.

AUTUMN WORK IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

By this time the greenhouse-plants that were turned out for the summer will have done their work, and preparation must be made to house them for the winter. The glory of the year is fading fast, and one of the finest seasons we have had for many years is drawing to its close. Now the gardener must be on the alert, for there is plenty to do; and the beauty of the garden next year will depend very much on present vigilance and a steady watchfulness for a few months to come. For whatever is incapable of braving the winter unhurt quarters must now be prepared: pits cleaned out and dressed with a new coating of ashes; broken glass must be made good, though that and re-painting ought to have been done in July. The last act of preparation is to see that there is plenty of compost made up and sweetened, and enough new pots got in, and all the old ones well washed and set in order as to sizes. Slovenly ways in potting are sure to lead to mischief; and old pots should never be used again till they have been scrubbed inside and out and well aired; and every bit of drainage to be used in potting should be equally sweet, whether old pots or broken oyster-shells.

You will of course be anxious to preserve the gaiety of your beds and borders to the last moment; and if you have the necessary appliances of a few frames and a greenhouse, and a little heat at command, you may let things remain until the weather really begins to tell upon them, because a little careful nursing will soon set them right, and exposure to the last moment will enable the stock to winter with less protection. But it is better to be a day too soon than a day too late; and for those who are put to their wit's end to preserve things all the winter, the best rule is to take them up in good time, that they may have a little of the season left to make root after being shifted.

In taking up, geraniums claim the first notice, because in most places they are used more extensively than any other greenhouse-plants. There are two good reasons for preserving every good geranium, even if they are but common Tom Thumbs; first, because we prize that which we have to care for, and avoid the expense of re-purchasing; and secondly, because the older a geranium becomes, the more valuable is it, and the more hardy. Those who sacri-

tice their stock to the frost, and buy every year, can have no idea of the value of a good old geranium-stump, which is no sooner planted out than it breaks from every joint, and flowers freely on its well ripened wood; while young plants are wasting a good month in making long shoots and abundance of foliage. For these reasons, set a value on every geranium that has proved good in blooming, no matter what its name or its market-value.

In taking up geraniums you must vary your operations according to the treatment they are to have. If to be housed and brought into bloom early with a little fire-heat, give them a somewhat generous and light soil; if to be merely kept alive out of reach of frost, put them into the poorest stuff you can lay your hands on—such as the loam from some spot in the garden where you never remember to have put a spadeful of manure, and which has been cropped to death. This, with a moderate admixture of sand, will be the best stuff for all kinds of stock that are to be wintered under circumstances in any way trying to plants, and in it they will be much more hardy, because less excited to growth, than in a nourishing compost.

If you hope to have a good show of geraniums at Christmas, or thereabouts, take up as many of the young plants that were struck in July, and that have not yet flowered in the open ground, as appear promising. Pot them at once into their flowering-pots: 48's will generally be suitable, though, if the plants be small, 60's will be better. Some may be potted in 60's, so as to have a shift about November, to bloom very early in the spring; and any that show a bloom of the autumn growth must be nipped down a joint or two, to cause new shoots to break for blooming at the desired season.

The general stock of bedding geraniums must be taken up with care, and cut down to two or three close forks of the old stem, and in such a way that when the top bud of each joint shall break it will have an outward direction. If you cut them "anyhow," you may soon have the centre filled with weak spray, and the plants destitute of shape and symmetry. Cut pretty close, and so as to leave only two or three joints of this year's growth to each fork; for tall growing sorts, such as Unique, Commander, &c., cut very low down, so as to promote a strong growth out of the old wood, except for such as are to be grown as specimen-plants; and these must be judiciously cut with regard to the arrangement of the forks of the old stem, and the positions of all the joints upon them. Give every pot plenty of drainage,—say not less than one-fourth of its depth, to be made up of broken pots or oyster-shells, and over that some of the roughest of the compost, to prevent the fine soil washing down and stopping the passage.

The cuttings of geraniums may be sorted over, the best half-ripe joints picked out, the weak watery spray thrown away, and those reserved struck with a little bottom heat; though the strong growing sorts will root without, if put into shallow pans in powdered peat and silver-sand. Scarce and valuable sorts, and fancy-foliaged geraniums,—such as Attraction, Dandy, Flower of the Day, Mountain of Light, and others, that are never too plentiful,—should be very carefully cut up and struck, one joint in and one out; though a single joint will make a plant, if assisted with a little heat. You are of course aware that all pelargoniums and geraniums, except a few of the variegated-foliaged kinds, strike freely out of doors, in the full sun, from the first of June to the middle of August; the sorts used for bedding should always be struck in this way about the middle of July, and make better plants than any produced under glass. Geranium-cuttings should be kept rather dry than otherwise. It is a good rule for those who have but limited means of preserving tender plants through the winter not to strike a single fancy-foliaged geranium until the spring, for young plants of these kinds are very difficult to rear.

In potting other things, you must be guided very much by what stock you will want next year. Old plants of calceolarias are of comparatively little value, for, unless ger-

aniums, which improve with age, these deteriorate; therefore, where a very large number is not requisite, it is better to take off cuttings from the best plants, and throw the old stools away. In making the cuttings, choose short stubby side-shoots; trim off the lower leaves, and strike them in a cold pit, or under hand-glasses; for if they are giddled with artificial heat they get spindled and worthless. The best plants are those from autumn cuttings, struck without heat, and wintered in cool pits, with plenty of air at all times, except during severe frost. Sorts that are prized may be still further increased by cuttings, assisted with a little heat in spring; and from one or two of the old stools, now taken up and kept over winter, a very large stock of young plants may be manufactured in spring by nipping down the old stems and nursing them to throw side-shoots. Calceolarias like moisture and a little peat in the compost.

Ageratums, verbenas, heliotropes, and lobelias may all be treated in the same way. Save one good old plant of each sort, and from that manufacture young stock; though, if you have been on the alert, you have a goodly number struck already, for the ground is a natural hotbed from the middle of July to the end of August; and any thing that can be rooted may be rooted out of doors, with the help of shade and moisture, and a little sand about the cuttings; and the plants that have been pegged down will be found rooted at every joint. By sacrificing the greater portion of such things we get rid of the trouble of carrying them safe through the winter, which is often more than they are worth; and early in spring the few old plants that were saved will supply cuttings in abundance for propagation. Heliotropes, carefully potted, trimmed up, and grown on in the greenhouse, may be brought to a great size, and are prized by some folks when they grow to neat bushes; but for bedding purposes little miles of plants are best, if they are struck early and treated generously before being put out for the season. Those that are saved must be kept as nearly dry as possible in small pots, and with air night and day, except during frost. Fuchsias in pots must be cut back to good stems, and laid on their sides under the eage of the greenhouse till they begin to break. The old plants that have well-ripened wood will scarcely want a drop of water the whole of the winter; but young plants must have a sprinkling occasionally over the stems, and the soil moderately moistened when it gets powdery, but never so as to become wet. Hydrangeas are marsh plants, and like water; but when fairly at rest, they must be guarded against any excess.

SHIRLEY HIBBARD.

STICKLEBACKS AND THEIR "NESTS."

The common stickleback of our rivulets is a much more interesting member of the great fish family than careless observers might suppose. His strength, his courage, his capacity for enduring almost any degree of heat or cold, his ability to live either in salt or fresh water, and, lastly, the singular instinct which gifts him with the desire and power to construct a "nest" for the protection of his offspring, place him, notwithstanding his diminutive size, in the ranks of royalty among fishes.

The stickleback belongs to a class of fishes termed Acanthopterygii, from the dorsal and lateral defensive spines with which they are furnished. The generic term by which the special family Stickleback is distinguished is *Gasterosteus*, from the Greek word *gaster*, the stomach, and *osteon*, a bone, in allusion to the bony plates by which the sides of the stomach are defended. These little fish have also other popular names, which likewise refer to the plate armour with which their sides are defended, or their sharp, aggressive spine. These names are, Sharpin, Banstickle, Prickstick, &c. The different species are distinguished by the number of defensive plates, or bony spines. One small and one very large kind is the sea-spined stickleback (*E. pinnatus*);

while the most rare of the family, seldom, if ever, found in fresh water, is the fifteen-spined stickleback (*Gast. spinachia*). This last, however, will also, like his congeners, live in fresh water. He is, indeed, of aspect sufficiently distinct to account for his difference of habit, being formed almost like a very short eel, but stamped indisputably as a true stickleback by his spines, and other gasterostean characteristics, not omitting his nest-building faculty, in which he is nearly as distinguished an architect as his brethren of the brooks.

Among other interesting peculiarities of these little fish, is their chameleon-like power of assuming different colours under different influences. In the breeding season, or when agitated in the almost continual conflicts which they wage against each other, their usual dull green changes to the gayest hues of scarlet contrasted with milky white, the most vivid grass green with purple, and sometimes in combat becoming, in their most terrible anger, nearly jet-black. The vanquished, however, soon loses his bright hues, recovering a faint reflection of them at the moment of dissolution, as though in the delirium of his last agony he saw himself the victor instead of the vanquished. Placed in a tank with others of his own size, he never ceases to combat till he remains undisputed monarch of his domain; so that it is impossible to keep a number in the same vessel. A single pair, however, under fortunate circumstances, might exhibit the interesting spectacle of the construction of the nest.

Nest-architecture has been generally thought to be confined to birds; for the few quadrupeds which have been described as making nests,—such as the rabbit, the field-mouse, and the squirrel,—merely prepare beds for their young. The only true nests, therefore, except those of birds, are constructed by fishes; and yet, till M. Coste read his interesting paper on the "Nidification of Sticklebacks" the other day at the French Academy, modern naturalists knew nothing of this peculiarity in the habits of fishes, at least they published nothing; though Aristotle had stated above 2000 years ago that a certain little fish constructed a nest like that of a bird,—a statement that was either overlooked, discredited, or disregarded. Clive, it is true, among modern naturalists, stated that the black gobie deposited its spawn in a kind of nest; and this is now thought that this was the fish alluded to by Aristotle.

M. Coste was enabled by a long series of unwea-



ried observations to describe the whole process of construction of the stickleback's nest; and the following narrative, as subsequently detailed by Orbelin, is the result of his interesting discoveries.

At spawning-time the males—for they are the builders, the ladies remaining perfectly passive—may be seen busily engaged preparing for the erection of the family-nursery, evidently an arduous task for such miniature architects. Every bit of the material is carried in the tiny mouth, and often from considerable distances. His various contrivances to prevent the foundation of his structure from being carried away by the stream are exceedingly interesting; the most common being the deposit of a layer of sand on the lighter materials,

which he also brings in his mouth. The floor thus formed, is cemented by means of a gluten which he obtains from his own skin by continuous rubbing; an operation from which he evidently suffers great fatigue, and sometimes appears for a time quite overcome in the effort.

His next process is to attach a row of small uprights, or twig columns, to this base; in the performance of which he exhibits the most fastidious delicacy of taste, taking them out over and over again to refix them in a position more to his mind. Sometimes he may find a portion of the materials unsuitable; in which case he takes down a part or the whole of the structure, regardless of fatigue and trouble, and carries the useless lumber to a distance, so as not to encumber his future proceedings. As the walls rise he cements them as he had previously done the base, and then completes the roof in a similar manner. The structure when quite complete has two entrances,—a front and back door, as it were,—which he preserves in the desired form by frequently pressing in and out in opposite directions, so as to keep the nest in form and sufficiently open.

When the nest is finished fatal combats often ensue for its possession; and when at last preserved or conquered, the triumphant male invites some favourite female to come and occupy the edifice, over which he keeps guard during the whole time she is depositing her eggs; always wearing in honour of the joyful occasion his brightest hues of white and scarlet, or more regal purple. He continues to maintain his guard in full uniform until the eggs, or spawn, are all hatched, and the young fry begin to disperse; and then retires, his office over, and his gay colours faded to the usual dusky green.

H. N. H.

